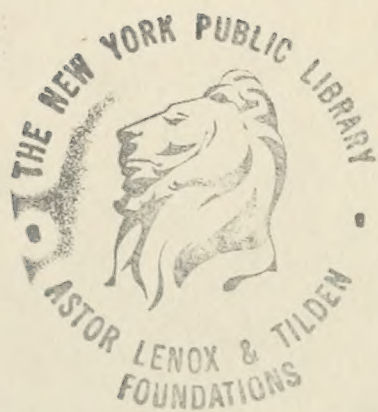
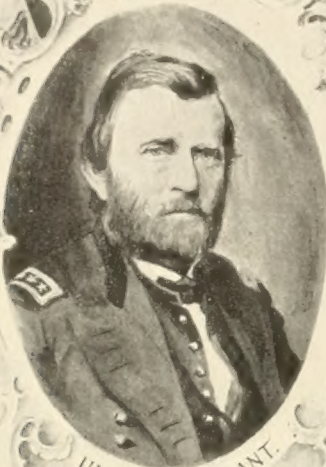


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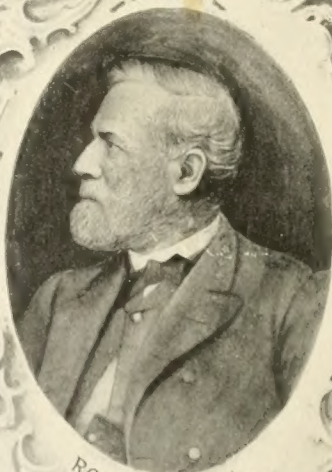
ULYSSES S. GRANT.

LET US HAVE PEACE.

U. S. GRANT.

PEACE SHOULD BE THE
SOLE OBJECT OF ALL.

R. E. LEE.



ROBERT E. LEE.

THE STORY OF AMERICAN HEROISM

THRILLING NARRATIVES OF PERSONAL ADVENTURES
DURING THE GREAT CIVIL WAR

AS TOLD BY

THE MEDAL WINNERS AND ROLL OF HONOR MEN

— — —
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Copiously Illustrated

With 300 Original Engravings, Accurately Picturing the Scenes Described, Including
Portraits of Medal Winners and Roll of Honor Men

1897

J. W. JONES

SPRINGFIELD, O.



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INTRODUCTION

DURING the more than a third of a century that has passed since the close of the Civil War, certain facts have come to be accepted which were existent, though ignored, at the time. One of these is that the valor and devotion were not on one side only. For every splendid burst of valor by the man in blue there was another by him who wore the gray. The great war was a struggle to the death between men of the same blood and language and race instincts; between men who fought all the harder because they had once for all overstepped the natural boundary of race. But each side must arrange its own rewards, and he who lost the contest could never claim a distinction from him who was the victor. In this natural fact lies the reason, and the only reason now, why he who wears the medal of honor must also have worn the blue. In a sense it was awarded to him by the God of Battles, but whoever wears it knows that it was dearly bought.

Early in the great war General E. D. Townsend urged the importance of decorating our soldiers, with medals or otherwise, for gallantry on the battlefield. The precedent was old. Every nation had followed the plan, and experience had long since demonstrated its justice and its utility. But there were objections. General Scott, then commander-in-chief, opposed the plan on the ground that it was contrary to the spirit of our institutions.

The first move in the direction of a decoration was the act of Congress which was passed December 12, 1861, authorizing two hundred medals to be prepared "which shall be bestowed upon such petty officers, seamen, landsmen and mariners as shall most distinguish themselves by their gallantry in action and other seamanlike qualities, during the present war." It was an act whose conservatism is shown by its limited scope.

This was followed by a resolution, July, 1862, authorizing an award of medals of honor to enlisted men of the army also. This was then

supplemented in 1863 by an act of Congress extending the honor to commissioned officers. The resolution first referred to is as follows:

"Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the President of the United States be and he is hereby authorized to cause 2,000 medals of honor to be prepared, with suitable emblematic devices, and to direct that the same be presented in the name of Congress to such noncommissioned officers and privates as shall most distinguish themselves by their gallantry in action and their soldierlike qualities during the present insurrection."

The act authorizing commissioned officers to be also included in the award of medals was passed March 3, 1863. It directed that:

"the President cause to be struck from the dies recently prepared at the United States mint for the purpose, medals of honor additional to those authorized by the act of July 12, 1862, and present the same to such officers, noncommissioned officers and privates as have most distinguished, or may hereafter most distinguish themselves, in action, and the sum of \$20,000 is hereby appropriated out of any money in the treasury, not otherwise appropriated, to defray the expenses of the same."

On May 17, 1864, the act relating to the naval medals was so amended as to read:

"Seamen distinguishing themselves may be promoted to forward warrant officers, or to masters' mates, and on such promotion receive a gratuity of \$100, and a medal of honor."

In the same year General Townsend urged in behalf of the army that commissioned officers be awarded gold and silver medals, with the privilege of inscribing thereon the name and date of the battle in which their gallantry was conspicuous. In case of repetition of the distinguished conduct, the recipient would be authorized to add to the inscription on his medal, the name and date of his additional exploit. No action was ever taken upon this recommendation, and the enlisted man and the officer to-day wear the same badge of distinction.

The military medal is thus described:

"A five-pointed star, tipped with trefoil, each point containing a crown of laurel and oak; in the middle, within a circle of thirty-four stars, America, personified as Minerva, stands with her left hand resting on the fasces, while with her right, in which she holds a shield emblazoned with the American arms, she repulses Discord, represented by two snakes in each hand; the whole suspended by a trophy of two crossed cannon, balls, and a sword surmounted by the American eagle, which is united by a ribbon of thirteen stripes, palewise, gules, and argent, and a chief azure, to a clasp composed of two cornucopias and the American arms."

The naval medal is identical with the military, save that its suspension is different, being suspended on the flukes of an anchor united to a clasp representing a naval shoulder strap. It is united, as in the army medal, by a ribbon of thirteen stripes, palewise, gules and argent, and a chief azure.

It will be seen that the original purpose of the Congressional medal of honor has been modified in the act quoted. It is now a standing award to valor and devotion by soldiers and sailors, officers and men. As will be seen in the following records a few men have earned it in recent years.

The history of decorations is very old. They were struck in the times of ancient Rome, and for the same purposes for which they are now used.

Modern medals begin with the fourteenth century. Some of those of later times have long been famous; as the Cross of the Legion of Honor, the German Iron Cross, the Victoria Cross, etc. The latter is the coveted prize of the modern British soldier and sailor, and he who wins it writes after his name "V. C." and lives and dies in honor.

It is a law of human nature everywhere existent that there are prizes intrinsically valueless that are valued beyond all that can be purchased with mere money. In our country we have but this one decoration. It cannot descend. It is his alone who has won it. It conveys no privilege or rank, but perhaps constitutes the highest *personal* honor to which an American citizen can attain.

There may be a question in the minds of the reader as to how the medal may be won; by what acts it may be obtained.

The following bearing upon that point, is taken from the columns of the *Evening Star*, Washington, D. C., and was published in that journal January 10, 1894:

"It has been said in various quarters that Assistant Secretary Doe proposed the inauguration of a radical reform in the matter of awarding medals of honor to army officers for distinguished services. In order to obtain authentic information on the subject, a reporter interviewed General Doe to-day.

"It is the opinion of the present assistant Secretary of War," he said, "that Congressional medals of honor were not intended to be given to officers for leading their commands in action, no matter what measure of gallantry may have been shown in such leadership. In his view of the law these medals were intended as rewards for conspicuous acts of personal bravery or self-sacrifice *beyond the mere call of duty, and not for acts wholly within the line of official duty, however nobly performed.* There are very many cases where the records show most gallant and meritorious service, but which are yet not within either the letter or spirit of the law upon this subject. Medals of honor were intended by Congress for officers or men who have, as before stated, done something *more* than what is expected of a faithful soldier, and the mere fact that this expectation has sometimes failed, and that all soldiers are not equally faithful, brave and gallant, does not entitle an officer or a man who simply did his whole duty, to an honor of this description. It is also true that nearly all, if not all, of the officers of the volunteer army entitled to such reward have long since been rewarded — some of them again and again — for conspicuous bravery on the field of battle."

"The assistant secretary also thinks that too little attention has heretofore been paid to the gallantry of officers and men in Indian engagements. It is one thing, he thinks, to face a brave and honorable foe in civilized warfare, in which wounded prisoners are at least supposed to be cared for and all prisoners treated as prisoners of war, and quite another thing to

engage in a greatly despised, but much more dangerous service in which it is a fundamental maxim of the trooper or other soldier to reserve the last shot for himself. . . .

"While no statute of limitations should be tolerated in regard to a question of reward tendered by an appreciative government for special acts of most conspicuous personal bravery or self sacrifice, and no well-authenticated case should be ignored because of the lapse of time alone, yet it seems as though, after nearly thirty years, considerations in regard to the memory or lack of memory of witnesses, to the failure of the reliability of most classes of testimony, which have such great weight in the courts in establishing any question of fact, ought to render those having this matter in charge more and more careful in regard to proofs."

Were it possible to procure an autobiography of every winner of the Congressional medal of honor, and every member of the Confederate Roll of Honor, almost a library could be filled with these alone, or at least they would far transcend the limits of a single large volume.

Such accounts as are here given stand for the entire sum of the valor and heroism of the four years of the greatest war of modern history. Their revelations are startling, even to the veteran whose own personal experiences were such as he hesitated to describe to a later generation. They cast into the shadow all the heroism of war as merely imagined by the makers of any current literature whatsoever. They are realities, and these stories are true, and they fill the reader with pride in his race and country—North and South.

For the first time, it may be added, the experiences of him who wore the blue are told in the same volume, and in the same connection, with those of his defeated brother who wore the gray. That will be seen now by every reader which has long been known by the veterans of both armies, that there was no essential difference between the valor that won, and that which lost. Bravery, devotion, heroism, are names of qualities that stand alone, existent *per se*, and immortal wherever recognized.

The old soldiers of the North and South have long since fraternized individually. A little time, a few years, was passed in silence, but age has come to the pathetic remnant of both sides, and they who came to know each other's mettle in the fight are now more competent to weigh the actual values of personal and soldierly character than any other men can be. In the earlier years of peace no one would have ever believed, the most sanguine of either section never hoped, that that would ever be true which now is true: that victors and defeated, brave men all, now march with slow footsteps arm in arm, beneath the same flag, fellow Americans, ready to fight again if it were required of them in dire necessity, and for a common country.

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PRINCIPLES OF THE SOCIETY—MEMBERSHIP—FEES, DUES AND
FUNDS—LATEST OFFICIAL STAFF.

THE Medal of Honor Legion is, as its name implies, an organization composed only of soldiers and sailors who have been decorated by Congress for personal acts of distinguished bravery during the late war.

It was organized at Washington, D. C., April 24, 1890, with the following officers:

M. A. DILLON, Commander-in-Chief.
EDWIN M. TRUETT, 1st Vice-Commander.
CYRUS B. LOWER, 2nd Vice-Commander.
THOMAS M. REED, Adjutant-General.
FELIX BRANNIGAN, Judge-Advocate-General.
HORACE L. PIPER, Commissary-General.
WILLIAM WILSON, Inspector-General.
LEOPOLD KARPELES, Surgeon-General.
A. S. BRYANT, Chaplain.

The second national convention was held in Detroit, August 6, 1891, and there the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

FRANK M. WHITMAN, Commander-in-Chief.
PATRICK MULLEN, 1st Vice-Commander.
LOUIS RICHARDS, 2nd Vice-Commander.
FRANKLIN JOHNDRO, Surgeon-General.
A. S. BRYANT, Chaplain

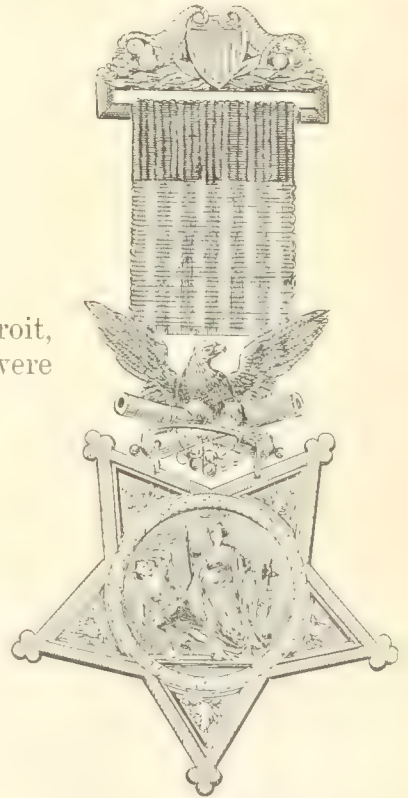
Subsequently the following appointments were announced:

JOSEPH S. MANNING, Adjutant-General.
JAMES R. DURHAM, Quartermaster-General.
HORACE L. PIPER, Commissary-General.
FELIX BRANNIGAN, Judge Advocate-General.
JOSEPH E. VANTINE, Inspector-General.

In his first general order, Commander Whitman said:

"To be elected to the command of any body of men who served in the United States army or navy from 1861 to 1865, is a great honor, but to be elected to the command of the

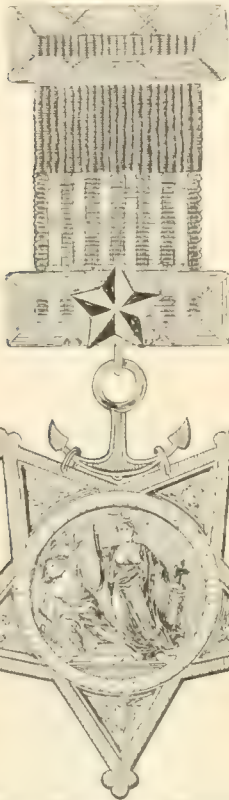
A. H.—1



ARMY MEDAL OF HONOR.

men embraced within the fold of our legion, who, for individual daring and bravery, never have been excelled and rarely equaled, and who have been decorated by our grateful government in the name of its Congress, is indeed military fame, from the pinnacle of which none can look higher. In assuming command I am not unmindful of my own inferiority, knowing the manifold duties and exacting responsibilities of the position, but as duty calls I must obey, and will promise you my best endeavors for the advancement of our interests."

At the third annual convention, held in Washington, D. C., September 21, 1892, the following named were elected and appointed:



NAVY MEDAL OF HONOR.

M. A. DILLON, Commander.
 JAMES QUINLAN, Senior Vice-Commander.
 ALEXANDER MACK, Junior Vice-Commander.
 DR. J. K. L. DUNCAN, Surgeon.
 REV. F. M. CUNNINGHAM, Chaplain.
 JAMES I. CHRISTIANCY, Adjutant.
 JAMES R. DURHAM, Quartermaster.
 JOHN H. COOK, Judge-Advocate.
 GEORGE D. SIDMAN, Inspector.
 J. MADISON CUTTS, Historian.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

J. MADISON CUTTS, EDWIN M. TRULL.
 WHELOCK G. VEAZEY, FELIX BRANNIGAN.
 BART. DIGGINS.

The executive committee were authorized and directed to prepare a constitution and by-laws, which, when completed, were approved by the commander.

In no better way can the purpose and aims of the legion be given than through extracts from the printed work.

PREAMBLE.

BELIEVING that the greatest act in modern history is the preservation of the Union and the Constitution, and grateful to Almighty God for having by our efforts aided in its accomplishment, profoundly sensible that God alone is truly great, while man at his best and bravest is very little, and reverently thankful for the protecting and overruling power and care of Divine Providence, constantly manifested in every epoch of our history, we, officers and enlisted men, soldiers, petty officers, seamen, landsmen and marines of the regular and volunteer army, navy and marine corps of the United States do associate ourselves under this constitution and by-laws.

ARTICLE II.

PURPOSES, PRINCIPLES AND OBJECTS OF THE LEGION.

Ever mindful that the "Medal of Honor" is an insignia of heroic meaning, its possessors are thereby reminded that it is their habitual and most constant and ceaseless duty to be at all

times gallant, modest, self-sacrificing, patriotic and of spotless integrity in both private and public life. Having in the darkest hours of their country's history attested their fidelity, they now in a golden era of patriotism and prosperity, bind themselves to love with equal sincerity and earnestness all portions of their country and to teach by conduct and example, obedience to a sacred and venerated constitution and the laws of the land, and a common devotion to the Union, and to the one flag which alone represents its greatness, power and glory.

The principles and objects of the legion, as thus defined, include the obligation and duty to cherish all patriotic memories, to cultivate in truth and charity fraternal fellowship and sympathies, and contribute our earnest efforts at all times, in cordial coöperation with all other organizations, in securing and advancing the best interests of all comrades and worthy soldiers and sailors.

ARTICLE III.

MEMBERSHIP.

The membership of this legion shall consist of companions of two classes.

First Class. All officers and enlisted men of the regular army and volunteer forces of the United States to whom medals of honor have been presented by the President in the name of Congress, as having most distinguished themselves by their gallantry in action and other soldier-like qualities during the war for the preservation and maintenance of the Union and the Constitution, 1861-65; all petty officers, landsmen and marines of the United States navy, to whom the Secretary of the Navy has presented medals of honor, pursuant to act or resolution of Congress, as having most distinguished themselves by their gallantry in action or extraordinary heroism in the line of their profession and other seaman-like qualities during said war; all officers and enlisted men of the regular or volunteer forces of the United States, and officers, petty officers, seamen, landsmen and marines of the navy of the United States who have received or may hereafter receive medals, pursuant to any act or resolution of Congress, as having most distinguished themselves by gallantry in battle or heroism in the line of their profession during any other war in which the United States has been or may be hereafter engaged, or any minor military or naval operations or engagements, including active warfare against the Indians.

The executive committee, hereinafter provided for, shall determine in each case whether the holder of any such medal has received it according to the true intent and meaning of the act or resolution of Congress, under which it was awarded.

Second Class. The second class shall be composed of the sons, or, on failure of sons, of the daughters of companions of the first class—that is to say, the eldest or other son nominated by such member, or, on failure of sons, the eldest or other daughter so nominated, shall be eligible to membership in the second class, and upon arriving at the age of twenty-one years he or she shall be entitled to participate in the proceedings of the legion, and to vote on all questions as fully as if such companion were of the first class, and upon the decease of a companion of the first class his aforesaid successor shall become a companion of the first class, with all the rights of an original member of that class, if of full age, or upon arriving at full age.

The legion shall be maintained always by hereditary succession, as thus defined and provided for, and on failure of sons and daughters of the companions of the first class, any person of kin to such companion whom he may nominate during his lifetime, or who, on failure of such nomination, may thereafter be elected, may be admitted as a companion of the second class.

ARTICLE VIII.

FEES, DUES AND FUNDS.

The membership fee shall be two dollars and cost of the certificate of membership, and the annual dues one dollar.

The funds shall consist:

First. For current expenses, consisting of membership fees and annual dues.

Second. Such relief fund as may hereafter be created by donation or devise.

Third. Such general fund as may have a similar origin.

The legion, on account of its necessarily scattered and limited membership, does not primarily undertake the entire responsibility of charitable relief, and has no means of creating, by imposing pecuniary obligations upon its members, either a general or relief fund, and until such funds are created, can only extend to companions in misfortune and distress and to their widows and children such aid as is in its power.

The current fund will be kept in the hands of the quartermaster, and expended with the approval of the commander upon vouchers certified to be correct, just, proper and necessary for the good of the legion and in the conduct of its business.

Should general and relief funds be hereafter created, they will be placed in the custody of three trustees, who will see that they are properly and securely invested and expended, as the legion at its annual reunions may appropriate and direct.

Of the committee who drafted the constitution adopted by the Medal of Honor Legion, it is interesting to note that the chairman, Colonel J. Madison Cutts, is a grand-nephew of James Madison, the father of the Constitution of the United States, and a brother-in-law of the late Stephen A. Douglas. He was ably seconded by General Wheelock G. Veazey, Past Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

June 17, 1896, the official staff of the legion was made up as follows:

NELSON A. MILES, U. S. A., Washington, D. C., Commander.

THEODORE S. PECK, Burlington, Vt., Senior Vice-Commander.

BARTHOLOMEW DIGGINS, Washington, D. C., Junior Vice-Commander.

JAMES MILLER, Philadelphia, Pa., Chaplain.

JOHN TWEEDALE, Washington, D. C., Adjutant.

JAMES R. DURHAM, Washington, D. C., Quartermaster.

MOSES A. LUCE, San Diego, Cal., Judge-Advocate.

EDMUND RICE, U. S. A., Atlanta, Ga., Inspector.

JACOB F. RAUB, M. D., Washington, D. C., Surgeon.

CHARLES M. BETTS, Philadelphia, Pa., Historian.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

CHARLES H. SMITH, Chairman, Washington, D. C.

ADELBERT AMES, Lowell, Mass.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS, New York, N. Y.

ST. CLAIR A. MULHOLLAND, Philadelphia, Pa.

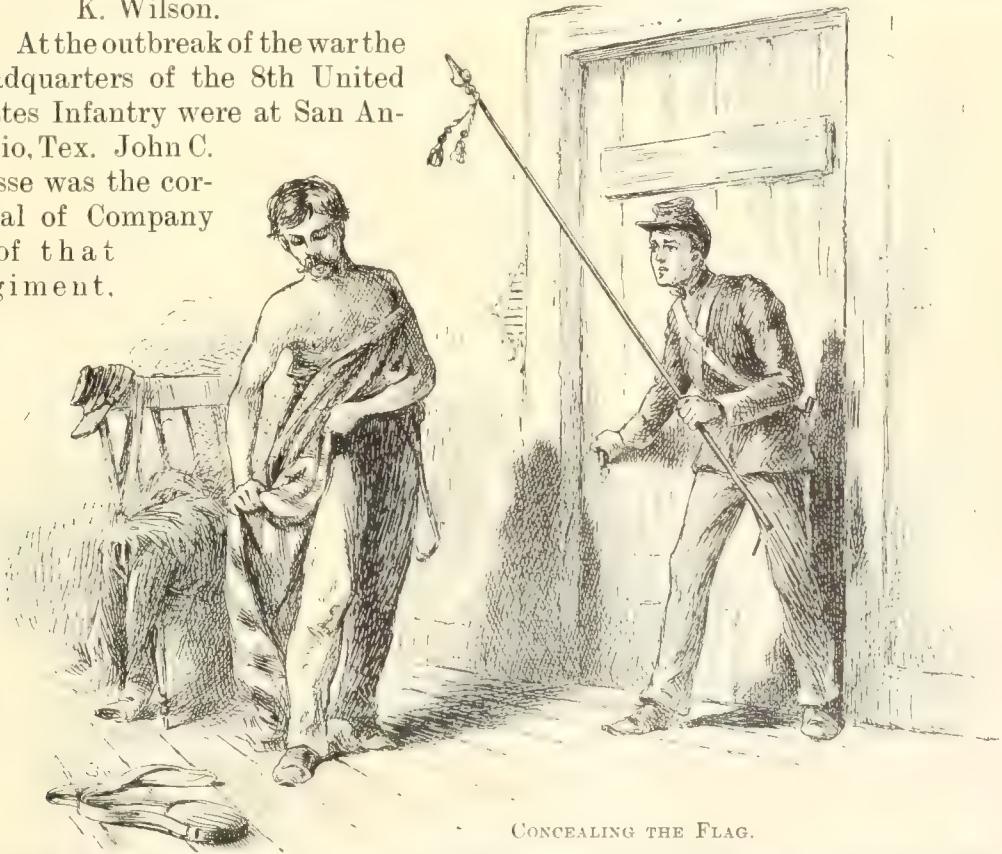
WILLIAM L. HILL, Portsmouth, N. H.

CHAPTER II.

EARLIEST MEDAL WINNERS—THE THEFT OF THE FLAGS BY CORPORAL HESSE AND PRIVATE WILSON,
 8TH UNITED STATES INFANTRY—THE DEATH OF COLONEL ELLSWORTH—MOTIVES
 OF COLONEL ELLSWORTH—THE MEETING ON THE STAIRS—THE KILLING OF
 JACKSON—THE DEATH OF MAJOR WINTHROP—THE SUNDAY BEFORE BIG
 BETHEL—DURYEA'S ZOUAVES—MAJOR WINTHROP IN THE
 ATTACK—HOW HE WAS KILLED AND BY WHOM.

THE first acts, in point of date on which they were performed, for which medals of honor were awarded (although not the first medals awarded), were those of Corporal John C. Hesse and Sergeant Joseph K. Wilson.

At the outbreak of the war the headquarters of the 8th United States Infantry were at San Antonio, Tex. John C. Hesse was the corporal of Company A of that regiment.



CONCEALING THE FLAG.

and was detailed as clerk at those headquarters. On the 23rd of April, 1861, the officers and the few enlisted men at that time present at San Antonio were taken prisoners by the Confederate troops under command of Colonel

Van Dorn. All the officers, with the exception of Lieutenant Edward L. Hartz, adjutant of the regiment, left a few days afterward for the states.

Mr. Hesse, who is now a clerk in the record and pension office of the war department, referring to the rescue of the colors of his regiment, says:

A few days subsequent to the capture, upon going to the former office of the regimental headquarters, the building being then in possession and under control of the Confederates, I met there Lieutenant Hartz and Sergeant-Major Joseph K. Wilson, 8th Infantry. Our regimental colors being in the office, Lieutenant Hartz proposed to us to take the colors from the staffs, conceal them beneath our clothing, and carry them off.

We did so. I took the torn flag which the regiment had carried through the Mexican War, put it around my body, under my shirt and blouse, and passed out of the building which was strongly guarded by the Confederates.

Fortunately the enemy did not suspect what a precious load we carried concealed with us. We put the colors in one of Lieutenant Hartz's trunks, and next day left San Antonio for the north.

On the route we guarded the colors with our lives, always fearing lest the Confederates might find out what we had taken away and come after us; but they did not, and we arrived safe on the 20th of May, 1861, in Washington city, and turned the flags over to the regiment.

John C. Hesse and Joseph K. Wilson were awarded medals of honor for "preserving and bringing away the colors of the 8th Infantry after the capture of the regiment."

THE DEATH OF COLONEL ELLSWORTH.

BY FRANK E. BROWNELL.

Even at this late day, the shooting of Colonel Elmer Ellsworth at the Marshall House, Alexandria, Va., is remembered as one of the most vivid pictures of the war. Captain Frank E. Brownell, the corporal of the 11th New York Volunteer Infantry (New York Fire Zouaves), who killed the murderer and thereby won a medal of honor, writes an account of the tragedy in a most interesting fashion.

As a preface to his narrative, it may be well to give, that the reader's memory may be refreshed, a few particulars quoted from "The Pictorial National Records."

"There was a provision in the ordinance of secession in Virginia, that the act should be submitted to the people on the 23rd of May . . . a nearly unanimous vote was obtained for the act in the eastern and middle districts. . . . On the day following the vote, and as soon as the result was known at Washington, troops were thrown across the Potomac, occupying Arlington Heights and the city of Alexandria, where the Confederate flag had been flying in sight of the Capitol. . . . The Ellsworth regiment of New York Fire Zouaves

went to Alexandria by steamer. The 3rd Michigan marched down the south bank of the river to unite with the zouaves at Alexandria. They reached the town at daylight on the morning of the 24th of May. It had been occupied by six hundred Confederate troops, who immediately departed—only thirty-seven of a cavalry troop being taken prisoners."

On the evening before leaving Washington, Colonel Ellsworth wrote the following letter to his aged parents:

"MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: The regiment is ordered to move across the river to-night. We have no means of knowing with what reception we are to meet. I am inclined to the opinion that our entrance to the city of Alexandria will be hotly contested, as I am informed that a large force have arrived there to-day. Should this happen, my dear parents, it may be my lot to be injured in some manner. Whatever may happen, cherish the consolation that I was engaged in the performance of a sacred duty, and to-night, thinking over the probabilities of the morrow and the occurrences of the past, I am perfectly content to accept whatever my fortune may be, confident that He who noteth even the fall of a sparrow will have some purpose even in the fate of one like me. My darling and ever-loved parents, good-bye! God bless, protect and care for you.

ELMER."

Brownell, who gives a vivid account of the murder, enlisted April 20, 1861, three months prior to his twenty-first birthday, and served until December, 1869. He is now connected with the pension office at Washington.

To the compiler of these records Captain Brownell writes:

"I would much prefer that you give the whole story just as I have given it. I have never seen a correct statement published in any history of the war. Ellsworth has been blamed by many, who, if they had been acquainted with the actual facts, would not have done so."

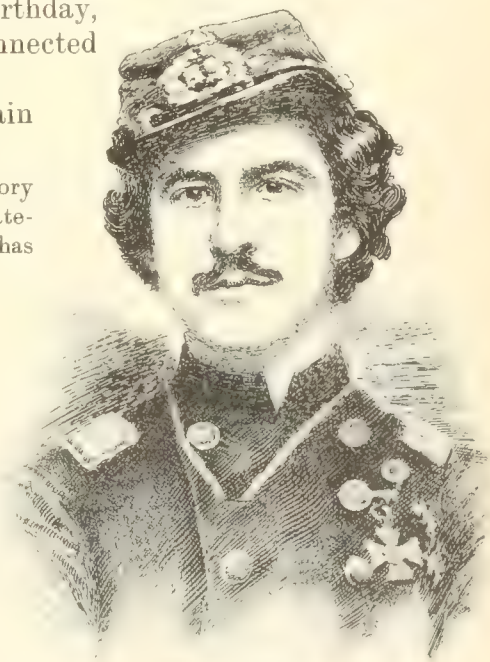
The student of history cannot fail to be pleased to read the following, written by the only man who was in a position to know all that occurred on that fatal morning:

"The regiment was forming on the wharf when Ellsworth came by the right of the line, starting up town. With him were Mr. Winsor of the New York *Tribune*, and Chaplain Dodge. As they passed, one of them suggested that a guard be taken, when Ellsworth turned quickly and said:

"First squad, follow me!"

"The squad, consisting of Sergeant Marshall, two corporals, of whom I was one, and two privates, fell in behind, and in that order we went up Cameron Street on the double quick.

"I believed then, and still think, that Ellsworth was on the way to the telegraph office to send word that he had landed. Three blocks up Cameron, and, turning south on Royal



COLONEL E. ELMER ELLSWORTH.

Street, one square brought us to King, when, on turning the corner to go west, we came in sight of the Marshall House, one square ahead, with the Confederate flag flying.

"Ellsworth turned abruptly to the sergeant, and said:

"Marshall, go back and tell Captain Coyle to bring his company up here as soon as possible."

"This was all Ellsworth said to show that he had observed the flag. He continued on up King Street, and did not turn on arriving opposite the hotel, therefore I supposed he was going to let Captain Coyle take care of the flag.

"Some distance above the hotel he leaped over the gutter to cross the street, when he suddenly halted, and looked back at the flag. Perhaps it occurred to him that a glimpse of that banner might enrage the men and lead to the very thing he had promised to prevent.

"Standing a moment as if revolving the matter in his mind, he then crossed the street, and entered the office of the hotel. We followed in silence. A man was behind the counter, and Ellsworth asked him if he was the proprietor. He replied in the negative, and the colonel went upstairs without making any remark.

"We followed him to the attic. Each of the three flights of stairs had a landing or broad step about midway. On the upper floor, leading in from the roof, were the halyards, and Ellsworth at once pulled down the flag.

"The only remark made at the time was by the colonel, when some one attempted to cut off a piece of the bunting as a trophy, and he prevented it by saying:

"Stop! Don't do that! This goes to New York!"

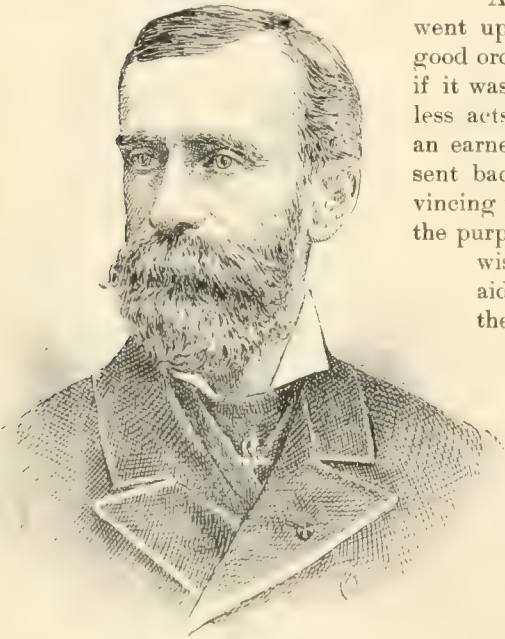
"At this point, I must say, I firmly believe Ellsworth went up to get the flag only in the interest of peace and good order. He was actuated, I think, by the thought that if it was seen by his men it might provoke them to lawless acts. It was not bravado which inspired him, but an earnest desire to avoid unnecessary trouble. That he sent back for Captain Coyle and Company A is to me convincing proof that he did not leave the regiment simply for the purpose of taking the flag, as has been asserted, otherwise why did he, immediately on seeing it, send for aid? Why did he not go in the most direct line to the house, instead of doing as he did?

"We started to descend the stairs, and I led the way. Ellsworth was just behind in the act of rolling the flag into a small bundle. As I reached the first landing and turned, with half a dozen steps between me and the floor, there stood a man with a double-barreled gun resting on the banisters, the muzzle pointing at my breast.

"Until this moment everything had been so quiet that we were not anticipating trouble.

"Prompted by the instincts of self-preservation rather than anything else, I jumped, throwing the barrel of my gun on his, and both

weapons slid along the banisters until the turn was reached, when they fell apart. In my leap I had cleared the steps from the landing to the floor, but before I could recover my equilibrium the man brought his gun to position once more.



CAPTAIN FRANK E. BROWNELL.

"At this instant Ellsworth came into view on the landing, and Jackson fired. Then, whirling suddenly, he leveled the weapon at me. As he did so I discharged my musket and sprang forward with the bayonet. That movement saved my life, for the heavy charge of buckshot passed over my head, penetrating a door directly behind me.

"The muzzle of the gun was within three or four feet of Ellsworth's breast, and the charge struck him just above the heart. With the exclamation, 'My God!' he fell forward from the landing to the floor.

"Jackson was shot in the corner of his left eye, through the brain, and the bayonet pierced his heart. He fell backward to the landing without having spoken a word from the first time I saw him.

"I can only account for my escape by the supposition that, when I came into view on the landing, Jackson wavered for an instant, thus giving me a chance to leap to the floor. Jackson was not a brave man, and I do not believe he knew who had taken down the flag; he had been celebrating the passage of the ordinance of secession, and had gone to bed drunk at two o'clock on that morning. Some of the citizens had threatened to haul down the flag, and he swore he would defend it. He had been awakened hurriedly by some one, and told that we had gone after the flag. Without waiting to dress, clad only in his shirt and trousers, he seized his gun, and stationed himself on the stairs.

"I reloaded my weapon, and the squad stood on the landing back to back in anticipation of an attack. People came out of the rooms near by, and we obliged them to stand in a row against the wall until we had full control of the situation.

"The body was wrapped in a blanket, and I accompanied it back to the navy yard.

"Colonel Ellsworth had been in the habit of wearing an old uniform around the camp, the same in which he was clad while traveling with the Chicago Zouaves. Upon the cap in front were gilt letters surrounded by a wreath in silver. On this morning he had on a new uniform—gray, with a red cap covered, and his body servant had cut the ornament from the old cap and pinned it on the new one. It is hardly probable Ellsworth was aware of this fact, for it was not the correct thing to wear, and he was very particular regarding such matters of detail. Upon the breast of his vest he wore the badge of the Baltimore City Guards, which had been presented to him while he was in that city in 1860. On it were the letters B. C. G. In German text, in the center of a blue garter, was the motto: 'Non solum nobis sed pro patria.'

"The charge from Jackson's gun forced this badge into his breast, and parts of it were found with the buckshot in his spine. The ornament fell from his cap, the pins having become loosened in some way, and when we raised him I saw it saturated with his blood. I have it now before me, a sad and terrible reminder of that tragic event.

"His death was kept a secret from his command lest the soldiers should wreak some terrible revenge upon the city, and the lifeless remains were taken to the navy yard.

"I can never forget a scene which took place in the engine house, where the body had been carried that it might be embalmed. Having a severe pain in my head, I had lain down in the quarters of the 71st New York, when a messenger came to say that the President wished to see me.

"Following him to the engine house I found there the undertaker, Mr. Fox, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and the President, who, when I entered, was pacing to and fro, the picture of grief. Frequently, on passing the body, he would raise the sheet from the pallid face, and, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, exclaim:

"My boy! My boy, was it necessary this sacrifice should be made?"

"Little did I think that in four years—short to some, but so long to many—a nation's heart would be wrung with grief at the President's untimely death. Ellsworth and Lincoln!

One gave his life as the baptism, and the other the benediction of the greatest struggle the world has ever seen in the cause of human freedom and liberty.

"On the following day, at the request of the President, the remains were placed in state in the East Room of the Executive Mansion, where funeral services were held."

THE DEATH OF MAJOR WINTHROP.

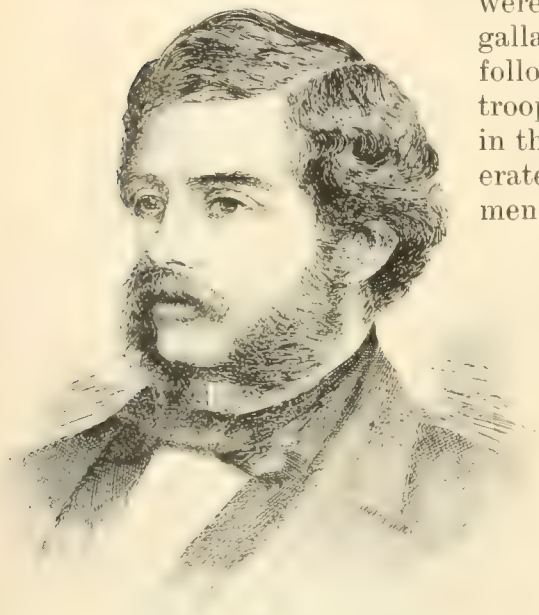
By W. G. LE DUC.

[Major Winthrop was military secretary to General B. F. Butler, was the author of "John Brent," "Cecil Breeme," "Canoe and Saddle," etc., and was one of the most regretted of the losses of the first year of the war.]

At the early outbreak of the War of the Rebellion the tragic fate of the enthusiastic Ellsworth stirred to their depths the anger of the people of the north, though he fell while foolishly doing that which he should have sent a subaltern or a corporal's guard of his zouaves to do. But the death of the accomplished scholar and author, Major Winthrop, whose name and writings

were familiar to thousands, and who fell while gallantly leading his men to a charge that if followed would have given a victory to the Union troops, brought grief to many of his countrymen in the North and regret to many of the Confederates whom he vainly endeavored to bring his men to attack and capture. They recognized and admired his gallantry, did justice to his ineffectual heroism, gathered from the soldiers who had plundered his dead body his effects, and sent these precious memorials, with his body, to his friends.

I have not seen in print any particular account as to the time and manner of his death, and having learned from an officer of the 1st North Carolina Regiment, in front of which he fell, and who was personally present at the battle of Big Bethel the circumstances attending the skirmish—for it was hardly a respectable skirmish—I here set them



MAJOR THEODORE WINTHROP.

down. So inexperienced were commanders and troops on both sides that no advantage was taken of blunders and errors either in attack or defense. Colonel D. H. Hill had command of the 1st North Carolina and Randolph's battery and a company of Virginia militia, mounted, and was stationed at or about the church called Big Bethel, where he threw up a line of breastworks only three or four feet in height. General Magruder, who was in command on the penin-



DEATH OF ELLSWORTH.

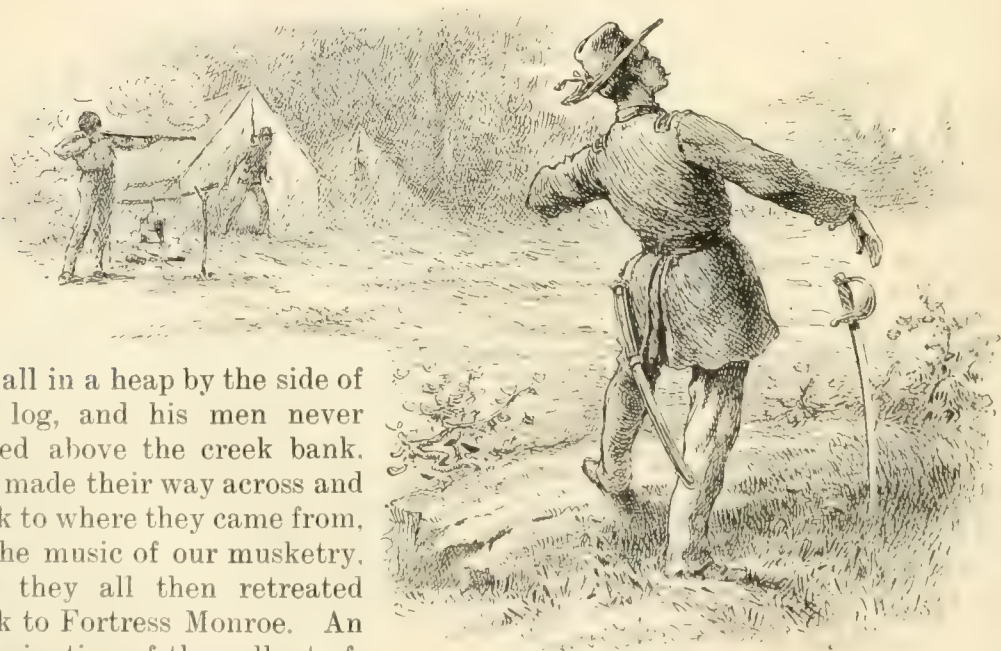
sula, had headquarters at Yorktown, and had come to Big Bethel the Sunday before the attack was made. He and Colonel D. H. Hill were not on friendly terms, and confined their intercourse to official matters. On this day they attended church together to listen to the preaching of a Baptist clergyman who had come out from the neighborhood of the Fortress or from Hampton, and who gave information of the intended surprise and of the number of troops to be sent, and the orders of march. After the preacher had ended his services, Colonel Hill, who was a church member, made some remarks to the soldiers with whom the house was crowded, assuring them that God was on their side, protecting as they were their homes and their wives and sweet-hearts from the invading vandals.

Magruder followed very briefly, saying that God was always found on the side of those who kept their powder dry and took the best aim at their enemies.

The preacher having disclosed the purpose of General Butler to make a night march and a surprise of the rebel camp at daylight, General Magruder ordered Colonel Hill to put his regiment in motion at twelve o'clock, midnight, and move forward to surprise the enemy on their march. The night was dark and the march slow, and about three or four o'clock in the morning a woman in an old-fashioned carryall met the troops and told the commanding officers that the Yankees were close at hand, that there were ten thousand of them, that they were killing and pillaging, that they had taken her husband, and that she escaped and was fleeing up country for safety. As the troops were in the open country, Colonel Hill objected to meeting the enemy there, as they could easily discover his weakness and surround and capture him. Magruder hesitated to order an advance against the judgment of Colonel Hill, and Major Randolph, afterward Secretary of War for the Confederate States, was called upon for his opinion. He sided with Colonel Hill, and the regiment was ordered back to the camp and defensive works they had left. In the words of my informant, we had hardly settled ourselves in our old places when we heard firing off to our right, and supposed it was an attack on some of General Magruder's outlying picket stations, of which we had no knowledge, and we did not realize at the time that we might rejoice that our enemies were shooting each other and saving our ammunition. But we were nerving ourselves up to the time when we also would be attacked, which occurred about nine o'clock in the morning, when Duryea's zouaves came marching up the road in splendid order.

General Magruder had a cannon run out on the road, and, aiming it himself, sent a ball down the road, and the zouaves scattered and then deployed and came forward and delivered a volley, and at the same time received one from our side. As soon as they fired they all fell on their backs and commenced to load, according to their tactics. I at the time felt gratified

and amazed at the accuracy of aim of our men, who I supposed had killed or mortally wounded the entire attacking force, for these zouaves were the only troops that came within firing distance on our right. Had they been supported as they should have been, they would have surrounded and captured our entire force. Duryea was supported only by Grebel's battery, and after the first fire Grebel's men nearly all went to the rear and left him to load and fire as best he could, and this he continued to do until killed. The Yankees withdrew and left our right front, and we waited for them to return, expecting an attack every minute. It was fully three o'clock in the afternoon before a demonstration was made on our left. Possibly they waited for the tide to run out of the creek along which our line of light breastworks extended. This creek channel was twenty to thirty feet below the general level, and the banks were steep. When the tide was out the water was only two or three feet deep, and the Yankees dashed through the water and scrambled up the banks. An officer was in the lead. As soon as he reached the top he sprang upon an old chestnut log, waved his sword and shouted: "Come on, boys! One charge and the day is ours." This was no sooner said than he



DEATH OF MAJOR WINTHROP.

fell all in a heap by the side of the log, and his men never raised above the creek bank, but made their way across and back to where they came from, to the music of our musketry, and they all then retreated back to Fortress Monroe. An examination of the gallant officer who led this undisciplined

mob showed that he had been shot through the body near the heart, and the wound was so small that it required search to find it. This was not the wound made by a musket ball; it was a small bullet from a squirrel gun that

had killed him, and it was fired by Sam Mayo, a mulatto servant of Captain Ashe who commanded a company from Chapel Hill and had his servant carry his squirrel gun on the march. Sam had the gun, and when the officer jumped on the log said, "Lemme shoot him, Mastuh Ashe," and shoot he did, with fatal effect. During the war Sam used to boast of this deed, but in later days I understand he thinks some other fellow did the shooting. There is no doubt, however, that this brave and accomplished gentleman met his fate at the hands of a slave to whom the death of Major Winthrop and many thousands of other brave soldiers gave the boon of freedom.

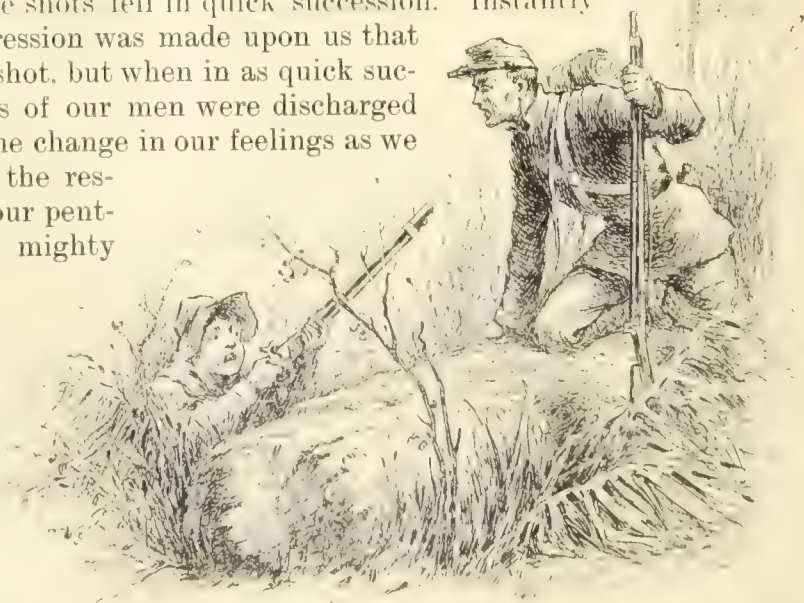


CHAPTER III.

STORIES OF THE BEGINNING—CHARLES H. MYERHOFF, THE FIRST SCOUT—MEETING THE ENEMY INDIVIDUALLY—AN AMBUSH AND A LEAP FOR LIFE—REMARKABLE CONDUCT OF A SOLDIER—A BOY SOLDIER, JULIUS D. RHODES—HOW THE VICTORY AT HARRISONBURG, VA., WAS WON—AT THE BATTLES OF DONNELLSVILLE AND PETERSBURG.

CHARLES H. MYERHOFF.

COMPANY E, 14th Regiment Indiana Volunteers was on a scout twelve miles southeast of Cheat Mountain Pass. The mountain rangers and guerrillas had ambushed Bracken's Company, 1st Indiana Cavalry, at Hanging Rock, at the crossing of the Greenbriar River and at the Gum House near by. We encamped for the night with pickets well thrown out. During the night I was on the outpost, and at daybreak we hastily prepared our meal of coffee, pork and crackers, and then moved forward, with a vanguard of four men, south on the Gum Road. They had moved about two miles when four rifle shots fell in quick succession. Instantly the distressing impression was made upon us that our four men were shot, but when in as quick succession the muskets of our men were discharged no pen can depict the change in our feelings as we charged forward to the rescue, giving vent to our pent-up enthusiasm in mighty shouts. When we reached the vanguard, the first platoon was deployed as skirmishers. I was on the right flank, and in pressing my way through the thick undergrowth I sprang over a fallen tree. My momentum was suddenly stopped,



THE MUZZLE OF A BEAR-GUN WITHIN A FOOT OF MY NOSE

for gleaming out among the dense growth was the muzzle of a bear-gun within a foot of my nose. Every hair stood on end; I was scared;

but on looking down the line of that gun barrel I noticed that the knees of the holder were trembling. This immediately gave me courage and I yelled, "Drop that gun!" It dropped. That quick change from fear to delight is simply indescribable. My prisoner was turned over to those who could not keep up, and on we went as fast as we could between three and four miles, when James H. McMullen and I in the van found the enemy forming a line of battle across the road and beyond a depression of ground about a hundred yards distant. We waited until our men came up and then our captain waved an old beaver hat he had captured and shouted, "Surrender!" They, however, continued to form their line. Then the command was given us to fire, and the enemy broke and ran in all directions. I saw two men crossing a meadow of rank timothy (the best I saw in all Virginia). They were making for a barn without looking back, and another comrade and myself followed. I ran with all my might to gain a depression on the right of the barn, and when they reached the building they lowered their guns to defend themselves. By that time I had got on their flank and yelled, "Surrender!" They started to run, but when our guns were brought down to an aim they said they would give up if we would not shoot. The man that surrendered to me said: "I borrowed this rifle from Mr. Hamilton, and will have to take it back to him next Tuesday." This proved he was as new in the business as I was. He did not realize that he was a prisoner of war. This is an experience of the beginning, and of the first time under fire.

AN AMBUSH AND A LEAP FOR LIFE.

Our company was out on picket four miles from camp. The night had been one of tempest and driving sleet, and the men were ordered to shelter themselves, as we thought no enemy would be lurking around in such weather. At daybreak shots were heard at the outpost. The force appeared so strong that the line was drawn into a spur on the mountain road, and was instructed that if any firing was heard in the road it should rally at the headquarters of the picket posts; otherwise hold position at all hazards until reinforcements came. A messenger, George Winder, was sent to camp to inform Colonel Kimball of the 14th Indiana, that a heavy force was in our front. He had not gone a hundred yards when a sheet of flame and smoke from a number of muskets filled the road. George fell in plain view from where we were, and this volley was followed by others from up the mountain side. This firing caused a rally as had been directed, and by the time I reached there with my men, the two men who had fired the last shots crossed the road not forty yards away. I shouted "What do you mean?" The

uniform was the same as our own, and we took them for our own men. The excitement at the rallying place was intense. What should we do with a force four times our strength within one hundred yards between us and camp, and a strong force advancing from the front? Some suggested forming a skirmish line. That was unwise, the underbrush being so very thick. Then we determined on aligning the men in the open road and marching directly upon them. I was ordered to fall in line, though I was a corporal. We were aligned and counted off, I taking the orderly sergeant's position at the head of the company. The only words that fell from our lieutenant's lips were, "Faster, Charley, faster." When stepping over Winder's body the enemy fired upon us from behind a large ditch from which the ground had been drawn to make the road. I fell unconscious from the concussion of the close volley, but was quickly aroused by the quivering form of the 1st lieutenant falling upon me.

I sprang to my feet, taking a step forward, and fired within ten feet of their faces, then immediately began reloading my gun. In tearing the cartridge I took in the following situation. The Lieutenant, Winder and the four men in the front rank lay at my feet. The only other man in the road was Frank Scudder, and he was scudding up the road. That put the same propensity into me, and as I made my first leap forward the Rebel yell greeted me, and it seemed so near that I could feel it. How I did run for about forty yards, and then leap through the underbrush down the mountain side. I landed twenty feet below in dense undergrowth, upright. I could not see anything myself, so stood still. Then I heard the Rebels command "Deploy as skirmishers." A murmur was heard, then followed the noise of their coming out into the road; when they climbed over a log; and then "We have got three of them; *bayonet them*." Then they ran up the road to meet their column.

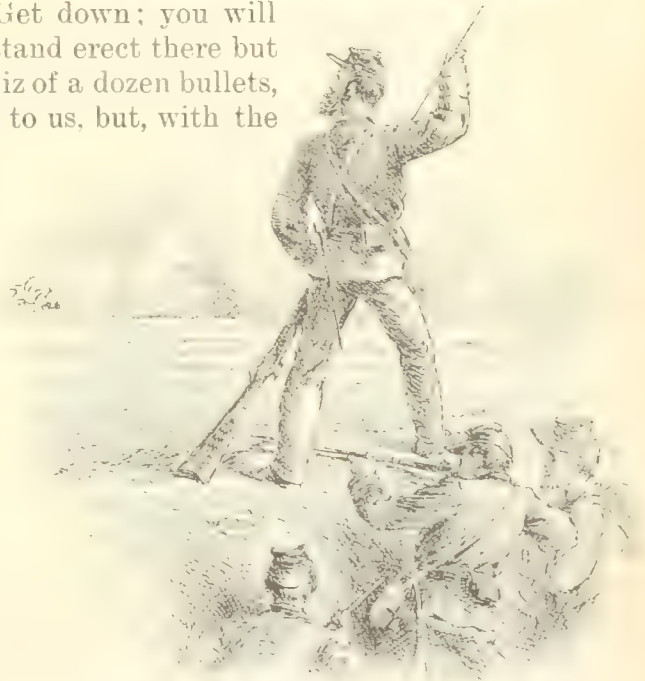
When we got out of this affair, the personal incidents were of three kinds: heroic, pathetic and very amusing. After reaching camp—our clothes, guns and accoutrements had suffered severely by the volley, one man proudly counted thirty-two holes in his belongings, and not a drop of blood drawn.

As time passed the character of the personal experiences as a soldier changed. To many a veteran his earlier ones seem almost absurd. The incidents are given as illustrations of the beginning.

REMARKABLE CONDUCT OF A SOLDIER.

As to scenes and incidents that occurred later in the war, I acknowledge that I can listen to wonderful stories with much credence after what I have

actually seen and experienced myself. To prove this I will relate what I saw a member of the 7th West Virginia do (at least I was told he belonged to that regiment). On the morning of the 3rd of June, 1864, the Second Corps made a charge on the Johnnies at Cold Harbor, Va. They halted and maintained their position on the opposite side of a ridge. We crawled up the ridge, and when we got as far as we could we found our lines were not seventy-five yards apart, and we lay as close to the ground as we could while we used our tin cups and coffee cans with a will to erect breastworks. When sufficiently shielded, we began the use of spade and shovel and while thus engaged the man referred to was seen coming quietly down the line. When nearing us, several said to him: "Get down; you will get your head knocked off!" To stand erect there but for one moment would invite the whiz of a dozen bullets, but this person paid no attention to us, but, with the greatest composure, vaulted over the works, advanced about twelve feet and lowered his gun, took deliberate aim and fired, and then began loading. When the cap was placed upon the tube, he would stand at a "ready" and run his eye down along the line for the best mark, then would deliberately aim and fire again. Here stood this man, and he continued firing until his forty rounds were gone, we looking on all the while in amazement, while we thought of the wonderful agency protecting him. When his forty rounds were exhausted he crossed the works, we looking upon him astounded, while he walked up the line to his regiment. In a short time he returned, looking refreshed and with his cartridge box filled, passed along until, attaining his position heedless of all remarks, he again began firing as before. No one dared to raise his head high enough to see his execution. After having been out on his second trip some time, a corporal of Company F, of our regiment, said that he would stand by any living man in a fight. His comrades tried to prevent him from making the rash attempt, but no, go he would. He got over the works, and when raising to a standing posture was shot down. The man whose side he was so determined to attain had just discharged his gun, and



FIRING TO KILL.

for the first time turned his head and saw the corporal fall, then immediately proceeded with his work while we were filled with awe at the most unusual scene. The remarks that were made were many. The most common one being "they do not seem to see him." Certain it was that they did not give his presence the least attention. This is the most remarkable one-man incident in all my soldier experience.

A BOY SOLDIER.

JULIUS D. RHODES, 5TH NEW YORK CAVALRY.

[Mr. Rhodes' war record is in itself interesting. He enlisted September 3, 1861, as bugler and private in the 5th New York Cavalry, and was discharged February 27, 1863. September 9, of the same year, he enlisted in the 1st Louisiana Cavalry and resigned September 10, 1864. October 8, of the same year, he enlisted at Augusta, Me., in the 31st Maine Infantry as sergeant, and received his final discharge October, 1865. His first discharge was because of wounds which apparently disabled him, and his last owing to the fact that the war had long since ended.]

JULIUS DEXTER RHODES was born in Monroe, Mich., in 1841. He was a student at the Springville Institute in Erie County, N. Y., when the war broke out. He enlisted at the first call for men in the 21st New York Infantry; but, on account of his age, his parents prevented his being mustered into the service.

At the second call, however, he was the first man to enlist, September 3, 1861, and this time succeeded in reaching the seat of war.

At Harrisonburg, Va., he was fully initiated as a soldier. There he was acting as bugler, and Major Vought, who was in charge of a detachment of the 5th New York Cavalry, ordered him to sound a charge. When this had been done, and Ashby's forces put to flight, the major ordered him to sound retreat; but Rhodes, seeing the enemy broken and retreating, believed the officer had made a mistake in his order, therefore he re-sounded the charge, which resulted in a complete victory for the Union forces, and is chronicled on the pages of the history of the 5th New York Cavalry as the first battle of the War of the Rebellion where cavalry had met cavalry, and steel to steel clashed in deadly combat. One Union soldier was killed, a bugler and an adjutant taken prisoner. The Confederates lost seven killed, and three made prisoners.

Rhodes was reduced to the ranks that same night for sounding an advance when retreat had been ordered.

At Waterloo Bridge, Va., he came up serenely, however, and when ten volunteers were called for to burn the bridge under the enemy's guns, Rhodes was the first to tender his services. Every one, with the exception of him, was either killed or wounded. He distinguished himself in this affair through his pluck and a bottle of turpentine.



RHODES SCALING THE RAMPARTS.

One of the volunteers was carrying a quantity of turpentine with which to start the conflagration, when he was struck by a bullet, and, in falling, dropped the liquid.

Rhodes, who was in advance, ran back, picked up the turpentine, dashed at full speed to the center of the bridge, and broke the bottle over the bundles of wood which had been prepared for igniting the structure.

The bridge was destroyed, and the purpose of the cavalry accomplished.

Shortly after this, Rhodes was detached from his regiment on special duty as a scout for General John Buford of cavalry fame, and again distinguished himself. Three Confederates were endeavoring to escape across an open field, when Rhodes asked of the general the privilege of capturing them. His request was promptly acceded to, and the ex-bugler brought in two, having been forced to kill the third; but it was a dear capture, for the young soldier's horse had been shot through the body by the Confederate an instant before Rhodes killed him.

Among his experiences Rhodes can remember of two long nights of suffering, when he was compelled to travel through the woods, hiding during the hours of daylight to avoid capture, and then he fell in with the 105th New York Infantry Volunteers just as they had become engaged at Thoroughfare Gap with the advance of General Longstreet's Confederate forces.



DASHED AT FULL SPEED TO THE CENTER OF THE BRIDGE.

It would seem as if a fight was all the young soldier cared for. Before he had been with this regiment many moments, a skirmish line was called for, and he said to the lieutenant-colonel commanding:

"Colonel, give me a musket, and I'll lead your skirmish line."

The weapon was given him by Serg. A. J. Langmade, and Rhodes led the line with such determination that his action was the comment of all the officers and men.

Two days later he performed this same hazardous duty at Bull Run, August 30, 1863. While leading a skirmish line, and far in advance of his comrades, he was the first to scale the railroad grade, and the first to fall, wounded in two places. He was supposed to be dead, and was left where he had fallen; but, recovering consciousness, he again used a gun as a crutch and thus escaped capture.

Then he was taken to Harewood Hospital, Washington, where he was discharged February 27, 1863, as permanently disabled.

His brother, Julian H. Rhodes, of Company P, 116th New York Volunteers, was in New Orleans, sick, and there Julius went to care for him.

In a few days he tired of acting as nurse when there was fighting to be done, and tendered his services to General Banks to lead one of the companies in the forlorn hope at Fort Hudson; but, owing to the capitulation July 9, the storming brigade was not called to assault the works. The honor, however, should be given to the brave men in as full measure as if they had performed the duty for which they volunteered.

At the battle of Donnellsville, La., Rhodes was suffering with typhus fever, but when the booming of the cannon broke upon his ear, he mounted his horse, and was soon in the action by the side of his brother, where his gallantry was mentioned in the general report.

His last service cannot find a superior in any army. He was sergeant in Company M, 31st Maine Volunteers. On the morning of April 2, 1865, while his regiment was leading the charge on Petersburg, the first assault was made upon Fort Mahone. Rhodes was scaling the ramparts, was knocked down three times by the butt of a musket, his skull being fractured for three inches directly across. He was pierced through the cheek by a bayonet, but, with his sergeant's sword killed the Confederate who wounded him, and was the second man over the enemy's works. Bandaging his head with a handkerchief, he led the company with desperate bravery, as there were no officers but himself left uninjured, and fought with such determined bravery that the chief of General Bank's staff asked his name, company and regiment, in the heat of the battle.

At 3:30 p. m., he became unconscious, owing to the severe wounds in the head, and was forced once more to go into the hospital. He is living to-day, however, in Washington, D. C., a true friend to all old comrades, and a very popular lecturer upon the battles of the Rebellion.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR IN A WESTERN CITY — J. L. FOLLETT, 1ST MISSOURI LIGHT ARTILLERY —
W. H. COOKE, 4TH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY — JOSEPH KEELE, MEMBER
OF FOUR REGIMENTS, NEW YORK INFANTRY.

JOSEPH LEONARD FOLLETT, now residing in the city of New York, was awarded a medal of honor for bravery in action. Regarding his military services he writes as follows:

When the war broke out I had just left school in New York State, and had joined my father, who was engaged in the car and carriage manufacturing business at St. Louis, Mo., under the firm name of Follett & Wight.

The Confederate flag having been raised in sight of my father's house, in St. Louis, Mo., I took part in the capture of Camp Jackson, established by General Frost, C. S. A., within the city limits, and enlisted without my father's permission, and at about nineteen years of age, as a drummer boy in Company G, 1st Missouri Infantry Volunteers, on the twenty-third day of April, 1861. Colonel Frank P. Blair was in command of the regiment, and the late Major-General John M. Schofield, commanding the United States army, was major of the regiment.

At the battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo., where General Nathaniel Lyon was killed, my regiment lost a greater number of men in one engagement than any other command in the Union army. (See Colonel Fox, statistics of losses, etc.)

The regiment was then filled up with recruits, and changed with the 1st Regiment, Missouri Light Artillery Volunteers, I remained in Company G, 1st Missouri Light Artillery.

I served in all the noncommissioned grades, and was commissioned 2nd lieutenant in 1863, and appointed to the command of my battery in 1864, being assigned to duty with a brigade of United States regulars, General J. M. King commanding. I took my battery to the top of Lookout Mountain, which was I believe, the highest point occupied by a battery during the war. I think I was also the youngest officer who ever commanded a battery of artillery in the field.

I was then appointed adjutant of artillery on the staff of Major-General James B. Steedman, "Old Reliability," who commanded the District of the

Etowah, comprising the defenses of Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge and Bridgeport.

I participated in the following battles:

Booneville, Dug Springs, Wilson's Creek, New Madrid, Island No. 10, Farmington, May 3 and 9, Corinth, Perryville, Stone River, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge, and engagements too numerous to mention, having joined General Philip H. Sheridan when he was a colonel commanding a brigade of cavalry, and our battery acting as flying artillery, we remaining in his brigade and division until he became a major-general, and was ordered to a command in the Eastern army.

I was wounded at New Madrid, Mo., and also at Farmington, Miss., in front of Corinth.

I served continuously from the beginning to the end of the war at the front; was in every engagement in which my company took part, being the only officer of the company who had the same record. I was one of three of the original members mustered out July 28, 1865.

I had but twenty days' leave of absence during the war, and returned to duty with thirteen recruits for my battery; was never in a hospital nor excused from duty for sickness or wounds, as can be verified by the records. I

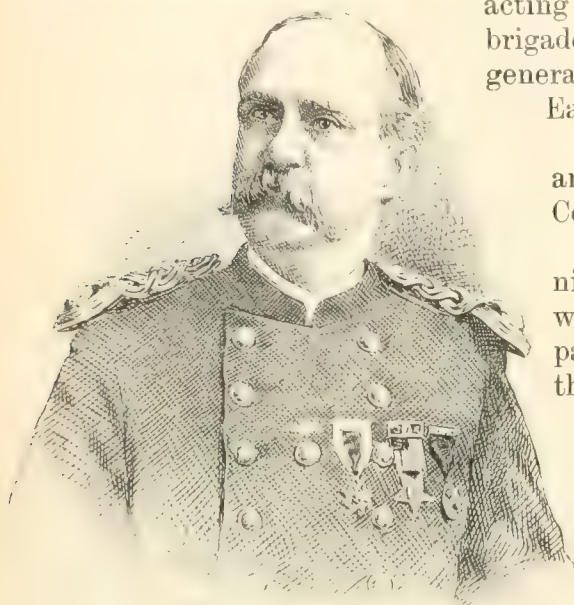
made out all the records of the company, acting as company clerk regardless of what my position might be in the battery.

Concerning the medal of honor which I have received, first let me say that I lay no more claim to bravery or superior service than should be given to any of the boys who did their duty.

The official document which accompanied the medal stated that it was for "bravery in action."

Captain Henry Hescocock, who commanded my battery when I was a sergeant, was chief of artillery on the staff of General P. H. Sheridan, and in cases of emergency I was called upon to do some trying duties, carrying dispatches on the battlefield, etc. During my long service in the field and at the front, I naturally saw some hard fighting, and I did my level best. I do not care to particularize, for some things I did were painful to me then.

COLONEL JOSEPH L. FOLLETT.



and are so now to think of. Perhaps I had better quote from a communication to the Secretary of War from General P. H. Sheridan, asking my appointment to a position in the regular army, and calling attention to my services, in which he says: "For gallant and brave conduct in a number of engagements in the West, under my personal observation, I recommend, etc."

Colonel John Mendenhal, 4th United States Artillery, in a letter to Secretary Stanton, writes:

"During my varied services with the Army of the Cumberland (in command of my battery, chief of artillery of a division and corps, assistant inspector general, inspector of artillery and commanding the light artillery reserve), I met no officer in the volunteer artillery, who, in my judgment, is better deserving a commission in the regular army. I have inspected a great many companies of artillery, and his company, which I inspected while he was commanding it, presented a better appearance than any volunteer company or battery I ever inspected."

I served as corresponding secretary at the headquarters of Generals Sheridan, Mower, Hancock and Buchanan, and at New Orleans after the war.

I am a member of the military order of the Loyal Legion (New York Commandery), was a member of the executive committee of the G. A. R., grand marshal of the G. A. R. of Brooklyn, a member of the Union Veteran Legion, of the Medal of Honor Legion, and lieutenant-colonel and chief of artillery of the National Guard, State of New York, on the staff of Major-General Alexander Shaler, commanding 1st Division State of New York and New York city.

MAJOR WALTER H. COOKE.

4TH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY

Walter H. Cooke was born in Norristown, Pa., July 21, 1838, and enlisted in that city, April 20, 1861, as private in Company K, 4th Pennsylvania Volunteers (a three months' organization). He was elected captain of the company, and served the full term.

Captain Cooke raised a company for the emergency at the time of the battle of Antietam, and on September 15, 1862, was elected major of the 11th Pennsylvania Infantry, serving with that organization during its term of service.

June 29, 1863, he enlisted in the Emergency Cavalry Company, for a term of six months, and was attached to the 20th Pennsylvania, of which he was made sergeant major, and with his company was discharged August 13, 1863.

Captain Cooke contents himself with stating only the plain, unvarnished

facts relative to the service for which his medal of honor was awarded. He writes from Norristown as follows:

The term of service of the 4th Pennsylvania Regiment having expired July 20, 1861, upon the eve of an expected battle, the regiment was requested to continue in service, but refused. Captain Cooke, of Company K, volunteered to Colonel David Hunter, commanding Second Division, and was appointed as aid-de-camp on the colonel's staff, in which capacity he served during the battle of Bull Run, and was honorably mentioned in general orders. After Colonel Hunter was wounded and retired from the field, Captain Cooke was with Colonel Burnside until Colonel Andrew Porter came up and took command of the division, when he joined him.

MAJOR JOSEPH KEELE.

69TH, 53RD, 11TH AND 182ND NEW YORK INFANTRY.

Joseph Keele was awarded a medal of honor for meritorious services as a soldier from 1861 to 1865. He entered on his second term of service as private, and was mustered out as 1st lieutenant, brevet major, and acting adjutant.

He was born in Ireland in 1840; arrived in this country at New York January 1, 1846, and was among the first to enlist.

His military record is given by himself as follows:

I enlisted as private in Company E, 69th Regiment New York State Militia, April 20, 1861, for a term of three months, and took part in the battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861; was discharged August 3, in the same year.

Immediately afterward I enlisted as corporal in Company E, 53rd New York Infantry, for a term of three years. The regiment formed a portion of General Burnside's expedition to North Carolina, and after the storm at Hatteras it was sent back to Washington, because there was no opportunity for landing. Then it was in such bad condition that the Secretary of War ordered it mustered out of service, March 20, 1862.

I then enlisted as private in Company D, 11th Regiment New York Volunteers (1st Fire Zouaves), which was stationed at Newport News, Va. Two months after I enlisted, the regiment was mustered out of service by order of the Secretary of War, because it had become demoralized through its officers.

May 26, 1862, I enlisted as sergeant in Company K, 69th Regiment New York Infantry, and with that organization did garrison duty at Fort Lyon, just outside of Alexandria, and was discharged September 3, 1862. Three days later I reenlisted in Company E, of the same regiment, which was afterward changed by the Governor to the 182nd New York Infantry, for three years or more.

When we were mustered in, Colonel Murphy appointed me left general guide of the regiment. April 1, 1863, while on picket duty at Suffolk, Va., I was promoted sergeant. We took part in the siege of Suffolk (April and May), and, on June 11, I was promoted sergeant major, for meritorious conduct in going beyond our lines and driving cattle inside, in addition to capturing a wagonload of camp material.

I participated in the battle of Corssville, Va., June 13, and Black Water, June 20.

Our brigade, which consisted of the 69th, 155th, 160th, and 170th New York Infantry, was ordered to join the Army of the Potomac. We arrived in time to participate in the battle of Spottsylvania, May 18, 1864. On the 24th of the same month my regiment took part in the battle of North Anna.



SAVING THE BRIDGE

and during this engagement I was sent to the brigade commander (Colonel J. P. McIver), for reinforcements. The 170th New York (Colonel Murphy), was ordered to accompany me, and we got back in time to save the works. My regiment had held the enemy in check some time with bayonets only, as their ammunition was entirely expended.

It was at this battle that Colonel Murphy of the 170th New York was put under arrest by General Hancock for showing the white flag without orders. He was afterward made a member of Congress from his State.

At the battle of Talopotomy, May 28, 1864, my regiment built breastworks with bayonets for pick-axes, and tin cups for spades, performing the labor in such a thorough manner that the enemy found the defense very difficult to capture.

At Cold Harbor, June 3, the regiment and brigade of which I was a member led the charge, taking one line of works, and it was during this

engagement that I received the thanks of my commanding officer for carrying orders from General Taylor.

During the actions at Petersburg, June 16-24, 1864, I was under the doctor's care, but did my full duty as a soldier nevertheless.

July 29, I participated in the battle of Strawberry Plain, and at Deep Bottom, August 16. At Ream's Station, August 25, I was one of the last to leave our works, and helped to rally our men afterward, for which service I was promoted to 2nd lieutenant.

At Boydton Road, October 22, after we took the Confederate works, I, with ten more, charged down the road and drove the Confederates over the bridge which crossed the run at that place, taking one gun and caisson. December 13, I was promoted 1st lieutenant.

At Hatcher's Run, February 5, 1865, my regiment was on the skirmish line when the Confederates made the charge, and we drove them back. Once more they came at us, this time with three lines of battle; but we sent them back again and held our lines until a Jersey brigade came to our relief. On that day we lost Colonel Murphy, who was commanding the brigade, and half our officers and men. April 1, I was appointed acting adjutant of the regiment, and on the following day, at the attack on Petersburg, two men from each company of our regiment were detailed to go ahead with axes and cut away the abatis in front of the Confederate works. I was placed in charge of them, and we carried out our orders fully, after which we charged with the regiment, taking two forts and some hundred prisoners.

When the 182nd was mustered out I was given charge of the books and papers by order of the Secretary of War, and delivered the same to the mustering officer at New York city, July 15, 1865. I received from the Governor of New York a captain's commission to date May 15, and the medal of honor from Congress October 25, 1867.



CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST GREAT BATTLE OF THE WAR — A FAMOUS REGIMENT — THE 1ST MINNESOTA AT BULL RUN —
AT GETTYSBURG — SERGEANT MERRITT — MARSHAL SHERMAN.

THERE were many regiments which made great records as organizations during the war, and chief among them stands the 1st Minnesota.

The first medal gained by any of its members, was at the disastrous battle of Bull Run, Va., 1861, when, unfortunately, the boys in blue did not, save in exceptional cases, show the bravery which they afterward displayed.

Of this engagement the following extracts are taken from General McDowell's report:

"General Tyler commenced with his artillery at 6:30 A. M., but the enemy did not reply, and after a time it became a question whether he was in any force in our front, and if he did not intend himself to make an attack, and make it by Blackburn's Ford.

"After firing several times and obtaining no response, I held one of Heintzelman's brigades in reserve, in case we should have to send any troops back to reinforce Miles' division. The other brigades moved forward as directed in the general orders.

"On reaching the ford at Sudley's Spring, I found part of the leading brigade at Hunter's division (Burnside's) had crossed, but the men were slow in getting over, stopping to drink. As at this time the clouds of dust from the direction of Manassas indicated the immediate approach of a large force, and fearing it might come down on the head of the column before the division could all get over and sustain it, orders were sent back to the heads of regiments to break from the column and come forward separately as fast as possible.

"Orders were sent by an officer to the reserve brigade of Heintzelman's division to come by a near road across the fields, and an aid-de-camp was sent to Brigadier-General Tyler to direct him to press forward his attack, as large bodies of the enemy were passing in front of him to attack the division which had crossed over.

"The ground between the stream and the road leading from Sudley's Spring south, and over which Burnside's regiment marched, was for about a mile from the ford thickly wooded, while on the right of the road for about the same distance, the country was divided between fields and woods.

"Shortly after the leading regiment of the first brigade reached the open space, and whilst others and the second brigade were crossing to the front and right, the enemy opened fire, beginning with artillery, and following up with infantry.

"The leading brigade (Burnside's) had to sustain this shock for a short time without support, and did it well. The battalion of regular infantry was sent to sustain it, and shortly afterward the other corps of Porter's brigade, and a regiment detached from Heintzelman's division to the left, forced the enemy back far enough to allow Sherman's and Keyes' brigades of Tyler's division to cross from their position on the Warrenton road.

"These drove the right of the enemy, understood to have been commanded by Beauregard, from the front of the field, out of the detached woods, down to the road, and across it up the slopes on the other side.

"While this was going on, Heintzelman's division was moving down the field to the stream, and up the road beyond.

"Beyond the Warrenton road, and to the left of the road down which our troops had marched from Sudley's Spring, is a hill with a farmhouse on it. Behind this hill the enemy had, early in the day, some of his most annoying batteries planted. Across the road from this hill was another hill, or rather elevated ridge, or table of land. The hottest part of the contest was for the possession of this hill with the house on it.

"The force engaged here was Heintzelman's division, Wilcox's and Howard's brigades on the right, supported by a part of Porter's brigade and the cavalry under Palmer, and Franklin's brigade of Heintzelman's division, Sherman's brigade of Tyler's division in the center and up the road, while Keyes' brigade of Tyler's division was on the left, attacking the batteries near the stone bridge. . . .

"The enemy was evidently disheartened and broken. But we had been fighting since half-past ten in the morning, and it was after three o'clock in the afternoon. The men had been up since two o'clock in the morning, and had made what, to those unused to such things, seemed a long march before coming into action, though the longest distance gone over was not more than nine and one half miles; and though they had three days' provisions served out to them the day before, many no doubt either did not eat them, or threw them away on the march or during the battle, and were therefore without food. They had done much severe fighting. Some of the regiments which had been driven from the hill in the first two attempts of the enemy to keep possession of it, had become shaken, were unsteady, and had many men out of the ranks.

"It was at this time that the enemy's reinforcements came to his aid from the railroad train, understood to have just arrived from the valley with the residue of Johnston's army. They threw themselves in the woods on our right and toward the rear of our right, and opened a fire of musketry on our men, which caused them to break and retire down the hill-side. This soon degenerated into disorder, for which there was no remedy.

"It was during this struggle for the hill with the house on it that John G. Merritt, Sergeant of Company K, 1st Minnesota, displayed such gallantry in action as to call the attention not only of his own immediate commanders, but of all those in the vicinity, to his behavior, and for it he won the only medal of honor granted up to 1886 for bravery on this disastrous field.

"It was more than two years after this first medal, and during the battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, that Marshall Sherman, private of Company C, 1st Minnesota, won his medal of honor, and the following is taken from an article written by H. D. O'Brien for the *National Tribune*, describing the movements of the 1st Minnesota at Gettysburg.

"The Second Corps, to which the 1st Minnesota was attached, did not reach the field in time to participate in the struggle of that day, but was moving toward it with that alacrity and eagerness characteristic of the men who followed the leadership of that peerless soldier, Winfield S. Hancock.

"The corps reached the field some time after dark, and the divisions, brigades, and regiments were formed in line to the left of Cemetery Hill. It was nearly midnight before the movement was completed. The 1st Minnesota was placed in position a short distance to the left of the clump of trees, the spot now designated as the 'highwater mark' of the Rebellion.



THE MOST GALLANT CHARGE OF INFANTRY EVER MADE.

"The morning of July 2 found the men up early, ready for any emergency. For the first time since their arrival they were able to secure a fair view of a portion of the field from the position occupied by them. To the right was Cemetery Hill, its base and sloping sides covered with rich greensward, which was soon to become saturated with the blood of heroic men; in their immediate front the ground was uneven, rolling, and beyond were the trees and valleys which concealed a portion of Lee's army. To the left, and in plain view, were Big and Little Round Top and the peach orchard where the most desperate fighting of the day took place.

"There was little musketry firing during the earlier portion of the day; the field between the two armies, on which thousands were to fall, gave no evidence of the fearful conflict which was soon to take place.

"The battle of the 2nd of July was brought on through the forward movement of the Third Corps, commanded by General Sickles. His orders were to join Hancock on the left, thus extending the Union line in the direction of Round Top. When he reached the flank of the Second Corps, instead of halting he continued his advance, and it was evident he had either misunderstood his orders or was acting on his own responsibility. From the position of the 1st Minnesota his line could be plainly seen. There was not a private soldier who witnessed it but undoubtedly expected to see just what occurred, and that was a prompt and vigorous attack on his exposed flank. It was a tempting bait which the Confederates were not long in accepting. Sickles's men made a splendid appearance as they moved briskly forward 'into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell' as did the six hundred at Balaklava. Their flags waved proudly in the breeze; their bayonets glistened in the sun, a noble, courageous body of soldiers.

"Suddenly a Confederate cavalry force swept out from the trees, in which it had been concealed, attacked and drove into their lines a number of skirmishers deployed on the right flank. This was followed by their infantry, and in a short time one of the fiercest battles fought at Gettysburg was in progress.

"It was at this juncture that a battery of artillery to the front and right of the 1st Minnesota was abandoned and in immediate danger of capture by the advancing Confederates. General Hancock hurriedly approached Colonel Colville, and placing his hand on the latter's shoulder, said: 'Colonel, charge, and take those colors,' referring to the Confederate flags in the line advancing toward the position held by the regiment.

"Without hesitation the order was given: 'Forward, fix bayonets! charge!!' At that moment the men were falling dead and wounded in the ranks. On the regiment went. It was but a short distance. It struck the Confederate line, went through it, about-faced, and those left drove before them more prisoners than the number of men the organization had in action. The regiment was subjected to a direct and enfilading fire from both wings of the Confederate line, and it is a wonder that one escaped. As the word 'charge' came from the colonel's lips, he reeled and fell from his horse to the ground badly wounded. Within five minutes two hundred and fifteen men and officers were killed and wounded, out of a total of two hundred and sixty-two. No one was missing."

This statement in regard to the number engaged and the loss is absolutely correct. Colonel Fox, author of "Regimental Losses in the Civil War," investigated this matter thoroughly. Every man present for duty that day is accounted for, and where he was and what he did is known. Eight companies took part in the charge. Company F was supporting a battery and Company C was on provost-guard duty.

Harper's Weekly, in speaking of this charge, said:

"There have been wonderful charges in the great battles of the world, charges that still thrill the soldiers of the nations, charges that through succeeding generations have won, and still shall win, the admiring recognition of the tactician, the noblest lines of the historian, the rich and splendid imagery of the poet.

"Yet from the loins of the young Commonwealth of Minnesota sprang a regiment of men who made a charge more wonderful in its daring, more terrible in its result, more rich in its legacy of loyalty, than any that preceded it—the most heroic charge of history.

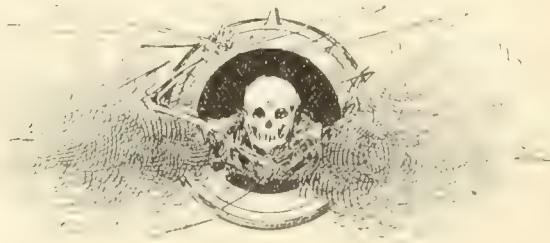
"The hot July sun was zenith-high upon the field of Gettysburg that direful day, in the midst of the fiercest battle of the centuries. General Hancock, reaching the spot where the Union line was being forced backward, halting his furiously-ridden horse, ordered the 1st Minnesota to charge the Confederate line.

"A charge into eternity that order meant. At double-quick, without discharging a gun, with the concentrated fire of the Confederate Army pouring a leaden rain of death upon them, at double-quick, then at full speed, they charged into the enemy's advancing ranks. General Hancock saw that a five minutes' respite meant the arrival of reinforcements and a turning of the tide of battle. He sacrificed this noble regiment in those fearful five minutes, and the position was held.

"The charge saved the day, but eighty-two per cent. of the men who made the charge were left on the field. Nearly every officer was dead or mortally wounded. Of the two hundred and sixty-two men who made the charge, two hundred and fifteen were shot down by the bullets of the enemy; forty-seven were still in line."

Judge Lochren, commissioner of pensions, one of the survivors, says:

"The annals of war contain no parallel to this charge. In its desperate valor, complete execution, successful result, and its sacrifice of men in proportion to the number engaged, authentic history has no record with which it can be compared."



CHAPTER VI.

THE CONFEDERATE SIDE AT THE FIRST MANASSAS—GENERAL E. M. LAW, C. S. A.—SENSATIONS OF THE SOLDIER THE FIRST TIME UNDER FIRE—CONFEDERATE VIEW OF FIRST MANASSAS, OR "BULL RUN"—THE CAUSES OF VICTORY FOR THE ONE, AND OF DEFEAT FOR THE OTHER—THE FIRST WOUND—HEARING THE SHOUT OF VICTORY.

THE FIRST GREAT BATTLE OF THE WAR.

GENERAL E. M. LAW, C. S. A.

IT is natural that every one who takes an interest in hearing or reading of great battles, should endeavor to realize what his own feelings would be if he were actually called upon to take part in such scenes. I have been asked hundreds of times, during and since the late Civil War: "How does a man feel under fire?" or, "What were your feelings in your first battle?" That these are very difficult questions to answer satisfactorily, is evidenced by the fact that, in the beginning of the war the few old soldiers in our ranks who had seen service in Mexico, were plied with these questions over and over again by the same individuals who never seemed to arrive at any definite conclusion as to how they would feel under similar circumstances. And it is safe to say that if any of them did have a distinct mental impression on the subject, that impression was radically changed by actual experience.

The experiences of different individuals, too, are as varied as the mental and physical characteristics of the men themselves. Even the same individual may, and does, have very different feelings under almost exactly similar circumstances; the difference being due to his physical condition, and the consequent state of his nervous system at the time. "There is more truth than poetry" in the saying that "a man's courage depends on the state of his digestion;" and to face danger unflinchingly while under the depressing influence of bodily derangement, is the highest evidence of moral force and will-power that any man can exhibit. These conclusions are drawn from personal experience in twenty-six pitched battles, and twice as many skirmishes, extending over a period of more than four years of active service. When in perfect physical condition, I have gone into battle with scarcely a thought of personal danger, while at other times, even the excitement of the field and the pressing demands on my time and attention as a commander of troops, could not banish entirely a feeling of nervousness and apprehension

of bodily harm. I venture the assertion that this is the experience of ninety-nine soldiers out of every hundred who have been often under fire.

But however varied a soldier's experiences may have been, there is one thing he will never forget. Though he may have passed through a hundred fights, his impressions of his first battle will always remain separate and apart from the rest, a distinct mental picture which no subsequent events can ever obliterate or reproduce. Suddenly confronted by new and strange conditions, all preconceived ideas vanish, while new impressions come crowding upon him almost with the force of blows. He is getting experience at first hands, in a rough school, and he is not likely ever to forget the lesson.

"Bull Run," or "First Manassas," the first great battle of the war, was also the first in which I was engaged. Up to that time I had not even had the preparatory lesson of a skirmish on the outposts by way of introduction to the stern scenes of that memorable 21st of July, 1861. And what rendered my impressions all the more vivid was the fact that my regiment (the 4th Alabama) was the first to become regularly engaged, and suffered more heavily than any other Confederate regiment on the field.

In many respects this battle was the most notable of the war; not only because it was the first trial of strength, on a large scale, between the two sections, but it dissipated at once and forever the erroneous ideas which each had previously entertained of the other's fighting qualities. At the north the boast had been made that the 7th New York, a "crack" volunteer regiment at that time, could march victoriously from the Potomac to the Rio Grande; and it was the general belief at the south that one southerner "could whip three Yankees" at the very least. How such absurd ideas could ever have gained currency it is hard to conceive, yet they show very accurately how greatly each section undervalued the other in the early days of the war. The first battle of Manassas was undoubtedly a revelation to both sides, for although it resulted in the complete defeat of the Union Army, we who were engaged on the other side knew that some very hard fighting had been done, and that for many hours victory "hung wavering in the balance." And the terrible panic which followed the repulse of the Federal Army was not surprising among raw troops engaged in their first battle, and as a consequence of the rough handling they had received at the hands of a foe they had been taught to despise. That the battle was a Confederate instead of a Federal victory was due entirely to General Joe Johnston's skillful management in eluding the Federal General Patterson, in the Shenandoah Valley, and reinforcing General Beauregard at Manassas before and during the progress of the battle.

The 4th Alabama Regiment, of which I was then lieutenant-colonel, belonged to General Johnston's army and formed a part of the brigade

commanded by Gen. Barnard E. Bee, who gave to General Jackson his famous soubriquet of "Stonewall" only a few moments before he was killed, at the head of my regiment, in a charge near the now historic "Henry House." Leaving Winchester on the afternoon of the 18th of July, we reached Manassas Junction on the morning of the 20th and encamped that night in rear of the center of General Beauregard's line on Bull Run. The Federals had made a demonstration a few days before, but no serious fighting had taken place. Rumors were rife, and a general advance of the Union forces was hourly expected. Nor was it long in coming.

Shortly after sunrise on the morning of the 21st (Sunday), the booming of cannon on the line of Bull Run announced the Federal advance and called



CAPTURE OF HENRY HILL, BULL RUN.

us to arms. Instead of moving toward the sound of the firing, which was in our front, the regiment was marched rapidly up the course of the stream, and in rear of the line occupied by General Beauregard's troops. At various points we came in sight of artillerymen standing at their guns, and troops in line of battle, as if momentarily expecting an attack. The hush of expectancy was everywhere, and save for the occasional boom of artillery on the other side of the stream, and our own rapid but silent movement toward the left, a Sabbath stillness brooded over the scene. This very stillness was oppressive, relieved

to some extent, in our case, by our rapid motion. I knew that the next few hours were big with stirring events, but exactly *what* would happen, or *how* it would happen, I had no well-defined idea. The feeling was one of tense expectancy which drew the mind irresistibly to *something* in the immediate future, and what was actually taking place before the eyes seemed of little importance except as foreshadowing that mysterious but all-important *something* which was about to take place.

But matters were rapidly approaching a crisis. Our line of march led directly across the Warrenton turnpike, which crosses Bull Run at the "Stone Bridge." On arriving at the pike, the regiment was formed along it, and then for the first time we began to realize the necessity for our forced march to the extreme left of the army. The artillery firing which we had heard while on the march, was only a feint of the Federals against our lines below "Stone Bridge," intended to cover their real purpose of turning the Confederate left by way of "Sudley Ford." Heintzelman's Federal division had already crossed and moved out on the Sudley road, within half a mile of its junction with the Warrenton pike. Looking across the narrow valley of Young's branch which traversed the angle between the two roads, we could distinctly see the magnificent array of the Federal columns as they deployed on the high ground beyond. The numerous flags, the long lines of glittering bayonets, and the clouds of dust indicating the movements of other troops in their rear, fixed my attention with a fascination which it was impossible to resist. The feeling, though one of intense excitement, was not altogether unpleasant. I imagine it is somewhat like that which a bird has when it looks into the glittering eyes of a serpent. If long continued it would prove a severe strain upon the nervous system. Fortunately it cannot be experienced in its full force but once. After their first battle, soldiers know fairly well what to expect, the element of uncertainty is to a certain extent eliminated, imagination does not play so important a part, and comparative coolness takes the place of painful anticipation.

Suddenly the rattle of musketry came from a skirt of woods a short distance to our front and right on the farther side of the branch, and, as the firing drew gradually nearer, we could see the red turbans and striped trousers of a company of Wheat's battalion of "Louisiana Tigers," who were endeavoring to hold the woods against the advance of the Federal skirmishers. This incident caused a revulsion of feeling which is difficult to describe. The thought flashed through my mind with painful distinctness that these men were killing one another, that every shot might be a death messenger to a human being. I had been accustomed to the use of firearms all my life and had killed game of all kinds. I had seen men shot by accident, and had seen pistols used in more than one personal encounter;

but the sight of men organized and armed to the teeth for the purpose, actually engaged in slaying each other, and thousands of others preparing to take part in the bloody work, was something so startling and terrible, that the mind paused in its presence and hesitated for a moment to credit the evidence of the senses. "Grim-visaged war" appeared more grim to me then than it ever did afterward on any other battlefield of the war.

Thus far we had only been spectators. But our turn had now come. General Bee rode up and ordered the regiment forward. Advancing across the valley of Young's branch and over the ridge beyond it, we took position in a slight depression which skirted the plateau on which Heintzelman's division was deploying. Standing erect, we were in full view of the Federals on the plateau, but by kneeling down, we were protected from their fire until they approached within one hundred and fifty yards of us. Galled by our fire from this point, though at long range, the Federal commander determined to drive us away. This brought on some of the hardest and bloodiest fighting that occurred during the day. Three distinct attacks were made at intervals by as many Federal regiments. As each splendid line moved to the attack, I found myself debating, in my own mind, the question whether we could stand the shock of its sweeping advance. Especially was this the case when Ellsworth's magnificent regiment of zouaves* moved down upon us. As they advanced in perfect order, their striking uniforms and soldierly bearing giving them a most fierce and formidable appearance, it seemed as if they must sweep everything before them, but they, like the others, were repulsed with heavy loss, and so badly shattered that, as stated by General Heintzelman in his report: "They never came together again as a regiment during the day, but assembled in small bodies and did good service during the battle on other parts of the field."

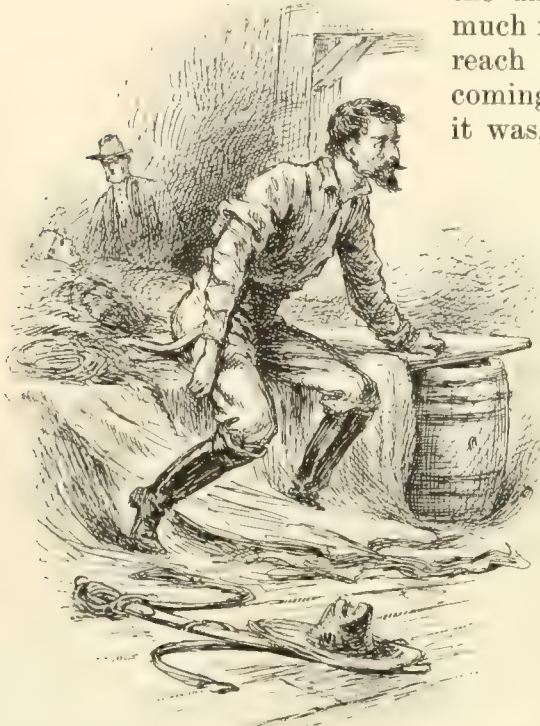
During this engagement, which lasted more than an hour, I was constantly moving back and forth along the line, directing the fire and encouraging the men, and, though intent upon the main events of the battle, my mind was so acutely alive as to take in even the minutest details. I noted every man who was killed and the exact position in which each one lay after he was shot. The air seemed alive with bullets, and I noted the different sounds they made in passing. In the thickest of the fight a rabbit appeared, running "for all he was worth" directly toward our line, and I found myself watching him and wondering whether he would reach it alive. He was setting a good example to the Federal troops from whose direction he came, for he made the most successful charge of the day. He reached the line, passed through it like a shot, and the last I saw of him was making telegraphic time to the rear.

* Colonel Ellsworth was not then in command. He had been killed a short time before by Jackson, a hotel keeper in Alexandria, for tearing down a Confederate flag, which had been hoisted by Jackson over his house.

The firing had somewhat slackened, and we were momentarily expecting a fourth attack, when an order was received from General Bee to fall back across Young's branch to a new line which was then being formed by the fresh troops who by this time were arriving on the field. The men did not understand the object of the movement, and thought that retreat meant defeat and dishonor. Many of them obeyed the order reluctantly, firing as they retired, and some of them actually shedding tears at what they considered the disgrace of turning their backs upon an enemy. As for myself, knowing

the danger of our isolated position, I felt much relieved by the order to retire within reach of the reënforcements which were coming up from other parts of the field. As it was, the position had already been held

too long. While we were engaged in repelling the attacks in our front, two Federal regiments had been sent through a wood some distance to our left, and, moving into the valley of Young's branch, had gained a position almost directly on our line of retreat. As we approached these troops, some of our men commenced firing on them; but I ordered them to desist, under the impression that they were friends. The mistake was a very natural one, for they occupied a position where we would be most likely to find such troops as may have been sent to our support or to



LISTENING TO THE YELL OF VICTORY AT BULL RUN.

cover our retreat. The blue uniforms of these men did not attract special attention, as many of our Confederate regiments wore the same uniform, and, as there was scarcely a breath of air stirring and the colors drooped closely around their staffs, it was easy to mistake the "stars and stripes" for the "stars and bars."

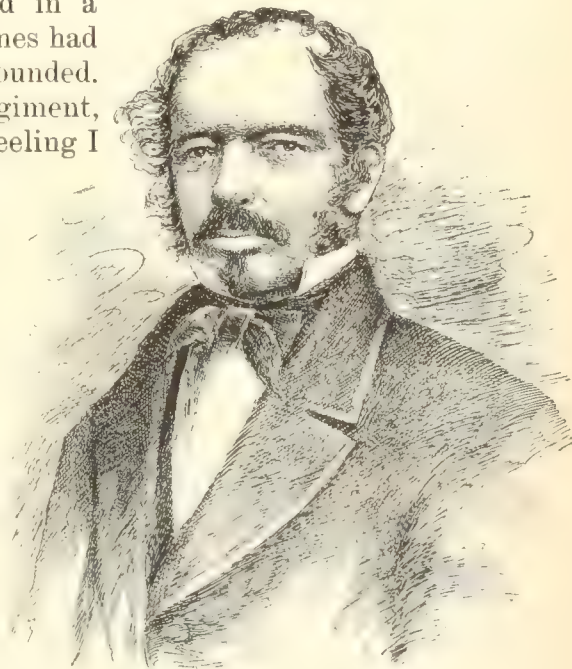
They must also have taken us to be friends, for they did not fire on us as we passed them at a distance of little more than a hundred yards. They discovered their mistake, however, before we did. No sooner had we crossed the branch than they poured in a destructive fire, which we returned at once, continuing the fight as we retired slowly up the hill on which Jackson's brigade and other Confederate troops were forming. In the meantime two

pieces of light artillery took position on the hill and opened with such effect upon our "friends" in the valley, that they were thrown into confusion and hastily took shelter in the woods a short distance in their rear.

I think I was never so thankful in my life for help in an emergency as I was on that occasion. The arrival of those guns at a most critical moment, seemed like a special providence, and in watching the effects of their fire, I lost all sense of personal danger from the heavy fire to which I was exposed. As I was nearing the crest of the hill, however, I received a forcible reminder, in the shape of a musket ball which shattered my left elbow. The arm fell useless by my side and the blood poured in a stream from my coat sleeve. Colonel Jones had been mortally, and Major Scott painfully wounded. I was the only field officer left with the regiment, and when I was also struck, the chief feeling I experienced was that of intense regret that I could be of no further service to my command. I remained with the regiment, however, until it reached the crest of the hill, when, as I was falling from my saddle, through faintness occasioned by loss of blood, I was caught by two of the men and removed a short distance to the rear, where my arm was hastily bandaged and the bleeding checked.

While I was lying there under the shade of a stunted pine, in a semi-conscious condition, I recognized Generals Johnston and Beauregard as they rode by, on their way to the front. I knew very little of General Beauregard at that time, but had the most unbounded confidence in "Old Joe," as General Johnston was familiarly called by his men, and I was not too far gone to experience a feeling of great satisfaction at his appearance on the field, before I sank into unconsciousness. The sequel proved that this confidence was not misplaced, for as I lay at the field hospital, a few hours later, I was aroused by the triumphant shouts of victory which rang over the field.

I have already alluded to the fact that General Jackson's *nom de guerre* "Stonewall," originated with General Bee. The incident which gave rise to it, occurred shortly after I was wounded, and after the regiment, which had been very much cut up in the hard fighting I have described, had reached the



GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

hill in rear of Young's branch. General Bee rode up and addressed some words of encouragement to the men, and then pointing to Jackson's brigade which was in line a short distance off, he said: "There is Jackson, standing like a stone wall! Let us rally on him and drive those people (the Federals) back." After giving the men a short rest, he led the regiment again into the fight and was killed at its head.

In connection with the incidents of this first great battle of the war, and as showing the feelings which men may and often do have even before they come face to face with the perils of battle, it may be interesting to note some rather remarkable instances of presentiments and their fulfillment, which came under my own observation. Colonel Jones, who was a man past middle age and who had been an officer in the Mexican War, was firmly convinced that he would not survive his first battle. He had spoken to me several times on the subject and I had endeavored to reason him out of it; but to no purpose. He was mortally wounded at Manassas and died two weeks afterward. Lieutenants Turner of Company F, and Pitts of Company D, had the same presentiment of death and expressed that conviction repeatedly to their friends some time before the battle. They were both killed on the field. I am no believer in the prophetic character of presentiments, and mention these instances merely as curious coincidences. The only case in which I ever experienced any such feeling was previous to the battle of Gettysburg. But I passed through it unscathed, after two days' fighting. My own conclusion about the matter is, that the minds of men of a certain temperament, by brooding over a threatened danger, become morbid, and in this state are easily convinced that the worst will happen when the danger comes. The few presentiments which prove correct are talked about, remembered, and come to be regarded as prophecies, while the far larger number which are not verified, are forgotten.



CHAPTER VII.

SCENES OF 1861-62 IN A BORDER STATE—GENERAL WM. M. WHERRY—THE TRIALS OF A UNION
CITIZEN—PECULIAR SITUATION OF ST. LOUIS—GENERAL STERLING PRICE—SOCIAL LINES
AND POLITICAL FEELING—GENERAL BLAIR—GENERAL LYON—OLD COLONEL
BONNEVILLE—AN UNUSUAL SPECIMEN OF THE UNITED STATES
GENERAL OFFICER—ALF BURNETT, AND HIS EXPLOITS

By GENERAL WILLIAM M. WHERRY.

IT was the fortune, or the fate, of the writer to be a citizen of St. Louis, Mo., in the early days of 1861, and to enter the military service of the United States at the very first outbreak of hostilities in the Civil War, viz.: on the 17th of April, 1861. He was thus thrown into intimate acquaintance and association with many of the most noted characters and events of the struggle which was to decide the perpetuity of the union of the federated States; and having served in a position of exceptional advantage from that time until the close of the contest, participating in many of the most important campaigns and battles, including the Atlanta Campaign, and the Campaign of the Carolinas, and being present at the final surrender and capitulation of the last great army of the Confederates under General Jos. E. Johnston, and the bearer of the terms of that capitulation to Washington, gives him the right to speak of men and events with some degree of authority.

It is quite impossible for any one who was not a resident of a city or locality in a border State in 1860-61, to realize what an uncompromising Union man had to experience in those troublous times. It is quite difficult and nearly as impossible for one who was such a resident, to convey to a subsequent generation any adequate idea of the trials and experiences of such residents.

St. Louis was peculiarly situated. It was the metropolis of a border State, three sides of which were bounded by free territory. Yet it was a slave State and settled in large measure by slaveholders and others from the slave States. Its commercial interests and social intercourse were chiefly with the South and hence it was regarded as a Southern State. But it is a great mistake to suppose that Missouri ever, for one moment, wavered in her loyalty to the Union--and as for St. Louis, out of her one hundred and fifty thousand population, sixty thousand were of German extraction and a large proportion of the remainder were from New England and Middle States, while many who were of Southern birth were anti-slavery, and all unswerving Union men.

Many of the voters who cast their ballots for the Democratic nominee for President in 1860, were so true to the Union, that if that question had been the sole one at issue they would have voted differently to secure its perpetuity.

The political and military history of the period has been so fully written and published as to preclude its detailed recital here.

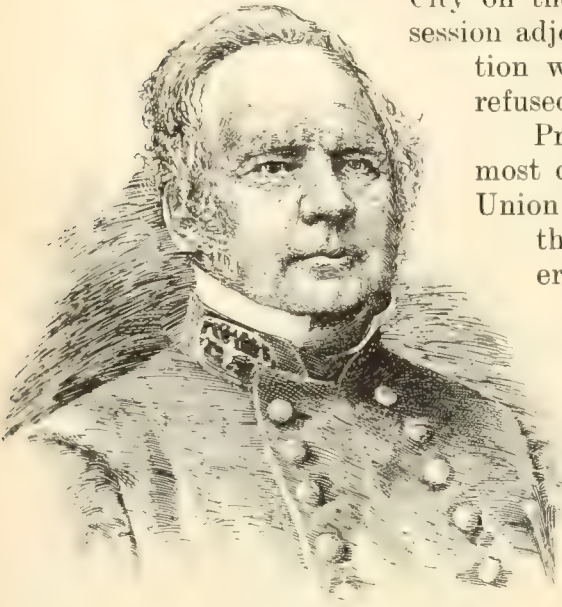
The convention called by the governor for the purpose of passing a secession ordinance was elected overwhelmingly Union and met at Jefferson City on the 28th of February, and after three days' session adjourned to meet at St. Louis. The convention was presided over by Sterling Price, and refused to pass an ordinance of secession.

Price was a man of distinguished person and most dignified appearance. He was elected as a Union man, but shortly after the adjournment of the convention he was appointed by the Governor of Missouri major-general, and given command of the entire State forces. From that time on he espoused the cause of the Rebellion and devoted his great ability and influence to the destruction of his country.*

The Secessionists in St. Louis, although greatly in the minority, were generally of the wealthier class and controlled the social life. They were bright, alert and courageous, and by far more aggressive than the Unionists

who, for a long time, could not be made to believe that all the talk, and even the overt acts, were more than bluster that would end in froth as soon as it became apparent the Federal government intended to assert its supremacy.

And so it was that the Southern sympathizers went on unmolested in their preparations and drew the social lines closer and closer, excluding those not in perfect accord with them from social recognition. It is difficult to realize how potent a factor this was in a part of a free Democratic Republic. But the fact is that many of the border States were avowed Secessionists or at least lukewarm Unionists, although born and educated in the North, simply from fear of social ostracism, or what was in many cases equally



GENERAL STERLING PRICE.

* General Sterling Price is now chiefly known to fame as the commandant of the celebrated "Price Raid" through Missouri, in the autumn of 1864, giving the last military flavor to the history of the State of Kansas, the culmination of her troubles on account of the question of slavery.



STREET SCENE IN ST. LOUIS.

potent, the dread of being "boycotted" in business by the merchants of the States of the South.

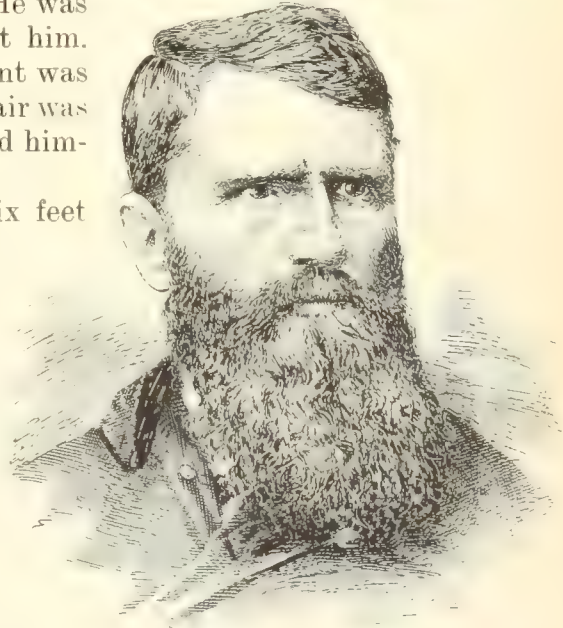
Thus it was that friendships of years standing, and the ties of blood and kinship from childhood were strained and severed, and members of the same household were arrayed against each other, first politically and then socially and finally in arms for bloody contest.

Missouri contributed to the army during the rebellion, as shown by the records of the war department, 109,111 men, not including colored troops enlisted within her borders, nor homeguards enrolled for short periods. And she furnished the South about 40,000 men, regulars and irregulars.

FRANK BLAIR was *facile princeps* in preserving Missouri to the Union.

My acquaintance with Mr. Blair began in 1860. He was the third son of the Hon. F. P. Blair, of Washington, D. C., having been born in 1821, and graduated at Princeton College in 1841. He was about thirty-nine years of age when I met him. In the campaign of 1856, in which Fremont was the Republican candidate for President, Blair was elected to Congress, and there distinguished himself by his boldness and activity.

He was a finely formed man, about six feet in stature and with a frank, open countenance. His bright blue eyes and light hair gave to his unusually expressive face a geniality that was more than realized in his manner toward those who claimed his friendship. He had a magnetism about him that won friends among all classes. He was the idol of his political followers, and with the courage and fearlessness of the eagle was dreaded by his foes. Brought up in the school of free-soil Democracy, in which his father was a leader, and Thomas Hart Benton, the greatest statesman of the West, the exponent, Mr. Blair was an anti-slavery man in a slave State, and a most loyal supporter of the Federal Union. Mr. Benton having passed away, Blair became in 1860-61 the recognized leader of all the eminent men who controlled the destinies of Missouri. By his matchless skill, ability and energy he met and controverted every effort of his adversaries, and held his State true to her constitutional obligations. And if he had rendered no other service to his adopted State and to the country, Frank Blair would be entitled



MAJOR-GENERAL FRANCIS P. BLAIR.

to imperishable renown for his political services in keeping Missouri in the Union.

But in April, 1861, he organized the 1st Missouri Volunteer Infantry, under the first call of President Lincoln for three months' volunteers, and was made its colonel. Although he did not command the regiment in the field, after the capture of Camp Jackson at St. Louis, Mo., his regiment won great distinction at Booneville and Wilson's Creek and in all its subsequent service. In the autumn of 1861 it was reorganized as an artillery regiment and remustered for "during the war," and not a prominent engagement or great battle was fought in the West or by Sherman's army from Atlanta to the sea, in which a battery or batteries of the 1st Missouri did not do distinguished service.

Frank Blair rose to the grade of major-general of volunteers and commanded the Seventeenth Corps from its organization in the Vicksburg campaign till the close of the war, and was ever recognized as an able and fearless leader and commander. When the war ended he reentered politics and was defeated as the candidate for Vice-President on the ticket with Mr. Horatio Seymour for President, in 1868.

He was sent to the United States Senate in 1871, to fill an unexpired term till 1873, but was defeated for the full term by Louis V. Boggs, in 1872.

Yet he maintained his prominence in State and National politics until the day of his death, which occurred on the 9th of July, 1875.

Next to Blair in importance, in the saving of Missouri to the Union, was

GENERAL NATHANIEL LYON, a native of Connecticut, and at the outbreak of the Rebellion a captain in the 2nd Infantry, United States Army. He had seen much hard service on the frontier and had distinguished himself for courage, determination and energy in fighting Indians, and he had moreover been employed in maintaining the peace in Kansas during the bloody and exciting times incident to the admission of that territory into the Union.

He was a man of intense convictions, of unbounded loyalty to his country and to duty, and was possessed of entire confidence in himself.



GENERAL NATHANIEL LYON.

When he was sent to the St. Louis arsenal with his company, it was felt at once that a new force had entered the scene, a new atmosphere prevailed. Vacillation and hesitation were no longer encountered.

Lyon soon established warm and cordial relations with Frank Blair and the political and military forces in favor of the Union were brought into harmony. So it may be said that from the arrival of Lyon the hope of severing Missouri from the Union was doomed.

So much has already been published of the peculiar traits and deeds of this distinguished soldier as to preclude a more detailed account of his characteristics and achievements here.

He gave up his life for his country on the bloody and never-to-be-forgotten field of Wilson's Creek, near Springfield, Mo., on the 10th of August, 1861.

In 1862, while I was mustering and disbursing officer at St. Louis, I was ordered from department headquarters to report to COLONEL B. L. E. BONNEVILLE United States Army, commanding Benton Barracks, near the city, to muster in troops, volunteers, as they arrived.*

Accordingly, I rode out to the post one afternoon after closing my office and reported to the colonel.

He was a curious little old Frenchman. At this time, although quite advanced in years and on the retired list, he was assigned to duty by the President's orders. He could not have been over five feet six or seven inches in height, and seemed nearly as broad as he was long. He had a swarthy complexion and little, dancing, piercing, black eyes. Was full of *bouhonic* and usually amiable and good-natured, but without being a martinet was an old-fashioned, rather strict soldier in all matters of duty.

The colonel received me with cordial politeness and effusive, almost patronizing courtesy. On producing my orders, of which he already had a copy, he procured his hat and cane and at once proceeded to show me the quarters he would be able to give me. I attempted to explain to him that I did not conceive my orders contemplated my taking quarters out there; that I had an office in the city and duties and I could not divest myself of the responsibility there without orders, and, as he could see, my orders to report to him did not provide for my turning over my office in town; that I could do all there was to do at Benton Barracks by coming out on stated days or on being notified by him of troops awaiting muster. He would listen to no such construction of the orders. "If I were to report to him, I was under his orders and must take up my station and quarters there."

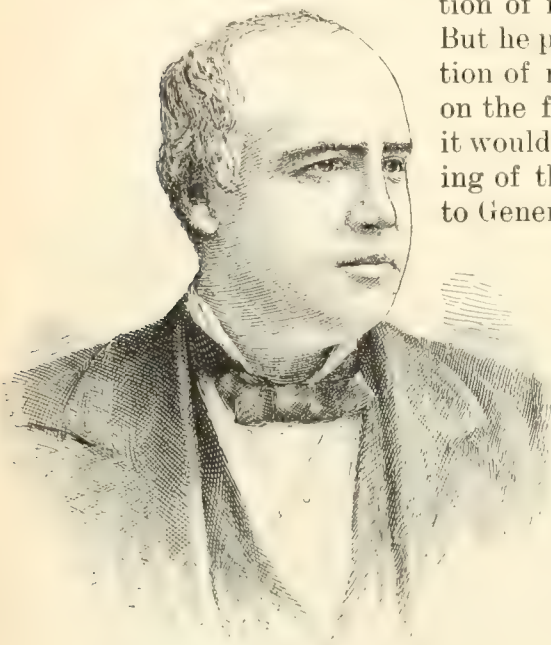
* The same Captain Bonneville who is imagined by most readers to have been a notorious character in Irving's "Tou on the Prairies," and "Adventures of Captain Bonneville."

He then showed me some little compartments in a large, oval building, in the fair grounds contiguous to the post, intended as a picture gallery. It was subdivided by partitions of thin pine boards reaching up about seven or eight feet, but nearly that distance from the ceiling. Many of the rooms were occupied by laundresses, hospital matrons and noncommissioned officers, and perhaps one lieutenant had his quarters there. It was about the only unoccupied shelter the colonel had to offer, but if I had no other motive for not wishing to be stationed out there, the idea of being so quartered would alone have caused me to wish to remain in the city and retain my home comforts there. I left the colonel, informing him I should ask an interpreta-

tion of my orders, and report to him the next day. But he paid no apparent attention to any other portion of my remarks than what related to reporting on the following day, assuring me of the pleasure it would afford him to have me with him and speaking of the good time I should have there. I rode to General Halleck's headquarters and that officer unhesitatingly confirmed my interpretation of his orders. So I got Colonel Kelton to indorse General Halleck's decision on the back of my copy of the order, and next day returned to Benton Barracks and presented the indorsement to Colonel Bonneville for perusal. After he read it, without further parley, the antiquated little soldier drew himself up, and with frigid politeness, said: "Good day, sir! You go to headquarters over my head, sir! I have nothing to do with you, sir! You go to General Halleck, sir!" "But colonel, you see I am directed to report to you, in

addition to my other duties, and I desire to know when you want me out here and how often." I replied. "I have nothing to do with you, sir! You get your orders from General Halleck, sir! You go over my head, sir!" said the choleric old gentleman, and that was all I could get out of him.

I rode back to the city and attended to my duties uninterrupted by any word or sign from Colonel Bonneville for weeks, and he had almost passed out of my mind when one day I heard his cane striking the floor of the hall outside my office door and immediately the colonel walked in smiling and bland as a morning in May. Without any allusion to our parting or to my relations with General Halleck, he informed me a regiment had arrived at his post requiring



COLONEL ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

to be mustered (the regiment was that of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, the 11th Illinois Cavalry), and he would like me to come out and muster it next day. I went, and from that time on the old colonel and I were fast friends.

One of the oddest figures I met during the Civil War was an old gentleman, GENERAL WM. K. STRONG. He had been a successful merchant in New York and had amassed a fortune in wool, I believe. When the war broke out he was abroad and he used to tell that he first heard of the struggle, the firing on Sumter, perhaps, when he was on the top of the great pyramid in Egypt and there announced in a fervid manner his purpose to return and defend his imperiled country. I have heard his story questioned, but that is not important here. General Strong came home and without any preliminary experience, training or even fitness, was metamorphosed into a full brigadier-general of volunteers. He was a most unmilitary-looking man; a most unmilitary man. Short and rotund, he waddled along and the brightest and most elaborate of spick and span new uniforms only made him the more grotesque and unsoldierly in appearance. One story was, that he was appointed because it was supposed his superior business qualifications would make him eligible for quartermaster-general, and another was that on going to visit President Lincoln in Washington, he had excelled the President in telling funny stories.

He was sent west, and arriving in St. Louis was sent to Benton Barracks to learn soldiering under General Wm. T. Sherman, then commanding there in a sort of exile, he having been pronounced insane by a reckless and vindictive newspaper correspondent. General Sherman might command an army of a hundred thousand men, but he could not make a soldier out of General Strong.

On one occasion there was a grand civil and military procession formed in order to celebrate the Fourth of July. It was in 1863, and General Strong was made grand marshal of the occasion. He put on his best, and mounted his charger. I was ordered to report to him for the day and did so at the same time with General C. B. Fisk, who was also to be a staff officer for that day. Raising himself in his stirrups General Strong in a benign and pompous manner, most amusing, said: "Fisk, I make you my right bower, and, Wherry, you my left," and we were directed to take our places accordingly, on each side of the doughty marshal.

As we rode through the streets the general invariably carried his sword at a sergeant's salute when he passed houses where the ladies waved kerchiefs and fans at us, in welcome. And when the route had been marched over, General Strong again rose in his stirrups and announced: "Gentlemen, it has become a military and civic necessity for the column to halt! Column, Halt! Gentlemen, you are dismissed." Of such timber were our brigadiers made in the early days.

In April, 1863, while we were encamped at Triune, Tenn., with the 3rd Division Fourteenth Army Corps, we had a good deal of leisure and resorted to many devices and expedients to while away time and make fun. Horse races and cock fights were frequent, and in the evenings we were accustomed to meet in some officer's tent and have recitals, tell stories and have a good time generally.

ALF BURNET, a comic fellow, with a capacity for facial contortions that served him as a partial means of livelihood afterward, and a still larger capacity for drink that broke him down finally, was in camp as the correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* newspaper, and as he could recite and declaim especially well, he was petted and spoiled a great deal, and his convivial habits were encouraged too much. Just outside of the infantry camp lay the 1st Tennessee Cavalry; President Johnson's son, colonel, and Jim Brownlow, the parson's son, lieutenant-colonel and generally commanding. In the regiment was a Major Tracy, not a very bright fellow, nor much of an officer, but given to too much conviviality, and an ardent admirer of Alf Burnet. These two worthies got on a pretty high spree one Saturday, and carried their orgies late into the night. On Sunday morning, after renewing their imbibations, they conceived the idea of having some fun at the expense of the East Tennesseans. They announced religious services to be held in the grove near the cavalry camp at 2 p. m., to be conducted by a new and distinguished preacher, and the men turned out and cleaned up the ground, made seats and erected a rough pulpit.

At the hour appointed these earnest and unsophisticated soldiers assembled as they were accustomed at their homes, and soon the major appeared and introduced Mr. Burnet, with a large pair of spectacles on, a white choker, and a handkerchief tied on his face some way as if suffering from some complaint or bite, but in reality to disguise him as the preacher. Alf mounted the pulpit, wiped his spectacles, and gravely gave out a hymn which was sung with unction, then he proceeded to deliver his "Whangdoodle sermon," a mock discourse of the text, "And he shall play on a harp of a thousand strings."

At first the East Tennesseans listened devoutly and earnestly, but pretty soon, when Alf had got off about, "and they shall flee unto the mountains of Hepsedam, where the lion roareth and the whangdoodle mourneth its first born," and repeated his text many times with grimaces and facial contortions that on other and appropriate occasions had brought him applause and shouts of laughter, it dawned upon the men that they were being guyed and their religion scoffed at. As one man they rose for a charge; no word of command was needed, each one seized a twig or stick or brush, and they beat and belabored poor Alf and the bellowing major unmercifully out of camp.

The major resigned to avoid a court-martial, and Alf went to pastures new.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAPTURING THE LOCOMOTIVE IN THE FAMOUS MITCHEL RAID IN GEORGIA—"SECRET AND DANGEROUS SERVICE"—PLOT AND PREPARATIONS—DANGERS OF THE ENTERPRISE—CAPTURE OF THE ENGINE—THE RACE—THE PURSUIT—FAILURE TO FIRE THE BRIDGE—THE END, AND THE FATE OF THE RAIDERS.

IN the report of the medals of honor issued, as published by the adjutant-general's department, the following names appear with the note, "Special service under General Mitchel," as the reason why the soldiers referred to received the medal:

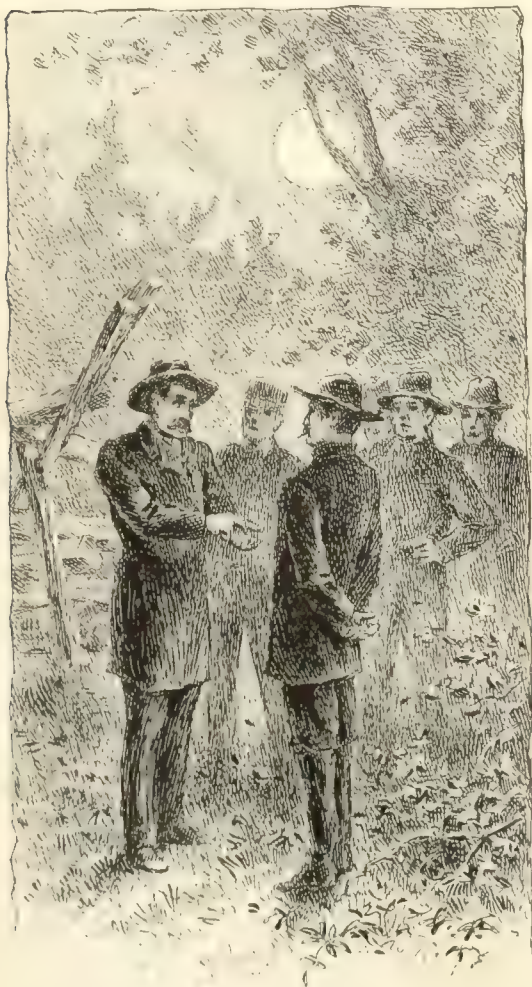
JOHN M. SCOTT, Sergeant, Company F, 21st Ohio Infantry.
 DANIEL A. DORSEY, Corporal, Company H, 33rd Ohio Infantry.
 E. H. MASON, Sergeant, Company K, 21st Ohio Infantry.
 WILLIAM H. REDDICK, Corporal, Company B, 33rd Ohio Infantry.
 ROBERT BUFFAM, Private, Company H, 21st Ohio Infantry.
 MARTIN J. HAWKINS, Corporal, Company A, 33rd Ohio Infantry.
 WILLIAM BENSINGER, Private, Company G, 21st Ohio Infantry.
 JACOB PARROTT, Private, Company K, 33rd Ohio Infantry.
 WILSON BROWN, Private, Company F, 21st Ohio Infantry.
 SAMUEL ROBERTSON, Private, Company G, 33rd Ohio Infantry.
 WILLIAM KNIGHT, Private, Company E, 21st Ohio Infantry.
 SAMUEL SLAVENS, Private, Company E, 33rd Ohio Infantry.
 JOHN R. PORTER, Private, Company G, 21st Ohio Infantry.
 JOHN WOLLAM, Private, Company C, 33rd Ohio Infantry.
 MARK WOOD, Private, Company C, 21st Ohio Infantry.
 MARION A. ROSS, Sergeant-Major, 2nd Ohio Infantry.
 JOHN A. WILSON, Private, Company C, 21st Ohio Infantry.
 WILLIAM PITTINGER, Sergeant-Major, Company G, 2nd Ohio Infantry.
 JAMES SMITH, Sergeant-Major, Company I, 2nd Ohio Infantry.

Notable among the most daring deeds of the war, and perhaps the most venturesome of all, is that exploit sometimes spoken of as the "Mitchel Raid," when the purpose of a handful of men was to penetrate the Confederate lines, seize a locomotive, and destroy bridges on the line of the Georgia State Railroad and East Tennessee Railroad, operating in advance of General Mitchel who was marching toward Chattanooga.

The story as told here is related by Wilson W. Brown of Company F, and William J. Knight of Company E, 21st Ohio Infantry.

In the early part of April, 1862, twenty-four men were detailed from three Ohio regiments of General J. W. Sill's brigade, forming a portion of that division of Buell's army in East Tennessee under command of General Mitchel.

They were told that the service required of them was "secret and dangerous." No other explanation was given, but when the adjective "dangerous" is used during a campaign such as was being carried on at that time, the soldier well knows it is not a meaningless term.



FINAL INSTRUCTIONS.

Each man was ordered to clothe himself in such costume as was generally worn by the inhabitants in that section of the country; to leave behind all weapons except revolvers, and rendezvous a short distance east of Shelbyville on the evening of April 7.

Not one of these Buckeyes demurred at being thus detached from his regiment and sent—he knew not where nor why.

At the appointed time the little party, in general appearance a group of farmers who were trying to escape the horrors of war, arrived at the place of meeting, where they were met by James J. Andrews, a man who for some time had been in the employ of Major-General D. C. Buell, as a spy.

Although those who met him were not aware of the fact, Andrews had, some time prior to this, led an expedition to destroy communication between Atlanta and Chattanooga, but had failed in his purpose.

With Andrews was William Campbell, a citizen of Kentucky, who had volunteered for this "secret and dangerous" mission.

In the gloom of the evening, a short distance from the road, the Ohio men listened to the details of the scheme which this man placed before them, and many a heart, however brave, must have quailed on learning what was expected of this band of twenty-four.

They were to divide themselves into detachments of three or four, and travel two hundred miles to Marietta, Ga., in such manner as was most expeditious and possible.

For such transportation no arrangements had been made. Each man, or each detachment, was to consider the ways and means, and decide for himself, or themselves, as to the best course; but all were expected to be at the rendezvous not later than Friday, the 11th.

Once there, it was proposed to capture a locomotive, travel along the line of the road at all hazards, destroying bridges and tearing up rails behind them, until death came to each, or the end of the journey had been reached.

Could this be accomplished General Beauregard's source of supplies would be cut off to a certain extent.

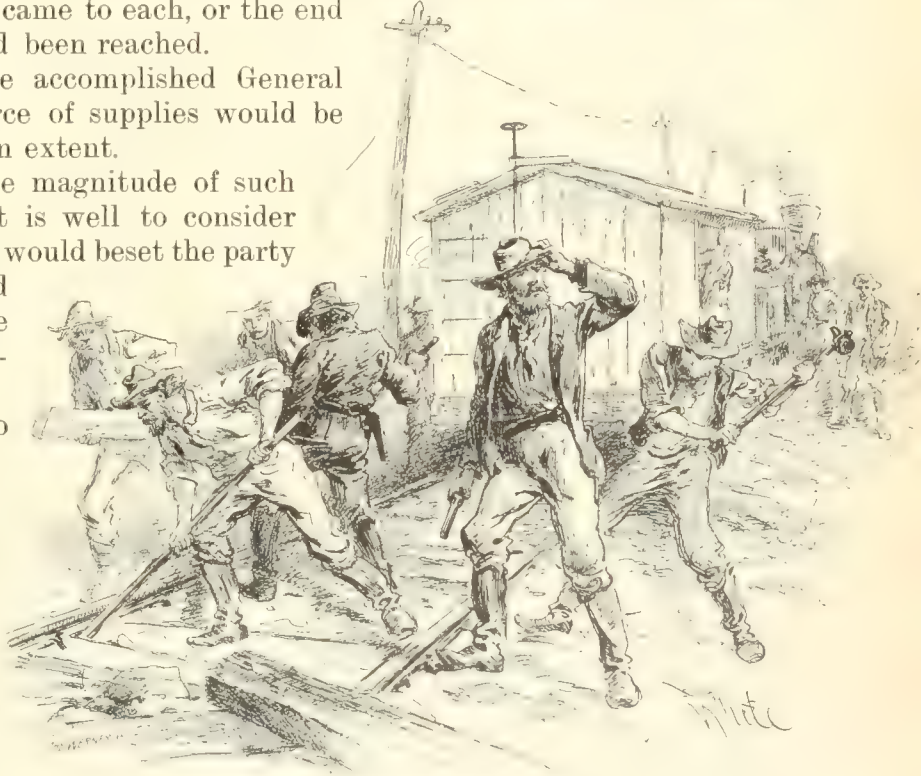
To realize the magnitude of such an undertaking it is well to consider the dangers which would beset the party before they should even arrive at the scene of their proposed operations.

They were to enter the Confederacy, where naturally every man was an enemy, and where, since they were in civilian's costume, capture meant almost instant and ignominious death. During

this march of two hundred miles they must of necessity encounter many people who would be curious as to the purpose of their journey, and who must be deceived on every point.

It would have seemed as if the obstacles of this two hundred mile march must have daunted everyone, and yet there were no murmurings, no attempts to turn back, no thought of bringing reproach upon the State of Ohio through one of her sons proving himself not a coward in such a case as this, but a man who feared to attempt the apparently impossible.

A. H.—4



DESTROYING THE TRACK.

They were told that in case of success it might be possible for General Mitchel to deal the enemy a severe blow in the vicinity of Chattanooga; if they failed, the Union Army would not suffer because of the disaster, save in the loss of twenty-four men, for death would probably be the result of non-success.

With this thought in their minds, the men divided into bands, as had been ordered, and without loss of time started.

To be traversed were muddy roads, rendered almost quagmires by seventy-two hours of continuous rain, swollen streams, which in many cases must be crossed by swimming, and the inhabitants of the country were to be avoided so far as possible.

The majority of the party succeeded in the attempt—the last arriving on the morning of the day set.

One failed to get through in time; a second, by mistaking the directions, passed beyond the town. The enemy captured two, and two more were missing.

There were now, therefore, twenty men.

Up to this time matters had progressed, despite the many obstacles, exactly in accordance with the schedule made by Andrews, who now, believing Mitchel's advance on Huntsville would be delayed because of the condition of the roads, decided to make a change in his plans, and it was this decision which probably contributed to the defeat of the party, and it certainly was the primary cause of the ignominious death of eight.

It can hardly be said that Andrews erred in judgment in thus making a change of plans. Friday, the 11th of April, was the day set. Surely it would not seem that the chapter of accidents could hold for them such a chance as that twenty-four hours must be fatal, since thus far the enemy were in total ignorance of the purpose of this little band, and with no suspicions as to why these particular twenty men were within the Confederate lines.

Another reason for this delay might have been found in the fact that the original scheme contemplated the capture of a locomotive at Big Shanty, now known as Kenesaw. Immediately on their arrival it was learned that the Confederate forces had established a military camp at Big Shanty, and the dangers of the undertaking had increased a hundred fold, since, if the scheme was to be carried through, it would be necessary for this band of twenty to perform their work in the very midst of several thousand Confederate soldiers.

The change of date was made, and the Ohio boys passed the time as best they could in the very heart of the enemy's country, not knowing what instant they might be arrested as spies, and undoubtedly seeing in each innocent movement of those around them signs betokening that their secret had been discovered.

This short delay must have been the most trying of all their experiences: but finally the time for action arrived.

Saturday morning dawned gray and forbidding. The rain was beginning to fall like tears of heaven in sorrow that brave men were thus to advance to almost certain death.

All the details had been decided upon the night previous. It only remained for each man to lounge as unconcernedly as possible to the railway depot, purchase a ticket to some station beyond the one at which he intended to stop, and, as if strangers to each other, they boarded the train.

The eight miles around the base of the Kenesaw Mountains were traversed slowly because of the heavy train, and then, every nerve tingling with excitement, the twenty heroes stepped upon the platform at Big Shanty as if to procure breakfast.

On either side could be seen the white camps of the Confederate forces; the tramp, tramp, of the sentry was distinctly heard by these apparently calm adventurers. The hum of the soldiery sounded painfully distinct to their ears.

The train they were expecting to capture was drawn up in front of the low building which served as a depot. It consisted of three empty baggage cars and three passenger cars.

Hardly more than twenty feet away stood a sentry.

The conductor, engineer, and a number of the passengers had alighted for breakfast.

The time for action had arrived.

At a signal from Andrews, Brown and Knight leaped with him on board the engine.

That member of the party who had been detailed to unshackle the box cars from the remainder of the train performed his work.

Wilson jumped upon the third car to act as brakeman, the others clambering on board as best they could, and in the shortest possible space of time.

Wide open did Knight pull the throttle valve.

The locomotive started with a plunge, the wheels revolving for an instant ineffectually, and the hoarse cry of escaping steam startled the dozing sentry. In another moment, with a scream and snort of defiance, the iron horse was thundering over the narrow ribbons of iron, and the first act in this daring drama had been played.

Now every desperate chance must be taken; the steam was to be increased until it might become master rather than servant, and the ordinary dangers of the road were heeded no more than they could be if they were the usual incidents of travel.

Knight and Brown, both engineers, both understanding the duties as well as the dangers of their position, turned all their attention to the smoothly working, perfectly moving machinery, the former with his hand on the throttle valve, the latter acting as fireman.

Perhaps never before had this engine been driven forward at such speed, but five minutes after the start the huge wheels were brought to a standstill, in order that the telegraph wires might be cut, lest those who had been tricked should flash the news ahead by the aid of electricity, thus bringing to naught all which had been accomplished.

Was a special on this road? Then the fatal collision must come, since they would be powerless to prevent it.

Neither of the party had a time-table, but all knew that extra trains were being run to serve the exigencies of the army.

All that had been learned regarding the movements of the trains was that two were to be met at a certain point, and a local freight, not set down on the passenger time-table, was somewhere on the road.

It was necessary they should obtain information from one of the employees, and this was to be gained at some point ahead, when they would be for a moment free from pursuit.

On, on the engine dashed with the speed of the wind, along this single track, stopping here to cut wires, and there to load on railway ties as fuel to burn bridges, until they arrived at a station.

Once more is the engine brought to a standstill that Andrews may get that for which he stands so sadly in need—official instructions to the employees.

A tank-tender, never suspecting that his visitors are other than what they seem, readily complied with the leader's request, but quite naturally asked the question as to why they are running wild, for he knows no train should be at that point at that particular time.

"An ammunition train. Powder for Beauregard. Everything to be side-tracked for us," was the reply, and once more the engine is leaping madly over the rails, bound for Oostenaula bridge, which is the first on the program to be destroyed.

Thirty miles had been traversed in less than twice that number of seconds per mile, and then they were at Kingston.

Here was found a train waiting to connect with the one whose engine had been stolen, and here also, as was learned by the information obtained from the tank tender, a freight must be met.

Now it is necessary to run on the side track until once more the road shall be cleared. All save four of the party are hidden in the box cars, which are supposed to be filled with ammunition, and it can well be fancied to what a tension their nerves must have been strung as second after second

ticked laggingly by, while they were forced to remain inactive, fearing each instant lest the rumble of wheels from the rear should tell them that pursuit had already begun.

Finally the anxiously awaited train arrived; but to the dismay of those brave hearts who saw it, on the rear platform was carried a red flag, denoting that another train was following.

This meant more delay and increase of danger.

Again it was necessary to tell the story of ammunition for Beauregard, and here was learned, to their surprise, that Mitchel had already captured Huntsville, was on his way to Chattanooga, and everything movable was being hurried from the threatened city.

The second train arrived, and it also bore that flag of ominous color - ominous to this daring party, - telling of yet another train for which they must wait.

Now all began to understand what that delay of twenty-four hours in beginning the enterprise would mean to their party.

Had the original program been carried out they would have run over the road when every train was traveling on schedule time, and where were no extras.

This day, however, owing to Mitchel's success, everything was in confusion, and such confusion as might bring death to those who had made the venture.

Sixty-five minutes, and at such a time each minute must have been increased fivefold, did they wait, and only then was it possible to continue the perilous flight.

Sixty-five precious minutes, during which it might have been possible for those left behind at Big Shanty to procure means of pursuit.

Perhaps it was well that for yet a short time longer this handful of men were ignorant of the fact that pursuers had already started with a powerful locomotive, and were bringing down the road intelligence of what had been done.

When the raiders left Big Shanty there were two men who did not lose their heads; one the conductor of the train that had been captured, and the other the foreman of the Atlanta railway machine shops.

These two, without loss of time or stopping to speculate, ran at full speed up the track, as if expecting to overtake the iron horse, not stopping until they found a handcar, on which they continued what seemed a useless journey.

Arriving at the first break in the rails they were hurled from the track, but not disabled, and once more continued the pursuit on foot until they reached Etowah, where was found the locomotive Yonah, with a full pressure

of steam already on. A dozen soldiers were near at hand, and these were taken on board, that the pursuers should be sufficiently strong to cope with the daring raiders when they were overtaken.

Ignorant of what was occurring in the rear, the Ohio boys pressed on, Knight forcing the engine to her utmost speed, slackening it only that they might cut telegraph wires or take up rails, until, at one of these brief halts, the thundering of the pursuing engine could be heard.

The delay at Kingston had been sufficient to bring death very close upon the little party.

Now remains only one hope that pursuit may be checked, and this is to burn Oostenaula bridge.

If that can be done before the engine in the rear shall cross the river, all pursuit is necessarily checked, and the raiders, for the time being, are safe.

Andrews orders one of the baggage cars to be unshackled with the brakes set, in order that it may impede the oncoming engine; but the Confederates push it readily before them, and as the roadbed runs out fair and straight in the distance, the raiders see behind them the huge, snorting, shrieking machine, bristling with the guns of the Confederate soldiers. In that sight is the menace of their liberty.

Each man is working for life now. The cross-ties which have been taken aboard for fuel are dropped on the track, but the speed of the pursuing monster is so great that they are hurled aside like straws.

Just ahead is the bridge.

There is no time to stop for elaborate preparations in firing it, and all that can be done is to trust to chance.

Every ounce of steam that can be raised is now on, the locomotive trembling, groaning and swaying under its impulse, while those in the cars behind are whittling wood into shavings, tearing boards from the side of the structure, and Knight, on the engine, is shoveling into this inflammable mass bushel after bushel of burning coals at the expense of the fuel they will need so sadly.

Then, as the engine leaps on the first planks of the bridge, this blazing mass is hurled upon the wood-work, but alas, again, for the delay of twenty-four hours! The rain which began in the morning had so saturated the timbers that they resisted the fiery element.

One day previous the structure, dry as it was, would have been fanned into flames.

Looking back the raiders see that there is no longer any hope of destroying Oostenaula bridge.

The last chance of carrying out the proposed plan had disappeared. It is now a question simply of life or death, with no possibility of working injury to the enemy.



THE PURSUIT.

Five minutes later and the loss of fuel is seriously felt. The needle of the steam guage drops quiveringly, showing the decrease in force pound by pound, and the velocity of the huge wheels diminishes in proportion, until the locomotive creeps forward like some wounded creature. The moment has come when it must be abandoned.

Now it is each one for himself, and necessary for the safety of all that they separate.

As the engine rounds a curve, its steam is spent, the word is given, and that devoted band leap one by one from the disabled monster to seek in his own fashion a means of saving his life.

To follow the movements of the different members of the party during this short flight, would be to extend the story beyond the limit of the reader's patience. Suffice it to say that when the chase was over, all had been captured.

The remainder of the narrative is not dissimilar to hundreds which have been already told.

Captured in the enemy's camp, in civilian's clothes, there could be but one sequel—a court-martial and condemnation as spies.

At Atlanta were hanged:

JAMES J. ANDREWS.
WILLIAM CAMPBELL.
GEORGE D. WILSON.
MARION A. ROSS.

PERRY G. SHADRACK.
SAMUEL SLAVENS.
SAMUEL ROBERTSON.
JOHN SCOTT.

The remainder were confined in prison as spies, to be dealt with later when it should be discovered who were the engineers of the party.

Every effort was made by the Confederates to gain this information, but without success. Threats and bribes were alike unavailing, for not a man would reveal that which would bring to Knight and Brown certain and immediate death.

Until the following October those members of the little band who had escaped the hangman's noose were confined in jail at Atlanta, and then, agreeing among themselves that death by a bullet would be preferable to the scaffold, they made one more venture, quite as desperate as that upon which they had started from Shelbyville, but, fortunately, more successful.

Attacking the prison guards with the desperation of men on whom death has already set its seal, they succeeded in escaping from prison, and eight of them reached their homes, after such suffering as cannot be described by the poor medium of paper and ink.

The others were captured and taken back to prison, where they remained until March, 1863, when they were exchanged as prisoners of war.

Of this flight Brown writes:

In just forty-eight days and nights — for the nights should be counted, since under cover of darkness we made the most progress — we reached the Federal lines, foot-sore and worn to skeletons. We were forced to wade across streams, swim swiftly-running rivers, scale mountains, and at the same time be constantly on the alert against the enemy, who surrounded us on every hand. There were times when it seemed as if our hearts would break because of the clouding of hope and the weakness of our bodies. The knowledge that capture meant certain death alone kept us on the march. No pen can describe our sufferings, God only knows what we were forced to endure. To gain rest from sleep was impossible. When our eyes closed in the unconsciousness of slumber it was only to dream of pursuit by blood hounds: of the huge scaffold on the outskirts of Atlanta where our friends had been hanged and where it had been said we should share the same fate, or of a sudden attack in which a bullet would have been more merciful than man.

At the end of a quarter of a century after this exploit, it is argued by commanders who use their pens as valiantly as they did their swords, that the so called Mitchel Raid would have been of but little importance had it succeeded.

It is not the province of this work to discuss that question, since it would be fruitless.

That which did not occur should not be argued upon, because it is impossible to do so without changing all other existing circumstances.

That which was done should be given full meed of praise, and those who received the congressional medal of honor for "special service under General Mitchel" are worthy of the honor Congress has bestowed upon them, since they followed even to death the man under whose command their own commanding officer had placed them.



CHAPTER IX.

FROM PRIVATE TO COLONEL—LIEUTENANT—COLONEL J. N. COYNE—A PERSONAL STRUGGLE—THE
BATTERED WATCH—H. M. MUNSELL, 99TH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS—A MID
NIGHT CHARGE—HIDING IN A SHELL-HOLE—PROMOTION AND REWARD.

FROM PRIVATE TO COLONEL.

WHEN the war broke out, Colonel Coyne, then in his twentieth year, was a member of the staff of the *Courier and Enquirer*. He was born in New York city, but at that time resided in Jersey City.

Learning that the 7th Regiment National Guards, was going to the relief of Washington, he enlisted in Company G, serving with it in the District of Columbia and Virginia. Returning to New York, he began recruiting volunteers, and, becoming dissatisfied with this inactivity, enlisted in Company B, 1st Regiment, of the Excelsior Brigade, commanded by Daniel E. Sickles.

A commission was offered him in another regiment, but he elected to shoulder the musket as a private, and not wear shoulder straps until he had earned them. With this determination in mind, it can be fancied he was not long in winning the confidence and esteem of his officers, and two months after his enlistment he was made sergeant.

When the Army of the Potomac reached the Peninsula, under McClellan, Coyne's regiment, which was in Hooker's Division, was well in front at Yorktown, and at the battle of Williamsburg, Va., May 15, 1862, became heavily engaged with the enemy on the left in front of Fort Magruder, losing more than three hundred men.

Sergeant Coyne distinguished himself in this battle by capturing the colors of a Confederate regiment, after a desperate personal contest, for which action he received the congressional medal of honor.

His regiment had borne the brunt of the attack for more than an hour; many officers had fallen, and the dead and wounded covered the field in every direction. Then it was that the enemy brought into action fresh troops. With their ammunition exhausted, or so nearly so that they had to use the cartridges of the men who had fallen around them, the sergeant's regiment was compelled to fall back by companies.

Coyne had sixteen men of his company with him when he retired, the remainder having by mistake gone with another division of the regiment. Their line of march lay over that portion of the field where had been the

heaviest fighting, and suddenly the sergeant found himself confronted by a group of twenty-five or thirty Confederates with their regimental colors, who had either become separated from their regiment or had been pushed forward to form a new line.

"Let us capture their flag, boys!" Coyne shouted, starting into a run, and, not counting the odds against them, they rushed with a cheer toward the party, which outnumbered them two to one.



THE FIGHT FOR THE FLAG.

A hand to hand conflict was the inevitable result of such a rash proceeding, and Coyne engaged himself with the Confederate color-bearer.

The latter tried to strike his antagonist down with the staff of his flag; but, seizing it, the sergeant did his best to wrest it from the man's hand.

Coyne's personal account of this engagement is as follows:

The fellow was too powerful for me to handle readily, and too determined to be easily conquered. While struggling with him I felt something strike me a severe blow on the left side, and at the

same moment a bullet pierced the Confederate color-bearer's left hand; but he continued to cling desperately to the staff. I realized that what was to be done must be done quickly, and still retaining a hold with my left hand, I struck the man a heavy blow in the mouth at

the same instant that I pressed my knee with all force on his stomach. Quite naturally this compelled him to loosen his hold, and before I could fully break away, the butt of a musket, which had been evidently intended for my head, struck me on the shoulder, the Confederate who had dealt the blow pitching forward at the same instant with a ball through his body.

When Sergeant Coyne recovered from the semi-unconsciousness caused by the blow, he found the Confederate flag in his hands, and his antagonist lying near by. Prostrate across the latter's body lay Sergeant John Cook, grievously wounded, with his bayonet driven through the color-bearer.

Hastily tearing the flag from the staff and wrapping it around his waist, Coyne shouted triumphantly:

"I have it, boys! I have got it!"

This desperate encounter had been seen by General Heintzelman, who ordered a squad of men to the rescue, and as they came up on the double-quick a few of the enemy who had survived the conflict fled.

Of the sixteen men with Sergeant Coyne only three escaped injury.

Sergeant Cook, Corporal Henry Beekman, and Privates William Howard, James E. Merritt, and Patrick Lynch had yielded up their lives in this desperate struggle for the colors.

Later in the day the sergeant took out his watch to ascertain the time and found that it had been shattered by a bullet, which accounted for the severe blow which he had felt in his side during the struggle. The watch is to-day to be seen in his cabinet, with a clipping from a newspaper of about that date referring to it.

For his bravery Sergeant Coyne was promoted to 2nd lieutenant, to date from this engagement.

At the battle of Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862, Lieutenant Coyne again distinguished himself by making a daring reconnoissance within the enemy's lines.

December 1, 1862, Lieutenant Coyne was promoted to 1st lieutenant for gallant conduct in the field, and placed in command of the color company.

At Gettysburg he was made adjutant on the field, and three weeks afterward was promoted to captain, for "conspicuous gallantry at Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and Wapping Heights."

Twice was Coyne offered a field officer's commission in other regiments; but he would not forsake his comrades, serving the remainder of the term of his regiment, and being mustered out with it, July 1, 1864.

Not even then did he believe his work was completed, but reëntered the service, accepting a commission in Hancock's First Veteran Corps, serving until the cessation of hostilities. He received the brevet of major and lieutenant-colonel for gallantry on the battlefield, and was recommended for the brevet of brigadier-general by Generals Hancock, Hooker, Sickles, Meade, Burnside, Heintzelman and others.

Upon his retirement from the army, Colonel Coyne accepted a position in the New York Custom House, where he still remains, having risen through all the grades, and is now occupying one of the most responsible positions in the department.

Colonel Coyne is descended from Captain Benjamin Park, who was at the storming of Crown Point and Fort William Henry during colonial times, and who was one of the first to take up arms in the Revolution. Captain Park was one of the committee who framed those celebrated resolutions at Westerly, R. I., in 1774, protesting against the infringement of the rights of the colonies, the tax on tea, etc. Captain Park participated in the Lexington alarm, and was at Bunker Hill, in which action he was mortally wounded.

A YOUNG COLOR-BEARER—H. M. MUNSELL.

99TH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

HARVEY MAY MUNSELL was apparently only a boy, and weighed but one hundred pounds when he enlisted in the 32nd Regiment (afterward renumbered the 99th) Pennsylvania Volunteers. He was then living in Oil City, and, finding it impossible to enlist at his home, traveled from there to Philadelphia, stopping at each important town or city on the route, in the hope of being accepted as a volunteer. But he failed on each occasion until he arrived at the "City of Brotherly Love," where recruits were in such demand that his stature was overlooked.

Munsell was offered a position as corporal, but preferred to enter the ranks as private, and was made color-bearer.

The 99th was sent to Alexandria, then to the Peninsula under McClellan, afterward to Manassas under Pope, and it was in the battle of Fredericksburg,

December 13, 1862, that Munsell first wrote his name on the scroll of fame as a hero.

The 99th occupied the right of the division, supporting thirty pieces of cannon, and this the enemy were most eager to capture.

Whittemore in "A Soldier in Our Civil War," says: This regiment was held in reserve to support General Meade and his brave Pennsylvanians, who were some distance in front, in plain sight, grappling with the enemy. The regiment opened ranks in the face of a victorious foe to let General Meade's decimated regiments pass to the rear after they had exhausted their ammunition. The 99th regiment then closed ranks again, made a dashing bayonet charge, and drove back a Georgia brigade which tried to capture the supporting artillery. The Georgians came down diag-

CAPTAIN HARVEY M. MUNSELL.

onally at double-quick. The 99th reserved its fire until the enemy was within about three hundred feet, and then gave them a galling reception, causing them to halt, when they in turn poured a deadly volley into the ranks of the 99th from the right up to its center at the flag. At this critical moment Color-Bearer Munsell rushed toward the Georgians with the flag, urging his comrades to follow. Every man of this regiment who had escaped the terrible musketry fire, together with the demoralized portion of Meade's army,



inspired by the noble example of Munsell, charged the Georgians at the point of the bayonet, and drove them back, capturing a number of prisoners. The flag carried by Color-Bearer Munsell, as well as his uniform, was riddled with bullets, yet he escaped without a scratch.

Munsell's next great battle was Chancellorsville, Va., May 2 and 3, 1863. This fight has been so often described that almost every one is familiar with it, and yet the following from the New York *Herald* is a piece of descriptive writing which will bear repetition:

"At midnight of Saturday, May 2, General Birney received an order from General Sickles to make the necessary dispositions to drive the enemy from the woods in the front, and retake the plank road and earthworks near it. Ward's brigade, of which the 99th Pennsylvania formed a part, was placed in advance. Slowly and cautiously the men moved along the road at midnight. No officer uttered words of encouragement; no drum beat, no colors waved; no cheer rose from the ranks. The pale light of the moon, beaming at intervals between the clouds, increased the effect of the scene, and photographed it upon the memories of those who beheld it in characters never to be forgotten. Add to this the flash of the guns from the batteries stationed in the rear of the line, which in the early part of the evening concentrated their fire upon a point of the plank road, to deceive the enemy as to the real character of the movement. As the batteries belched forth their flames and lighted up the landscape with the deathlike hue which the flash of powder at night always imparts to surrounding objects, the scene was grand beyond description. At a given signal the fire of the batteries ceased, the men rushed forward upon the entrenchments, and their object was accomplished. The enemy abandoned the position without a struggle, and soldiers and officers rested upon their arms until daylight."

It was because of the heroism displayed by him while bearing the colors in this engagement that General Birney presented him, together with several others, the Kearney Cross, General Sickles making the presentation address.

Munsell, with his flag, was at Gettysburg, the 99th occupying the left of Ward's brigade at the Devil's Den, and the color-bearer frankly confesses: "I was frightened almost to death, but not a soul in the regiment knew it but myself," and it is not to be wondered at that this stripling was alarmed. Every one of the color guard of eight corporals was either killed or wounded, and Munsell had eleven bullets in his clothing, but was himself untouched by Confederate lead.

While the remnants of the 99th were ordered to fall back, Munsell misunderstood the command, and his regiment had sixty-five feet the start of him before he realized the situation.

Confederate shot and shell were screaming past and around him, ploughing up the ground in the front and in the rear, as he started to follow his regiment. The fire was a little too hot, however, for him to make a rapid and successful retreat. His comrades saw him hurled to the ground, apparently by a piece of the bursting shells, and the report was made that the brave color-bearer had at last gone under.

Fortunately for him, however, he was not even stunned, but had fallen into a cavity made by one of the exploding shells, and realizing that it was necessary, if he would save his life, to remain quiet, he lay still, screened from view by the low rocks and bushes. The enemy were by this time on every hand around him, and he "played possum" until the Sixth Corps swept down past him, driving the Confederates before it, when he took to his heels and rejoined the 99th, greatly to the surprise of his comrades.

In his final report Maj. John W. Moore of the 99th says:

"The courageous conduct of Color-sergeant Harvey M. Munsell, and the manner in which he bore the regimental colors during the conflict, has induced me to make special mention of his case as one worthy of most decided approval."

Ward in his report to the Secretary of War says:

"I cannot omit, however, the names of a few gallant noncommissioned officers, especially H. M. Munsell, 99th Pennsylvania Volunteers, who by his bravery and example, inspired all in his vicinity."

Following Gettysburg, Munsell took part in the engagements at Auburn, Kelly's Ford, Mine Run, Wapping Heights and Bartlett's Mills.

January 1, 1864, while at Brandy Station, Va., Munsell, with his comrades, reënlisted for the war, and all were given a thirty days' furlough.

It was during his visit home that he was presented with a silken flag of full regulation size, attached to the staff of which, engraved on a silver plate, was the following inscription:

PRESENTED TO
SERGEANT HARVEY M. MUNSELL,
COLOR BEARER 99TH PENN. VOL. VOIS.,
BY
THE OFFICERS
FOR
MERITORIOUS CONDUCT
ON THE ABOVE FIELDS.

On the stripes of the flag were inscribed "Second Bull Run, Chantilly, Monocacy, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wapping Heights, Auburn, Kelly's Ford, Mine Run and Bartlett's Mills."

One would have supposed that after this "baptism of blood," Munsell would have lost all fear of Confederate shot or shell; but, so he confesses himself, he had a presentiment which could not be shaken off that in the next battle in which he carried the flag he would be killed, and with this thought in his mind he tried unsuccessfully to get an extension of his furlough.

Failing in this, he went directly to Secretary Stanton, who inquired why he was away from his regiment.

Munsell showed him his flag and his furlough, after which the Secretary asked why he was there.



MIDNIGHT ATTACK AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

THE WEBER COMPANY

The color-bearer replied, "I am a coward, and want to get out of the next fight."

"Are there any more cowards like you?" the Secretary asked, as he examined once more the inscription on the flagstaff.

"Yes," Munsell replied, "we are all alike."

"Give me two more names of the same kind of cowards."

"Captain John W. Moore, and Lieutenant A. W. Bachman."

"Mr. Munsell, I will promote you to commissioned rank in the regular army, or discharge you, or I will do anything in my power for you."

"I simply want a furlough to attend the Free Military School in Philadelphia."

This was given without delay, and a letter was written to the colonel of the 99th by the Secretary.

On presenting these documents to his commander, the latter became furious, destroyed both of them, and consigned Munsell to the guardhouse.

The angry officer evidently thought better of it, for late in the evening Munsell was released, and, quite naturally, returned to Secretary Stanton.

It can well be understood what the result was. Those who knew the War Secretary may fancy whether the furlough which he had given was honored or not.

Munsell attended the Free Military School, went before the board of examiners in Washington, and was recommended as first lieutenant, first class. Then, with a sword in his hand, instead of a musket, the color-bearer rejoined his regiment in time to take part in the battle at Cold Harbor, the engagements around Petersburg, and the first battle of Deep Bottom.

His good fortune did not attend him in this last engagement, for he was taken prisoner, and consigned to "Libby." Not until 1865 was he exchanged, and then he had the pleasure of finding a commission awaiting him as captain of Company C, 99th Regiment, to rank from September 12, 1864.

To-day the hundred pound stripling, or, rather, he who once tipped the scales at that weight, having worked his way from private to captain, and experienced nearly all vicissitudes of war, is president of the "National Alliance" in New York, and among the business community none stands higher than Ex-Color-Bearer Harvey M. Munsell.

CHAPTER X.

PICKET DUTY IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WAR—THE EDUCATION OF THE RECRUIT—STRANGE IDEAS OF DANGER AND DUTY—GATHERING CHESTNUTS AND THE CONSEQUENCES

FIRST CONTACT WITH THE ENEMY—SCENES AND INCIDENTS ON THE PICKET LINE.

By GENERAL C. T. JEFFERS.

A GREAT deal has been written about incidents that occurred after the war had got fairly under way, and when men had learned something of the meaning of it, and what they might expect under certain conditions, or, in other words, after they had learned that if one plays with the tiger he is liable to get hurt. The following incident will show how little the men who first took up arms in the War of the Rebellion realized what the meaning of war was. They could hardly understand why there should be any restraint placed upon their actions when not on actual duty. Even picket duty, where the strictest discipline should be maintained and the utmost vigilance exercised, was considered to be one where relaxation from almost all military restraint could be indulged in with impunity; it was looked upon as "a soft snap." The love for adventures which were liable to be encountered while strolling around between the lines without restraint invited unauthorized scouting by individuals who would slip away from their commands and occasionally come in contact with parties from the other side upon the same errand, and after an exchange of shots would stir up the pickets on both sides. This resulted in a kind of individual guerrilla warfare, and many lives were lost unnecessarily, which in no way had any effect on the result of the contest. Such were the conditions in front of Washington in 1861. Fortunately both sides saw the folly of this barbarous proceeding, and by mutual consent discontinued it. Later on it was not an unusual occurrence for the pickets from both sides to fraternize together. In the last part of October of that year my regiment, the 4th Michigan Infantry, of General Morell's Brigade, Porter's Division, was encamped on Miners Hill, Va., and was detailed for a two days' tour of picket duty. We relieved the old picket, which was posted on a line two miles out, and ran zig-zag across the front of the division and connected

with the pickets of the divisions on the right and left of us. After getting comfortably settled with the relief posted, the men not on post began to look for chestnuts, there being plenty of those nut-bearing trees in the vicinity. The early frosts having caused the burs to open, the toothsome nuts were very tempting. They had, however, grown scarce, the troops who occupied the ground before us having taken all that were in sight. I was assigned to the third relief, and being the sergeant the boys urged me to get them permission to go for nuts. I applied to the commanding officer at the picket line, who said, "Don't go far." The members of my relieving were soon rambling around, and I

go for nuts. I applied officer at the picket "Don't go far." The lief were soon ram- among the rest was



OUTSIDE THE PICKET LINE.

strolling through the woods, and without taking any particular notice of where we were going, a member of my company and I found ourselves in the rear of a house and out-buildings of a plantation, the occupants of which seemed to be in a state of excitement.

Curiosity prompted an investigation, by which we learned from an old "uncle" that quite a large squad of Confederate cavalry had just passed, and that a large body of Union troops were concentrating in a piece of timber a little further to the left. We also learned that we were outside of the picket line, and of course were liable to be picked up by the scouts of the enemy or

shot down on sight, as was the custom at that time. But as we had our muskets, we felt that if in the timber or fields we could hold our own against a few cavalry, and, being curious to know what was going on to the left, we moved in that direction. We found the Union troops were from different parts of the picket line, and, like ourselves, had without any authority straggled to the front between the lines and had struck the enemy's pickets. Our men were in the edge of a wood along the front of which was a road. Beyond the road was a cornfield, the corn having been cut and placed in shock. We could see no one but our own men, and when we asked what the trouble was they replied, pointing to some corn shocks upon a hill a little back from the road, "Every one of those corn shocks up there has a Reb skirmisher behind it," and, while we were talking, little puffs of white smoke were seen among the corn, but we, being so far off, did not notice the reports of their muskets, and not being accustomed to being under fire, hardly realized that we were being fired at until the bullets began to come uncomfortably near. Some of the men took to the trees and began to return the fire. Others took to their heels, and the Rebs, to hurry up the merriment, ran out a fieldpiece and began to throw shells into the woods. Our muskets being loaded, I suggested to my companion that we give them one shot before leaving. So, elevating our pieces, to compensate for distance, to a point over the gun crew, we let go, and, reloading, started down the road on the run toward where we supposed our command was located. We had taken but a few steps when the gunners trained their piece upon us and a shell came uncomfortably near, just passing our heads before exploding. We edged off out of the road into the timber, watching the gun as we ran. When we saw the smoke we would dodge behind a tree until the missile had passed us, then resume the double-quick. As we came into the grounds of the plantation before mentioned, a shell intended for us dropped through the roof of the house and exploded, leaving things in a rather dilapidated condition.

The enemy soon turned their attention to the others, after injuring their friends much more than they did us. We, being relieved from our friends with the fieldpiece, began more leisurely to work our way back to our post. It soon became evident that we had lost our bearings. As it was cloudy, and as the roads led in every conceivable direction, we had no guide, but we did know and realize that we were between the picket lines and liable to get into trouble.

We were standing in the road discussing the direction we ought to take in order to reach our picket line, when my companion called my attention to a squad of cavalry coming toward us at a gallop. Without taking a second look we were over the fence and scurrying away toward a clump of bushes across the field. The cavalry men blazed away with their carbines but their

bullets flew wide of the mark, and we reached our temporary shelter unhurt. But our pursuers did not intend to let us off that easy, for when we looked for them they had let down the fence and were coming in our direction at full speed. We unloaded our muskets at them and took to our heels again, directing our course toward some scattering trees with quite a growth of underbrush but a short distance away. The troopers would fire their carbines while we would get a shot at them at every opportunity, at the same time getting away as fast as possible and taking every advantage of course that presented itself. In a few minutes we heard commands given to a line of skirmishers, and before we were aware of what was coming they were upon us and proved to be from our own regiment. We had run right on their line and they hearing the firing in front had sent out skirmishers to learn what the trouble was, but when the skirmishers encountered the cavalry the firing suddenly ceased. The supposed enemy wearing the uniform of the United States caused explanations to follow, which disclosed the fact that our pursuers were part of a detachment of United States cavalry, sent out to ascertain the cause of the disturbance on the picket line. They seeing us supposed we were Rebels, as we wore gray, the color of the State uniform (we not yet having been furnished with United States blue), and we, well, I think we were too badly scared to know whether the cavalry wore blue or gray. The troopers, seeing the direction we were going, knew we would soon strike the picket line, and did not push us as they might have done, knowing our capture was only a question of time. Fortunately no one was hurt, but there was a sergeant and his companions who felt very queerly to think we had become so demoralized that we did not know whether the enemy or our friends were giving us such a chase. And that same sergeant, after a very narrow escape from a court martial which would have resulted in his being reduced to the ranks, if not something worse, made a resolution never again to get away from his command without proper authority, and this resolution was faithfully kept until his final muster out in February, 1866.

In the evening of the same day our picket line was changed somewhat, and was established upon what we were told was the Braddock turnpike, an old road said to have been cut through the wilderness for the army when it marched on the ill-fated expedition against the French and Indians, in 1755. This "pike" was quite broad and a ditch ran along both sides of it as far as I could see, and a rank growth of weeds fringed the banks of the ditches, while in our immediate front I noticed several culverts made of plank that were quite large, in fact so large that a man would find no difficulty in passing through them. At dark our line was drawn back into the timber that skirted the road, and the picket posts so placed that they would have a full view of the "pike" and the instructions were to be on the alert for parties who might

attempt to cross the road and so work through our lines. Reports were rife that spies were supposed to be working their way into Washington, and it was surmised that they passed the lines at some point in the vicinity of where we were posted. Everything passed off quietly until midnight, when I went on duty with my relief. The night was beautiful. The moon was shining, except that occasionally a cloud would intervene and cast a shadow for a few minutes, then all would become bright again. The tired men who had been relieved from duty were soon asleep. It was very still, there was no wind, and the slightest noise could be heard a long distance. I was sitting under a tree a few feet in rear of the center part of my section of the line when a "hist" from the man in front brought me to my feet, and slipping up to him I asked him what he had seen or heard. He directed my attention to a point a few yards away, to a depression in the road where there was a thicker growth of weeds, whispering as he did so, "I think there is some one in those weeds." I listened intently but heard nothing, and knowing that we had a post about the same distance beyond the weeds as we were from them, and hearing nothing from them, I was inclined to think that perhaps the man had imagined what he thought he had heard. However I told him to be on the alert, and I would go to the other post and learn if they had noticed anything unusual. I passed along in rear of the line to the post. The men informed me they had noticed some slight noise at the point indicated but thought it was some small animal. There had been all sorts of tales in camp of what had happened on the picket line, and I believed the larger part of the alarms that occurred were the result of imagination intensified by the remembrance of these camp stories. These were of how spies would disguise themselves under a cowhide, with a bell, and two men in this manner would slip through the lines, or that in some cases a hog would be imitated. In fact, as the stories went, every device that could be thought of was resorted to by men who made it a business to pass the lines with information for the enemy. I sought the commander, who was at the reserve a few yards away, and explained the situation. It may be, he said, that some of those skulkers are trying to pass through, and, if there is any more disturbance, challenge, and, if there is no response, fire, and it may be that we will find something.

I then gave instructions to the posts, at the same time cautioning them that before firing they must be sure there was something to fire at. It was very quiet for perhaps an hour, when almost simultaneously from both posts rang out the challenge, "Halt! Who goes there?" No reply being returned the sharp reports of the muskets of both posts brought the line to their feet, while the reserve "stood to arms." The commanding officer was soon there, and it was decided not to investigate until daylight, for the reason that beyond the pike was some timber and a fence, which would

afford good cover for the enemy if he should be there. So it was thought best to keep quiet and await developments. Everything seemed so still that the cause of our alarm was thought to be imaginary. The reserve stacked arms and lay down. A little later the clouds began to thicken, and the moon did not give as much light as earlier in the evening. The men on duty were exercising the utmost vigilance that nothing in front should escape their notice, but a slight noise in the rear of our line, like the breaking of a dry twig, caused me to pause while passing from one part of my section to another, and hearing it repeated, I instructed a corporal to look after the line while I went back to investigate. I struck an old blind road that ran out through the scrub pines, and followed it some distance, stopping behind a large pine scrub to listen. Instantly a most indescribable feeling came over me. I seemed to be almost ready to suffocate, and almost intuitively I changed my position, and, grasping my musket, brought it to a "ready," with my thumb upon the hammer. Almost at the same instant the flash and report of a gun almost in my face quite stunned me for a moment, but recovering myself, I sprang from behind the scrub in time to see a man run toward a fence, on the other side of which was a cornfield. I tried to bring my piece to bear upon him, when I found, what I had not noticed before, that my right hand was shattered by his shot, and my arm was for the time paralyzed. My efforts to use my gun upon him were useless, as it was too heavy to handle with my left hand. The commanding officer, with the reserve, soon came up and a scout was started after the man, but he had too much start, and as the large cornfield was too good a place to hide, nothing was found but his tracks. An investigation the next morning revealed the fact that a culvert was located where the noise was heard in the weeds, and the marks showed that the man had taken refuge in the culvert, his movements in the weeds causing the alarm. He probably waited until all was quiet, and while making the attempt to get through attracted my attention and pursuit, which resulted in his escape and a loss of two fingers from my right hand. I have often thought of the feeling that came over me when I came up to that scrub pine. If I had not changed my position I would have received the charge of the Confederate's gun. Was it instinct?

CHAPTER XI.

INCIDENTS OF THE THREE MONTHS' SERVICE — JOHN GRAY, 5TH OHIO INFANTRY — THE AFFAIR OF BLUE'S GAP — AT WINCHESTER AND PORT REPUBLIC — M. A. DILLON, 2ND NEW HAMPSHIRE INFANTRY — WILLIAMSBURG — OBTAINING THE PLANS OF THE ENEMY —
 FREDERICK R. JACKSON, 7TH CONNECTICUT INFANTRY —
 LEADING HIS COMPANY AFTER LOSING AN
 ARM — A WASTE OF CHLOROFORM.

JOHAN GRAY, 5th Ohio Infantry, was a private in Company B of the 5th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and as proud of the organization as any man in it, for the 5th won an enviable reputation during the war, so enviable that one may be pardoned for drawing upon "Ohio in the War" for information regarding it.

It was originally a three months' organization, made up of young men from Cincinnati and the vicinity, going into camp April 20, 1861, and mustered into the United States service May 8.

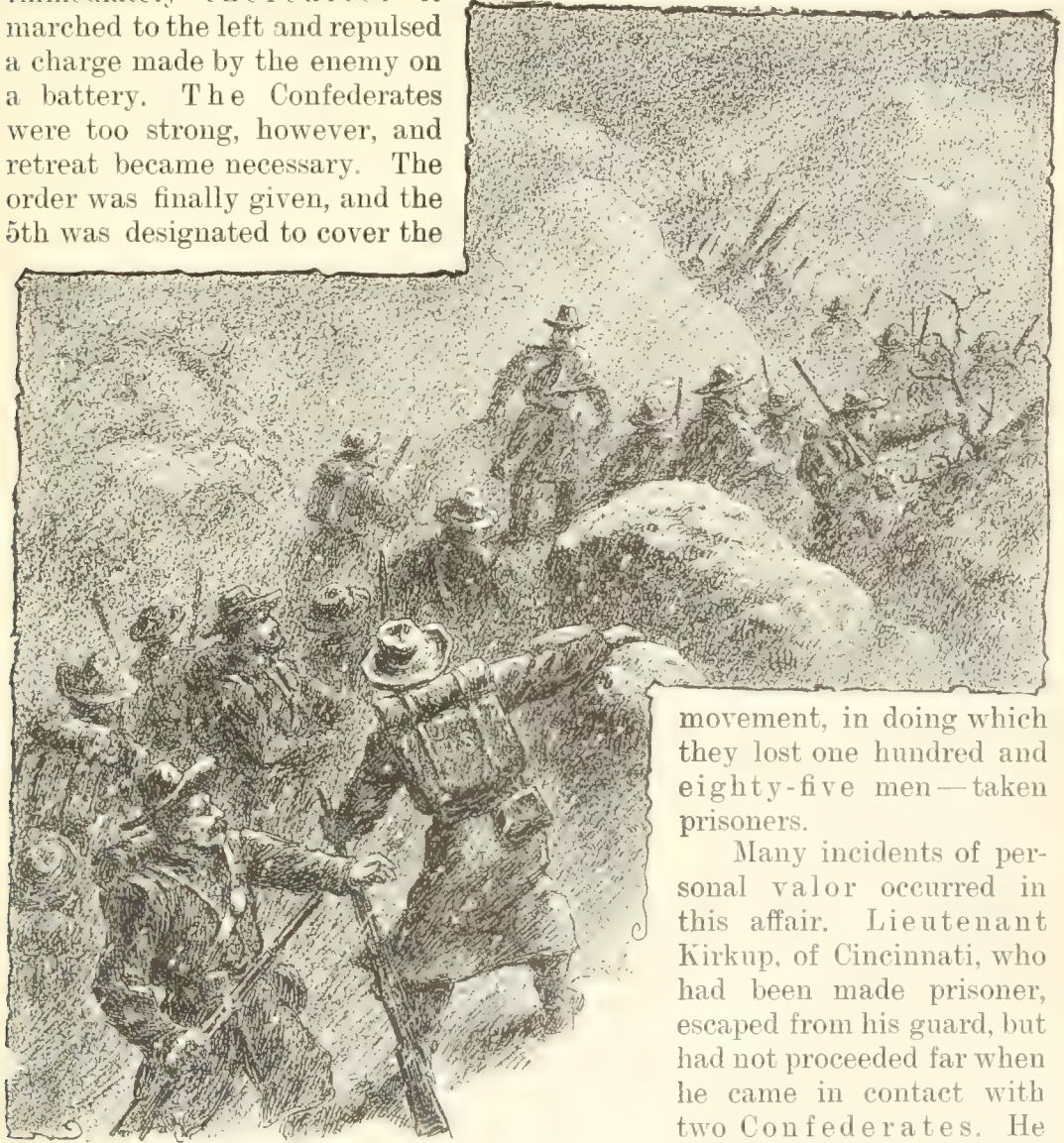
Its first important move, and one which gained for it its reputation, was at Blue's Gap, sixteen miles from Romney, Va.

Learning that a force of Confederates, fifteen hundred strong, was stationed at Blue's Gap, Colonel Dunning determined, if possible, to surprise and capture it. Selecting the night of January 6, 1862, he started at midnight during a driving snowstorm, and, reaching the enemy's outpost picket line, captured it, afterward moving on until within a mile of the Confederate camp. At this point the expedition was discovered by the Confederate pickets, who fled to the main body and gave the alarm. The Federal troops pushed on and up the steep mountain side, the men being compelled to drag themselves along by the aid of the underbrush and roots. Arriving at the top, they opened fire and charged the enemy, driving him out of his entrenchments, killing twenty, capturing a number of prisoners and two pieces of cannon. The residence of Colonel Blue, his outhouses and mill, were burned to the ground.

At Winchester, when the 8th Pennsylvania fell back in confusion, General Sullivan, commanding the brigade, exclaimed that the army was whipped; but on looking again, he discovered the 5th Ohio still fighting, and cried, "No, thank God, the brave 5th Ohio is still standing its ground!"

On the 9th of June the battle at Port Republic was fought. This was a hot and well contested affair, and the regiment conducted itself with its usual bravery and dash. After firing a couple of volleys it was ordered to

charge on a fence behind which two Confederate regiments were hidden. The charge was a success, the enemy fleeing before them into the woods, where they rallied. Again the 5th charged, and captured one piece of artillery. Immediately thereafter it marched to the left and repulsed a charge made by the enemy on a battery. The Confederates were too strong, however, and retreat became necessary. The order was finally given, and the 5th was designated to cover the



THE MARCH ON BLUE'S GAP.

movement, in doing which they lost one hundred and eighty-five men—taken prisoners.

Many incidents of personal valor occurred in this affair. Lieutenant Kirkup, of Cincinnati, who had been made prisoner, escaped from his guard, but had not proceeded far when he came in contact with two Confederates. He claimed them as prisoners, they yielded and conducted

him safely out of the mountains. The colors were saved by the Color-corporals Brinkman and Shaw, by wrapping them around their persons.

swimming the Shenandoah, and joining General Fremont's command four days thereafter.

In the "Century War Book," an incident in the battle is described by Col. H. P. Kelly of the Confederate forces, who says:

"At the word of command the line moved forward, soon coming into plain view of the batteries and infantry of the enemy beyond the ravine, which at once opened fire on the advancing brigade. With one volley in reply, and a Confederate yell heard far over the field, the Louisianians rushed down the rough declivity, across the ravine, and carried the batteries like a flash. . . . By the impetus of the charge over the rough ground, all formation was lost, and officers and men were all thrown into one unorganized mass around the captured guns. While this exultant crew was rejoicing and shouting over their victory, suddenly a seathing fire of canister was poured upon them by a section of Clark's battery, which had been rapidly brought over from the Federal right to within two hundred yards of the position of the captured guns. At the outset of the attempt of the Federals to retake their batteries, Lieutenant Colonel Peck, of the 9th Louisiana, called out to the men about the captured guns to shoot the horses, which was done. When, therefore, the Federals retook and held for a time, as they did, the ground where the guns were, they were unable, when again driven off, to take more than one gun with them, for want of battery horses."

It was at the time the final onset was made to capture the pieces, that Private Gray won his medal of honor. When they were beaten back by the furious charge of the enemy, the 5th Ohio retreated doggedly, contesting hotly each inch of the ground, and moving pace by pace, striving against overwhelming odds to prevent the sudden dash from being successful.

Among them no man was more unwilling to join in the retreat than Private Gray, and when finally there was an opportunity, as the officers thought, to regain their former position, Gray was in the foremost ranks, panting to settle scores with those who had driven him back.

There was not lacking opportunities for hand-to-hand conflict at this juncture, and Gray soon had quite as much as was needed to occupy his entire attention.

Two Confederates, who were serving one of the guns, objected decidedly to his advancing, and each fired twice upon him, but without doing any injury.

Then it was Gray's turn. A bullet from his musket brought down one, and with the other the Buckeye had a most determined struggle.

It ended in the latter's favor, however, and he soon had the recaptured piece in position to do good execution.

To-day, in the records of those soldiers who distinguished themselves by acts of personal bravery on the field, the following is placed to Gray's credit:

"Capture of a fieldpiece in the face of the enemy at Port Republic, Va., June 9, 1862."

M. A. DILLON.

2ND NEW HAMPSHIRE INFANTRY.

MICHAEL A. DILLON was born in Chelmsford, Mass., in 1839, and enlisted at Peterboro, N. H., April 21, 1861, as private in Company G, 2nd New Hampshire Infantry, for a term of three months. May 15, 1861, the term of service was extended to three years.

At Boston, Mass., September 17, 1863, he reenlisted in the Volunteer Rifle Corps, and was promoted to commissary sergeant.

He participated in the following engagements:

Bull Run, July 21, 1861; siege of Yorktown, March 12 to May 5, 1862; Williamsburg, Bottom's Bridge, Fair Oaks, Oak Grove, Hooker's advance on Richmond, June, 1862; Bristoe Station, Second Bull Run.

Writing to the compiler of these records in 1890, Mr. Dillon says:

I am the organizer and was for two terms the commander-in-chief of the Union Veterans' Union, a powerful organization of *front* soldiers.

I also organized the Medal of Honor Legion, and am its commander-in-chief.

I commanded for three years the largest G. A. R. Post in Washington (George G. Meade, No. 5, 450 members). I have been a clerk in the United States Treasury Department for twenty-five years.

Colonel Dillon received his medal of honor for conspicuous bravery on four battlefields—at Williamsburg, Va., May 25, 1862; Oak Grove, June 18, 1862; Hooker's advance on Richmond, June 25, 1862, and at the second battle of Bull Run.

At Williamsburg, at a perilous moment when the Confederates were charging a Union battery with desperate determination, driving all before them, young Dillon sprang from the ranks, pleading for men to follow him to save the battery. His lieutenant yelled to him, "Get down; you are drawing the enemy's fire!" Dillon yelled back, "What are we here for?" and, having gathered a knot of wild young heroes around him, rushed at the advancing enemy, drove them back and saved Battery H, first artillery. Dillon was wounded in the leg in the charge, and his gun was taken from his hand by a shell; but he bound up his wound, again entered the fray, and had the satisfaction of seeing the enemy in full flight by the close of the day.

Dillon's next exploit was when Hooker called for volunteers to take a redoubt of the enemy on the right of the Williamsburg road, at the battle of Oak Grove, June 18, 1862. Dillon was one of the first to step to the front. They charged across an open field, the cannon and musketry of the enemy mowing them down, but those who reached the works, among them Dillon, scaled the banks, bristling with bayonets, over and into the works, where a desperate struggle took place, crowned with success for the storming party.

At the battle on the 25th of June, on the first day of the seven days' desperate fighting in front of Fair Oaks, while there was a lull in front of the 2nd New Hampshire Volunteers, it is related that young Dillon performed an act that exhibited his coolness as well as his disregard of the perils to which he, without orders, exposed himself. He crawled on his hands and knees through the grass and among the bushes in advance of the line into



the enemy's camp, overheard the details of the plans which Longstreet had determined upon, safely returned and communicated to General Hooker what he had overheard, and

LISTENING TO THE PLANS OF THE ENEMY.

thereby enabled Hooker to rearrange his forces so as to repulse the enemy.

At the second battle of Bull Run, after passing through one of the most desperate bayonet charges of the war, Dillon and a handful of comrades fought their way back, step by step, showing great heroism, and on reaching an open field attempted to form a new line. The enemy, seeing their numbers to be small, charged them, and when within about a hundred feet Dillon shot the color-bearer of the 49th Georgia. Dillon dropped at the same time, shot through the lungs, the bullet passing through his body and breaking three ribs. He participated in thirteen other general engagements and as many skirmishes, serving two years and two months after being shot through the lungs.

LIEUTENANT FREDERICK R. JACKSON.

7TH CONNECTICUT INFANTRY.

FREDERICK RANDOLPH JACKSON was born at North Haven, Conn., February 18, 1844. He enlisted June, 1861, in Company F, 7th Connecticut Infantry,

and was made first sergeant. From August 28, 1863, until August 28, 1864, he held a commission of first lieutenant in Company A, 1st Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, and from the last mentioned time until May 23, 1865, he was lieutenant of Company B, 1st Regiment United States Veteran Volunteers (Hancock's Veteran Corps). He writes:

I was in five engagements before I lost my arm, and in twenty-seven afterward while I was an officer. I was often sent to the front with special messages to the commanding general, and usually remained until the fight was over, acting as volunteer aid on their staffs.

In reply to the question, as to how he won his medal of honor, he writes from New Haven, Conn.:

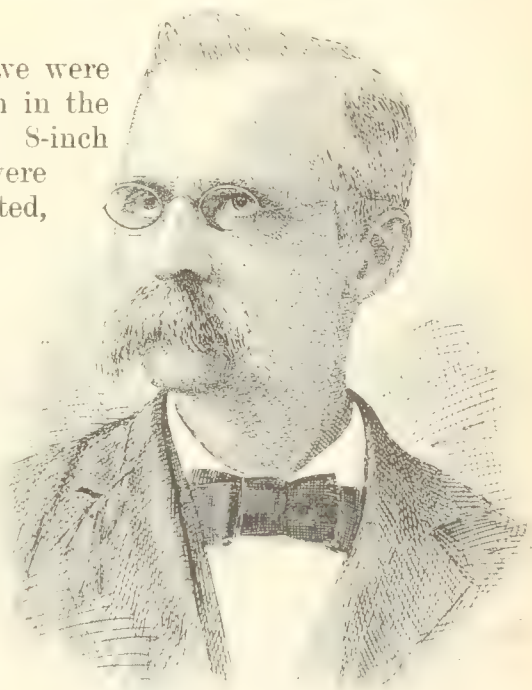
At James Island, S. C., June 16, 1862, we were in action at 4:50 A. M. I lost my left arm in the first charge, by a cannon shot from an 8-inch columbiad on Fort Lamar, which we were charging. We finished the charge, retreated, and I led my company in two other charges after my arm was off.

I am credited on the war department records as having led four charges after losing my arm, but I do not count the fourth, as I fell during that charge, from loss of blood, and was taken prisoner. I was made acquainted with six of the Southern prisons, and graduated from "Libby," October 14, 1862.

A newspaper account of Mr. Jackson's bravery contains the following:

"Mr. Jackson carries an empty sleeve, and pinned on the left breast of his coat is the medal of honor which he won at the time he lost his left arm."

His regiment was storming Fort Lamar at James Island, S. C., at day-break on June 16, 1862, and Mr. Jackson was lieutenant of his company. He was struck above the elbow by a canister shot from an 8-inch columbiad, and his arm was shattered. With his right hand Lieutenant Jackson seized his splintered limb, pressed it tightly to prevent as much as possible the flow of blood, and dashed forward with his men. The regiment then retired,



LIEUTENANT F. R. JACKSON.

rallied again, and went forward on the second charge, only to be again repulsed. Once more the regiment rallied, and on this charge Lieutenant Jackson fell, fainting from loss of blood.

He lay on the field from five o'clock in the morning until half-past ten at night, and only a hundred feet from the fort, for neither the Federals nor the Confederates dared succor their wounded, so fierce was the firing. During more than seventeen hours he remained unable to move, and all the while exposed to the fire from the Union forces, but was too near the fort to be in range of the enemy's missiles.

At about midnight Jackson was taken prisoner, and how his wounds were cared for is best told by himself:

Of the fourteen comrades who were under the surgeon's knife only myself and one other lived to reach home. I was put under the influence of chloroform, and when I became conscious again I saw two amputating knives, and a surgeon's tools, lying across my breast. Among those in the room were General Gist, commanding the Confederates, and the colonel in charge of the fort. On regaining consciousness I was asked:

"How many troops have your forces got?"

I replied: "Go over and count them."

"We will go over, and we shall get them all," was the reply.

The surgeon was a Doctor Bellinger, son of one of the most famous surgeons in the South, at that time. He said to me:

"The Southern Confederacy is not abundantly supplied with chloroform, and will not throw any away on you."

Before beginning to amputate my arm they divided among themselves some of my clothing. The first taken was a pair of new boots which had been sent from home by my father. My uniform was also disposed of, and I given a shabby suit of clothes, in case I should ever need any more. Then the surgeon proceeded to cut off my arm, and, true to his word, he did not waste any of the Southern Confederacy's chloroform on me.

Of the prisoners taken in that fight, I was the first of the wounded to receive attention.

Secretary Stanton, in commenting on the James Island battle, said that for the numbers engaged, it was the fiercest of the war. General Benham was in command of the expedition, and was severely censured for leading us up to be cut down before such odds. The scene of the fight was afterward known as "Benham's slaughter pen." Benham was put under arrest by General Hunter, and reduced from the rank of brigadier-general to his former rank of captain of engineers in the regular army.

I was sent to Libby Prison. After remaining there awhile, I was one of

six who were paroled and taken to Fortress Monroe, and thence to Annapolis, where we were quartered in the old Naval Academy until able to be sent north to the friends who had long mourned us as dead. Later President Lincoln, who had heard of my conduct at Fort Lamar, sent for me. I went to Washington, and met him at the paymaster-general's office, where he talked with me for half an hour. I told him the story of the battle, and he listened attentively. He then took me over to the war department, introduced me to Secretary Stanton, and told him to give me a medal of honor.

Afterward Lincoln selected me to command the guard of honor which conducted him to Gettysburg when he went there to dedicate the national cemetery. It was well the President had a guard on that occasion, for an attempt was made in Baltimore, by a gang of roughs, to get into his car. There were fifty men of the guard. We arrived at Baltimore early in the morning, and as the cars were being slowly hauled through the city by horses, the mob jumped upon the platforms. We tried to persuade them to get off, but they persisted, until I was forced to order my men to use their bayonets, and several were quite severely pricked before they would get down. Secretary Stanton always claimed that those fellows were bent on assassinating the President, and that the presence of my guard saved him.

I was only eighteen years of age when I was summoned to Washington by President Lincoln, and was called the "Yankee Baby." General Early made his famous march on Washington, July 12, 1864, and I was sent to command Fort Kearney, one of the northern defenses of the city. I placed two companies in the fort, and held it against the enemy for five days. The men who fell along the whole line of defenses numbered one hundred and twenty-nine.

When in Washington in command of the war department grounds it was my custom to escort the President nearly every night. He would come over to the department early in the evening; and I would return with him to the White House at any hour between ten and four in the morning. Secretary Stanton would have me buckle on my swordbelt and revolver, and send me off with the President. Lincoln wanted no guards, but the secretary insisted that he would be in personal danger without some protection. I remember that during the Battle of the Wilderness, when tidings from the front were so anxiously awaited in Washington, the President remained at the war department very late in the night.

On the evening when the news came that the Union army was driving the Confederates, there were present in the room President Lincoln, Secretary Stanton and Senators Sumner and Wilson. The good news was received with satisfaction after the tidings of such dreadful losses, and the spirits which had been so despondent were raised in hope again. During the evening

I slipped out on an errand, and, on returning, heard a singular noise from the room in which I had left the President and his party. Peeping into the apartment, I saw Lincoln on his knees telling a story about a mule and illustrating it with gestures. His hearers were laughing heartily, and Secretary Stanton was tipped back in his chair, so convulsed with mirth that the tears were streaming down his cheeks. Stanton was a grave man, and that was the first time I had ever seen him with so much as a smile on his face.

Sometimes when I returned with the President to the White House, we would find little Tad sitting up for his father. One evening, I remember, we found him asleep under the table in Mr. Lincoln's room, and the President said as he took him in his arms, "Poor boy!" as if pitying him because he was so eager to sit up for his father and could not keep awake. Tad was the pet of the family, and yet he was a very mischievous lad. I remember on one occasion there was a party of gentlemen from Connecticut in Washington, and, calling on me, they wished me to take them into the White House. I did so, and, meeting Tad, told him the gentlemen wanted to see the President's home.

"It will cost you one dollar each, gentlemen, to see the house," he said gravely.

There were eighteen of us, and each paid the amount demanded. After he had shown us around, Tad went to an Italian peanut vendor, whose stand was near by, purchased the entire outfit, moved it near the White House grounds and began selling nuts.

When the President learned of the boy's practical joke, he was so mortified and angry that he came very near crying. He sent for me and said:

"Lieutenant, I want you to take this money, go over to Willard's, and return to the gentlemen from your State the money they paid Tad. Convey to them my profound regret that the thing should have happened. Say to them that I shall be pleased to receive them personally, and give them my kindest regards."

I did so; the party called again, and had a very enjoyable visit; but the President felt sore because of the matter for a long while.

Company K of the 150th Pennsylvania Regiment had been in Washington several weeks doing guard duty. Almost every day Tad would go down to the camp and see the men, to whom he became greatly attached. He would take a sword, drill the men, and sometimes drill with them. The men liked the boy, and were perfectly willing to submit to his whims. Finally the order came to send this regiment to the front again. The army needed reinforcements, and Secretary Stanton was anxious to forward every man who could be spared from Washington.

The order made Tad very sad. He cried, and scolded in his boyish way. Then he told his mother of his grief, and she interceded with the President, requesting him to countermand the order, insisting so strongly that Mr. Lincoln sent for me, explained the situation, with the request that I go to Mr. Stanton with a statement of the case.

I did so. Mr. Stanton was inclined to be provoked, but finally countermanded the order, after remarking that Tad ruled his mother, and she ruled the President.

During my stay in Washington I had married, and was home on a leave of absence when Mr. Lincoln was assassinated. I took the first train for the Capitol, and upon my arrival Mr. Stanton assigned to me the duty of forming the escort of officers who were to march in the funeral procession.



CHAPTER XII.

SOME NEW ENGLAND AND NEW YORK SOLDIERS — EDWARD A. HOLTON, 6TH VERMONT INFANTRY — BEARING BACK THE FALLEN COLORS — R. J. COFFEY, 4TH VERMONT INFANTRY — CAPTURING SEVEN MEN ON THE SKIRMISH LINE — T. T. FALLON, 37TH NEW YORK INFANTRY — DRAGGING HIS CAPTIVE BACKWARD OVER THE EARTHWORKS — MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD — A GENERAL OFFICER'S PERSONAL BRAVERY.

EDWARD A. HOLTON, 6th Vermont Infantry, was born in Westminster, Vt., August 28, 1835. He enlisted at Burlington for a term of three months as private in Company H, 1st Vermont Infantry, and was mustered out because of expiration of service, August 15, 1861. August 28 he reenlisted in Company I, 6th Vermont Infantry, for a term of three years, and was discharged August 18, 1864, because of disability arising from a gunshot wound received in the Battle of the Wilderness, May 5, 1864.

At his second term of service he enlisted as a private and was promoted successively to 1st sergeant, 2nd lieutenant and 1st lieutenant of Company I, and captain of Company F.

He participated in the following engagements:

Great Bethel, Lee's Mills, Williamsport, Golding's Farm, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, Crampton Pass, Fredericksburg (first and second), Gettysburg, Funkstown, Rappahannock Station and the Wilderness.

In reply to the question as to how he won his medal of honor, Mr. Holton, writing from Island Pond, Vt., sends the following extracts from the official records:

(Copy of order read at dress parade, evening after the battle.)

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, }
SMITH'S DIVISION, APRIL 17, 1862. }

GENERAL ORDER No. 36.

The Brigadier-General commanding congratulates the troops of this brigade for the conduct exhibited by them yesterday while under fire. The invincibility of spirit shown by those companies, exposed to a terrific fire from the enemy sheltered in rifle pits, is worthy of the highest admiration. The conduct of 1st Sergeant Holton, Company I, 6th Vermont Volunteers, in securing and bringing back the colors of the regiment after the bearer was shot down, is deserving of especial notice as a praiseworthy and daring act. Let your future conduct rival that of yesterday, and your friends and State may well be proud of you.

THEODORE REED, A. A. General.

By order of Brigadier-General W. T. H. Brooks.

(Extracts from the report of Colonel N. Lord, commanding 6th Vermont Volunteers, of the battle of Lee's Mills, Va., April 16, 1862.)

HEADQUARTERS 6TH REGIMENT VERMONT VOLUNTEERS, I
CAMP WINFIELD SCOTT, VA., APRIL 17, 1862. A

CAPTAIN THEODORE REED, A.-A.-General.

* * * * * Sergeant Holton, of Company I, rescued the colors, which had fallen into the water, the color-bearer having been shot down.

* * * * * The colors of the regiment were pierced by eleven bullets.

MAJOR ROBERT J. COFFEY.

4TH VERMONT INFANTRY.

ROBERT J. COFFEY was born in the city of St. Johns, N. B., December 15, 1842. When he was but eight years old his parents moved to Montpelier, Vt., since which time he has been a resident of that State.

April 26, 1861, when he was not quite nineteen years of age, he enlisted as private in Company K, 1st Regiment Vermont Infantry (New England Guards), for a term of three months, and with this organization participated in the battle of Big Bethel, Va., June 10, 1861.

When this term of service had expired he reenlisted in Company K, 4th Vermont Infantry, as private, and was promoted to sergeant.

He refers with pride to the fact that he was never sick or absent from his company except on duty, until badly wounded and disabled from further service while on picket duty near Centreville, Va., October 16, 1863.

He was engaged in all the battles of the Peninsular Campaign under General George B. McClellan, and was at South Mountain, Antietam, Maryland, Fredericksburg, Bank's Ford, Gettysburg and Funkstown, and was mustered out of service September 30, 1864, at Brattleboro, Vt., with about one hundred and fifty other original members who had left the State three years before, when the regiment numbered one thousand and forty-eight—officers and men.

Mr. Coffey thus modestly states the service for which he won his medal of honor:

"It was at Bank's Ford, Va., May 3, 1862, when the company were skirmishing, and I captured two officers and five privates, bringing them back to the regiment, and delivering them to the provost guard."

Mr. Coffey has been a prominent member of the G. A. R. He was Commander of Brooks Post, No. 13, at Montpelier, two years. He was junior vice commander of the department of the State in 1878 and 1879, under Past Department Commander Joseph H. Goulding, chief mustering officer of the department in 1884 and 1885. Several of the Vermont posts were organized by him, and he was a delegate to the national encampment at Minneapolis in

1884. He is at present an aid-de-camp on the staff of D. L. Morgan, Department Commander of Vermont.

He has also been closely identified with the National Guard of Vermont, and his labors in placing it on a permanent "war footing" have been of good avail in that direction. He receives his military title of "Major" from his

connection with the guard. In 1887 Mr. Coffey organized Company H, Capitol Guards of Montpelier, of the 1st Regiment of the National Guards of Vermont. June 13 he was elected the pioneer captain of the company, and after serving three years resigned. In 1880 he succeeded Capt. L. I. Smith of Burlington as provost marshal, with the rank of captain, and in 1887 was promoted to brigade provost marshal with the rank of major on the staff of General William L. Greenleaf, a position he still honorably occupies.

When the Vermont Soldiers' Home was established Major Coffey was unanimously chosen by the board of managers as superintendent of the

institution, which position he at present fills, giving most perfect satisfaction not only to the trustees, but to the inmates of that institution.



A CREDITABLE CAPTURE.

THOMAS T. FALLON.

37TH NEW YORK INFANTRY.

THOMAS T. FALLON was born in County Galway, Ireland, August 12, 1837, and enlisted as private in Company K, 37th New York Infantry, which organization was assigned to Hunter's Brigade, Army of the Potomac.

During 1861 he participated in the first Bull Run; saw service at Pohick Church and Ocoquam Creek, Va., November 12.

In 1862 he was at the siege of Yorktown, and then at the battle of Williamsburg, Va., May 5, where he won his medal of honor for bravery in action. He was with the advance on Richmond during May and June; at the battle of Fair Oaks, May 31, when he was on the sick list, but, nevertheless, went into action, and June 25, in the battle of Oak Grove, or the Orchards.

He was sent out as a spy, by order of General Kearny, to watch the movements of the Confederate artillery at the Charles City crossroads, before

the retreat from Richmond, and recorded for meritorious conduct by order of General Kearny. He participated in the seven days' fight before Richmond, June 25 to July 1; Carter's Farm or Chickahominy, June 28; White Oak Swamp or Glendale, June 30; Malvern Hill, July 1.

At Harrison's Landing, Fallon was transferred, by order of General Kearney, to Battery K, 4th United States Artillery. With this command he was at the battle of Manassas, August 29; Bull Run, August 30; Chantilly, September 1; in the defense of Washington, September and October; Fredericksburg, December 13.

During 1863 his record is as follows: Burnside's second campaign, January 20-24; Chancellorsville campaign, April 28-30; Falmouth, April 30; discharged at United States Ford, Va., May 1, because of expiration of term of service; reënlisted as sergeant Company H, 35th New Jersey Infantry, September 17; mustered into service September 24; assigned to provisional brigade, Army of Tennessee, November.

In 1864, with the expedition from Vicksburg to Meridian, Miss., February 3 to March 5; Bolton Depot, Miss., February 4; Turkey Creek, February 12; Meridian, Miss., February 14-15; assigned to first brigade, second division, sixteenth corps, Resaca, Ga., May 13-14; New Hope Church, May 25; Dallas, May 26-31; Big Shanty, June 14-15.

Because of meritorious conduct at this battle of Big Shanty, Fallon was given a furlough of thirty days, but he did not use it because of his desire to join in the pursuit of General Hood. In the engagement he was ordered to lead the left wing of his company in a charge upon the earthworks, and one officer and twenty-eight men were captured. He made a prisoner of the officer by striking him with his musket, and dragging him back over the earthworks.

The remainder of his military record is as follows: Kenesaw Mountain, June 16; Rowell's Mills, June 18; Nick-Jack Creek, July 4; Decatur, July 22; siege of Atlanta, July 24 to September 1; Ezra Chapel, July 28; Jonesboro, Ga., August 10; Train Guard, sixteenth corps, August 25 to September 8; Sesaca, October 12; March to the Sea.

Here it was that Fallon was taken sick, and carried in an ambulance to a point near Savannah, taking part in the siege of that city from December 10 to 21. He writes:



FALLON CAPTURING THE OFFICER.

It was my last battle, and I was up to the neck in water in the Savannah canal. I was furloughed from the hospital at Savannah, May 6, 1865, and returned to my regiment at Crystal Springs, Washington, D. C., June 9. Discharged from service of the United States, July 20, 1865, by reason of provision of Special Order No 160.

MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD.

OLIVER OTIS HOWARD was born in Leeds, Me., in 1830, and was awarded the medal of honor for distinguished bravery in the battle of Fair Oaks, Va., June 1, 1862, while brigadier-general United States Volunteers.

Cadet, United States Military Academy, September 1, 1850 to July 1, 1854; brevet 2nd lieutenant of ordnance, July 1, 1854; second lieutenant of ordnance, February 15, 1855; first lieutenant of ordnance, July 1, 1857;



GENERAL O. O. HOWARD.

served during the rebellion of the seceding States, 1861-66; colonel 3rd Maine Volunteers, May 28, 1861; brigadier-general United States Volunteers, September 3, 1861; major-general United States Volunteers, November 29, 1862; brevet major-general, March 13, 1865; major-general, March 19, 1886; Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, conferred by French Government, 1884. General Howard does not give the story of the winning of his medal further than the brief mention here found. He is, however, it is believed, the only general officer who has been given one for personal bravery on the field, distinctly as a fighter, with the exception of General Alexander S. Webb, at Gettysburg.

The record of his various services and commands is sufficient, alone, to fill several pages of this

volume. Since the close of the war he has seen much active service in campaigns against Indians in the west. He is a well-known writer and lecturer, and reminiscences written by him appear in another part of the book.

The great battle of Fair Oaks, where his medal was won, is also described by others in due order.

CHAPTER XIII.

STORY OF ONE OF THE EARLY BATTLES—A CAMPAIGN IN KENTUCKY IN 1862—CAPTURING THE GUN—"SOME ONE HAD BLUNDERED"—IN BATTLE WITHOUT A COMMANDING OFFICER—A GREEN REGIMENT IN THREE BATTLES IN ONE DAY—DEFEAT, AND THE MEMORY OF DEEP REGRET.

By HON. J. B. CHEADLE.

THE most interesting period in the experience of every soldier who saw actual fighting, was his first battle. My experience was that of all my comrades, except in this that it came to me so soon after muster into the army. I was mustered at midnight, August 18, 1862, was on the cars, and with my regiment, was "off for Dixie." Kirby Smith, with twenty-three pieces of artillery and twenty-four thousand men, was marching into the heart of Kentucky, and the Hoosier boys were sent to the rescue. The 12th and 16th and six companies of the 55th, with the 66th and 69th and my own, the 71st Regiment Indiana Volunteers were ordered to Kentucky. We went to Louisville, and thence to Frankfort and Lexington, where we went into camp for a few days. We were then marched to Camp Nelson, and soon after were sent on a forced night march to Richmond, Ky. When that night march was ended, my feet were blistered from toe to heel. I had gone over a new turnpike made of broken stone, twenty-six miles in the dark. The regiment had been kept on the move so that it had no time for drill. The truth is it had been on battalion drill two hours, two whole hours, when, on the afternoon of August 29, 1862, less than eleven days after muster in, the rattle of musketry in our front, and the roar of a solitary cannon told us that we "raw recruits," were facing Kirby Smith's veterans, who were anxious for battle. So ignorant were we, that, unprepared as we afterward knew we were for battle, we were actually anxious for a fight.

That afternoon seemed an age to me. I thought darkness never would come. The rebels let us capture a cannon from their cavalry. I imagined it was because they could not prevent it, that we were just mopping the earth with them, and were going to put down the Rebellion then and there. Later on I knew it was a trick of Kirby Smith to enable him to fully develop our position and strength that he might the more certainly defeat us on the 30th. I was a private soldier in Company K, and my duty was to

obey orders and not ask any questions, and finally the order came to "Rest on our arms and get some sleep." I can never forget that night, while the remembrance of dawn of day, August 30, 1862, is indelibly engraven on the innermost tablets of memory.

The battle opened at dawn of day. I had no idea of the dangers before me; could not know the actual horrors of battle; and certainly the general commanding did not know how many men and cannon confronted him. If he had he never would have accepted battle with only six thousand five hundred men and six pieces of artillery.

It will be seen that "some one had blundered." A private soldier then, I could not know who had, nor do I now know who did blunder, and yet every reader will know that some one had. The Rebel general had tendered battle; the Union general accepted, and the fight was on, and I with all the rest was a green recruit who had never seen a regiment or battery drill, who was ignorant of all drill or tactics, who knew nothing whatever of rules of war or army discipline, was actually called upon to engage in one of the most stubbornly-contested and destructive open-field battles of the war, where, overpowered by more than three to one, the Union soldiers fought three distinct battles, and suffered three crushing defeats in one day.



A CASE OF BLISTERED FEET.

Our position was in a typical Kentucky blue grass wood's pasture with all the underbrush removed. My regiment was in the rear and supporting Lieutenant Johnson, who had command of a section of the battery. A call was made for volunteers to carry up ammunition for the cannon. I had no more sense than to go as one, and thought it would be fun. I had squeezed myself into the smallest possible space behind those guns so long that it was a relief to be able to move about. I can hear the roar of those cannon yet. One was a Rodman, the other a Parrot three-inch gun. The old soldiers who read this will know just how they talked when dealing out shot, shell and death to the enemy. The sergeant told me afterward that he fired the Rodman one hundred and sixty-eight times that day. While carrying up ammunition I thought the firing was terrific, when I heard Lieutenant

Johnson say, "Boys, it is going to be hot here in a short time. Be careful. Move this gun ten paces to the right. Don't get in range of limbs. Throw your shells over into their ranks. Keep cool." How could a green recruit keep cool, with the thermometer 100 in the shade, and in the midst of a battle? I was hotter than a lime kiln. Lieutenant Johnson had seen a year's service. He had been under fire and knew from experience when the conflict would become a literal hell. I did not. Just then my comrade at the other end of the box of ammunition was seriously wounded. I did not for years know his name, and only a few years ago I learned it was M. C. Rankin of Company B, 71st Indiana, now a resident of Terre Haute. He has suffered all these years from that injury.

The Rebels made an advance and I was ordered back to my company.

The regiment was ordered into line, and was directed to move in column to the right. The firing of the enemy was terrific, and their first volley killed all our field officers on duty. The regiment was moving parallel to the line of battle, under a terrible fire without any one in command, when down the line rode General M. D. Manson, then in command, shouting with an oath, "Where is Colonel Topping? I ordered this regiment to move to the left; where is Colonel Topping?"

"Dead, general," came the

reply. "Well then, where is Major Conklin?" "He too, is dead, general," came the reply. "No one is in command." That was a moment of awful suspense. A full regiment moving along the line of battle under fire and no one in command; moving, no one could tell where; only blindly moving. The old soldier will say that was awful, and yet one has not told the half. Someone, somehow and somewhere, had commanded the head of the column to counter-march. Who gave that order I do not know; why such an order was given no sane man can ever tell, but it had been given and obeyed and here came Company A, marching past Company K, making our column eight men deep, marching



BRINGING OFF THE GUN

through that carnival of death. Cold chills creep up my spinal column as I write this, thirty-two years after it occurred, as I recall those moments of torture when we had no chance to protect ourselves in the least, no chance to shoot, no opportunity to do anything but march through a snowstorm of bullets to the right, and then—and then—do double duty by marching back to the left, again to be put into battle faced to the rear. Every old soldier will fully appreciate the great misfortune that befell my regiment in its first battle. History has seldom recorded the condition of a green regiment more deplorable than that which befell the 71st Indiana at Richmond, Ky., when in a moment at the beginning of a movement under a terrible fire, it lost all its field officers and was left at the mercy of chance in the midst of a battle. The character of the engagement can be known by our loss. Company K lost six men killed, and nine wounded. The regiment lost 200 killed and wounded. Our little army lost 204 killed, and 844 wounded. Such was my first battle.

A contest so unequal could not long be maintained, and that most dreaded of all orders, "retreat," had to be given, and a second line of battle was formed and fought, and late in the day a third line and battle was fought, until these raw recruits, aided by the 93rd Ohio and 18th Kentucky, made three heroic efforts to resist Smith's veterans. We could not make our lines as long as theirs. We did our best, and yet we were flanked and forced back again and again. The day was very hot—about 100 in the shade; a drouth was abroad in the land, wells and springs had gone dry, and the suffering for water was most intense.

I fancy to-day that I am a boy again. I listen to the pickets firing and the cannon's roar, and again am in my first battle. I hear once more the whizzing bullet, screeching shell and clash of battle. I see brave officers ride fearlessly into the very jaws of death, while gallant comrades on my right and on my left die while in the line of duty, fighting for "old glory" and to make all men free. I listen once again to the piteous cry of the wounded and dying. I hear the victorious shouts of the enemy as they whip me in my first battle. I am a prisoner of war. I behold the Union cause suffer a crushing defeat; all this, and it has only been twelve days since I first became a soldier. This was war! Let every patriot offer up a prayer to the God of Washington and Lincoln that no future soldier of the Republic, north or south, may ever suffer such an experience.

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE.

Major Conklin was killed so suddenly that his hand retained his revolver as if held in a vise.

Robert Conn, of my mess, had a presentiment that he would be killed in the third fight. We could not break the force of it, yet he would not go to

the rear; he said, "I will die like a soldier." He was in the thickest of the fray, and came out without even a scratch, and was equally fortunate until the war ended, and now lives amidst peace and plenty in Missouri. Not many presentiments of death are true.

Alfred B. Clark, of Company K, was a delicate boy only sixteen years of age. He was an only child, whose widowed mother had brought him from England to make America his home. He was not subject to military duty. He did not owe allegiance to the flag until he was mustered into the army, August 18. He was killed in the first fight. If a foreign-born boy could love this government so deeply that he would die for it when not subject to military duty, what should be the measure of devotion to that government from every native-born American?

Lieutenant-Colonel Reuben Williams, of the 12th Indiana, is a small man. He rode a large horse that day. In the midst of the fight a cannon ball shot off the pommel of his saddle, and also cut off both bridle reins. The frightened horse ran madly a full half mile before the colonel gained control. Williams' wild ride down the line was one of the few amusing incidents of the day.

Austin Gosnold, of Company K, was struck in the mouth by a bullet, knocking out all his front teeth. It then turned, knocking out all the teeth of his right jaw. It wedged itself between the upper and lower jaw, so that he could not close his mouth. At first comrades made fun of his injury, and so did he, and yet after suffering intense pain for six weeks he died.

James North became exhausted until he could go no further. I carried his musket a short distance, when he regained his strength and fought like a veteran all day. The weight of his musket would have sent him to the rear.



THE COLONEL'S RIDE DOWN THE LINE.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT NEWBERNE AND TRANTER'S CREEK AND INCIDENTS AT GAINES MILLS—O. E. CARUANA, 51ST
 NEW YORK INFANTRY—RESCUING COLORS AND COLOR-BEARER—LIEUT. WM. B. AVERY
 —ARTILLERY AT CLOSE QUARTERS—GEO. D. SIDMAN, 16TH MICHIGAN INFAN-
 TRY—CLINGING TO A SAPLING AT GAINES MILLS—KEEPING
 UP WITH HIS REGIMENT—THE SPIRIT OF ADVEN-
 TURE IN TIMES OF PEACE.

ORLANDO E. CARUANA, 51st New York Infantry. Enlisted in New York city in August, 1861, in Company K, 51st New York Volunteers, "Shepard Rifles."

During the battle at Newberne, N. C., March 14, 1862, the color-sergeant, who was several yards in advance of the line of battle, was wounded and the flagstaff shot in two. Caruana volunteered with two others to go to the rescue, and brought the wounded sergeant and the colors back to the regiment, exposing themselves to a very heavy fire from the enemy.

Again, at the battle of South Mountain, Md., on Sunday evening, September 14, 1862, just in front of where General Reno was killed, Caruana was one of four who volunteered to cross over a stone wall and find out the enemy's position.

While on this perilous duty the Confederates opened fire, killing three out of the four volunteers, Lieutenant Springweiller, Sergeant Clark and Private Sheehan.

Sergeant Caruana was wounded on May 12, 1864, in the last charge made on the rifle-pits at Spottsylvania Court House, Va.

For his bravery on the above two occasions, he was awarded a medal of honor.

Mr. Caruana is secretary of the "Old Guard," New York city.

The 51st regiment was a New York city regiment, and was formed by a consolidation of the "Union Rifles" and "Scott Rifles" with the "Shepard Rifles." At Newberne it bore the brunt of the fight, and had the greatest loss of any regiment in the action. At Antietam it made the historic charge across the stone bridge with the 51st Pennsylvania.

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM B. AVERY.

WILLIAM B. AVERY was born in Providence, R. I., in 1840, and when the war broke out was a student at Brown University.

A few months ago he received the following letter:

CAPTAIN WILLIAM B. AVERY, Record and Pension Office, War Department.

CAPTAIN: I am directed by the Secretary of War to inform you that I have this day forwarded to you, by registered mail, a medal of honor awarded to you for conspicuous gallantry in action at Tranter's Creek, N. C., June 5, 1862, in accordance with the act of Congress approved March 3, 1863, providing for the presentation of medals of honor to such officers, noncommissioned officers and privates as have most distinguished themselves in action. Please acknowledge receipt of medal. Very respectfully,

W. C. AINSWORTH.

Colonel United States Army, Chief Record and Pension Office.

In series 1, volume 9, of "The War of the Rebellion," the official records of the Union and Confederate armies, published pursuant to act of Congress approved June 16, 1880, the action at Tranter's Creek, N. C., in which Captain Avery participated, is officially reported by Lieutenant-Colonel Francis A. Osborn, 24th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, under date of Washington, D. C., June 6, 1862.

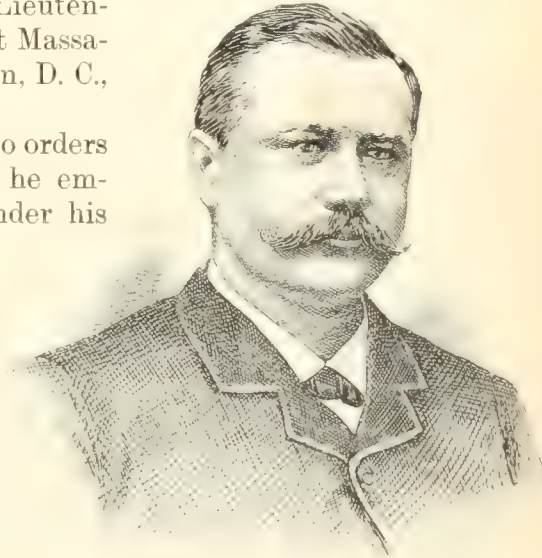
Colonel Osborn reports that in obedience to orders received from Colonel Stevenson in person, he embarked three companies of the regiment under his command on board the steamer Pilot Boy, bound for this place, at 11:30 p. m. on the 3rd inst., and left instructions with Captain Maker to follow with the four companies on board the Lancer as soon as possible.

The report proceeds as follows:

"Lieutenant W. B. Avery came on board with a battery of three pieces and reported to me for orders. The enemy's forces were between Washington and Pactolus, a village about twelve miles distant, under command of Colonel Singeltary. The engagement was near a mill beside the creek, and the artillery was brought into position about fifty paces from the enemy.

"This placed our artillery at a great disadvantage, for at so short a range it could not do its best execution. It was, however, admirably managed by Lieutenant Avery, and as it seemed still to be doing good service I felt unwilling to change its position. Our force consisted of eight companies of the 24th Massachusetts Regiment, numbering about four hundred and thirty men, two 12-pound howitzers of the marine artillery, Lieutenant W. B. Avery, manned by twelve men each, and Company I, 3rd New York Cavalry, one hundred and forty men. The enemy's force must have been quite equal to our own, to judge from the firing."

In closing the report Colonel Osborn thus comments upon Lieutenant Avery's gallantry:



CAPTAIN WILLIAM B. AVERY.

"I desire to mention with the highest commendation the conduct of Lieutenant William B. Avery of the marine artillery, Colonel Howard. Placed in the midst of the hottest of the fire, he managed his battery with the greatest coolness and skill, and contributed much to the success of the day. As I have said above, I think that but for his battery and the determination with which it was worked, the enemy, with a moderate amount of courage, could have maintained their position. His men also deserve high praise for their courage and zeal."

Captain Avery enlisted in the 1st Rhode Island Regiment at the outbreak of the war, and remained in service until its three months' term had expired. He subsequently joined Colonel Howard's marine artillery of New York, which performed dual service on land and sea. He afterward held the office of acting ensign, and was in command of one of the gunboats in the North Carolina expedition.

He remained in service until the close of the war. Subsequently he went south as a "carpet-bagger," and was elected to the Mississippi legislature five times. Returning to his native city, he served as a member of the common council five years, and was commander of Prescott Post in 1887, having served in several subordinate offices.

In the winter of 1888-89 he went to Washington and passed a civil service examination for a clerkship in the record and pension division of the war department, where he now is.

GEORGE DALLAS SIDMAN.

16TH MICHIGAN INFANTRY.

THIS soldier was awarded the medal of honor for "distinguished bravery at the battle of Gaines Mills, Va., June 27, 1862."

He was born at Rochester, N. Y., in 1844, and was therefore but a boy when, April 19, 1861, he answered the President's first call for troops by enlisting at Owosso, Mich., as drummer in a local company known as the "Owosso Grays."

This company was not called into service, but continued its organization and regular drills until disbanded in July.

Young Sidman then went to Flint, Mich., and on August 1, 1861, enlisted as drummer in Company C, Stockton's Independent Michigan Volunteers, afterward designated the 16th Michigan Volunteer Infantry.

After his regiment reached the front in the fall of 1861, it was discovered that Company C had more than its quota of musicians, and inasmuch as Sidman had not developed great merit as a drummer, he was ordered to be discharged and sent home.

This order nearly broke his heart, and he begged piteously to be retained in service, offering to take a gun and perform a soldier's duty if

permitted to do so. His request, after some delay, was granted, but his name was continued on the rolls as a drummer for several months, in order that he might have time to grow to a soldier's stature.

He was the youngest and smallest "man" in the regiment. His position on the extreme left of his company, being the color company, brought him shoulder to shoulder with the color guard, causing his diminutiveness to be most pronounced as he marched side by side with the picked men of the regiment.

The battle of Gaines Mills, Va., the second of the seven days' battles before Richmond, June 27, 1862, was where young Sidman won the medal he now wears, although subsequent acts entitled him to equal recognition. This battle was fought entirely by Fitz John Porter's division of eighteen thousand men, pitted against "Stonewall" Jackson's corps numbering sixty thousand.

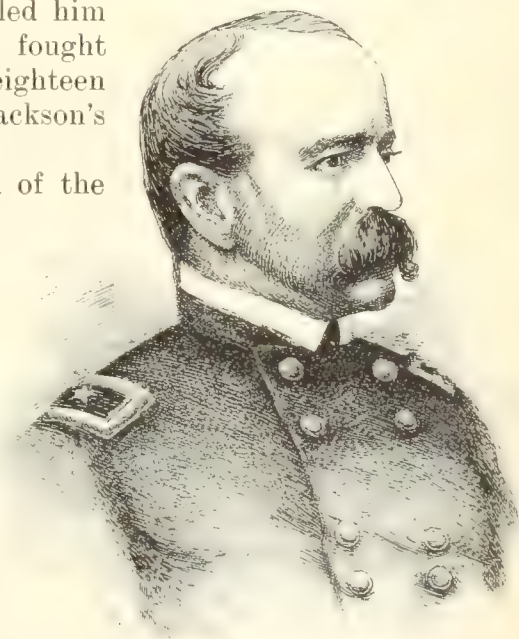
Butterfield's Light Brigade, composed of the 12th, 17th and 44th New York Infantry, 83rd Pennsylvania Infantry and 16th Michigan Infantry occupied the extreme left flank, forming a horse shoe curve, and resting on the border of Chickahominy swamp.

The sun was yet high in the heavens on that eventful day when Jackson hurled four solid columns against a weak point in the center of the Union line, and, enfilading it in both directions, soon scattered our forces into the swamp. The stampeded turned from a direct retreat to the rear by the enfilading movement of the enemy, crushed into the lines of Butterfield's brigade, and nearly carried it into the swamp.

Here, however, under the guidance of Butterfield and a few daring officers, a remnant of the brigade was rallied, and with loud cheers charged back to their old position, meeting and driving the enemy at the points of their bayonets.

It seemed like a forlorn hope for this handful of brave men to meet a victorious foe on such terms, but, gaining an advantageous position, they held it until nightfall.

During the struggle with the stampeded in the swamp, young Sidman clung to a sapling until the crowd had passed, and then, in answer to the



GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD.

rallying cries of the officers, he hurried to the colors of his regiment, and, when the order was given to charge, was one of the first to respond, calling upon his comrades to "come ahead."

He was severely wounded by a minie ball through the hip in the almost hand to hand engagement that followed, but held to his gun, and remained in the ranks until he fell fainting from over-exertion and weakness of his wounded limb. Dragging himself to an open ditch in the rear, he clubbed his musket over a stump to destroy its usefulness to the enemy, and throwing his accoutrements away, crawled on his hands and knees off the field of battle and through Chickahominy swamp.

He was picked up the next day and carried to Savage Station, where, two days later, he was taken prisoner with three thousand sick and wounded comrades left by McClellan to the tender mercies of the enemy.

Here, on June 29, he lay with other comrades under a large tree in the yard of the Savage House, exposed to the two fires of the battle which was on that day fought over their heads.

July 4 he was conveyed to Richmond and confined in Libby Prison, from which place, a few days later, he was sent to Castle Thunder, and thence to Belle Isle. August 18 he was taken to City Point and exchanged.

Being yet disabled because of his wound, he was sent to Hammond General Hospital at Point Lookout, Maryland, for treatment. The solitude of this place, with the roar of the ocean, and sighing of the wind through the pine trees surrounding the hospital, so affected his nervous system that he begged to be transferred to some other place. This request being refused he slipped by the guards one night, and took passage in the stokehole of a Potomac River steamboat going to Washington, where he arrived next day.

The city was full of sick and wounded soldiers, who had been sent back from the second Bull Run, fought a day or two previous, and he had no difficulty in getting passed along the streets, as he hobbled on crutches.

He reported to the general commanding the department, and requested to be sent to a hospital, frankly stating that he had run away from Hammond Hospital, and gave his reasons for so doing. The general laughed heartily at his appearance, which was anything but prepossessing after his night's escapade and torture in a bin of soft coal.

As the hospitals of Washington were crowded with the sick and wounded, and thousands were lying out of doors in the parks, waiting for transportation elsewhere, there was no place for him to be sent except to the convalescent camp at Alexandria, to which place he was taken under guard.

A few days later the Army of the Potomac arrived in front of Washington, and proceeded to follow Lee into Maryland. Hearing that his regiment was encamped at Hall's hill, a few miles distant, our young hero

again ran away, and, after considerable difficulty, made his way to the command. His return with an open and discharging wound, was a feat that few men would care to undertake, but when he announced that he had come back for duty the officers refused to accept his services, while the surgeon declared that he must not be permitted to remain.

He obstinately refused, however, to go to the hospital again, and as the command was under marching orders, and did actually start on



KEEPING UP WITH HIS REGIMENT.

the Antietam campaign the following day, it was

thought best to humor him for the time being, everybody believing he must necessarily fall behind, from lack of strength.

Nothing daunted, however, when he saw his comrades marching away and himself unable to keep up, he hailed a surgeon and asked to be put into an ambulance to cross the river.

The surgeon, after examining his wound and listening to a hastily-concocted story of how he had been left by his regiment to shift for himself, had him placed in an ambulance, with orders to "drop him out" at Georgetown after crossing the aqueduct bridge.

He remained in the ambulance all day, however, and, much to the surprise of the officers and his comrades, appeared at the bivouac that evening in time to claim and receive the three days' rations then being issued. The

next morning, while the army was preparing to move, he found a condemned horse by the wayside, and without much difficulty "surrounded and captured him."

Piling a lot of discarded blankets upon the bones of his prize, and using a number of knapsack straps buckled and tied together to form a bridle, he managed to mount.

Sidman's appearance in bivouac that night created much merriment among his comrades, and caused no little concern to the field officers, who had horses of their own, and not until it was ascertained that the animal was free from a contagious disease was he permitted to picket the steed and sleep in peace. The boy had discovered a way by which he could remain with his command, and his officers and comrades were loud in their approval of his patriotism and faithfulness to duty. He was permitted to ride his horse when and where he pleased, often much to his own physical discomfort, however, but always to the amusement of his comrades, who contrived to "forage" sufficient food to make "Old Crow" happy when he got into camp at night.

No horse in all the army had better care and more oats on that march to Antietam. "Old Crow" carried his gallant captor to Antietam creek, and on the morning of that memorable 17th of September, 1862, he was turned loose, never again to be seen by his temporary master.

On the morning of December 13, 1862, while the Fifth Corps was drawn up in line of battle at Stafford Heights, waiting to cross the Rappahannock and enter Fredericksburg, Colonel Stockton commanding the third brigade, first division, called upon the 16th Michigan for a volunteer to carry the new brigade flag that had just reached the command.

Sidman, now partially recovered from his wound, immediately sprang from the ranks and begged the privilege of this duty. His patriotism and fidelity to duty, well known to Colonel Stockton, won for him the coveted prize, much to the chagrin of several other comrades who valiantly offered their services.

Leading the brigade in the last charge on Marye's Heights, he was again wounded, but not so severely as to prevent him from planting his colors within a hundred and fifty yards of the enemy's line, where they remained thirty hours.

Three days later he proudly bore this flag, with the shaft shattered and the flag pierced with several bullets, back across the Rappahannock, being one of the last to cross the river, his brigade having been detailed to cover the retreat.

It was in this battle, on Sunday, December 14, while the brigade lay hugging the ground behind the slight elevation of land a few yards in front of the enemy, and momentarily expecting an attack, that young Sidman, with a

comrade, displayed humanity as well as valor by running the gauntlet through the railway cut, for canteens of water for the sick and wounded comrades. This was at a time when the enemy's sharpshooters were so stationed as to command the ground at the rear of the Union lines.

Thirty years afterward at the great encampment of the G. A. R., at Washington, D. C., September 19-25, 1892, where the survivors of this brigade held a reunion, comrade Sidman presented to the association a duplicate of the flag with which he had led the brigade up Marye's Heights.

Captain Ziba Graham, in presenting the flag in behalf of comrade Sidman, said:

"Well do I remember that December day in 1862, as we stood *en masse* on Stafford Heights, overlooking Fredericksburg, all ready to cross the Rappahannock, when the first brigade colors for our brigade were brought upon the field. I can see now the eagerness with which this comrade Sidman, a mere boy, with scarce the down of young manhood upon his chin, sprang forward from the ranks and begged of me the permission to carry those colors. It was granted. Colonel Stockton in command, admiring his pluck but deprecating his youth, finally gave his consent. Sidman brought them out of that hell of fire, many holes shot in them, himself wounded. On his breast to-day he wears the medal of honor, a patent of nobility for bravery far above riches and above price."

Soon after the battle of Fredericksburg Sidman was promoted to corporal, and regularly detailed as one of the regimental color guard. He was with his command at Chancellorsville, Kelly's Ford and Middleburg, Va. At the last named battle, fought June 21, 1863, while in the front rank of the color guard charging and driving the enemy's cavalry from behind stone walls, he was wounded by a carbine ball through his right foot.

He returned to his regiment the following December, but his wounds so afflicted him that he was unable to perform duty.

He was offered his discharge, but declined it, hoping the advent of warm weather might find him improved in health. February, 1864, against his protest, he was transferred to the invalid corps, where he remained until November 14, 1865, when he was honorably mustered out of service, having served almost continuously from April 19, 1861.

While in the invalid corps, and stationed in Washington, D. C., in 1865, he was a witness and orderly for the court that tried and condemned the conspirators for the assassination of President Lincoln, and was present when Mrs. Surratt and her companions were hanged.

Since the war comrade Sidman has held several important government positions.

In 1866 he was appointed assistant assessor of internal revenue at Bay City, Mich. In 1867 he was nominated and confirmed United States consul to Mecklinburg-Schwerin, Germany, which office was soon afterward abolished because of the Confederation of the German dependencies.

In 1877 he went to South Africa on a gold and diamond prospecting expedition, and was in that country three years. He was there during the Zulu war, and proposed to enter King Cetawayo's kraals and bring back information greatly desired by the British authorities, but being regarded as a "Yankee adventurer," his offer was declined.

He, with four other Americans, organized an expedition across the Limpopo, and spent several months in the Lo Bengula country, of Mashonaland and the Makapans, between the Limpopo and Zambesi rivers.

Returning to this country in 1880, he sought a governmental appointment in the departments in Washington, and was rewarded with a clerkship in the pension bureau.

Since 1882 he has been a special examiner of pensions.

Comrade Sidman is a member of Post 3, G. A. R., Washington D. C., and served as aid-de-camp on Commander-in-Chief Warner's staff in 1889-90.

He is also an active member of the Medal of Honor Legion, having held the office of inspector of the legion for 1892-93.



CHAPTER XV.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JAMES QUINLAN, 88TH NEW YORK INFANTRY—THE CHARGE OF A REGIMENT
AT SAVAGE STATION—BENJ. B. LEVY, 1ST NEW YORK INFANTRY—CUTTING LOOSE THE
TOW—THROWING AWAY THE DRUM AND TAKING THE MUSKET—JOHN L. YONKER,
12TH UNITED STATES INFANTRY—THE INCIDENT AT CEDAR MOUNTAIN—
CHARLES SHAMBAUGH, 11TH PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES—
G. W. ROOSEVELT, 26TH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY—
JAMES ALLEN, 16TH NEW YORK INFANTRY.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JAMES QUINLAN, 88th New York Infantry, was born in Ireland in 1833, and enlisted in New York, April 23, 1861, for a three months' term, as captain of engineers in the 69th Regiment. Reenlisted September 10, 1861, in the 88th New York Infantry; was commissioned as major, promoted to lieutenant-colonel, and honorably discharged February 4, 1863, on a medical certificate of disability.

During his term of service he participated in the engagements at Blackburn's Ford, First Bull Run, Siege of Yorktown, White Oak Swamp, Fair Oaks, Burnt Chimney, Second Fair Oaks, Gaines Mills, Savage Station, Glendale, Malvern Hill, Antietam, Charlestown, Va., Hardwood Church, Va.

Instead of telling the story of how he won the medal of honor, he sends an attested copy of the letter from General W. W. Burns to the Secretary of War, which is given below in full, following a brief account of the engagement of June 29, 1864, which is quoted from the Century Company's "War Book," vol. II, p. 373:

"The enemy made the infantry attack with great fury, and pierced the center of General Burns' line. General Burns was wounded, but remained on the field. At this time General Sumner placed himself in front of two regiments and waved his hat. With a cheer they moved forward at double time to the endangered place in General Burns' line, enabling him to rectify it and drive the enemy from his front. Several other regiments joined General



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JAMES QUINLAN.

Burns' line at about the same time, but the fight was over not long after the charge and the enemy was driven from the wood. A Confederate battery placed near the Williamsburg road was compelled to withdraw in haste. On the left General Brooks' brigade of General Smith's division, sixth corps, moved forward, with its right on the Williamsburg road, against a force of the enemy that was moving south of that road in the wood skirting the open field. It steadily drove back the enemy, meeting with heavy loss, particularly in the 5th Vermont Regiment. Darkness ended the fight. General Brooks was wounded in the leg, but did not leave the field. Hancock's and Davidson's brigades (Smith's division) were posted some distance to the rear to repel an anticipated attack from the right and rear, but were not engaged. When the fight was over, our troops held the contested ground. Their behavior throughout the fight had been admirable."

ST. DENIS HOTEL, BROADWAY AND ELEVENTH ST., }
NEW YORK, November, 1891. }

HON. REDFIELD PROCTOR,

Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.

Sir: — I have the honor to state that I was sent back by General Sumner from the point of entering White Oak Swamp, Corduroy Road, to meet the enemy near Savage Station, Va. General Sumner, believing that General Heintzelman's corps occupied the works at Seven Pines, thought the enemy attacking him was to the right of those works, and gave me but two regiments. On arriving at the wood, I soon discovered that the Seven Pines works were evacuated by General Heintzelman, and I was confronted by the divisions of Magruder and Huger.

I so informed General Sumner. He could not be convinced until a battery opened upon his massed troops on the Williamsburg road. He then sent me one regiment, the 1st Minnesota. I demanded more troops and convinced him that the enemy would turn my position and reach him behind the Seven Pines works.

General Franklin, seeing the imminence of that danger, sent the Vermont Brigade, (General Brooks) into the wood. The Honorable Secretary knows from personal experience the necessity of that move. I feared the Confederates from that direction, and when I heard loud cries from my rear I thought they had turned me, but I was relieved to hear, in answer to my inquiry, that they were Major Quinlan, and the 88th New York. I immediately formed this regiment facing the opening made in the ranks of the 1st Minnesota by the battery firing down the Williamsburg road; and when they had discharged a volley, I sent the 88th at a charge up the road. The gallant Irishmen dashed forward with tremendous noise, and as the battery commander said in his report "overwhelmed his battery, so that he had to limber up and retire precipitately."

The conduct of Major Quinlan on that occasion was that of a self-sacrificing soldier. He dashed into the very face of death, so far as he could know, and thereby relieved the troops massed in a *cul de sac* from the battery's devastating fire, and probably discouraged the enemy for the day, for the fighting was not renewed after the silencing of their battery after nightfall. Colonel Quinlan deserves the badge of gallantry to be awarded to the most brave and intrepid on the field.

W. W. BURNS,
Brevet Brigadier-General, U. S. A.

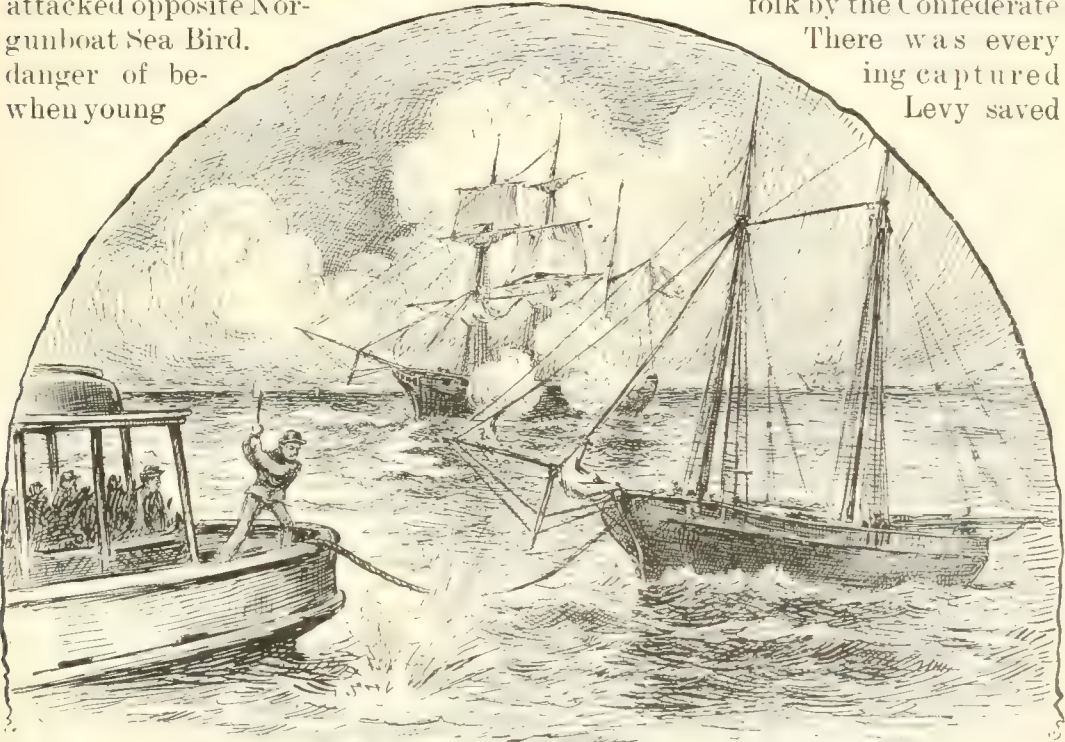
BENJAMIN B. LEVY.

1ST NEW YORK INFANTRY.

BENJAMIN B. LEVY was born in New York, in 1845, and enlisted at Yonkers in the same State in May, 1861, as drummer boy in Company G, 1st

New York Infantry. At the expiration of his first term of service he reenlisted, December, 1863, in the 40th New York Infantry, participating in nearly all the engagements with the Army of the Potomac, and was in Berry's Brigade, Birney's division of the old third corps.

While the 1st New York was stationed at Newport News, Levy was detailed as orderly for General Mansfield. While being despatched on board the steamer Express to General Wool at Fortress Monroe, the steamboat was attacked opposite Nor-folk by the Confederate gunboat Sea Bird. There was every danger of being captured when young Levy saved



LEVY CUTTING ADRIET THE TOW.

the steamer by cutting loose the water schooner, which she had in tow. For this act he was highly complimented by Generals Mansfield and Wool.

On his retreat from Richmond under General McClellan, his tent mate was ill, and to save him from being taken prisoner, Levy threw away his drum, carrying his comrade's gun and equipage, went into the fight at Charles City crossroads with his regiment, and saved two of the colors from capture. For this act he was promoted on the field by General Phil Kearny to color-sergeant of the regiment. He was one of the first from New York to receive the medal of honor from Congress.

Of Levy, General Daniel E. Sickles wrote, since the close of the war:

"Levy was a soldier of remarkable merit, and was highly esteemed and frequently noticed for gallantry and good conduct, by Generals Phil Kearny, Mansfield, Birney, Berry and Egan. He also served under my command, and I am glad to testify as a soldier to his bravery and gallantry."

The following is a copy of the testimonial from Garret Dyckman:

NEW YORK, January 9, 1864.

This is to certify that Benjamin B. Levy was a soldier in the 1st regiment of New York Volunteers from the organization of the regiment, and performed his duty as a soldier without censure during his term of service.

The said Benjamin Levy, while on board the steamer Express, at the time she was about being captured by a gunboat from Norfolk, by his presence of mind saved the steamer, and under my own eyes at a fight at Charles City crossroads, he being a drummer at the time and the color sergeants and corporals having been shot down, Levy carried two of the colors of the regiment throughout the fight.

GARRET DYCKMAN,
Late Colonel 1st New York Volunteers.

JOHN L. YOUNKER.

SECOND BATTALION, 12TH U. S. INFANTRY.

JOHN L. YOUNKER was born in Germany, in 1836, and enlisted at Circleville, O., March 31, 1862, as corporal in Company A, 2nd Battalion, 12th U. S. Infantry.

He participated in the engagement at Cedar Mountain, Second Bull Run, Antietam, Mine Run, Wilderness, Spottsylvania Courthouse, Laurel Hill, North Anna, Bethesda Church, Tolopotomy Creek and Cold Harbor.

He was wounded at Cedar Mountain, and at Antietam, and taken prisoner at Cold Harbor, being confined in Andersonville and Florence three months and nine days.

His medal of honor was awarded for bravery in the field at the battle of Cedar Mountain.

The following extract is made from a war correspondent's account of that engagement:

"General Banks was ordered to advance and hold the enemy in check, and on Saturday, August 9, 1862, he discovered him in position at Cedar Mountain, ten miles from Culpepper. General Banks took up a position on an elevated spot about a mile and a half from the mountain, and the battle was commenced by the enemy's artillery about 3 o'clock in the afternoon."

As soon as the position of the batteries was discovered, General Prince advanced with the 102nd New York, the 3rd Maryland and the 109th and 111th Pennsylvania, in order to take the enemy's guns; but the effort failed. The

fire of the Confederates, both from their batteries and from masses of infantry suddenly emerging from behind a hill, was too much for them. Slowly they were compelled to withdraw, but not until they had lost half their men.

General Geary's brigade, which was on the right of that of General Prince, had also advanced nearly in the same line. This brigade was composed of the 5th, 7th, 29th and 66th Ohio regiments, and was formerly commanded by General Tyler, in the battles of Winchester and Port Republic. These two brigades fought with the most determined courage until nightfall. Prince was taken prisoner, and General Geary had his arm shattered by a minie ball. The brigades of Crawford and Gordon on the right encountered the same overwhelming masses of two to one, but were not beaten back until more than half the men had fallen or were taken prisoners. The brigade of Crawford especially suffered terribly. The regiments in all the brigades were very thin, some of them not having more than two hundred men.

The forces under General Banks, which were engaged in the battle, numbered about 10,000, while those

of Jackson, Ewell and Longstreet, amounted to more than 21,000. The loss on each side was about 2,000. In the evening General Pope arrived on the field, accompanied by General McDowell with a part of his division, which was rapidly placed in position. General Sigel, with his force, also arrived, but the battle was over so far as the infantry was concerned. Cannonading continued until late at night.

Writing in regard to this particular service Mr. Younker says:

At the battle of Cedar Mountain our own artillery fire became very destructive to the Union forces, when Captain T. M. Anderson, 12th United States Infantry, called for a volunteer to carry the order back to cease firing, which I volunteered to do. I took the order, and on my return was wounded in the left arm. I was promoted on the field to corporal; hence the medal of honor.



CARRYING THE ORDER TO CEASE FIRING.

CHARLES SHAMBAUGH.


11TH PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES.

CHARLES SHAMBAUGH is at present employed in the war department at Washington. He was corporal of Company B, 11th Pennsylvania Reserves, and captured a flag at Charles City crossroads, June 30, 1862.

Shambaugh, seeing the Confederate colors, remarked to Sergeant Howard that as the Confederates had taken some of their flags at Gaines Mills, with the capture of nine companies of the regiment, it would be a good idea to take their flag in retaliation.

With this purpose in view they took a position in advance of the Union line of battle, and when the Confederates charged, Shambaugh seized the colors from the bearer, and succeeded in getting back to the Union line with them, thus performing an act of daring bravery in the face of almost certain death or capture, for which he was awarded a medal of honor.

In the rush Howard and Shambaugh were separated, thus preventing



WAITING TO CAPTURE THE COLORS.

ing the former from taking part in the capture of the flag.

The 11th was a fighting regiment, its losses in battle standing at the head of the list of regiments in the Pennsylvania reserves, and its percentage of loss is among the largest of any in the war.

Mr. Shambaugh lost one leg at the second battle of Bull Run.

CAPTAIN GEORGE W. ROOSEVELT.

26TH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY.

MR. ROOSEVELT, who is at present the United States consul to Belgium, was born in Chester, Pa., February 14, 1843. April 16, 1861, he enlisted in his native town in Company K, 26th Pennsylvania Infantry, and was mustered in on the 5th of the following month at Philadelphia, Pa.

He ranked successively as corporal, sergeant, color-bearer, first sergeant and brevet captain.

During his term of service he participated in the following engagements:

Siege of Yorktown, Williamsburg, Deep Bottom, Fair Oaks (first and second), Savage Station, Glendale, White Oak Swamps, First Malvern Hill,

Second Malvern Hill, Bristoe Station, second Bull Run, Chantilly, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and numerous skirmishes.

It was at the second Bull Run that he performed the service which won for him the medal of honor, by recapturing a regimental flag, and then he was but nineteen years of age.

In Gettysburg, where he lost his left leg, he captured a Confederate flag, and says in regard to it:

"I was wounded before I could get away with it."

He was slightly wounded in the head at Fair Oaks, and received his brevet captaincy from the Governor of Pennsylvania for "wounds received, and gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863."

His medal of honor is inscribed:

"For gallant and meritorious conduct at the battles of Bull Run, Va., and Gettysburg, Pa."

CORPORAL JAMES ALLEN.

16TH NEW YORK VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

THE commander of Garfield Post, No. 8, of St. Paul, Minn., of which I am a member, handed me your letter, and I readily give an account of my service in the war for the preservation of the Republic from 1861 to 1865.

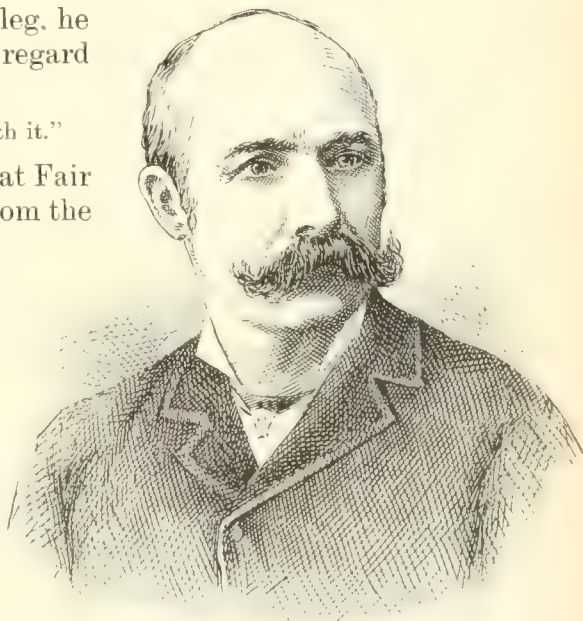
I enlisted in Potsdam, N. Y., April 24, 1861, in Company F, New York Volunteer Infantry, was discharged therefrom May 26, 1863, my term of service having expired. During that time I participated in all the battles in which the Army of the Potomac was engaged, from the first Bull Run to Chancellorsville, in which last action I was a member of the color guard and received a slight wound.

From the time of entering the army until leaving it, I never saw the inside of a hospital.

This, I believe, makes up my record as a soldier.

I won a medal of honor at the battle of Crampton's Pass, when our division made a charge.

My regiment was in the 2nd brigade, 1st division, sixth corps, which was composed of the 16th and 27th New York, 5th Maine, and 96th Pennsylvania. The charge was conducted by General J. J. Bartlett.



CAPTAIN GEORGE W. ROOSEVELT.

The charge was made through a cornfield of large growth, and on going in our color-sergeant was killed by a bullet in the forehead. After entering the corn a comrade and myself by mistake became detached from the company, and when near a stone wall at the base of the mountain we learned that we were alone with a large squad of the enemy directly in our front. Turning to me my comrade said with a grimace:

"Now what have we to do, Jim?"

"Charge the wall. I reckon. That was what we came for."

He was willing, and the two of us represented the Second Brigade at this particular point, being so fortunate as to drive the enemy from cover. After gaining a few rods beyond the wall, my comrade had his left leg broken above the knee by a bullet, from which wound he afterward died.

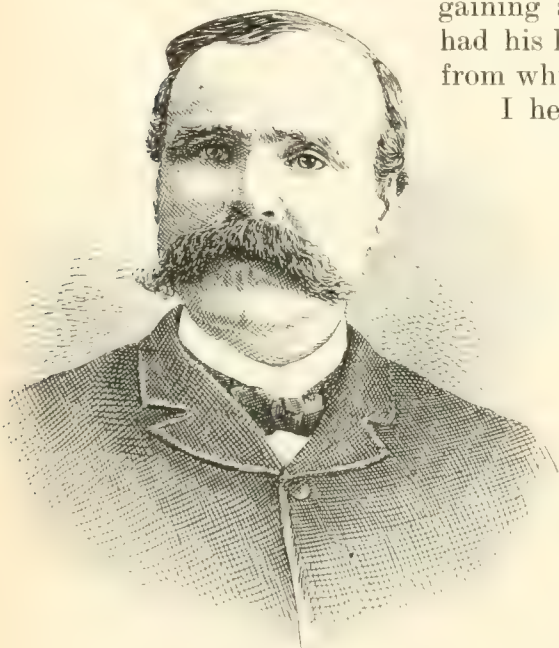
I helped the poor boy to a tree which would shelter him somewhat, and continued the charge alone up the rugged side of the mountain only a few rods behind the enemy, until they reached the road which led through the pass, where was a wall about seven feet high on the lower side, over which they went, leaping down into the highway. Then one of them turned and fired at me, cutting my coat and shirt, and grazing the skin under my right arm.

I stopped to load my gun, and while doing so came to the conclusion that it wasn't safe to stay there alone, when only about five rods separated me from the squad, so I did my level best to get under cover of the wall. Once there, I

was at a loss to decide what would be the next best move. To beat a retreat now would simply be to invite death, for the Confederates evidently thought there were more behind me, otherwise they never would have run from one man, and it seemed as if my wisest course was to let them continue in the same train of thought.

I made a sudden dash over the wall, and landed in the road in the midst of fourteen members of the 16th Georgia Regiment, one of whom was the color-sergeant, and seeing the flag I made up my mind to get it if possible.

I ordered them to surrender as boldly as if the entire division was at my back, and after some little hesitation, induced by my threats of what might



JAMES ALLEN.

happen, they complied. I took the colors from the sergeant, ordered the men to stack their arms, hang the cartridge boxes on the guns, and you can fancy I got between them and the weapons without loss of time.

I was having quite an interesting conversation with them when my colonel rode up the road, for I had gained a position far in advance of the regiment, and I told him he had better take charge of the prisoners; but he ordered me to hold on until he sent a detachment to carry them to the rear.

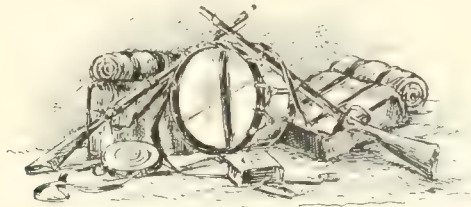
In a few moments I was relieved of what might have proved a troublesome charge if they had taken it into their heads to overpower me before the colonel came, and, retaining the colors, proceeded up the mountain.

On reaching the summit I rejoined my company and reported to the captain, showing the flag as proof of what I had done. A detail was sent out for my wounded comrade, and he was cared for as well as possible under the circumstances.

In this engagement my company lost one third of its members, and it was a small party of us that marched to Antietam next day to take part in that action.

I did not think enough about the medal to make application for it until six months ago, and then I received it in due time.

It only remains to add that I served in the military railroad service from September, 1863, until October 1, 1865, always at the front.



CHAPTER XVI.

A MORNING RAID—THE FORGOTTEN FLAG—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WM. H. POWELL, U. S. A.—THE QUESTION OF PERSONAL COURAGE—AN OFFICER WHO WAS BRAVE IN BATTLE AND FRIGHTENED IN DARKNESS AND UNCERTAINTY.

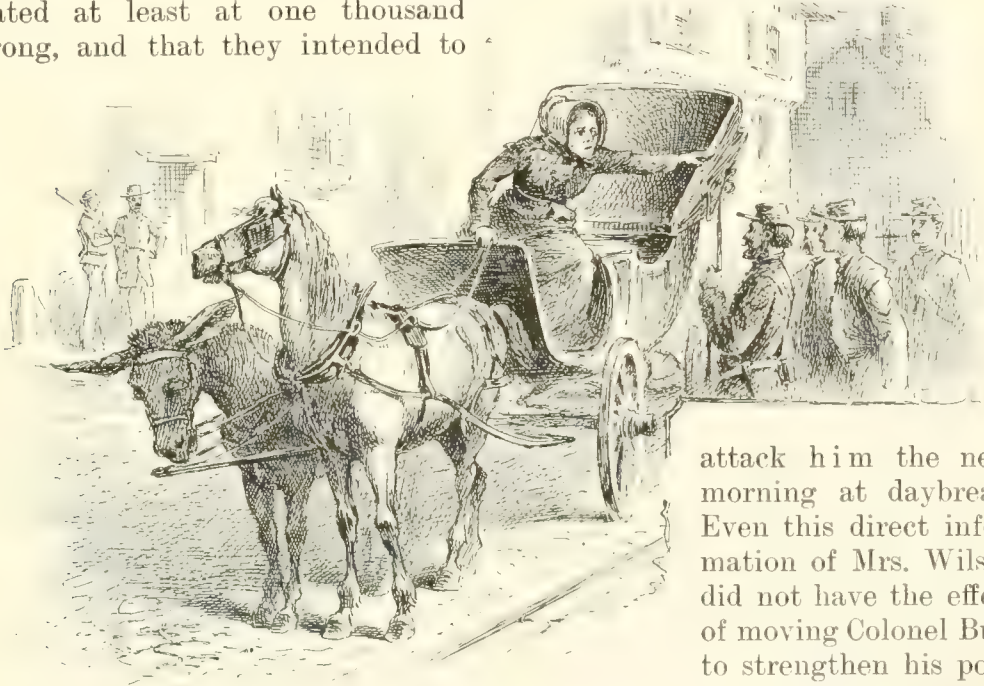
A WAR EPISODE IN A BORDER TOWN.

BY WILEY BRITTON.

IN the action at Independence, Mo., on the 11th of August, 1862, between the Federal forces under Lieutenant-Colonel James T. Buel, Seventh Missouri Cavalry, and the Confederate forces under Colonel John T. Hughes and the guerrilla leader, William Quantrill, there was an act of deliberate bravery displayed by private William O. Buhoe on the Federal side, that deserves mention and preserving in the depositary of individual acts of heroism of the late War of the Rebellion. Jackson County, of which Independence is the county-seat, had a rough section on the east side, known as the Erie hills, and the breaks of the Blue rivers, which had already become favorite haunts of guerrilla bands operating under the leadership of Quantrill, whose name was afterward associated with the bloodiest acts of the war. To maintain order and hold in check the guerrillas of this section, Colonel Buel had been sent by General Totten to take command of the post of Independence the early part of June, 1862, his force consisting of three companies of his own regiment, Captain W. H. Rodewald's company of the 6th Missouri Enrolled Militia, and Captain Jacob Axline's and Captain Aaron Thomas' companies of Colonel Newgent's second battalion Missouri Provisional Militia. This force was mounted except Captain Rodewald's company, and as much as one company was kept out on scouting duty most of the time.

Colonel Buel's troops were not posted advantageously for meeting a sudden or unexpected attack of a superior force. His headquarters were in the Southern Bank building, two doors from the southwest corner of the public square on Lexington street, and Captain Rodewald's company was quartered in a two-story brick building on the opposite side from headquarters. The cavalry were encamped in tents in a depression on the south side of Lexington Street about half a mile west of headquarters. For several days prior to the attack there were rumors in town that the Confederates were concentrating in considerable force in the neighborhood of Blue Springs, about eleven miles east of Independence, and the Southern sympathizers about town wore more bold and cheerful expressions than usual, and even

intimated that they expected an attack by the Confederate forces. These rumors and the boldness of the Southern sympathizers reached the ears of Colonel Buel, but as he had been almost daily importuned for several weeks about threatened danger, and as his scouting parties had reported that they could hear of no organized force of the enemy in that section, he paid no particular attention to them. Down even to the night before the attack, a Mrs. Wilson, a Union woman who resided near Blue Springs, rode into town about ten o'clock Sunday night and reported to Colonel Buel that she had just seen the Southern forces, estimated at least at one thousand strong, and that they intended to



GIVING INFORMATION TO THE ENEMY.

threatened attack. Captain Rodewald, who had heard the report of Mrs. Wilson stayed with his men that night and notified them of the threatened attack, and directed them to sleep on their arms and have them in readiness for use at a moment's notice. Mounted picket guards were posted on all the roads leading into town, a mile or so out, but they were not cautioned to be more than usually vigilant after the alarming report of Mrs. Wilson that evening.

The next morning about four o'clock, the guard posted near Colonel Buel's headquarters heard the tramping of numerous horses' feet coming into town on the Blue Springs road, and in another moment the head of the column

attack him the next morning at daybreak. Even this direct information of Mrs. Wilson did not have the effect of moving Colonel Buel to strengthen his position or to make any preparation for the

had reached the southeast corner of the courthouse square, and the men were rapidly dismounting and hitching their horses to the fence around the square. In the meantime the guard discharged his gun at the advancing men and then fled to headquarters and to Captain Rodewald's quarters to give the alarm. The discharge of his gun had awakened the guard in the guard room on the first floor and most of Captain Rodewald's men on the second floor. The captain led his men down stairs as quickly as possible, and the moment he got on the street he saw it was full of men, dismounted, marching rapidly in the direction of the cavalry camp on the west side of town. He seized one of the men by the arm who was passing near him and, looking him in the face, recognized him as a Confederate soldier who lived in Independence, and then took him prisoner on the spot. He then called out to his company that the men in the street were rebels, and bringing his men into line, ordered them to fire upon the enemy, many of whom were still within range. This movement cut off the rear-most of the enemy, some of whom were made prisoners. A volley from the Unionists directed up Lexington Street, the direction from which the enemy had approached, drove back beyond rifle range those who had not passed with the main command. Captain Rodewald held his position at the crossing of Liberty and Lexington streets until after daylight, having repulsed three attacks of the enemy. He was then ordered by Colonel Buel to bring his men into headquarters building and to take possession of all the windows and openings of the first and second stories and of an open-ground space on the west side of the building. The colonel soon discovered that he had no flag to raise over his building, which he desired unfurled to show to the men in camp that he was still holding out. He was expressing his anxiety about the matter to Captain Rodewald. In bringing his men out of their quarters in the darkness the captain had neglected to bring his flag out with them, and the street between the two buildings was now commanded by the Confederate sharpshooters. It was regarded as almost certain death for any one to attempt to cross the street to the building to get the flag. Private Buhoe, a young man about sixteen years of age, of Captain Rodewald's company, having heard the conversation about the flag, volunteered to go over and get it. The colonel gave him permission, and he swiftly crossed and recrossed the street barefooted, amid a shower of bullets, bringing back with him the flag, which was soon hoisted over headquarters, but not until two men had been shot and killed by the Confederate sharpshooters in endeavoring to perform this duty. After these fatalities two Confederate prisoners, a recently captured lieutenant and one private, were required to fasten the flag to the chimney, which they did without injury, being recognized by the Confederate sharpshooters. The Confederates finally



RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

secured a position from which they could fire the buildings adjoining the one occupied by Colonel Buel, and he was obliged to surrender most of his force. But in the meantime his men in camp and in the building with him displayed desperate gallantry, and inflicted a heavy loss on the enemy, particularly in officers. Colonels Hughes, Kit Chiles and Boyd, Majors Hart and Wortels, Captains Brown, Clark and Chambers, and Lieutenants Jones and Johnson, were killed and mortally wounded, and Colonels G. W. Thompson and Upton Hays were seriously wounded. The entire Federal casualties were seventy-four soldiers and officers killed and wounded, the heaviest loss falling upon the soldiers in camp, who were completely surprised and fired upon while sleeping in their tents.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WM. H. POWELL, U. S. A.

"The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring."

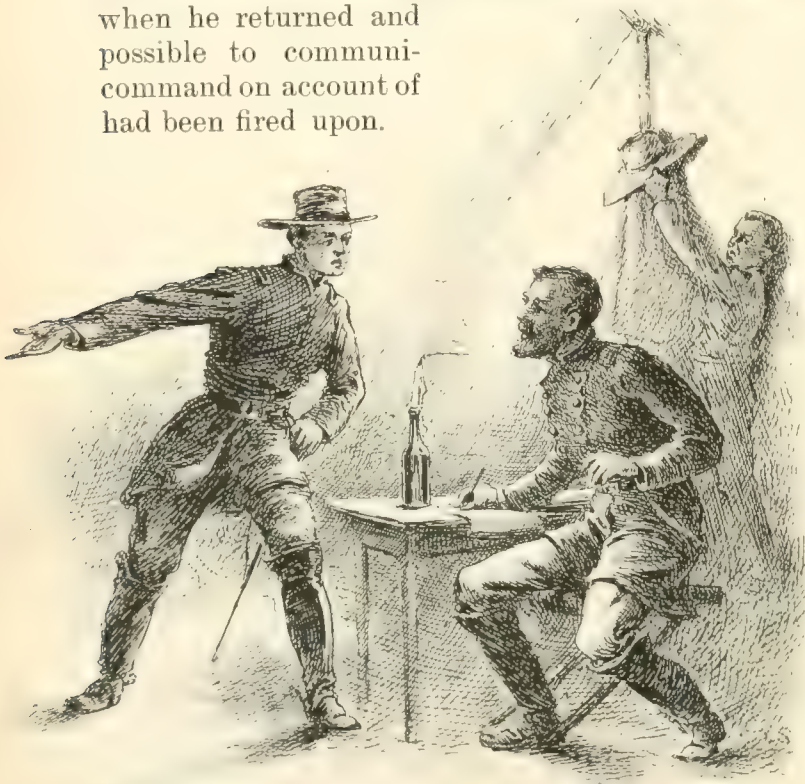
PERSONAL bravery is, and has been since the world began, held in the highest esteem by all human beings, and a substantial recognition of it should be made by all nations, whether despotic, monarchical or republican.

Deeds of bravery are performed under two different conditions of the human mind—one under the influence of excitement, and the other under all the elements of danger of the first without the attendant excitement to stimulate the action. How many men have been granted medals of honor for the capture of battle flags? And yet the majority of these men could not have done so had they not been supported by their gallant companions, who were not so fortunate as to be in close proximity to the captured flags, although in the same regiment. Should not these men be recognized at least by an iron cross, to be given to all who participated in the great battles?

The majority of the medals of honor given by the United States Government have been for deeds performed on the field of battle, under the excitement of the roar of artillery, the rattle of musketry and the clash of the saber; while but few have been given for heroism displayed without the accompanying uproar—the latter requiring more direct personal courage to execute, because the brain was not excited by battle auxiliaries. He is a brave man who, knowing and fearing the danger he is encountering, goes calmly and collectedly into the face of death to carry out his orders, with the proud consciousness that he does it because it is his duty, and without the hope of reward.

An instance illustrative of this fact occurred with an officer during the War of the Rebellion. During one of the great battles in the southwest an officer of the Union army, under the excitement of a furious assault by the

Confederates, did such good work with a battery of position, and behaved so gallantly that, as a reward, he was assigned to duty on the staff of one of the greatest generals, and no doubt, to-day, if he were living, would be the holder of one of the medals of honor. Subsequently, during the campaign of 1865 with the Army of the Potomac, a great battle had been fought at some distance from the main army, and it was necessary to know the result of it. The officer to whom I have referred as behaving so gallantly under the excitement of battle was sent, after dark, to obtain the information. He was accompanied by a mounted orderly. An hour or two had elapsed when he returned and possible to communicate on account of had been fired upon.



THE NEWS OF FIVE FORKS.

reported that it was impossible to communicate with the detached the enemy, and that he

This statement was at the time doubted, because, unless the Union troops had been defeated it was impossible for the enemy to be on the line of communication. However, another staff officer volunteered to go, saying that if he was not back by midnight, they might consider him captured. The last-mentioned officer not only communicated without interference, but returned about the time specified with the news of the glorious victory of Five Forks; and on the strength of that information the

general assault was made upon the Petersburg lines the following morning at daylight, which resulted in the fall of Richmond and Petersburg, and eventually the surrender of General Lee's army.

Upon investigation, the orderly who accompanied the first-mentioned officer stated that he had seen nothing of the enemy (not knowing what report his officer had made) and had heard no shots fired, and the officer himself was forced to admit that he was too much frightened to proceed

further than he did. It is needless to say that he was never again intrusted with an important commission, and was quietly dropped from the staff a short time afterward.

All men admit, if they speak truthfully, that the time when troops are taking position preparatory to battle—when a few shells are bursting about and the advanced sharpshooters are picking off a man here and there—is the most trying to overcome, and four-fifths of the men would act cowardly were it not for the moral courage which sustains them until the excitement of actual conflict begins. It is during this trying period that men without moral courage run away or surreptitiously drop out of the ranks and hide. The greater the intelligence and the more elevated the character of the individual, the more he can be relied upon to stand the test of this most trying period. Resolute and ambitious, the true soldier will check the outward flow of his feelings and face death as if he meant a struggle for life. The coward, on the contrary, becomes a slave to his illusions and vanishes with the first scent of danger.



CHAPTER XVII.

CONFLICTS AT THE STONE WALL, ANTIETAM — THEOD. W. GREIG, 61ST NEW YORK INFANTRY — FRANK M. WHITEMAN, 30TH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY — SUCORING THE WOUNDED — MAJOR THOS. W. HYDE, 7TH MAINE INFANTRY — J. G. ORTH, 28TH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY.

THEODORE W. GREIG, 61st New York Infantry, was born in 1843 in New York city; enlisted in Company A, 61st New York Volunteer Infantry, as private, September 9, 1861; was promoted successively to sergeant major, 2nd lieutenant, 1st lieutenant, and captain; was appointed aid-de-camp to Colonel G. W. Van Sheck, commanding first brigade, first division second army corps, February 3, 1863; was appointed assistant inspector general, second brigade, first division, second army corps; was in thirty-six of the battles of the Army of the Potomac; was discharged from service October 9, 1864, by reason of expiration of enlistment, and was brevetted major of the New York State Volunteers, May 20, 1867, for meritorious service in the late Civil War.

Such was the record given by Mr. Greig himself to the compiler of this work in 1892. He is now dead.

Greig was a soldier who fairly earned the rapid promotions which were thrust upon him.

It was at Antietam that he won the medal of honor, when hardly more than a boy, and earned it so bravely that there has never since been any who could claim it was an undeserved reward.

Antietam was a field on which both the boys in blue and those in gray proved to the entire satisfaction of the world that there was a strain of fighting blood in America.

The Confederate line, more than three miles long, was formed on a crescent-shaped ridge which slopes down into an undulating valley.

Behind the crest the enemy lay in strong positions, sheltered by ridges and hills, and especially strong on the flanks. Antietam Creek swept by the whole front of their position.

It was Hooker who advanced on the right, sustained by Sumner, Franklin and Mansfield. In front came the batteries with their infantry supports, and Burnside crossed the creek at the bridge, attacking the enemy there.

There was artillery at all points. Porter and Sykes with fifteen thousand men were held in reserve. McClellan's headquarters were on a high hill two miles in the rear, and overlooking the field.

Hooker began on Wednesday morning with a furious attack, and then ordered his whole line forward.

The Confederates were driven back through the cornfields into the woods; artillery was brought up to dislodge them, and then it was that Sumner arrived at the critical moment with his veteran Peninsula corps. Hooker was wounded in the foot. The enemy pressed back Crawford's line, Sedgwick was wounded, Colonel Hinks of the 19th Massachusetts was killed, half of the 15th Massachusetts fell under the leaden rain. Richardson was wounded, and so was Brigadier-General Dana. Sumner finally withdrew to his first position, abandoning the cornfields to the enemy.

At one o'clock affairs on the right looked gloomy for the Federals. Hooker's troops were exhausted and their general was in the hospital.

Mansfield's men were used up, and Sumner had lost heavily. Then came General Franklin with fresh men, and the Maine and New Hampshire regiments swept like an avalanche through the cornfield, which they gained possession of by three o'clock, and held it finally, after having been twice pre-



"TO YOU WAS IT GIVEN AND TAKEN!"

viously in possession. Burnside was endeavoring to carry the batteries on the left, and McClellan had massed his forces on the right. General Reno was killed. The 11th Connecticut won laurels for themselves on the bridge. The 2nd Maryland, 6th New Hampshire, 51st New York and 51st Pennsylvania

showed their fighting qualities in the charge. Colonel Kingsbury of the 11th Connecticut was killed.

The story of the battle of Antietam has been told again and again until there is hardly a detail with which the reader is not already familiar. It is the purpose of this sketch only to explain how Lieutenant Greig won his medal of honor.

Directly in front of the 61st was the 4th Alabama, whose standard bearer, in a spirit of bravado, had stuck the flagstaff in the ground a short distance in advance of their line, mutely challenging the foe to capture it. The terrible game of iron dice, in which the stakes were life or death, was forgotten in the desire to gain that trophy of the battle.

Man after man started across the lead-swept space between the battle lines to gain it, until dotted here and there were the lifeless forms of blue, showing how well the Alabama regiment was guarding its colors.

Some of the members of the 69th New York had run forward to gain the coveted flag, causing a sharp, continuous fire for several moments, either disabling those who would have wrested the "Stars and Bars" from the regiment which owned it, or driving them back in confusion.

Then came a moment of inaction, when it was necessary the soldiers should reload their guns, and Greig, realizing the time had come for him, started forward on the run, threading his way here and there among the dead and the dying who had been ready to yield up life for the piece of bunting, and the boy succeeded in taking it.

The Alabamians advanced to recover the flag, and the men of the 61st fired rapidly to protect the young lieutenant. It was the fiercest moment of the whole battle, and yet the moment when nothing was at stake save the regiment's honor.

Step by step Greig approaches his comrades, the iron hail coming thicker and faster, until finally a bullet pierces his body, and, with his blood staining the colors he has captured, he falls forward apparently lifeless at the feet of his companions, who are pressing beyond the battle line to protect him. He is wounded, mortally perhaps, but there is no time to give him the attention his comrades would wish to bestow. What is one human life against the thousands yet to be taken? What is one boy when the fate of a nation hangs in the balance?

Greig did recover, however, by clear pluck, enduring the pain of his wounds and privations of the camp hospital, and by sheer force of will pulled himself up from the brink of the grave to receive his medal of honor, and with it merited promotion.

FRANK M. WHITMAN.

35TH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY.

HE was born at Woodstock, Me., in 1838, and resided in Haverhill, Mass., when the war broke out.

He enlisted May 4, 1861, as private in Company H, 1st New Hampshire Infantry, a three months' organization, and was mustered out of service August 9, 1861.

August 6, 1862, he again enlisted at Haverhill as corporal in Company G, 35th Massachusetts Infantry, and during this second service participated in eight general actions of the Army of the Potomac, South Mountain, Antietam, the Kentucky campaign, Vicksburg, Jackson, the siege of Knoxville, the Wilderness and Spottsylvania.

Mr. Whitman tells his own story as follows:

The 35th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry was organized in August, 1862. I was a member of Company G and one of its corporals.

We left Massachusetts August 24, and in due time arrived in Washington, and entered on the Maryland campaign of that year. The regiment was engaged in the battle of South Mountain the 14th of September.

Our victory in that engagement was followed up, and the battle of Antietam was fought on the 17th. The regiment was early on the ground. General Burnside, the commander of the Ninth Corps, was ordered to take and hold the bridge that crossed a stream of water on the opposite side of which the Confederates were in large force, being well protected by the natural formation of the bank.

The duty of taking this bridge was given to our brigade by the commander of our corps. The fight was a fierce one, but was soon won by our forces. We then advanced in line of battle, up over the hill, driving the enemy before us until he reached a very high stone wall, behind which he again gave us battle. This stone wall was along the ascending slope of the next hill beyond the one over which we were advancing. Our forces steadily advanced up and over the first hill, and part way down the descending slope, where our progress was stopped by the terrible fire of the enemy.

Here was where the great slaughter of our forces took place, nine being killed and thirty-five wounded in my own company. The losses in the other companies of the regiment were somewhat less, with the exception of Company K, which equaled that of G. The comrade on my right was wounded, while the two on my immediate left were killed.

The afternoon wore on, and as evening approached the flash from our rifles when discharged showed plainly our position. An observation made by me at this time revealed the fact that few except the dead and wounded were

on the field. A last volley was fired, of which the visible result to us was a return volley and the killing of one of our men.

By lying low and carefully watching, I discovered the enemy moving to another part of the field a short distance away. I then began to look around among the men, and found but two besides myself that were not killed or wounded.

Turn which way one would, nothing but the dead, the dying and the wounded could be seen. I can now, after thirty-one years have passed, see that sight and hear from the wounded and dying the calls for water.

We three began to relieve the suffering so far as we could, and to get the wounded away from the place. This work we continued until about half-past



SEEKING HIS FRIEND.

nine o'clock, when we started to find the regiment. I was, being a corporal and having had three months' service in Company H, 1st New Hampshire Volunteer infantry, looked upon as the leader.

The regiment was finally found, and through my urgent solicitations two officers and a number of men were sent with me to remove as many of the wounded as we could, without drawing the fire of the enemy.

On returning to the field, I found through my own observation and that of our own soldiers, who were stationed well up to the front, that the enemy had advanced his picket line some way beyond his own line, and well up to that of ours. Because of this advance our pickets would not allow us to go

outside of the lines, but by urgent appeals I was permitted, knowing where the man was, to go and get one of the wounded of my own company.

This task was a very delicate one, for had I attracted the attention of the enemy an engagement would, without doubt, have been precipitated. By stealthy movements, however, I was enabled to work my way to where my comrade lay, within a few feet of the enemy's pickets, and tell him in a whisper what, with his aid, I could do for him.

My friend, though suffering great pain, for he had a wound in one leg that caused his death three weeks afterward, mutely and thankfully took up the journey to our own lines, which though near, were yet so far away. By hard work the task was accomplished, and we got within the lines unobserved by the enemy, or, at least, without drawing his fire.

The place in our lines, through which I went and returned, was guarded by a Pennsylvania regiment which lay on the ground two ranks deep with rifles cocked and bayonets fixed. When I had obtained permission to go after my comrade I was detained until word had been whispered along the line explaining that a man was going outside, and cautioning it to keep ready to respond instantly in case the enemy was attracted by my movements. When I returned with my comrade, word was again whispered along the line that the man had returned, and the anxiety of the pickets attendant upon so hazardous a task was allayed.

The two officers and the men were enabled to remove quite a number of our wounded to where they could receive care and medical aid. This task accomplished, I went to my company, where I lay quietly down among those who were there, for the remainder of the night, and where, through exhaustion and fatigue, I was soon asleep.

The morning's dawn was sad and dreary through the falling of rain. Company G was astir early, and upon looking over its members, only eight were present, with myself as the sole company officer. All the commissioned officers and noncommissioned officers that went into the action, except myself, gone; nine killed and thirty-five wounded. What a result! Noble, heroic and grand in the line of patriotism, but at what a price! And this in less than four weeks from the time we left Massachusetts.

I set myself about performing the duties devolving upon the commanding officer of a company, for such I was. I commanded my company for about a week, and during that time was also in charge of Company K on several marches.

I participated with my regiment in the Kentucky campaign, was with it at Vicksburg and Jackson in Mississippi, and the siege of Knoxville, in Tennessee. We then came back to the Army of the Potomac, where, at the

second battle of Spottsylvania, Va., May 18, 1864, I lost my right leg, and was discharged from the service, December 20, 1864.

After the close of the war I learned that the commanding officer of my regiment had recommended me for the congressional medal of honor, basing it upon "distinguished services in action at Antietam and Spottsylvania," which I received early in 1872.

The recipients of the medal of honor formed a national association, of which I was the national commander from August, 1891, to September, 1892.

MAJOR THOMAS W. HYDE.

7TH MAINE INFANTRY.

THE medal was won by Major Thomas W. Hyde, of the 7th Maine Infantry, for distinguished bravery at Antietam, Md., September 17, 1862.

Finding it necessary to dislodge the enemy's sharpshooters, who were annoying a Union battery of four Napoleon guns while the battery was in full play, Colonel Wm. H. Irwin ordered the 7th Maine out for the purpose.

The regiment advanced in front of the skirmishers of the brigade on the left. The major threw out skirmishers and soon drove in those of the enemy from the edge of a cornfield into a hollow in front of the timber. The battalion was ordered forward, and, as the enemy opened fire on it from the front and left flank, a charge was ordered, and with fixed bayonets the men rushed forward with a cheer, led by the gallant major.

A body of the enemy in an orchard to the left, being flanked, broke and ran. Those directly in front, behind haystacks and outbuildings, also broke, and, their colors having fallen, the 7th pushed on up the hill to secure them, when a Confederate regiment suddenly rose from behind a stone wall on its right, poured in a volley, and then double-quickened around to the left to cut off the retreat.

Those in front, seeing the small number of the Union troops, had rallied and advanced in force. Looking back and seeing no support, to escape being surrounded Major Hyde marched the regiment by the left flank, formed them on a crest in the orchard, poured a volley into those who were endeavoring to cut off the retreat, and faced those in front. There the regiment received a severe fire from three directions.

A Confederate battery opened on them with grape, and they met with heavy loss, but were shielded from worse disaster by the trees. Having disposed of most of their cartridges, the regiment retreated through the orchard, gave the enemy another volley as they attempted to follow, which

drove them back, and, closing up on their colors, the remnant of the command marched back in good order to their old position on the left of the third brigade.

The affair had lasted perhaps thirty minutes. The color sergeant was killed, and all the color guards shot but one, who brought off the regimental flag, riddled with bullets. Of the one hundred and eighty-one men who went into action, twelve were killed, sixty-three wounded and twenty missing.

SERGEANT JACOB G. ORTH.

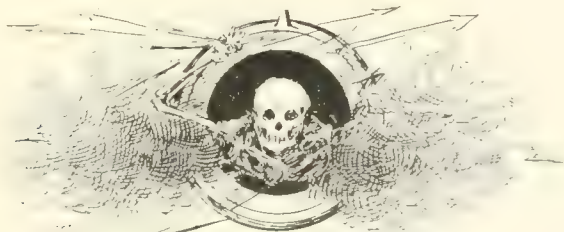
28TH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY.

HE was born in Philadelphia, November 25, 1837. He enlisted in his native city, June 6, 1861, as private in Company D, 28th Pennsylvania Infantry, serving one term, during which he was promoted to color-sergeant.

It was at Antietam, September 17, 1862, that he won his medal of honor by the capture of a flag of the 7th South Carolina Infantry. The 28th charged the enemy's position at the Dunker Church, and checked the Confederates' advance. It lost in this battle forty-four killed, two hundred and seventeen wounded and five missing, a total of two hundred and sixty-six.

Writing from Philadelphia, Mr. Orth says:

I never fancy telling much about what I did; I always tried to do my duty, and that was all I cared for.



CHAPTER XVIII.

FURTHER INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM — CHARLES B. TANNER, 1ST DELAWARE INFANTRY —
THE SUNKEN ROAD — RESCUING THE FALLEN COLORS — JOHN JOHNSON, 2ND
WISCONSIN INFANTRY — THE STORY OF A CANNONEER.

CHARLES B. TANNER, 1st Delaware Infantry, on the 16th of April, 1861, a nineteen-year-old boy, enlisted in the city of Wilmington, Del. It is not an easy matter to get from Lieutenant Tanner anything like a detailed account of the soldiiership he displayed from the time of his enlistment until he was mustered out in 1865.

Nevertheless the following account was finally obtained:

On the morning of September 17, 1862, the 1st Delaware Infantry, forming the right of Brigadier-General Max Weber's brigade, after fording Antietam creek, marched in column for a mile, then facing to the left, advanced in line of battle, forming the first line of General French's division, General E. V. Sumner's second army corps.

The enemy's batteries now opened severe fire of spherical case, shell, and solid shot.

Having advanced steadily through woods and cornfields, driving all before us, we met the Confederates in two lines of battle posted in a sunken road or ravine, with a rudely constructed breastwork of rails, sods, etc., with a third line in a cornfield forty yards in the rear, where the ground, gradually rising, enabled them to fire over the heads of those below.

Our right was also exposed to the sudden and terrible fire from the troops who had broken the center division of our formation.

The cornfield we were then in terminated about one hundred yards distant from the sunken road, leaving nothing but short pasture-grass land between us.

On coming out of the corn we were unexpectedly confronted by the heavy masses of Confederate infantry, with their muskets resting on the temporary breastwork, and all understood that the slaughter must be great; but no one flinched, for it was to be our "baptism of fire."

Our colonel dashed in front with the order to "charge" on his lips, and charge we did into that leaden hail. Inside of five minutes two hundred and eighty-six men out of six hundred and thirty-five, and eight of ten company commanders, lay wounded or dead on that bloody slope. The colonel's horse



FIRING ACROSS THE COLORS.

had been struck by four bullets; the lieutenant-colonel was wounded and his horse killed, and our dearly-loved colors were lying within twenty yards of those frowning lines of muskets, surrounded by the lifeless bodies of nine heroes, who died while trying to plant them in that road of death.

Those of us who were yet living got back to the edge of the cornfield, and opened such a fire that five times did the enemy charge to gain possession of the flags, only to be driven back with great slaughter.

We were desperate then, thinking not of life, but how to regain the broad stripes of bunting under which we had marched, bivouacked, suffered, and seen our comrades killed. To lose this would have been, in our minds, disgrace, and every man of the 1st Delaware was ready to perish rather than allow them to fall into the hands of the enemy.

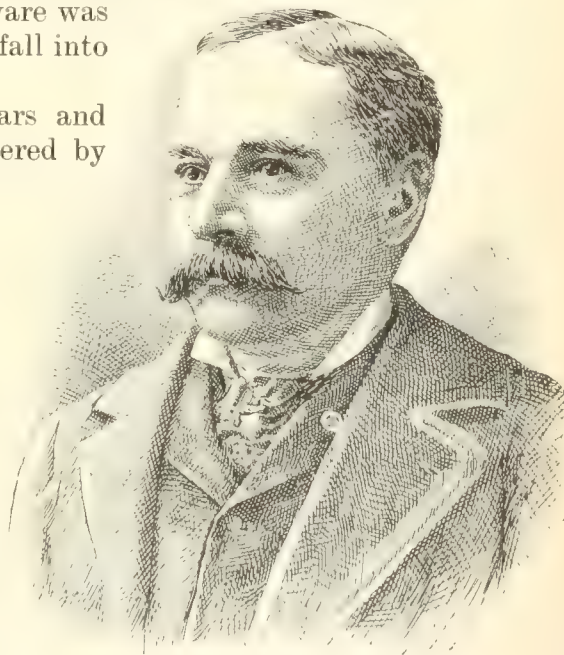
Two hundred rifles guarded the stars and stripes, and if they were not to be recovered by us, the foe should not have them while a single member of the regiment remained alive.

Charge after charge was made, and the 5th Maryland, forming on our left, aided in the defense. The fire from our lines, directed to the center of that dense mass of Confederates, was appalling, even in the heat and excitement of battle. Over thirteen hundred dead were covered with earth in that sunken road by the burying party on the following day.

When the Maryland boys joined us, Captain Rickards, of Company C, our regiment, called for volunteers to save the colors, and more than thirty men responded. It seemed as if they had but just started when at least twenty, including the gallant leader, were dead, and those who would have rushed forward were forced back by the withering hail.

Maddened and more desperate than ever, I called for the men to make another effort, and before we marched fifty yards only a scattering few remained able to get back to the friendly corn in which we sought refuge from the tempest of death.

Then Major Thomas A. Smyth, afterward Major-General Smyth, who was killed on the day General Lee surrendered, said he would concentrate



LIEUTENANT CHARLES B. TANNER.

twenty-five picked men, whose fire should be directed right over the colors.

"Do so," I cried, "and I will get there."

There were hundreds of brave men yet alive on that awful field, and at my call for assistance twenty sprang toward me.

While covering that short distance it seemed as if a million bees were singing in the air; the shouts and yells from either side sounded like menaces and threats; but I had reached the goal; had caught up the staff which was already splintered by shot, the colors torn with many a hole, and stained here and there with the life blood of our comrades, when a bullet shattered my arm.

Luckily my legs were still serviceable, and, seizing the precious bunting with my left hand, I made the best eighty-yard time on record. The colors were landed safely among the men of our regiment just as a large body of Confederate infantry poured in on our flank, thus compelling us to face in a different direction. We had the flags, however, and the remainder of the old 1st Delaware held them against all comers.

My colonel promoted me on the spot, and the war department has since presented me with the congressional medal of honor, for "gallantry in action."

JOHN JOHNSON.

2ND WISCONSIN INFANTRY.

JOHN JOHNSON was born in Norway in 1842, and was in this country, working on a farm near Janesville, Wis., when the war broke out. He enlisted at Janesville, April 20, 1861, as a private in Company D, 2nd Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, and in November of the same year was sent on detached service in Light Battery B, 4th United States Artillery, remaining with that organization until permanently disabled by wounds received in action.

He writes from his present residence, Washington, D. C.:

I was in eleven battles of the Army of the Potomac, beginning at Blackburn's Ford and ending at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, where I lost my right arm at the shoulder.

Augustus Buell, in his book "The Cannoneer," page 46, says:

"John Johnson, from the 2nd Wisconsin, had his right arm torn off at the shoulder, so close that the cavity of the body was exposed and the tissue of the lung plainly visible through the hole. Johnson's recovery was miraculous, and the way he stood up under this terrible wound caused his name to be cherished by his comrades in the battery as an example of 'grit' and 'nerve.'"

The medal of honor was given me on the recommendation to the Secretary of War by Major James Stewart, U. S. A., retired, for distinguished bravery, coolness in action, soldierly conduct, and conspicuous gallantry at

the battles of Antietam, Md., September 17, 1862, and Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862, while serving under Major Stewart's personal command and in the same section with Lieutenant Hogarty, Light Battery B, 4th United States Artillery.

At the battle of Antietam I was a cannoneer in Lieutenant James Stewart's section during the whole time the section and battery were engaged. Stewart's section came into battery in front of some wheatstacks, and in less than ten minutes fourteen men were killed and wounded. Several attempts were made by the enemy to capture the guns, and at one time they came within fifteen or twenty yards. We were firing double canister. During this time I filled different positions on the gun, including gunner. The cannoneers had been killed and wounded so rapidly that those remaining had to fill their places as best they could. The loss while in this position was one captain wounded, three sergeants, four corporals and thirty-two privates killed and wounded, twenty-six horses killed and seven wounded.

Extracts from official reports:

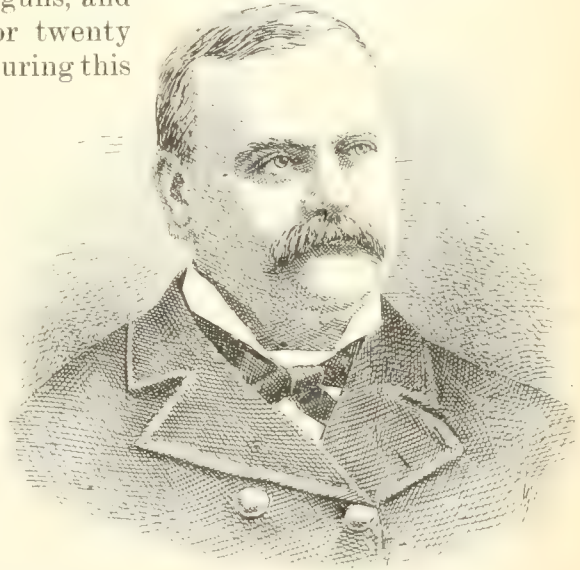
"General John Gibbon says: 'I ordered up Stewart's section, and the whole line soon became hotly engaged. The enemy, heavily reënforced from the woods, made a dash upon the battery. This attack was successfully repelled by heavy discharges of canister from the guns, Captain Campbell in the meantime having joined Stewart with the other four pieces of the battery.'

"General William W. Dudley says of this fight: 'It was at this time the attempt was made to take Battery B, 4th United States Artillery, which was stationed at the wheatstacks near the stone-house hospital.'

"General Abner Doubleday says: 'The Confederates tried to capture Campbell's Battery B, 4th United States Artillery; but failed on account of the rapid discharges of the battery, which fired double canister, and drove the enemy back.'"

I was a cannoneer at the battle of Fredericksburg, and filled two and three places on the guns of cannoneers who had been killed or wounded. While in the act of carrying two case-shots to the gun (having cut the fuse of one and made it ready to be inserted), I was wounded by a piece of shell, which carried away my right arm at the shoulder blade.

I was discharged from the service April 10, 1863, at Lincoln Hospital, Washington, D. C. I received the medal August 28, 1893.



JOHN JOHNSON

CHAPTER XIX.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR WAR HEROES — THE NATION'S DEBT TO THE COMMON SOLDIER —
 HENRY WARD BEECHER AT LIVERPOOL — RICHARD CORDEN AND JOHN BRIGHT — WM.
 H. SEWARD — THE COLORED SOLDIER AND THE LOST FLAG — GEN-
 ERAL PHILIP KEARNY — A CAPTAIN OF CAVALRY —
 GENERAL CHAMBERLAIN.

By COLONEL JAMES MATTOCK SCOVEL.

THE nation's debt to the common soldier can never be paid, for the man who kissed his wife and babes and went out to fight for a common flag and for the liberation of humanity, whose compensation, outside of his native-born heroism and his strong sense of patriotic duty, was thirteen dollars a month, has earned an immortal place in history, and stands beside Grant, and Sherman, and Sheridan.

It was at the first revolution of 1771, that Thomas Jefferson said in words that burn: "British insolence has given the last stab to agonizing affection." If this first revolution made the country, the second revolution saved it.

Some of us, now three score years old, and on the sunny side of the extra ten allotted as man's span of life, can easily recall the memorable days which "crowded eternity into an hour, and stretched an hour into eternity." We call back the dangers, the arousements, the pathos and sorrow which stirred the world with that cannon shot at Sumter, when America arose from her century's sleep and began to follow the triumphant pathway of justice, meanwhile watering it with many tears.

After the first great crisis had passed in 1863, Goldwin Smith, ever America's true friend, said: "Of the great efforts to enslave the English race in body and in mind the first met its grave, two hundred years ago, at Marston Moor, under Cromwell, and the second met its grave under Meade at Gettysburg."

A very *embarras de richesse* is the condition that confronts the writer when he seeks to chronicle the deeds of daring of our heroic soldiery in that terrible conflict in which two great armies for four years faced each other like "two spent swimmers." I cannot crowd out the recollection of Abraham Lincoln's joy when Ohio sustained his administration on a platform of a more vigorous prosecution of the war in 1863, and when Pennsylvania

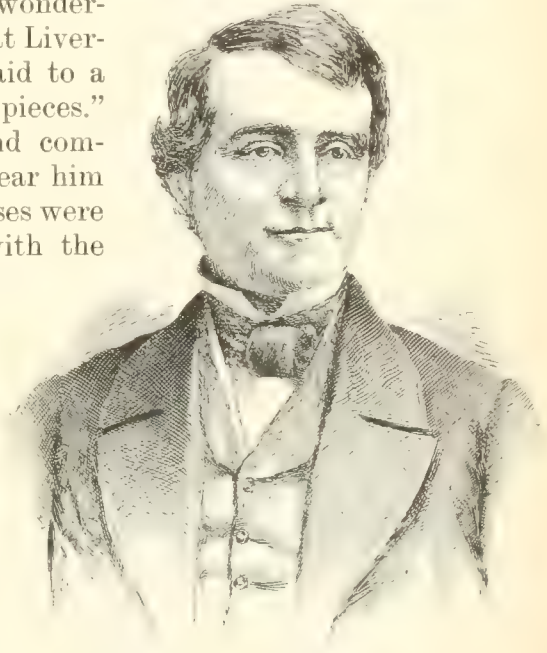
strengthened his arms and carried joy to his heart by the reelection of war Governor Andrew G. Curtin as governor of the Keystone State.

Mr. Lincoln sent me as bearer of dispatches to Chas. Francis Adams, then American minister to the court at St. James, and to William L. Dayton, who represented our country at the Tuileries, at Paris. The American struggle was the one subject nearest the heart of the great middle classes, and I stood by Henry Ward Beecher, that wonderful master of the English language, when at Liverpool, with the spirit of Mirabeau, who said to a French mob, "I will triumph or be torn in pieces." Beecher stood before an English mob and compelled their silence after their refusal to hear him speak on the American question. The masses were with the loyal North, the classes were with the South. London and Liverpool were full of blockade-runners, and a large Confederate secret service fund was used, and successfully too, to subsidize a semi-sympathetic English press in denunciation of what they called "the doubtful American experiment of free government."

Richard Cobden, the great commoner, and John Bright were *par excellence* the leaders of the American ideas of liberty. I spent days with Bright at Rochdale. A very bulldog of reform he was, and John Bright's very presence recalled the expression, "Brag is a good dog, but Hold-fast is a better."

Cobden lived at Hazelmere in an old-fashioned but elegant country house, in which he was born, on a farm, one of the largest in Sussex, the gift of his English constituents in token of their admiration for the great commoner's work in the Anti-corn Law agitation.

The gift of the people amounted to \$300,000, and it is rarely remembered now, since thirty years have passed, that Richard Cobden had made up his mind to move to America and accept the offered presidency of the Illinois Railroad, with the ultimate intention of seeking a seat in the United States Senate as a Senator from the State of Illinois. John Bright, predicting with assured certainty the triumph of the North and the rapid advance of Liberal ideas in England, persuaded the great commoner of England to forego his intention of becoming an American citizen. Cobden died before the end of the American struggle, but he lived after Gettysburg to see with prophetic eye through the

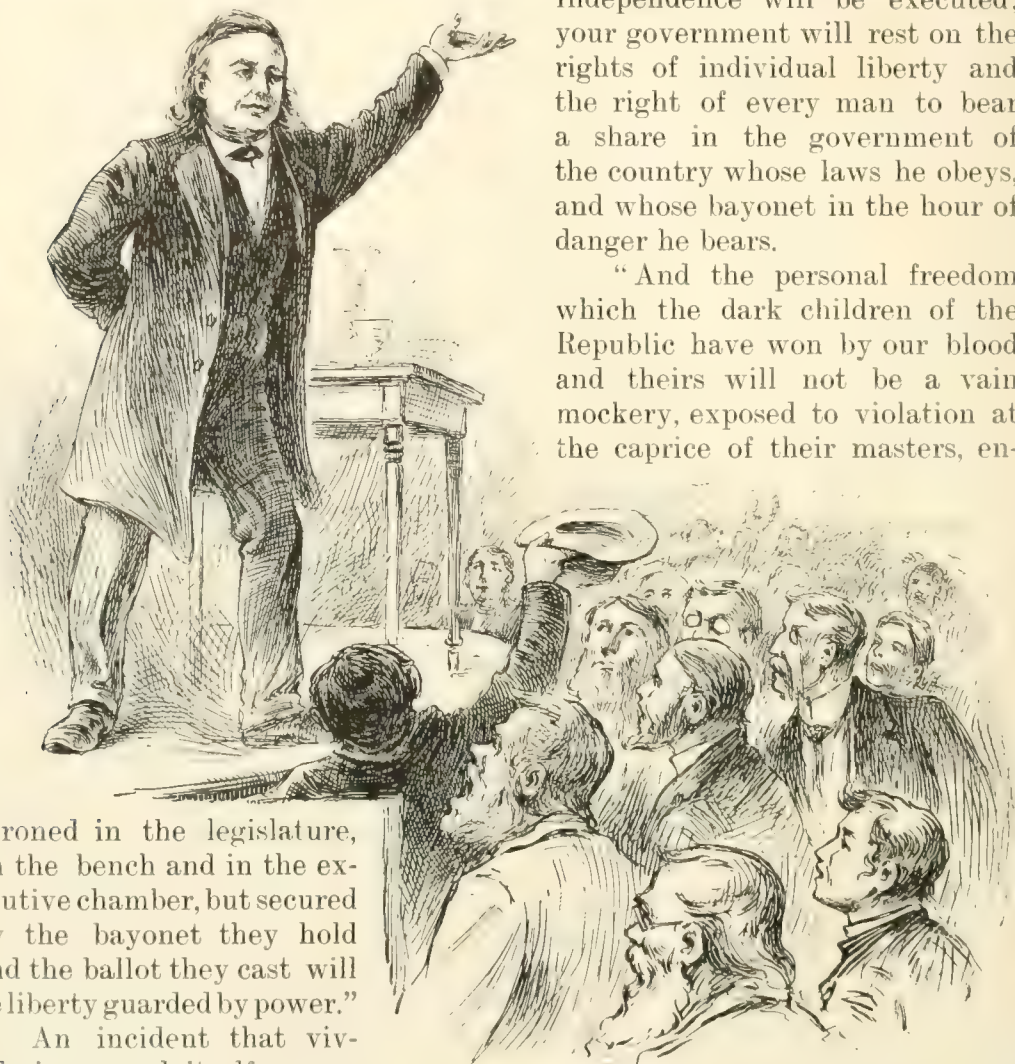


GOVERNOR ANDREW G. CURTIN.

gloom the coming glory of free institutions in America, and his last words to me were these:

"Under another four years of Abraham Lincoln, if he is reelected" (as I assured him he would be in 1864), "all the principles of the Declaration of Independence will be executed; your government will rest on the rights of individual liberty and the right of every man to bear a share in the government of the country whose laws he obeys, and whose bayonet in the hour of danger he bears.

"And the personal freedom which the dark children of the Republic have won by our blood and theirs will not be a vain mockery, exposed to violation at the caprice of their masters, en-



HENRY WARD BEECHER AT LIVERPOOL.

throned in the legislature, on the bench and in the executive chamber, but secured by the bayonet they hold and the ballot they cast will be liberty guarded by power."

An incident that vividly impressed itself on my memory while in England in 1863, was meeting Henry Ward Beecher and John Bright on the same platform at a public meeting in London. Here Mr. Beecher, who had been sent to England to stem the tide of pro-Southern feeling, received a rousing ovation, and at the conclusion of the meeting, John Bright, being loudly

called for, rose, and folding his arms across his breast, a favorite attitude of English speakers, burst forth in eloquent torrent of invective against the sin of slavery (for he was a Quaker), saying of that institution:

"It festoons the cross of Christ in chains and clasps the Bible with handcuffs." Then he concluded in these remarkable words:

"I love America the land that dares to be great and prosperous and happy without a monarchy, without an aristocracy, and without a priesthood, who are the licensed vendors of that salvation wrought by love."

At the conclusion of that sentence I was no longer surprised at the Rochdale statesman's wondrous influence over the masses of English people. Bright, who was threatened with arrest and imprisonment for his radical views and agrarian speeches by "The Thunderer" (the *London Times*) in 1862, was a member of the English cabinet about the time the war ended, and Cobden, too, would have gone into the cabinet, but he died before Bright took his seat, remembered all over the world as one of the purest and noblest soldiers who ever fought the never-ending battle for liberty and for the liberation of humanity.

Richard Vaux (1817-1895), once mayor of Philadelphia, a conscious and cultivated intellect and a rare and quaint Quaker relic of three generations of the past, possessed a store of delightful recollections of Wm. H. Seward, that agreeable optimist and the most charming member of Abraham Lincoln's cabinet. He said to me on one occasion at his charming home on Chestnut Hill:

"I met Seward in 1845 at the residence of Josiah Randall, a leader of the old Whigs. Mr. Seward was asked to meet half a dozen then famous Philadelphians, all now dead except myself, when Mr. Seward charmed everybody at a dinner which lasted five hours, with his gracious diction, his good humor, and his copious and varied information on all questions of public interest."

But Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of State was at his best at his own dinner table, where his sweetness and light charmed all comers—even Lincoln, who often became a good listener when any question of state-craft occupied the mind of the sage of Auburn. And when not talking himself, the quiet twinkle in the Secretary's eye in turn gave ample evidence that he thoroughly enjoyed the abounding humor of President Lincoln.

This trend of Lincoln's mind was amusing to Seward, but it usually angered Stanton, who did not often try to suppress his wrath. Lincoln once tried to read to Stanton and Seward a chapter from Artemus Ward's book. Stanton left the room in a pet, after declining to listen to "the chaff," as he called it, but giving the President a parting shot by asking him, "How do you like the chapter on yourself?" Lincoln only laughed and answered,

"Do you know, it may be queer, but I never could see the fun in that chapter."

Seward in conversation was slow and methodical till warmed up, when he was one of the most voluminous and eloquent of talkers. No statesman in the country had a vaster range of reading, or wider experience in the management of public affairs. He had been almost continually in public life since he was thirty, and was educated in a State where adroitness and audacity are needed to make a successful politician, who must sometimes pretend "to see the things he sees not."

The impression inevitably following an hour with Seward and Lincoln was surprise that two men so seemingly unlike in habit and thought and manner of speech could act in such absolute and perfect accord. I doubt much if they seriously disagreed, while the imperious Stanton often went out with his feathers considerably ruffled.

When the cabal of Chase, Henry Winter Davis, Vice-President Hamlin, Ben Wade, and a bare majority of the United States Senate, threatened to defeat Mr. Lincoln's renomination, then Seward's

hand was seen in certain changes in the cabinet. Both Chase and Montgomery Blair of Maryland, who had developed an eager ambition to be President, were told that "their time had come," and the wisdom of Seward's advice was seen in the sudden collapse of the respective Chase and Blair "booms" for the presidency. The latter was snuffed out instantly, and the Secretary of the Treasury under Lincoln, though made Chief Justice, fed and fattened his presidential bee till his decisions during the impeachment trial of Andrew



WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Johnson were colored by the desire he still cherished to wear the presidential purple.

I had gone through the State of Pennsylvania from Indiana County to Delaware, preaching the gospel according to Abraham Lincoln, whilst the fate of the government trembled in the balance. The night before the election which was to decide whether Andrew G. Curtin was to be elected Governor, and whether Pennsylvania was still for the war, I walked up to the White House. The door opened, and I was ushered into the President's East Room, where he grasped me by both hands.

"Boy," said he, eagerly, "what news from beyond the Alleghanies?"

Never had I seen that face light with such a burst of gladness as when I answered, "Have no fear of Pennsylvania. The Methodist preachers are all on the stump for Lincoln and Curtin, and the young women are wearing rosettes with these names entwined. The old Keystone is good for a twenty thousand majority, and that means your renomination as President." This was answered with a wild Western laugh which could have been heard over to the war department. Lincoln for a moment was a boy again. He said, "Now we will go over and see Secretary Seward."

As was his wont, he entered the Seward mansion unannounced. The Secretary, with slow and stately step advanced to meet the President. Their greeting was warm, even affectionate. The courtly Seward, smoking a strong Havana, soon had his guests seated before a blazing hickory fire in his open parlor grate.

I spent here the happiest hour of my life. Both men were keen and eager to know the prospects of the next day's election, big with their own and the country's fate.

They enjoyed my running account of the scenes and incidents of the hottest administration campaign ever waged in the Keystone State. "We've won the fight," said Lincoln, joy beaming in every lineament of his face.

The wily and now pleased Secretary of State had a habit, when things ran his way, of softly rubbing the palms of his hands together. This he did, smiling blandly, as he touched his little bell, the counterpart (a small silver bell) of the one he had in the State Department, whose light touch had, as Seward once said, sent many a man to Fort Lafayette. His servant brought in brandy and cigars. Lincoln smiled, but touched nothing. He neither smoked nor drank.

Soon after this I went abroad as bearer of dispatches to Minister William L. Dayton at Paris, and to Charles Francis Adams in London, carrying also letters of introduction from Mr. Lincoln to Richard Cobden and John Bright. I spent ten days at Rochdale, at John Bright's home, and three days at the country house of Richard Cobden, at Hazelmere, one hour's ride from London. Both men heartily sympathized with the Union cause, and sent words of praise to President Lincoln. Cobden spoke in warm words of praise of the great patience, courage and wisdom of Lincoln, and compared him with William the Silent of Holland. Of Secretary Seward he did not entertain the same lofty opinion, regarding the prophecy that the war would last but ninety days as belittling the great revolution. Cobden told me that he owned much valuable property in America in the State of Illinois.

I went to Europe in November, 1863, and returned in February, 1864. Again I met the President and his Secretary in the East Room of the White

House, and gave an account of my experiences in Paris and in London. Both were in deep perplexity at the efforts of the senatorial cabal to defeat the President's renomination.

During the conversation which ensued, the President rallied Mr. Seward on the particularly bitter attack made by a segment of the New York city press against the Secretary, presumably inspired by the senatorial cabal, who believed if they could "bounce" Seward they could control Lincoln or defeat his reelection.

"Ah," Seward replied to his badinage, his face passionless, "I am sure if it pleases the newspapers it does not hurt me. These assaults on you and me remind me of what Prince de Condé said to the Cardinal de Retz in Paris when the latter expressed his surprise at a pile of abusive pamphlets lying on the French statesman's table: 'Don't these bitter and unjust assaults on your fair fame disturb your slumbers, Condé?' 'Not in the least,' replied the prince, 'the wretches who write these diatribes know that if they were in our places they would be doing, themselves, the base things they falsely endeavor to fix on us.'"

Lincoln paused a moment, smiling, and said, in his lawyer-like fashion: "Yes, Mr. Secretary, the prince's point was well taken."

The seance ended, and the good President followed me to the head of the stairs, grasping both my hands with the parting, "God bless you, my boy!" which lingers in my memory like a benison even to this day.

Twice afterward I saw Secretary Seward—once at his own house when Andrew Johnson was President. I recall to-day how his birds of bright plumage were chattering in the dining room, whither the charming optimist led us, while the same Scipio Africanus of another administration brought out the brandy and water in the old Lincoln decanter. Andrew Johnson's Secretary of State had his crest "full high advanced." He introduced me to Provost Paradol, who represented the "Man of December," Napoleon III—the same minister who the next summer shot himself to death at his Washington residence. After the French minister had taken his departure he said: "This is the happiest day of my life, for I have this morning received official intelligence from the French ambassador that France and Austria have abandoned the tripartite alliance which boasted that it would place Maximilian on the Mexican throne and menace the United States with foreign protectorate over Mexico."

Later I saw Mr. Seward for the last time. He had perceptibly aged with the cares and anxieties of office, but he was the same bright, happy, chirpy optimist and delightful talker. It was in his beautiful home in Auburn. Andrew Johnson had ceased to be President, but had been returned to Congress as one of the Senators from Tennessee.

Horace Greeley, his ancient enemy, who later adopted Seward's policy of peace and reconciliation in 1872, still lived, and still hated the man from whom he had snatched the nomination at Chicago. Mr. Seward had just returned from his journey around the world. His presidential aspirations, with all other worldly ambitions, were laid aside. Kings and princes had done him honor abroad. When I sent in my card I received a summons to dine with him that day. He was in a reminiscent mood, and some things he told me cannot here and now be repeated. In defense of his own policy under Johnson he again recalled to me the story of Condé and Cardinal de Retz.

We sat with post-prandial cigars beneath a shade tree, near his present mausoleum, and the gentle philosopher said:

"I have never had any occasion to regret the policy of reconciliation I sought to make acceptable to the country. I was pledged to it before Mr. Lincoln died. I said in my last public utterance: 'Some pilots may be washed off the deck of the Ship of State during the violence of the storm, but the ship will sail on to a safe harbor at last.'

"No one man is needed to carry on this government of ours. Others will be raised up to do our work when we have laid it down. Here under my own vine and fig tree I live, waiting the end, serene and happy in the consciousness that I can wait the coming on of time for my vindication. I hope I can say with Cicero in his old age, 'Sweet are the recollections of a well-spent life.' The measure of my ambition has been full, and when my time has come it cannot be long. I can recall with a mild enthusiasm the last sentence of the last letter Cavour sent me. It was this: 'You have helped to make America again what she was but now, the admiration of man and the wonder of the world.'"

If Lincoln, Beecher, Seward, Sumner, Cobden and Bright were soldiers in the conflict of ideas, the transition is natural to the soldiers in the armies of the Republic, who made bayonets think. And if when "the May sun sheds an amber light the new-leaved woods and lawns between," we plant flowers over the graves of those who wore the blue, we also have tears for the gray.

As Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia wrote me, at the close of the war, "In the conflict between lenity and cruelty it is the gentler gamester that is soonest winner."

Over the ashes of the grave spring only tender recollections, and each succeeding year brings the soldiers of the North and South closer together, for as that grand old patriot, Robert J. Breckenridge of Kentucky said at the Baltimore convention which nominated Lincoln in 1864: "My friends, this Union can never be torn asunder by violence. We have but this one country and what God joined together let no man put asunder."

With a new generation, by a bland assimilation, love will conquer hate, and the names of Lincoln and Lee will go down the dim aisles of history together, for the latter was the idol of a bold, brave, independent people who in the long ago peopled their country with "gorgons and chimeras dire," and attempted to build a wall of fire between the sections, only to be taught in God's own time and in His own way that we are all of one blood; one great, prosperous and happy nation, which believes that the liberty of all is limited by the like liberty of each.

It was Napoleon the First who said "The great heart makes the great soldier." Sitting in the White House with General Ben. Butler, who with all his peculiarities had a good deal of patriotic granite in his character, in the presence of Mr. Lincoln on a Sunday morning in winter the question of personal heroism came up. Butler, like St. Paul, was of indifferent presence, and how the quaint, sad, glad, sweet-spirited lawyer, who came out of the West, with his kindly expression and soulful eyes towered above the Massachusetts advocate. Butler told this story of Colonel Shaw, 54th Massachusetts Regiment in front of Fort Wagner. Gallantly did our forces press forward toward that seemingly impregnable fortress, "with cannon to right of them and cannon to left of them," the red rain of the Confederate artillery cutting our forces in pieces. The regimental flag was shot away and the 54th Massachusetts slowly and sullenly fell back.

"Who dares bring that flag back," said Colonel Shaw to the cowering rank, still decimated by leaden hail from the fort.

"I will bring the flag back," said a colored sergeant. Straight under the fortress walls the black soldier went, and wrapping the flag that was trailing in the dust, around his own body, bleeding and dying he crawled back to the ranks while three cheers went up from ten thousand throats "for the color-bearer of the 54th Massachusetts."

"For such a hero," Lincoln said, "a monument should be built more enduring than marble."

Many a time have I heard that old man eloquent, now alas! gone across the great divide (I mean Wendell Phillips, with a soul of pearl and a heart of fire) thrill an audience with this true story of a common soldier's heroism till the entire house "rose at him" and gave "three cheers for the color-bearer of the 54th Massachusetts."

Some inside historian should rescue from oblivion the unnamed demi-god of heroism, and carve his name in monumental marble.

The greatest of all our heroes - always in the shadow after the light of the splendor of that honor which crowned the brow of Abraham Lincoln whose apotheosis, and the manner of it, sheds a pathetic grace over the life and memory of the sweet-spirited martyr of Springfield after the dead

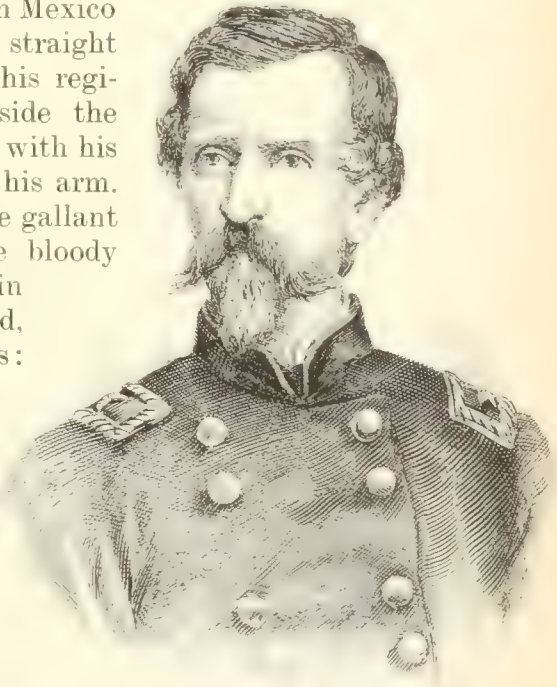
commander-in-chief comes *facile princeps* the name of the silent hero who hewed his blind but glorious way across the wilderness till he crowned the crest of the enemy's counterscarp in front of Richmond. General Sherman used to say: "I get scared at what I don't see, but nothing ever worries Grant, whether he sees it or not." Another soldier of the late war was like General Grant, "born insensible to fear," and take him all in all, with his munificent and his unquestioned military genius and chivalric spirit he is my beau ideal of a soldier, and his name is General Philip Kearny, "the one-armed devil of the New Jersey Infantry."

He could curse, and did swear "like our army in Flanders," but whatever he did was right in the eyes of the soldier boys, who idolized his faults and his virtues alike. Kearny lost his left arm in Mexico when he rode with his Scotch aid-de-camp straight over the Mexican barricade, only to find his regiment had not the courage to follow inside the intrenchments, and in dashing back again, with his faithful Scot, a grape shot carried away his arm.

It was a picture for a painter to see the gallant Phil Kearny riding along the line at the bloody battle of Seven Pines, with his bridle rein in his teeth and his sabre in his right hand, swearing and shouting to his soldiers: "There is the devil's own fun to-day, boys, all along the line." Phil Kearny was the most magnetic man in the Army of the Potomac, and but for his untimely death at Chantilly he would have been placed, by Lincoln, in command of that army, and I have seen the letter from Kearny to Halstead, a Newarker, and his *Fidus Achates* in which Kearny asserts this fact and gives presidential assurance of its truth.

But for his love of his own soldiers he would not have been killed, for he was doing picket duty when Stonewall Jackson's men sent the fatal bullet that stilled one of the bravest and noblest hearts that ever beat beneath a soldier's vest.

No wonder Stonewall Jackson's staff uncovered their heads when General Magruder saw the insignia of a major-general on Kearny's shoulder as they bore his dead body in silence (for Kearny was Bankhead Magruder's fellow student at West Point) to their own camp.



GENERAL PHILIP KEARNY.

Trace all the annals of chivalry back to Charlemagne, or go back to the days of the Norse kings, and you will find none "so loyal in love or so dauntless in war" as Philip Kearny.

Before he died (not a month) he wrote the following verse in a letter to "Pet" Halsted, as if predicting his own fate:

"Death, sword in hand; aye! death among dead foes!
Let bugles sound while nightingales are singing,
While my breath into April air is winging,
And on my heart blossoms a gory rose."

A CAPTAIN OF CAVALRY.

The true history of the war is yet to be written, and that work will be best received which will gather together the heroic deeds of the dead, who did not die unwept, but whose names and whose deathless valor as yet have received no appropriate recognition.

At college, as a bright, roystering boy, I knew J. Minor Milliken of Hamilton, Ohio. He may have had the faults "most known to youth and liberty," but a braver, brighter youth never "saddled Blackstone" or extracted Greek roots. A type of ten thousand of our *jeunesse dorée*, possessing wealth and ancestral acres—the first shot fired at Fort Sumter as it rang around the world made a hero of young Milliken. In vain a lovely wife and fond parents begged him to let others buckle on the sword in the conflict.

His simple answer was, "It is my duty."

The ardent young soldier's youth was against him. Possibly, also, he lacked technical knowledge of the art. He chafed like a tiger in chains because his commission came not. He took the first train for Washington and called on President Lincoln.

He simply told the good and much-enduring President, "It is my duty to go." To which Lincoln replied, "Young man, I think you have in you the stuff of which heroes are made," and a brief note to Secretary Stanton brought the right answer. Milliken left Washington a captain of cavalry, and in the hard-fought battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., Captain Milliken fell in a hand-to-hand sabre fight with a Rebel cavalryman.

Of such as these—and their vacant chairs still stand, silent monuments of grief in thousands of homes—America sadly says, "These are my jewels."

"Yes! Our good knights are dust,
Their swords are rust,
But their souls are with the saints I trust."

GENERAL CHAMBERLAIN OF MAINE, AND THE 118TH PENNSYLVANIA.

General Chamberlain, of the 20th Maine, won his spurs at Gettysburg when he so heroically defended Little Round Top. Mr. Lincoln used to say

the hardest fighting of the war was on the Weldon Road. Here Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Thompson, of the New Jersey 12th, leading his regiment, was struck with a "rotten shot," and what soldiers call the "rim of his belly"^{*} was shot away, and for many weary months he was tenderly nursed back to life by the Sisters of Charity in a Philadelphia hospital, only when ready for duty to hurry back into the very hottest of the fight, coming out a brigadier.

General Thompson has since become a successful lawyer—eminently so in Chicago, and a grateful constituency twice sent him to the State senate from Cook County.

In his description of the fighting on the Weldon Road, he says it was as hot and deadly as at the Bloody Lane at Antietam and the Bloody Angle at Spottsylvania. He describes the dead as lying so close that their muskets crossed one another. The dead were unburied for many days, and in the Confederate breastworks the dead lay piled on each other four deep. At this breastwork the Confederates held up their hands, as if to surrender to our superior numbers, but when our sharpshooters came up to the breastwork they opened fire, and three of our sharpshooters—brothers in the same company—fell, literally piled one upon another. But the penalty paid was that no Confederate in sight was left alive.

But to return to General Chamberlain. After the fight on the Weldon Road his stars as brigadier-general were promptly tendered him, General Grant having promoted him on the spot when he was shot, waving his sabre and leading his brigade where the fight was thickest. Like the gallant Major McKinley of Ohio, who looks like Napoleon, and acts like Washington, a grateful people twice made General Chamberlain, who added scholarship and culture to his soldierly qualities, Governor of the State of Maine.

The 118th Pennsylvania or the Corn Exchange Regiment of Philadelphia, under Colonel Charles M. Prevost, was recruited and in the field in the month of August, 1862, and was officered and manned by some of the best Quaker blood of the Quaker city. Colonel Prevost was wounded at Antietam while waving the regimental flag to recall the center, which was hard pressed and broke temporarily. As Prevost stood well in front of the wavering line, a musket ball struck him in the shoulder, and he was carried from the field. This so enraged the men that the line reformed, restored the alignment, and drove the enemy back. Colonel Prevost tells a good story of private Mulcahy, who paid little attention to the colonel's foraging order.

"From his place on the flank of the column Major O'Neill's attention was attracted by the violent hissing of a goose. Turning in the direction of the sound he discovered that Paddy Mulcahy of Company G had seized from a flock a straggler unable to keep up with his fellows, making haste for

^{*} The peritoneum, or sac containing the viscera.

the shelter of a neighboring barnyard. "Mark time, Paddy, mark time!" shouted the major, his favorite phrase when he desired to be severely impressive. "Don't you know the orders?"

"Shure, sur," said Paddy, "the only order I know is not to lave anything behind me and aint I obeying them, sur?"

"Well, if its a prisoner you mean you won't leave behind you, you may turn him over to me. Here, Kit Carson (to his servant), put the dirty rebel in the guard house." And solacing himself with a pinch of snuff from his silver box and the complacent reflection that a well-fed goose would soon grace his midday meal, the major pressed Paddy no further upon his failure to be exact in his recollection of his anti-foraging order.

To show how quick-witted Colonel Chamberlain was Colonel Prevost (who is justly proud of the fact that the 118th Pennsylvania fought side by side with Colonel Chamberlain's 20th Maine, at Bethesda Church and Cold Harbor), narrates how Rosser's cavalry worried the 118th Pennsylvania and 20th Maine at the crossing at Mat River near Dr. Flipper's, with Longstreet's corps only three miles in advance.

"On the flank of the battery, nearly up to the woods, we struck a stream not very wide, but looking deep and muddy. The men hesitated to ford it. It was a critical movement, and every good soldier knows the value of time. Chamberlain was impatient and urged the men forward with vigor. He saw a heavy plank fence along a portion of the stream. He said: 'Men, take that fence along with you; throw it in and throw yourselves after it.' Yankee ingenuity had cut the Gordian knot, and a pontoon bridge was formed that answered for the emergency."

But space does not permit us to indulge in the luxury of naming the countless thousand heroes who took life in their hands and went forth to meet death with fatal determination, that the nation should have a "new birth of freedom." They died in order that the burdens of a despotic government, backed by monarchy abroad, fighting under a banner with a strange device, which can never find a foothold on the American continent, shall be taken away from the shoulders of all men. Like Lincoln, and Grant, like Stanton and Chamberlain, like Sumner and Hartranft, the common soldier did not die in vain. Soldier and statesman alike rest in the proud wallhalla of our beloved patriotic dead, who stood between the Nation and Perdition!

CHAPTER XX.

THE HERO OF A TWO-DOLLAR PENSION — THE RECORD OF AN OHIO BATTERY — SAMUEL JOHNSON, A SOLDIER IN THREE REGIMENTS — LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CYRUS SEARS, 11TH BATTERY OHIO LIGHT ARTILLERY — A DESPERATE STRUGGLE AT JUKA.

SAMUEL JOHNSON of the 22nd Pennsylvania Volunteers won his medal by capturing two color-bearers and two stands of colors of the 1st Texas Rangers at the battle of Antietam. He writes as follows:

I was born in 1845, in Fayette County, Pa., and enlisted in April, 1861, serving as an independent soldier with the 22nd Pennsylvania Volunteers for three months, for which service I received no pay.

I was wounded at the first battle of Bull Run, but, being young and anxious, reënlisted in the 9th Pennsylvania, on the 27th of July, 1861, and was in the battle of Dranesville, where I was wounded in the left leg by a spent ball.

My next experience in a general engagement was the seven days' fight in front of Richmond, and there I was wounded by a ball, and cut with a sabre on the right leg above the knee, but the wounds were not sufficiently serious to keep me in the hospital many days.

In the second battle of Bull Run I was knocked down, but not hurt very much; then I participated in the fight at South Mountain and three days later at Antietam, in which last engagement I won the medal of honor.

There I captured two stands of colors from the 1st Texas Rangers, and also the color-bearers, receiving in this action a severe wound from a piece of shell which broke my right leg at the ankle. From this wound twenty-four pieces of bone were taken at different times.

In May, 1863, I went to the war department to see the flags I had captured, and General Frye showed them to me. I looked through the collection until I found the ones I took, and brought them to the general. He asked my name, company and regiment, and wrote it down, after which he found that my name was pinned to one of the flags. Then he told me to follow him and bring the largest of the banners. I did so, and was taken to the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton's office where I was introduced.

The Secretary congratulated me on my bravery, showed me a medal of honor, stated that it would be awarded me by the Congress of the United States, and at the same time ordered me to be promoted to the rank of 2nd lieutenant in the invalid corps.

I received my transfer to the veteran reserve corps and was ordered to New York to take command of a company of invalid soldiers. Monday, July 13, the riots began in that city, and with my detachment I reported for duty. It was the first time I had walked without a crutch since December, 1862.

After the riots were over, and on November 8, I was dismissed from the veteran reserve corps. In December, 1863, I reenlisted in Company C,



SECRETARY STANTON AND THE MEDAL WINNER.

2nd Battalion, United States Infantry, and served with them until the battle of Cold Harbor. There my right leg gave out, and I was taken to the hospital. In October I got a furlough for thirty days, and started for home.

On my way back I was arrested in Baltimore,* and thrown into the slave pens over night, after which I was taken to Fort McHenry. There I became sick. I was carried to Alexandria and put into prison over night, then taken to the hospital, for I had pneumonia and erysipelas so severely that I was deaf and blind for more than three weeks, and not until after

* Mr. Johnson does not know why he was taken into custody.

January, 1865, was I able to leave. Then I was sent to the bull pens at City Point, kept there a few days, and assigned to Company K 16th Pennsylvania Cavalry, remaining with them until the war was over.



DRAFT RIOTS IN NEW YORK, 1863.

and fifteen days. I received two months' pay in the cavalry service. The government now gives me only two dollars per month pension, and I am still loyal to the old flag.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CYRUS SEARS.

CYRUS SEARS was born in Delaware County, N. Y., in 1832. In August, 1861, he enlisted at Cincinnati as private in the 11th Battery, Light Artillery.

October 12 of the same year he was promoted to 1st lieutenant, and in 1863 became lieutenant-colonel of the 49th United States Colonial Troops,

and with that organization remained until the final muster out, March 23, 1866, having served continuously four years and eight months.

The inscription on his medal is as follows:

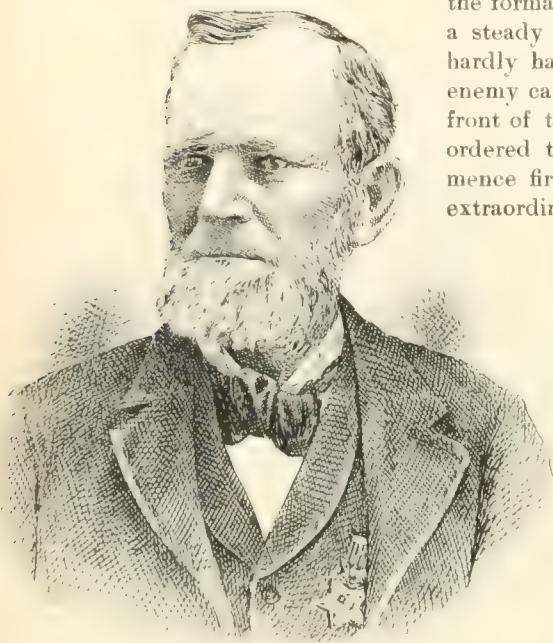
"The Congress to 1st Lieutenant Cyrus Sears, 11th Battery Ohio Light Artillery, for distinguished bravery in the battle of Iuka, Miss., September 19, 1862."

The special service in commanding the battery in this battle is so much a matter of official record and history as to leave no occasion for more than quoting from the same.

"The 11th Ohio Battery was brought into position immediately on the left of this regiment (5th Iowa), the 48th Indiana Infantry on its left, with the left wing slightly refused, and the 4th Minnesota in the prolongation of this line. This line was on the crest of a ridge. These regiments were ordered to hold their position at all hazards until further orders. All

the formations and movements necessary were made under a steady fire of canister from the enemy's batteries, and hardly had the disposition of troops been made when the enemy came forward with his whole force and formed in front of the battery, three battalions deep. I immediately ordered the battery to open fire, and the infantry to commence firing. The battery fired with great rapidity and extraordinary accuracy of aim, which, in conjunction with

the volleys of musketry from the regiments in the front line, threw the enemy into confusion; and thus in his first attempt to take the battery the enemy was repulsed with heavy loss. The firing of his musketry during this advance was very rapid and quite destructive, and caused the battalion on the left of the battery to waver and the right to fall back. The enemy soon reformed, and with renewed vigor and cheers came on to the assault again, and was again repulsed by the well-directed fire of the battery and the volleys and charges made by the 5th Iowa. The three companies of the 5th Iowa flanking the battery had by this time become so unmasked by the loss of men that it seemed impossible for the regiment or battery to hold out, and Colonel Boomer, of the 26th Missouri, immediately



COLONEL CYRUS SEARS.

brought up four companies of his command and formed them in line, under the most galling fire, on the right of the battery and left of the 5th Iowa. The firing of the enemy at this time had become so destructive that Colonel Boomer promptly proceeded to bring up the balance of his command with great gallantry and personal bravery, but fell severely wounded before reaching his command, and was ordered from the field.

"I had, during this time, been making the greatest efforts, in conjunction with the general commanding the division, members of the staff, and the field officers of the regiment, to bring back the regiment placed upon the left of the battery to its first position. During these efforts Colonel Eddy, commanding the regiment with the greatest valor, fell severely

wounded, and was carried from the field. The fire was so galling it was found impossible to bring this regiment again into line. Colonel Chambers, commanding the 16th Iowa Infantry, had already fallen, and had been carried from the field, and it did not at this time seem prudent to move the second line of battle in rear of the battery. I proceeded to the left flank of the whole line, with a view of drawing in that battalion in support of the battery, but the enemy had then appeared in its front, and was engaging it with musketry. There was no alternative but for the battery, the 5th Iowa, and the four companies of the 26th Missouri to fight the battle out with nearly the whole force of the enemy concentrated on this point, and nobly did they do this. The infantry on the right continued to fire and charge upon the enemy under their gallant leader, Colonel Matthias, until their whole forty rounds of ammunition were exhausted, and until it was too dark to distinguish one object from another, and one half of all the men that had been taken upon the line upon the right of the battery, were killed or wounded. The battery at the same time, under the command of the gallant Lieutenant Sears, held out, if possible, with still greater desperation, firing until all the canister shot was exhausted, and more than one half of his men and nearly all his horses had been killed or wounded. After this the enemy came upon the ground where it was stationed, but did not remove the battery from the field."

Another official report says:

"The battle became furious. Our battery poured in a deadly fire upon the enemy's column advancing up the road, while their musketry concentrated upon it, soon killing or wounding most of our horses. When within one hundred yards they received a volley from our entire line, and from that time the battle raged furiously. The enemy penetrated the battery, were repulsed; again returned, were again repulsed, and finally bore down upon it with a column of three regiments, and this time carried the battery. The cannoneers were, many of them, bayoneted at their pieces. Three of the guns were spiked. In this last charge the brigade of Texans which had attempted to turn our left, having been repulsed by Perczel, turned upon the battery and coöperated in the charge. . . . Sands' 11th Ohio Battery, under command of Lieutenant Sears, behaved nobly. The fearful losses sustained by this battery (sixteen killed, forty-four wounded), showing their unyielding obstinacy in serving the battery."

Regimental losses in the American Civil War (based upon the official records), by William F. Fox, under heading of "Maximum losses of light artillery in any one engagement" (page 463), gives Sands, 11th Ohio, Iuka, killed, sixteen; wounded, thirty-five; while the next highest is Seeley's Battery K, 4th United States, at Chancellorsville, with seven killed and thirty-eight wounded. Or, if the killed count faster than the wounded, next to the 11th Ohio is Burnham's Battery H, 5th United States, at Chickamauga, with thirteen killed and eighteen wounded.

CHAPTER XXI.

STORY OF A MEMBER OF THE 2ND OHIO INFANTRY—A REMARKABLE CAVALRY RAID—W. H. SURLES,
2ND OHIO INFANTRY—THE BELT-PLATE THAT SAVED A LIFE—MAJOR WILLIAM H.
POWELL, 2ND LOYAL VIRGINIA CAVALRY—RIDING SIXTY MILES A DAY
TO VISIT A MOUNTAIN CAMP—THE ONE BLOODLESS
VICTORY—SEVENTY-FOUR HOURS
IN THE SADDLE.

WILLIAM H. SURLES, 2nd Ohio Infantry, was born in Steubenville, Ohio, February 4, 1845, and enlisted in his native town September 5, 1861, as private in Company G, 2nd Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

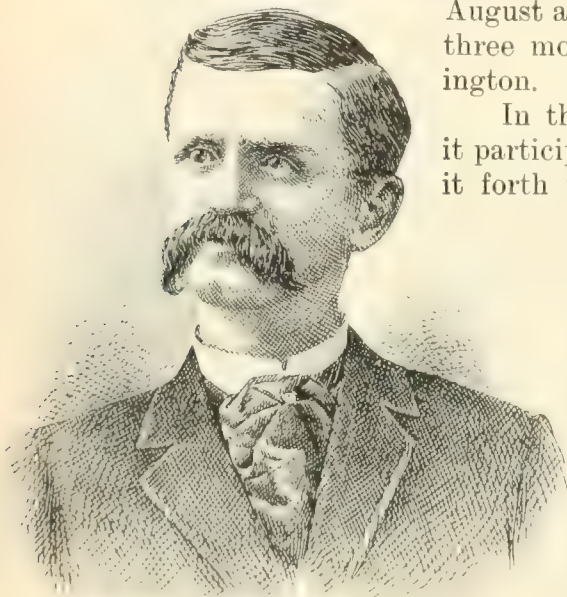
The record of the 2nd Infantry, taken from Whitelaw Reid's work, "Ohio in the War," states that it was organized for the second time in August and September, 1861, after having served a three month's campaign around the city of Washington.

In the numerous small engagements in which it participated it was a credit to the State that sent it forth to do battle for the Union, but it will suffice to give the record of the regiment in the engagement where private Surles won his medal of honor, viz., Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862.

Quoting from Mr. Reid's work:

"The regiment was assigned to Rousseau's division, and that command participated in the well-contested battle at Perryville, or Chaplin Hills, fought on the 8th of October, 1862, losing in the action forty per cent. of all engaged.

"Captains Berryhill and Herrel and twenty-seven enlisted men were killed, and Captains Beatty, Maxwell and McCoy and seventy-eight enlisted men wounded."



W. H. SURLES.

The story of Surles' bravery and subsequent winning of the medal of honor can be told, it would seem, in no better way than by taking extracts from the "Proceedings of the Twenty-

sixth Annual Encampment of the Department of Ohio, G. A. R., at Piqua, May 10 to 12, 1892."

COMRADE F. G. MITCHELL, Mitchell Post 45.

COMMANDER: I think that the desire of this encampment now is to have the qualifications of men with long records given in short speeches. I shall not read a long record, but simply something that is very suggestive as to the military record of the one whose name I want now to present to you.

The following copy was read:

FIRST DIVISION, FOURTEENTH ARMY CORPS.)
CHATTANOOGA, TENN., January 20, 1864. }

HON. E. M. STANTON, SECRETARY OF WAR.

SIR:—I have the honor to make application for the appointment to the United States Military Academy, of private William H. Surles, Company G, of my regiment, and to call your attention to the favorable indorsement of Brigadier-General Carlin, commanding brigade, Major-General Palmer, commanding fourteenth army corps, and Major-General George H. Thomas, commanding the Army of the Cumberland. Private Surles has served faithfully with his regiment since its organization in 1861, and has at all times, and under all circumstances, acquitted himself creditably. He has been in the actions of Ivy Mountain, Perryville, Murfreesboro or Stone River, Hoover's Gap, Chickamauga (where his brother fell at his side), Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge, particularly distinguishing himself at the latter place by his coolness and courage; and at Perryville, where he placed his breast between the writer and a Confederate rifleman, who was about to fire when killed himself. Private Surles is now only nineteen years of age, is intelligent, vigorous and manly, just the kind of a boy, with the proper military education, to make an accomplished professional soldier. I make the application because I know his worth, and because I feel that he is much better qualified, in every particular, than a boy taken from civil life. Should this appointment be made, I feel confident he will never disgrace the position.

I have the honor to be, respectfully yours,

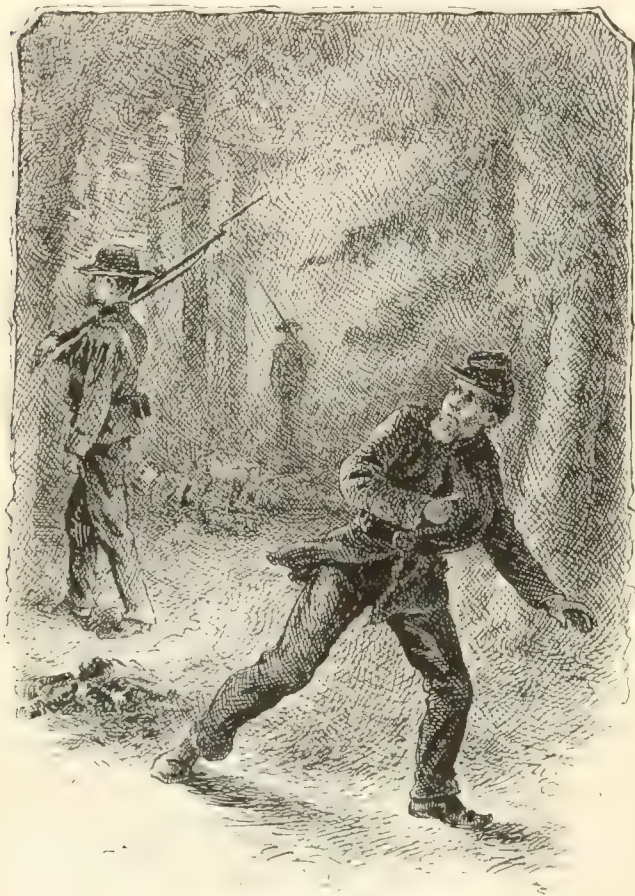
A. G. McCook, Colonel Second Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

Other papers were read which had accompanied the one given above. The originals forwarded by mail January 20, 1864, were captured by Wheeler's Confederate cavalry, and after the war—too late for use therefore—were returned to private Surles, who now has them. Comrade F. G. Mitchell said:

"At the battle of Chickamauga this man was, as an orderly, carrying the colors of the brigade. He was captured. The staff had been shot off and he tore from the remaining portion of the staff the colors, forced them inside of his blouse, and there kept them while a prisoner, without their presence being known to his captors. During the following night he escaped, and, with the colors, returned to brigade headquarters and handed them to Brigadier-General Carlin, who had supposed them to be lost. At the battle of Missionary Ridge, while acting as orderly, he penetrated the Confederate line, captured and brought into camp the colonel of the 38th Alabama regiment, as prisoner, and now has at home the sword of the Confederate colonel. I hold in my hand a medal, about the size of the little button costing you a dime each, and which you would not take a hundred thousand dollars for now that you are entitled to wear it. Here is another kind of medal which very few of you have. It was given by act of Congress, for special valor on the field of battle, for courage displayed in the battle of Perryville."

Comrade J. Warren Keifer, of Springfield, said:

"I have been singularly struck to-day, in hearing the many speeches made giving the military records of comrades, with the extraordinary history that belongs, truthfully and rightfully, to each. . . . Comrade Mitchell read to you, in commendation of comrade Surles, some testimonials of some of the most brilliant soldiers and officers of the late war. He likewise showed you, to-day, a medal voted by the Congress of the United States



ESCAPING WITH THE COLORS.

ards did not count in battle; they were there, but *'not in it.'* Comrade Surles was there, and *'in it.'*"

MAJOR WILLIAM H. POWELL.

2ND LOYAL VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

MAJOR POWELL was born in South Wales in 1825; five years later his parents emigrated to America, and when the war broke out he was living in Ironton, Ohio.

to comrade Surles. The medal was voted specially for gallantry at the battle of Perryville, and in connection with that distinguished gallantry that has been spoken of, specially because comrade Surles placed his body and his life before the distinguished general, Anson G. McCook, in order that he might save him. All these things, I think, are not half so good as the single testimonial that I now present to you. [The speaker here held aloft an army belt buckle.] You will recognize here that which was worn upon the belt of comrade Surles, at the battle of Chickamauga, and which shows that he was a good catcher on the fly, for in it you will see sticking the Confederate bullet that didn't kill him. This is a testimonial that he carried off the field. He was therefore, in this case, that which we speak of now as if it were something new, *'in it'* at that battle. You will pardon me. I was trying to look up the origin of the expression *'not in it.'* I found it was not new; that about four hundred and fifty years before the Christian era a distinguished Grecian tragedian, Euripides, first gave us that expression in speaking of a soldier. He spoke of cowards in battle, and said that cow-

August 1, 1861, he enlisted at Ironton; but, as will be explained later, was assigned to a Virginia regiment, serving successively in that organization as captain, major and lieutenant-colonel, and afterward commissioned brigadier-general and brevet major-general.

During the war he participated in the following engagements: In 1862 in three; in 1863, in one, where he was taken prisoner; in 1864, in sixty-five battles, great and small.

It was for gallant conduct during the Sinking Creek Valley raid that Major Powell won the medal of honor, and the story can best be told by quoting from a paper read by him before the Missouri Commandery of the Loyal Legion, March 2, 1889. Major Powell said:

Under President Lincoln's call of July 22, 1861, the organization of a cavalry regiment was effected at Ironton, Ohio, during the months of August and September following.

When ready for muster and commission, application was made to Governor Dennison of Ohio, and declined on the plea that the Secretary of War had ordered the governors of all the loyal States to decline the acceptance of any new cavalry regiments, and to muster all cavalry in excess of forty regiments out of service.

Whereupon application was made to F. H. Pierpoint, then provisional governor of that portion of Virginia now known as the State of West Virginia, who, under the authority of the war department, accepted, commissioned and mustered the organization proffered, as the "Second Regiment Loyal Virginia Cavalry," into the volunteer service of the United States, at Parkersburg, Va., November 8, 1861. The State of West Virginia was not admitted into the Union until June 20, 1863.

The writer enlisted as a private soldier in August, 1861, and recruited a full company in Lawrence County, Ohio, many of whom were employees in the Lawrence Iron Works, of which he was the general manager and financier, and was elected and mustered captain of Company B, in said regiment. He served in said rank until June 25, 1862, at which date he was promoted to the rank of major in his own regiment, for gallant conduct in the battle of Jennett's Creek, in eastern Kentucky, January 7, 1862.

Having completed our campaign work of 1862, as was supposed, and while enjoying our winter quarters at Camp Piatt, on the bank of the Kanawha River about twelve miles above Charleston, now the capital of West Virginia, much to the surprise and gratification of the boys they were in the saddle and on the road in obedience to the following order:

HEADQUARTERS KANAWHA DIVISION,

CHARLESTON, KANAWHA COUNTY, VA.,

November 23, 1862.

SPECIAL ORDER No.—.

Colonel John C. Paxton, commanding the 2nd Regiment Loyal Virginia Cavalry, will proceed with all the serviceable men of his regiment to-morrow morning, November 24, to Cold Knob Mountain in Greenbrier County, Va., via the Summerville and Lewisburg road, leaving the Kanawha River route at Cannelton. On Cold Knob Mountain you will overtake Colonel P. H. Lane, commanding the 11th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, ordered to that point to reinforce your command, from which position you will proceed against the camps of the 14th Rebel Virginia Cavalry Regiment, located in the Sinking Creek Valley, some two miles apart in winter quarters recruiting. Break up the organization if possible.

GEORGE CROOK,

Commanding Kanawha Division.

We marched for Cold Knob Mountain, at which point the command was to be reenforced by the 11th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, Colonel P. H. Lane commanding, and from which the movement against the 14th Virginia Cavalry Regiment, then in winter quarters recruiting, and occupying two separate camps, one in the Sinking Creek Valley, and the other some two miles west, near Williamsburg, both in Greenbrier County, twelve miles west of Lewisburg, was to be made.

Leaving the Kanawha River valley route at Cannelton, to avoid suspicion as to the objective point of operations, the column proceeded via the old road to Lewisburg, passing through Summerville, at which point it arrived at eight o'clock that evening, having traveled sixty miles that day over very rough mountain roads. It camped there that night.

It broke camp early on the morning of the 25th, and pushed forward as rapidly as possible through a blinding snowstorm and with snow a foot deep on the ground. Accompanying the advance guard, composed of a lieutenant and eight men, I encountered a squad of Confederate scouts (a lieutenant and eight men) near noon. Taking them evidently by surprise, they on first sight, in utter disregard to my polite invitation to halt, ran to and entered a log cabin but a short distance away on the roadside, where we afterward learned they had taken their dinners. Ordering my lieutenant and guard to push forward and surround the cabin in which they sought protection, I discovered that the lieutenant had made his escape into the woods beyond the cabin, and pushed on after him, capturing him about half a mile away. I have often wondered since why the fellow did not take position behind a big tree, and with good aim stop my advance upon him, especially when he became convinced that I was pursuing him with a determined purpose to run him down. On returning to the cabin I learned that Lieutenant Davidson had driven the scouts into the cabin, capturing the entire squad, which result

proved a very important factor in the final mission of the raid, as no one escaped to report the movements of the command.

Resuming the march, we pressed forward through the snow, then nearly two feet deep, through the afternoon and night of the 25th, arriving on the summit of Cold Knob Mountain at early noon of the 26th, where we found Colonel Lane awaiting our arrival. Here the command rested and fed.

After full conference between Colonels Paxton and Lane, the latter decided that the condition of his regiment, caused by exposure to the terrible storm and deep snow of the past twenty-four hours, rendered the continuance of the march utterly impracticable, compelling him in justice to his men and officers to return to their winter quarters at Summerville.

Influenced by the action of Colonel Lane, Colonel Paxton submitted to the officers of the regiment the question of returning to camp with Colonel Lane and the 11th Ohio Volunteer Infantry. This proposition met my decided and unqualified opposition, for the reason that when General Crook delivered the order to make the raid upon the enemy in the Sinking Creek Valley—knowing Paxton's failings, over which he was disposed to throw the mantle of charity, and allow him to accompany the expedition, rather than detain him in camp—he had confidentially charged me not to return to camp without good results, which I well understood, and which fact General Crook has since authenticated. This, together with the knowledge I possessed that the men in the ranks and many of the company commanders were in full accord with my views favoring a forward movement, caused me to rise to the emergency of the hour, and, assuming the responsibility of the occasion, I said to the colonel and those who sympathized with him in his proposition, that if such a question was to be seriously considered, I would call for volunteers to accompany me in the advance movement upon the enemy's camp.

This announcement, fully understood by Colonel Paxton, induced him to change his mind. Whereupon he gave me orders, as the major of the regiment, to make a detail and move down the mountains, as the advance guard. Proceeding to the right of the regiment, then in line, I ordered Lieutenant Jeremiah Davidson and twenty men of Company G to accompany me, and immediately moved out in advance of the regiment. Proceeding about a mile I met four Confederate scouts in the sharp turn of the road.

I instantly commanded a halt, and seeing they preferred attempting their escape to a surrender, I fired and charged upon them, wounding one and capturing another. The remaining two made good their escape. From our prisoners I hastily obtained valuable information as to the strength, location and relative position of the two camps, and then pressed forward after turning the prisoners over to the advance guard of the regiment, that came up as we

were ready to move forward again. The two scouts who escaped, having seen but the advance of our advance guard, concluded, as we afterward learned, that as we did not press them closely down the mountain, we were nothing more or less than a squad of Union home guards living in that neighborhood.

On nearing the foot of the mountain we discovered in the distance in the valley the two escaped scouts, moving leisurely toward their camp the smoke of which was perceptible to me. Checking up to prevent possible exposure, I halted for a moment until the scouts had passed around a point in the turn of the valley out of my view. Seeing the coast was clear, and conscious that we had no time to waste, I pushed forward rapidly to the point where the scouts had disappeared from my view, which I reached with my little band unobserved by the enemy. Here I halted again for a moment, and for the last time, to examine more closely the situation. Having gained a full view of the camp with the aid of my fieldglass, I judged from the action of the enemy as they moved about that they were in a state of "innocuous desuetude" and unapprised of our close proximity, and therefore unprepared to welcome us. Appreciating the golden opportunity, I decided promptly to charge the camp. Announcing the situation and my purpose to my heroic little command of Lieutenant Davidson and his twenty men, they answered, "We will follow where you will lead."

At this moment I turned my head toward the head of the valley to see if our regiment was in sight, and discovered that it had not yet reached the foot of the mountain. Not having a moment to lose, I wheeled my command into line, facing the camp, and charged my handful of men on a full run of half a mile down the Sinking Creek Valley into the very center of the enemy's camp, five hundred strong. We were each armed with a sabre and a brace of Colt's 54-calibre navy revolvers, giving us two hundred shots, without cessation; but these we held in reserve to avoid alarming the other camp, some two miles away, or to be used in case of absolute necessity.

It was soon made evident that the camp was surprised, and that their firearms were unloaded. A brief and very exciting hand-to-hand encounter ensued, and in their great confusion some few of their number ran up to us grasping us by the legs and claiming us as their prisoners. To such daring and undignified assaults and claims we simply responded politely by tapping them on the top of their heads with the revolvers which we held in our hands, felling several of the rudest of them to the ground, the effect of which caused them to loosen their grasp upon our exposed extremities. After thus dealing with them for but a moment, I demanded the surrender of the camp on the condition of the sparing of their lives, which demand Lieutenant-Colonel John A. Gibson, Major B. F. Eakle and Captain W. A. Lackey of the 14th



THE RAID ON THE CAMP.

Regiment Virginia Cavalry, promptly accepted, and surrendered the command to me without reservation.

Thus I captured the camp of the 14th Virginia Cavalry, five hundred strong, in the Sinking Creek Valley, in Greenbrier County, Va., with Lieutenant Davidson and twenty men, at noon on the 26th of November, 1862, without the loss of a life or the firing of a gun or revolver.

Colonel Paxton did not reach the camp until after the surrender had been made, at which time the other portion of the 14th Virginia Cavalry in camp at Williamsburg, came over to a point within respectful but safe distance, to take a look at us. Seeing Colonel Paxton, with the regiment coming to our support, they concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and hastily withdrew toward Lewisburg.

Thus the organization of the 14th Virginia Cavalry, was rendered *hors de combat* for some time by the loss of half their number of officers, arms, horses and equipments, and a beautiful silk flag made for, and but recently presented by the lady friends of the regiment in Staunton, Va., which, at the earnest solicitation of the captured officers was returned to the donors. Many of the arms taken were worthless for efficient service, hence were destroyed. The horses and equipments were serviceable, and were taken to camp. Amongst the guns captured was a very fine double-barreled London-twist shot-gun, containing eighteen large buckshot in each barrel, intended for some Yankee, who was thus cheated out of a full dose of Confederate lead. The gun is now in the possession of my only living son, H. L. Powell, as a relic of the Sinking Creek Valley raid.

Having knowledge of quite a force under General Gallatin Jenkins, encamped at Lewisburg twelve miles east of Sinking Creek camp, the command hastened its departure for Camp Piatt via Summerville, leaving the Sinking Creek Valley about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 26th continuing the line of march all night in the bitter cold without halting to feed men and horses.

The command did excessive service. Beginning with the morning of November 24, at Camp Piatt, except the night of the 24th when it encamped at Summerville, it did not go into camp again until the return of the regiment to Summerville on the night of the 27th, which rendered the task of caring for the regiment, and guarding the large number of prisoners, an exceedingly difficult one, as it seemed at times almost impossible to keep our troopers and horses awake and on the move.

In addition to this, General Jenkins, in command of the enemy's forces at Lewisburg, having been apprised of our attack upon the Sinking Creek camp, ordered out quite a force in hot pursuit, with orders to recapture the prisoners taken and to retaliate severely upon our command.

Anticipating his purposes we were fully prepared for the emergency. Colonel Paxton, having taken charge of the prisoners and retreating column, pushed rapidly up on to the mountain road, ordering me to organize and command the rear guard. We were not disappointed in our expectations. Having passed out of the valley about two miles up the mountain side the head of the enemy's column made its appearance, and fired upon our rear guard. I knew well our position could not be flanked. Hence, when apprised of his approach I instantly put my command in such a position as the topography of the ground would admit of to enable me to give him, much to his surprise, a very warm and effective reception, which continued about ten minutes only. The result I never knew, beyond the fact that it sufficed to determine his return to Lewisburg, leaving us to pursue our retreat the remainder of the night undisturbed, for which I was devoutly thankful.

Our officers, troops and horses, through loss of sleep, rest and food, in the saddle and on the move for seventy-four consecutive hours, through deep snow and severe cold, with no time to feed or rest, were so nearly exhausted that both men and horses fell asleep on the road, causing frequent halts in the column during the after part of the night of the 26th and the early morning of the 27th, necessitating the greatest vigilance to keep the column in rear of the prisoner-guard closed up. Having reached a point of safety and suitable for feeding and resting awhile, at daybreak on the 27th the bugle sounded a halt in response to which horses neighed and men cheered. The adjutant called the roll of the prisoners and the regiment, and found all present.

After two hours' rest and the mastication of the scanty morsel of rations on hand, the column moved forward, arriving at Summerville, Colonel Lane's headquarters, at eight o'clock that night and going into camp.

The morning report of November 28 showed quite a number of troopers with feet so badly frozen as to necessitate their remaining at this outpost until sufficiently recovered to be removed to the hospital at Camp Piatt. The regiment left Summerville at 8 A. M., en route for Gauley Bridge, better known, perhaps, as Kanawha Falls, where it arrived at 7 P. M. After turning over the prisoners, horses, etc., to General E. P. Scammons, Provost Marshal, it encamped for the night on the Huddelson farm near Loop Creek Landing, a few miles below the Falls. Taking up the line of march early the next morning it reached Camp Piatt, its winter quarters during the afternoon of November 29, 1862, greatly fatigued yet happy over the achievement in the Sinking Creek Valley and the return to camp without the loss of a man.

In this raid the troopers were in the saddle and on the constant move day and night for one hundred and forty-one hours, save eight hours in camp on each of the nights of the 24th, 27th and 28th, advancing and retreating, with scant forage for horses and rations for men. Marching over rough,

rugged, mountainous roads, crossing streams, and suffering intensely from the cold, stormy weather and deep snows, yet, because successful, complaints and murmurings that would have found vent under disasters were substituted by rejoicings, the soldiers forgetting all they endured in the enjoyment of their achievement. For gallantry and heroic daring exhibited in the charge described, the governor promptly promoted Major Powell and 2nd Lieutenant Davidson, the former to the rank of lieutenant-colonel and the latter to 1st lieutenant in their regiment.

The achievements of the Sinking Creek Valley raid by a mere handful of men at noonday, far in the heart of the enemy's country, requiring a continuous forced march in the saddle of thirty-six hours from the Union lines to the enemy's camp, under the most unfavorable conditions of the weather and roads and season of the year, is but an additional and striking illustration of what a few brave, loyal and determined men can accomplish.

My first year's experience, inspirations and impressions in the war of 1861 to 1865 for the Union, with the volunteer soldiers, shaped my conduct during my entire term of service as commander of a company, regiment, brigade and division, making it possible for me to believe that possible success was ever attainable at the will of the commander. This fact was fully demonstrated by General Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley campaign.



CHAPTER XXII.

THE MOTIVE AND FEELING OF THE PRIVATE SOLDIER — THE MEMENTO — WOUNDED IN BATTLE — CAPTAIN E. J. MERRILL — FIELD SURGERY — THE FORGOTTEN LEMON — HOSPITAL EXPERIENCES — AN ANGELIC VISION — THE WOMAN WITH A BOTTLE — THE LONG, LONG DAYS.

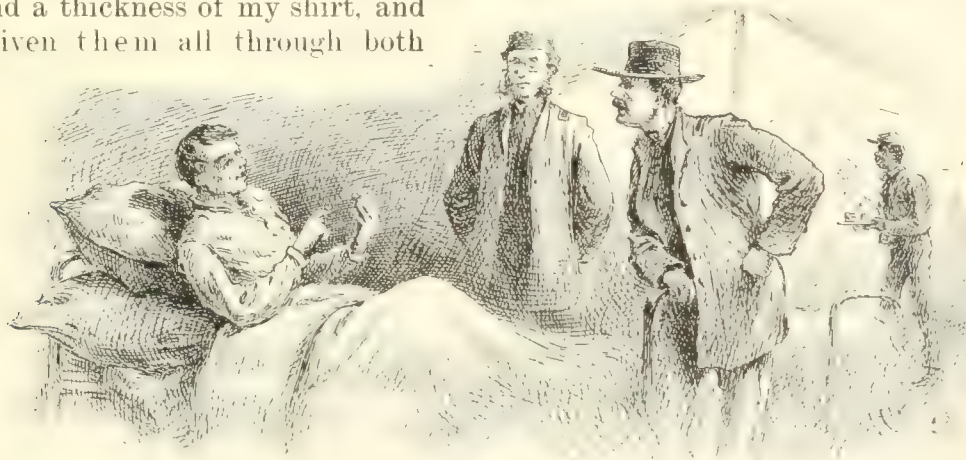
FEELINGS IN BATTLE.

JUDSEN SPOFFORD.

AS to the feelings of soldiers when going into their first battle, I have no doubt there is just as great a variety of feeling on that line as there is in most other things. There is, however, a great difference between true bravery and recklessness. Of true bravery, pride composes the greater part. No truly brave man goes into battle just for the fun of it. No well-balanced man will walk into the very jaws of death if it would be just as well for him to walk the other way. Therefore we are bound to the conclusion that most of the true bravery shown by so many during the great struggle for the maintenance of the Union, on the one side, and the overthrow of the Union, on the other side, had behind it as its chief incentive, manly pride, and a determination to return, if they ever did return, to their mothers, wives and sweethearts, with such a record as would assure them of being received as brave men who had dared death for home and country. Therefore we conclude that the real coward had no home, and that he cared nothing for his country. In the vast congregation of so many men, there must necessarily be all kinds. In some instances good men were cowards, because they could not help it. Their fear was greater than their pride and love of country. They were not balanced right for soldiers, and they could not help it. The Irishman who could never be induced to go into battle put it tersely when he said: "I have a heart as brave as a lion, but these cowardly legs run away with me every time I start into battle."

I was with the Army of the Potomac and in most of its hard-fought battles, and in all of the battles with Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley, and I confess that I never went into a battle because I liked it. If it had been all the same to home and country, I should, no doubt, have turned myself over, as the Irishman did, to cowardly legs which would have taken me away from danger rather than into it. My feelings at first were usually those of dread and fear. As we became more hotly engaged and the shot and shell went screeching by, and I perceived that many more of them missed than hit me, and as I saw that others and not myself were borne, torn and mangled,

from the field, dread and fear wore away and was replaced by interest in, and determination to win the fight. The last battle I was in, the one that closed the war and in which I was severely wounded, I dreaded the most of all. I have never been able to understand why I dreaded this so. I never realized any premonition that I was to be wounded, as so many have; but the idea kept revolving in my mind in spite of my efforts to drive it away. "I have been through so much of this and am so near the end, it would be hard to be killed now." But that fear soon wore away, and, as the enemy showed evidences of weakening, I became more and more interested, when a farewell shot from the enemy as they fell back from their first line struck me in the right side. It was a kind of thud, followed by a benumbing sensation, like being hit with a stone forcibly thrown. The flow of blood which soon started, and the stinging pain that followed, was the first thing that assured me that the ball had entered my body. Then, by the coughing and spitting of blood, I was assured that it had entered my lungs. I was taken to the field hospital near by, and when they got around to dress the wound the surgeons found that the ball had entered my right side butt-end foremost, cutting out three thicknesses of my overcoat and lining, a thickness of my blouse and lining, and a thickness of my shirt, and driven them all through both



"THERE ARE PLENTY WHERE I GOT THAT ONE."

lungs and lodged them in the left arm-pit. The doctor who cut the ball out wiped it carefully and put it in his pocket, remarking that he would keep it for a trophy. I asked him to let me see it. He handed it to me and I in turn put it in my pocket without looking at it very much, as they were busy probing and trying to get the remainder of the rags and shreds out of the wound. I told the doctor who wanted it for a trophy that I would relieve him of that part of the ceremony, and that if he really wanted a trophy of that kind there were plenty of them in the air where I got that one, and I had no doubt of his

ability to catch one if he would go out on the line and make an attempt in that direction. The other surgeon, who was assisting in dressing the wound, observed that it was very remarkable how the bullet could get through there without hitting the heart or some of the main arteries. The surgeon who wanted the trophy remarked that if it did hit the heart that organ was apparently hard enough to have glanced it off. The surgeon made a point on me, but I still have the bullet, and the hole through my chest, to remind me of that wonderful struggle that kept the Union whole and destroyed slavery.

When the surgeons had finished dressing the wound and I was ready to leave, one of them said to me: "Young man, if you recover from this it will be owing to the fact that you have been a boy of good habits and have not used whisky or tobacco." That was the most forcible temperance lecture I ever heard. Although I had been in the service nearly three years I was then but nineteen years old, but from that day to this the force of the old surgeon's temperance lecture to me has been day by day more thoroughly and impressively stamped on my mind, and I have become thoroughly of the opinion that no young man can afford to use either whisky or tobacco.

SENSATIONS OF THE WOUNDED.

CAPTAIN E. J. MERRILL.

SHOULD the reader wish to follow, in imagination, the struggle of wounded soldiers for succor and life, the following narrative may be of assistance as a guide in understanding the actual situation of many battered wrecks of war.

During that hour at Chancellorsville when the Confederates were closing in for the final assault, their artillery sweeping the field, already covered with wounded, dying and dead, from every point save the one line of retreat, General Sickles was compelled by failing ammunition and lack of support to withdraw from the front he had maintained for hours. Graham's brigade held on too long, and was being enveloped by the advancing foe, when General Birney rode down to the retiring line and ordered the 17th Maine and 3rd Michigan to face about and "drive those fellows back, to let Graham out." It had been an exhausting campaign, and as the boys moved forward their fagged condition became evident. Being in command of the "color" or "directing" company of the 17th, I stepped to its front as a matter of encouragement.

The successful finish was a glorious rush. As it slowed up a slight sting on the chest, followed by a hot throb like an angry heart beat, gave me the impression that a piece of shell had scratched the surface. Then a terrible blow was delivered on the arm between shoulder and elbow. It dropped limp and helpless, with blood streaming from every finger. There was a

great leap of the senses, and sudden conviction that the rush of blood must be checked at once. The two ranks passed by and halted, leaving me in the line of file-closers. My lieutenant wrenched the strap from his canteen, and using it with a bayonet for a tourniquet, shut off the dangerous flow. Detailing the bayonet's owner to look after it, he turned to command of the company, now rapidly moving back.

A ball from a shrapnel or canister had penetrated the chest. A minie had shattered the humerus, severed an artery, and had injured the main nerve, causing intolerable pain. In those few moments hardly a full minute of time the world of tumult and battle fever had passed on with a swift bound, leaving one solitary to grapple with a new and strange existence. Every scene on that field is vividly reproduced as I write.

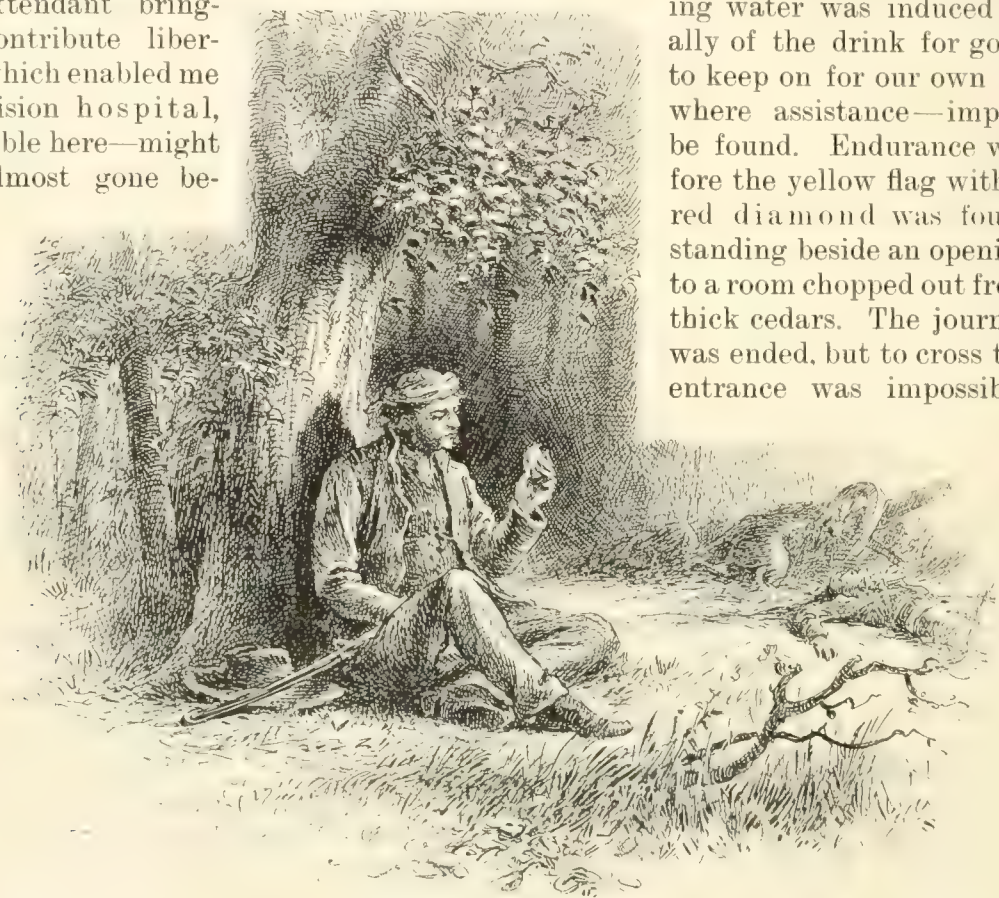
The line was fast leaving us behind, driving a hundred and more "Johnnies" before them. Converging lines of the enemy were coming up and bullets were spattering the ground as we slowly followed on, diverging from the regiment for smoother ground. At the line of battle a zealous officer ordered my attendant to his company, and I pressed on alone for the Chancellor house, now a hospital, a long mile away, taking a circuitous route to avoid obstacles, which were already giants in the way. Frequent rests were necessary, and I veered this way and that for seats above the ground, from which it would be possible to rise. Coming to a little group of "cradle knolls," I leaned on my sword in labored deliberation over their relative merits for occupancy, and the grave problem whether it would be profit or loss to occupy them. Greed for profit won. No one of the memories that throng stands out clearer than the scene and the moments passed there, where hope fled and returned. There was neither sight nor sound of living being. The roar of conflict seemed at infinite distance to the dulling senses. Above, little clouds bursting from clear sky in violent ebullition and drifting away in fleecy haze, and below, falling fragments beating up puffs of dirt like dwarfed eruptions, were to my listless eyes natural conditions, not disturbing the dumb solitude.

Sharp stitches of pain accompanied respiration. The raging thirst that besets bleeding men was increasing. Loosening the bayonet's twist for relief reopened the artery and caused deathly faintness. Slowly the conviction came that further effort was impossible. A curious vagary possessed the mind that unconsciousness would soon come, and that a proper regard for the official insignia on my person required the body to be in seemly position when discovered. While feebly planning this conceit a flash of memory thrilled every nerve.

Prior to leaving camp a large pocket had been fitted into the blouse, and two large lemons were packed in the bottom, and these had been

absolutely forgotten till this supreme moment. Craunching them with ravenous haste was as reviving as a feast of "ambrosial food with juice nectareous." Strength and courage were renewed. Rounding a skirt of trees brought Chancellor's and a stirring panoplied scene into view.

I arrived at the house at last to find guards at the doors and a wide belt of mutilated humanity stretched around on the sod. An approaching attendant bringing water was induced to ally of the drink for gods, to keep on for our own di-where assistance—impossible found. Endurance was fore the yellow flag with a red diamond was found standing beside an opening to a room chopped out from thick cedars. The journey was ended, but to cross the entrance was impossible.



THE FORGOTTEN LEMON.

With a fleeting thought that outside was outbarred, I pitched headlong in. A confused murmuring, gathering into the words, "He'll bear a little more whisky," was a potent restorative. Surgeons Herson and Wescott of the 17th, were kneeling by. The sleeve had been cut off, and an arm dabbled with blood, lying blue and motionless on the ground had an irresistible attraction to me. Men were coming from the amputation table for another victim, when a flight of shells screeched through the tree tops, sending every able-bodied

man pell-mell into the woods for shelter. I was safe, and laughed, or thought I did, at the ludicrous scramble.

The panic passed as quickly as it came, and orders were received to move everything to "the brick house," near the river, three miles in the rear. I was wrapped in a blanket, placed in an ambulance, and the next recollection was of being laid on the ground at the border of a broad mosaic of pallid faces and remnants of men that surrounded the house. For several hours a burning sun seemed stranded over those battalions of suffering. Pestilent flies swarmed innumerable. A piteous monotone of moans and mutterings betokened delirious wanderings, otherwise the wounded soldier is dumb. Here and there a life went out without shrift, and ambulances rolled up unceasingly with reinforcements that would fight nevermore.

Toward night an unpleasant motion roused me to see the friendly face of Steward Coleman of the 17th, looking down at me. Recognition had been accidental while passing in search of medical supplies. He investigated, and by permission of the surgeons, who were lopping arms and legs within, had repacked the furniture that had been cleared from the chambers into the peak of the porch, making room for one more, and had come for the tenant.

The passage upstairs was harder than facing a battery, but I was off and away before it was accomplished. Consciousness was revived by feeling a finger rumaging among the bones. The instant thought was of the camp gossip that medical students frequented the hospitals for experiment, and I sharply remonstrated. A quiet voice replied that examination was necessary, and presently added that a resection might save an arm of some value, but would be long in recovery—otherwise it must come off. Which should it be? Without much choice of words I told him that if he knew his business to attend to it; if he didn't, to get out. Meeting the good surgeon after the war he rehearsed the incident before a small company, mimicking the expressive words and army punctuation with great gusto. My face was hooded, and with a delightful whirl oblivion came.

Meanwhile the arm was laid open, five inches and a half of the humerus removed, the ends of the bones squared, the incision sewed up and bandaged, the fracture being too near the shoulder for splints.

It was a rough wakening from delicious lethargy. Loud voices and unwonted activity were prevalent. Forty ambulances were loading with wounded soldiers for removal to the corps hospital at Potomac creek. I was hustled unmercifully along without preparation and shipped prone on the floor like a beef. Metaphorically, there was savage "kicking," but of what use? It was orders and it was war.

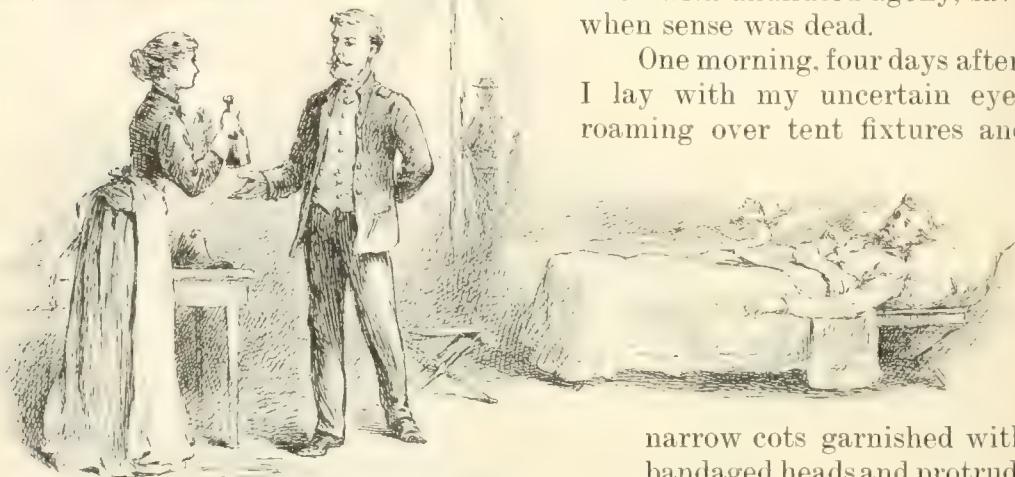
Afterward the unremitting labor of surgeons and the considerate work of ambulance men was better understood. In that awful stress, with ninety-five hundred wounded men to care for, one could claim but little.

Except the surgeon's weak stimulants, food had not been tasted for eighteen hours. Breathing was pain. The arm freshly sliced a foot in length, and minus its bone half the distance, lay helpless, subject to the slightest motion. Such were the conditions for an ambulance night ride across a country where every train made its own road.

Torture began with the start: every motion was torture. Wheels dropped into holes, and struck dead against stumps and stones. The heavy wagon careened into gullies, to be lash. The hours were

through sloughs, and plunged jerked out by horses under the filled with undiluted agony, save when sense was dead.

One morning, four days after, I lay with my uncertain eyes roaming over tent fixtures and



AN ANGEL WITH A BOTTLE.

narrow cots garnished with bandaged heads and protruding stumps, wondering what it all meant, and a vision appeared: a woman with

a bottle in her hand. With effort I followed the words, "Doctor, the sanitary folks have sent some porter: won't it be good for the captain?" "Try it, by all means." When the matron (Mrs. McKay) afterward explained its effect to the surgeon, he said: "I guess we'd better raise him, after all. He may have five bottles to-day." Remembering the spoonful allowances, I tried to smile with them at the absurdity. My cot neighbor, a Michigan officer minus a foot, communicated the missing links of the story to me by short installments. The train was eleven hours on the way and found the hospital packed up to move. Small tents and flies were pitched for temporary use, and with stimulants, basins, sponges, and dressings, the men were prepared for transfer to cots in the reconstructed hospital. It was my lot to be laid near and

identified by this officer. The clotted garments were cut away piecemeal, disclosing the wound near the heart. The conditions were regarded as beyond even mitigation, and attentions were discontinued.

My friend, ascertaining next morning that a spark of life still remained in the body, insisted that it should be brought in to the cot next to his, which favor was unwillingly accorded, as useless. Under his watchful care the surgeon's directions were faithfully executed. The spark, fanned by weakest stimulants, was kept alive till that porter came, and proved the one thing needful to pave the way for light nourishment.

The lacerated flesh of the arm had been so pounded and battered in the ambulance that now it was frightfully inflamed and swollen. The suppuration was, if possible, more frightful still, and but slight inflation of the lungs was sufferable. The slightest displacement was excruciating, and as the lightest penalty for raising the body, to bathe and change dressings, was a dead faint, the surgeons did not permit others to move it. The pressure for their services was such that regular visits were only once in two, and occasionally three, days. The sweltering heat of July and of the body lying on the back forty-eight hours without moving, generated bedsores that burrowed deep, and on one occasion a large colony of horrible, squirming maggots held possession several hours before surgeons could leave more pressing cases, to save my wits from crazing. The self-enforced duty of watching the manipulations of surgeons and nurses among twenty or thirty sufferers, and often in the night a white sheet spread over a still, mysterious form that did move, or seem to, became so exacting that screens and sleeping powders were ordered. The band, whose duty it was to play evenings near the wards, for the entertainment of those inside, was forbidden to come near mine on account of its harsh treatment of nerves, but the daily wailing of fifes, so like the "voices of girls that sing in China," and the roll of muffled drums going with burial parties, was soothing and restful, perhaps from the associations, perhaps because more distant.

Despite of all, there came symptoms of returning strength. Days lengthened into weeks. The last half of the second month was on its weary course, and the army began to fold its tents and move off toward Gettysburg. A stretcher was placed under my cot, and men carried it to the railroad, half a mile distant. Twenty open flats floored with misery literally hammered their way over uneven rails on a half graded road, under a broiling July sun, without an official, or attendant, or a cup of water in sight. As the grade rose and fell, the ancient connections could be heard up and down the train, clanking open and shut like the jaws of ghouls snuffing human prey, giving notice with feline cruelty, that car after car would start up with a yank, or slow up with a blow against the car in front. Every shock forced a

volley of agonized groans, as half-knit fractures grated, splintered limbs were twisted, and white bandages were dyed a ruddy hue. Perhaps it was the best that could be done, but more terrible than pain was the belief of frantic men that wounds received without complaint, for the country's sake, were heedlessly and needlessly maltreated.

At Acquia creek the suffering freight was transferred to steamers and floated to Alexandria. There the first transfer was to a shed reeking with stench from long use as a corral for horses and mules for army service. Their enforced mates, in the last stages of exhaustion, lay here for more than an hour, begging to be taken from the suffocating fumes into the free air of heaven, and only guards at doors with fixed bayonets and orders were there to hear. It was the veriest mockery of suffering. The chopping motion of my cot over the abominable pavement, in darkness, was more endurable, when it was taken on men's shoulders to a house that constituted one ward of Prince Street hospital, where, in spite of physical collapse, anodynes were required to close a day that I wish could be blotted from memory.

Reminders of the royal transit from the lowly tents of the Rappahannock to the stately mansion on the Potomac, overcame interest in new methods for several days. Red tape could not prevent time from creeping away. Ten weeks after the day of penetration, the ball in the chest, where it still remains, permitted comfortable respiration. One morning in August, a full quarter year after that "third of May," bravely violating orders, I swung off the cot and essayed the stretch of six feet to the next bed. A step with either foot satisfied ambition, and a lusty shout brought help for me to return, and a scoring from the steward.

Official absence through the day was utilized in experiments, and at sunset greedy eyes were feasting on the outlook from the window. In four days from the first experiment, with that magical panacea, a "leave of absence" in my pocket, I was journeying by easy stages toward home.

Rejoining my regiment late in October, I realized the extent of the disabilities. My days of field duty were over. But in a less trying branch of the service I remained through the war. The skill of army surgeons and their compeers in civil life enables me, thirty years after, to while away the time in reasonable comfort.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE STONE WALL AND THE PONTOON BRIDGE AT FREDERICKSBURG—CHARLES D. COPP, 9TH NEW HAMPSHIRE INFANTRY—THE FIELD AFTER THE BATTLE—COLONEL M. S. QUAY, 134TH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY—FIGHTING AS A CITIZEN—THOMAS PLUNKETT, 21ST MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY—THE ROMANCE OF AN ARMLESS VETERAN—
MARTIN SCHUBERT, 26TH NEW YORK INFANTRY—FIGHTING
WITH A FURLOUGH IN HIS POCKET—JOHN TWEEDALE,
15TH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY—TWO
BRIEF STORIES.

LEUTENANT CHARLES D. COPP, 9th New Hampshire Infantry, was born in New Hampshire, in 1840, and on the 18th day of August, 1862, enlisted at Concord, in the 9th New Hampshire Volunteer Infantry, with the rank of 2nd lieutenant.

It was at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862, that he won his medal of honor.

A spectator of this battle, where such gallantry was displayed by both the boys in blue and those in gray, thus writes:

"I saw a long, black line coming into view from behind the houses in the rear of the city, and advancing steadily toward the enemy's works. It was General French's division, which moved in solid column up the street; not far behind appeared Hancock's troops. Howard was not yet visible, being held in reserve.

"Already they were half-way across the plain, and as if at a given signal from the fortified plateau, from the enfilading barriers on the left, the invisible artillery on the right and front poured down a continuous hurtling tempest of shot and shell."

Not until noon was the battle formed, and then it moved steadily on over the undulating country toward the foot of the hills on which were the enemy's breastworks.

From houses, rifle-pits, barricades across the roads, and from every place of shelter, the Confederate sharpshooters opened with fearful effect. The fire of the enemy's artillery increased, until, when the lines in blue had reached the foot of the second range of hills, it was a perfect storm of iron which they encountered.

The advance was not checked, however, although great gaps were made here and there in the line, and at some moments it seemed to waver, as those stricken with death reeled to and fro before falling.

Assault after assault was made on the Confederate works, but all in vain: the terrific volleys from the enemy's lines were such as flesh and blood could not withstand.

The principal obstacle the Union troops found was a long stone wall, the outworks of the enemy. It was four or five hundred yards in length, and had been raised and strengthened until it was a formidable barrier to those who would have passed it.

Bravely both armies fought, and then came the time when the soldiers of French's division had exhausted their ammunition. Reluctantly they fell back, but they left nearly half of their number dead or dying on the field, and then came Hancock's division ready and willing to shed more blood in the desperate struggle.

Up the hill advanced the fresh lines in blue, until reaching the wall where French's men had received their attack, and there they also were stopped by the murderous fire from infantry and artillery.

During two hours they fought as only brave men can fight, but without making any advance.

In turn Hancock's division had exhausted their ammunition, had lost fully half their men, and had retired to make room for Howard's brave boys.

It was three o'clock when General Howard's command went into action. One after the other of his brigades were advanced to the front; but, like those of French and Hancock, did not succeed in reaching the enemy's works. The last of it, under General Sally, was ordered to charge with the bayonet, and moved forward in most gallant style, but were checked as all the other troops had been.

Shortly after French's division moved to the attack, Sturgis' division of Wilcox's corps advanced over a parallel road on the Federal right upon the works and batteries covering the enemy's left flank.

It arrived within eighty yards of the crest of the hill it had aimed to take, and there was forced to halt, holding the point three hours, notwithstanding the fact that it was confronted by superior numbers of infantry and enfiladed with batteries on either flank.

Butterfield's corps moved across the river about five o'clock, and shortly after dark Humphrey's and Griffin's divisions were ordered to advance to the front and relieve the troops of General Couch on the left, and General Wilcox on the right.

In reference to this movement General Hooker says:

"I brought up every available battery in the city, with the view to break away every barrier, by the use of artillery. I proceeded against the barriers as I would against a fortification, and endeavored to breach a hole sufficiently large for a "forlorn hope" to enter. Before that the attack along the line, it seemed to me, had been too general—not sufficiently



CONFEDERATES BEHIND THE STONE WALL AT FREDERICKSBURG.

concentrated. I had two batteries posted on the left of the road within four hundred yards of the position upon which the attack was to be made, and I had other parts of batteries posted on the right of the road at a distance of five or six hundred yards. I had all these batteries playing with great vigor upon that point until sunset, but with no apparent effect upon the Confederates or upon their works.

"During the last part of the cannonading I had given directions to General Hancock's division to form under the shelter which a small hill afforded in column for assault. When the fire of the artillery ceased, I gave directions for the enemy's works to be assaulted. General Hancock's men took off their knapsacks, overcoats and haversacks. They were directed to make the assault with empty muskets, for there was no time there to load and fire. When the word was given the men moved forward with great impetuosity. They ran and hurrahed, and I was encouraged by the great good feeling which pervaded them. The head of General Hancock's column advanced to within perhaps fifteen or twenty yards of the stone wall, and then they were thrown back as quickly as they had advanced. Probably the whole of the advance and the retiring did not occupy fifteen minutes. They left behind, as was reported to me, seventeen hundred and sixty of their number, out of four thousand."

The 9th New Hampshire was in Sturgis' division, which had advanced upon the works and batteries covering the enemy's right flank, shortly after French's division moved to the attack.

They were exposed to the most murderous fire of shell, grape and canister, but pressed bravely on, leaving most of their number upon the slope.

Then, when the leaden hail became so dense that it seemed impossible human beings could stand against it and live, the color-bearer fell, mortally wounded, the line wavered, great gaps showing here and there, and seemed to halt, when Lieutenant Copp, drawing the flag from under the dying soldier, sprang to the front, with the cry:

"Rally on the colors, boys! Forward!"

Only an example was needed to stimulate the boys from the Granite State, and on they went until it was impossible to advance another foot.

During the remainder of that night, Lieutenant Copp bore the colors gallantly, and for his bravery he was awarded the medal of honor.

One of his comrades writes of another episode in the lieutenant's career, which should have won him additional recognition:

"At Spottsylvania Courthouse, May 12, 1864, we, the 9th New Hampshire, gained the enemy's works, and were the only regiment in the corps which did so. Not being supported, we were driven out again, as a matter of course. We retreated; another color-bearer fell wounded, when Lieutenant Copp again took the flag, rallied the retreating regiment, and held the enemy in check sufficiently long for us to take our badly wounded major from the field to a place of safety."

Of the close of the battle, so disastrous to the Federal forces, because disheartening to the army, the spectator previously quoted writes:

"Passing through a cornfield with the dead lying all through its aisles, we entered an uncultivated field beyond, where I saw dead bodies in ranks so regular that it was as if they

had been mown down in swaths. Our burying parties were already engaged, and had put away to rest many of our men; still here, as everywhere, I saw them scattered over the field; the ground was strewn with muskets, knapsacks, cartridge-boxes and articles of clothing, with the carcasses of horses and thousands of shot and shell. Ride where one might, through cornfield, wood or ravine, and the ride will be among the dead until heart grows sick and faint with horror."

COLONEL MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY.

134TH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY.

COLONEL QUAY of the 134th Pennsylvania Infantry was awarded a medal of honor for distinguished services at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862.

He contracted typhoid fever at Falmouth, Va., opposite Fredericksburg, in the latter part of 1862. He was so broken down by the disease that his friends urged him to resign his commission and go home to recuperate.

Finally Colonel Quay did so.

When his discharge papers were handed to him by General Tyler, the latter said he regretted the colonel was leaving just at that time, as they expected a battle very soon.

On hearing this Colonel Quay refused to accept the discharge papers, and declared his intention of waiting for the battle.

General Tyler told him he would be foolish to do this in view of his broken health; besides, the papers were there, and he was a private citizen. If he went into the battle he would be sure to be killed, and had better go home and get well.

"Well," said Colonel Quay, "I'd rather be killed in the battle and called a fool, than go home and be called a coward."

He declared he would take a musket and fight as a private, if he could not go in as an officer.

General Tyler, seeing the young man so determined, made him an aid on his staff, and in this capacity Colonel Quay fought all day and far into the night, in the famous battle of Fredericksburg, rendering important service.

SERGEANT THOMAS PLUNKETT.

21ST MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

THOMAS PLUNKETT, sergeant, Company E, 21st Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, received a medal of honor for gallantry in the action at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862.

The regiment crossed the Rappahannock on the upper pontoon bridge, December 12, and the next morning advanced on the enemy's works. The second brigade moved forward most gallantly in double line of battle, across a plain swept by a destructive fire of the enemy.

Colonel W. S. Clark, commanding the 21st, says in his report :

" When about sixty rods from the city Color-Sergeant Collins of Company A was shot and fell to the ground. Sergeant Plunkett of Company E seized the colors and carried them forward to the farthest point reached by our troops during the battle.

" When the regiment had commenced the delivery of its fire, about forty rods from the position of the Confederate infantry, a shell was thrown with fatal accuracy at the colors, which again brought them to the ground, wet with the life blood of the brave Plunkett, whose arms were both shot from his body.

" Color-Corporal Olney of Company H immediately raised the flag, and bore it through the remainder of the day. Color-Corporal Barr of Company C, who carried the State colors,



BUILDING THE PONTOON BRIDGE AT FREDERICKSBURG.

was shot, and his post of honor and danger quickly taken by Color-Corporal Wheeler of Company I. Color-Corporal Miller was also wounded. Plunkett survived his injuries, however, and was awarded the medal of honor."

There is quite a romance connected with this incident. It seems that when Plunkett went to the war "the girl I left behind me" was engaged to him, but when he returned, armless, she refused him; probably because she was afraid he would be unable to keep the wolf from the door; possibly on general grounds.

She could stand a one-armed man, as he could drive with the reins between his teeth, but an armless man—never!

However, this maiden had a sister whose heart was won by the brave Plunkett, and who took her place and married him.

Now the sequel—the patriotic citizens of Massachusetts raised a purse of \$50,000 and presented it to Plunkett, but it is not on record that his first sweetheart found a husband with as much money.

The 21st was noted for its marksmanship at Fredericksburg, and for its skill in keeping down the enemy's fire as much as was possible.

LIEUTENANT MARTIN SCHUBERT.

26TH NEW YORK INFANTRY.

THIS veteran, who resides in Flora, Ill., was born in Germany in 1838. In April, 1861, he enlisted as corporal in Company E, 26th New York Infantry, and was discharged by reason of the expiration of service, May 8, 1863. May 20, of the same year, he reenlisted at Utica, in Company C, 14th New York Heavy Artillery, and was mustered out at the close of the war as first lieutenant of his company.

Mr. Schubert writes:

I was in all the battles that the Army of the Potomac fought, and received my first wound at Antietam, September 17, 1862. I was sent to Columbia College Hospital at Washington, D. C., there receiving a furlough to go home; but instead of doing so I went back to the regiment, joining it at Brook Station, Va., December 10, 1862, and marching with it on the following day.

We crossed the Rappahannock below Fredericksburg on the night of the 12th, and the battle opened about seven o'clock next morning.

My old wound was not yet healed, and was giving me considerable trouble. I went in with the regiment, however, despite the protests of my colonel and captain, who insisted I should use the furlough which I had in my pocket; but I thought the government needed me there, instead of at home.

Within an hour I received another wound, this time in the left side, and still carry the bullet.

General Burnside, knowing of the fact that I had gone into the battle while I had a furlough and should have been in the hospital, promised me then and there a medal of honor, which I received in due time.

During my second term of service I was assigned to the Ninth Corps, and with that organization participated in all its engagements until mustered out at Rochester, N. Y., after the close of the war.

JOHN TWEEDALE.

15TH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY.

HE was awarded a medal of honor for gallantry in action at the battle of Stone River, Tenn., December 31, 1862, and January 1, 1863, being then a private in Company B, 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry.

Subsequently, after having served in the field to a late period of the war with distinction, he was detailed for clerical duty at headquarters department of the Cumberland, March 29, 1863, and, by reason of the ability he displayed, was, in July succeeding, appointed chief clerk at the same headquarters.

Mr. Tweedale afterward accepted a clerkship in the war department, and rapidly passed through the successive grades until October 1, 1872, when he passed a competitive examination under civil service rules, and was promoted to clerk, class IV, in the adjutant-general's office, from which position he resigned January 24, 1873, to accept a clerkship in the office of the Secretary of War.

TWO BRIEF STORIES.

BY WM. J. SANFORD.

THE lapse of thirty years has erased from memory most of the pathetic and amusing incidents of the Civil War. Many of them, however, will be entirely forgotten only when coming years shall carry away all the survivors.

One amusing incident lingers in the recollection of the writer.

Tempting Apples.

In the latter part of the summer of 1863, while the Confederate forces were investing Cumberland Gap, the narrow, but beautiful Powell's valley lay between them and the enemy, and was neutral ground. The big guns of the Federals were perched high on Cumberland Mountain, and occasionally the gunners amused themselves by sending random shots into the lines of the Confederates. There was an orchard about midway between the lines, filled with large, tempting apples. To get them was dangerous, but to taste the luscious fruit was a delight too tempting to be resisted. One bright day two or three daring Confederates were in one of the trees helping themselves, when a well-directed shell from the mountain exploded beneath them. There may have been more sudden and quicker descent from a tree in the history of the world, but the event is not recorded. There may, also, have been instances of faster time than they made in getting back to the lines, but such instances are few and far between.

Go to the Rear.

A certain company found itself in a close place, nearly surrounded by the enemy. One poor fellow became almost frantic with fear at the first fire and ran at the top of his speed. He ran but a short distance when the firing opened in his front. He changed his course and was met by another volley



“THERE AIN’T NO REAR.”

from that direction. A cooler comrade, notwithstanding the danger, was amused at his sudden turnings, and shouted to him, “Go to the rear!” to which the fugitive, with no appreciation of the fun, shouted back at the top of his voice, “Rear—there ain’t no rear!”

CHAPTER XXIV.

STORY OF THE BATTLE OF FORT STEADMAN — CAPTAIN BOURKE, 3RD UNITED STATES CAVALRY — MAJOR J. F. CARTER, 3RD MARYLAND INFANTRY — AN ADVENTURE WITH PRISONERS — TRAMPLING THE FLAG — GEO. W. STEWART, 1ST NEW JERSEY CAVALRY — FIRING A WAGON TRAIN AND FINDING A FLAG — GEO. M. LOVERING, 4TH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY — JOHN F. CHASE, 5TH MAINE BATTERY — FORTY-EIGHT WOUNDS — LIEUTENANT KIRBY, UNITED STATES ARMY.

CAPTAIN JOHN G. BOURKE, formerly of the 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry (now captain 3rd United States Cavalry), was awarded a medal of honor for gallantry in action at Stone River, Tenn., December 31, 1862, and January 1, 1863.

After serving his country gallantly during the war, Captain Bourke was still young enough at its close to enter the Military Academy, October 17, 1865, and graduated June 15, 1869.

He was assigned to duty in the cavalry arm of the service, and served on the frontier with distinction. From 1870 to 1871 he was in Arizona, and engaged in several skirmishes, serving as aid-de-camp to Major-General Crook. He took a prominent part in the Black Hills expedition and the Big Horn; and the Yellowstone expeditions; was engaged in the capture of Crazy Horse village and the fights on Tongue River, Rosebud, Slim Buttes and Willow Creek, and was with Thornburgh's command in its pursuit of the Cheyennes across Sand Hills of Nebraska and Dakota. He was subsequently with General Merritt in the rescue of the survivors of Thornburg's command.

He was recorder of the Ponca Indian commission, and investigated the manners and habits of the Pueblos, Navajos, and Apache Indians.

He was assistant Adjutant-General of Crook's expedition in the Sierra Madre, Mexico, in pursuit of Apaches, and was present at the surrender of Geronimo and his band.

Subsequently, he was under the orders of the Secretary of State with the international American conference, and since May, 1891, has been in command at Fort Ringgold, Tex., and achieved a national reputation in the pursuit of the Garza revolutionists. Captain Bourke has also quite a literary reputation.

MAJOR JOSEPH F. CARTER.

3RD MARYLAND INFANTRY.

THE part played by the 3rd Maryland Regiment in the battle of Fort Steadman, March 25, 1863, which has caused some controversy, is thus told by Joseph F. Carter, captain of the 3rd regiment, and brevet major of United States Volunteers:

The third regiment was not in Fort Steadman, and no part of that regiment was captured that day. The position we occupied was upon the extreme left of the Third Brigade, which consisted of the 100th Pennsylvania (Roundheads), 3rd Maryland, 29th Massachusetts and 59th Massachusetts Regiments, along with the 14th New York Heavy Artillery, which was commanded by General N. B. McLaughlin, United States army.

The brigade held a line of works about a mile long, on which were two large forts—Steadman and Haskell—the former on the right and the latter on the left. They were more than a half mile apart, with two minor works between batteries 10 and 11. On March 25, under cover of darkness, the enemy advanced upon our works, and by a sharp trick captured our picket line.

They then moved unmolested over the works on the right of Fort Steadman, which were not occupied by our troops, passed to the rear of that fort, surprised the garrison, which consisted of the battalion of the 14th New York, and secured Battery 10, to the left of Fort Steadman. General McLaughlin went into this battery without knowing the enemy was there, and was taken prisoner, leaving the brigade without a commander. No one assumed command, not knowing that McLaughlin was a prisoner.

Soon after this the enemy advanced upon the front of Fort Haskell, but were repulsed by the garrison consisting of the 2nd Battalion of the 14th New York Heavy Artillery, aided by the 100th Pennsylvania on the right of that fort, and the 3rd Maryland on the left.

The direct assault having failed, the enemy moved a heavy column from Fort Steadman to take Haskell in reverse. As they moved toward that fort they were discovered about daylight and were met by the 100th Pennsylvania, whom they forced to retreat into the fort, along with the 59th Massachusetts, where they maintained a gallant defense.

As soon as the enemy were discovered advancing from the rear the 3rd Maryland, on the left of Haskell, changed their position and formed line of battle facing them, with their left resting near the fort, and their right extended so as to strike the enemy in the flank before they reached the gate of the fort. They advanced their right, and, by repeated attacks, checked the advance of the enemy until the guns of the fort could be brought to bear upon him, when the battle began in earnest on both sides.

The 3rd Maryland remained in this position until they charged into the camp of the 100th Pennsylvania, then occupied by the enemy, who were trying to silence the guns of the fort. They engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle over the colors of an Alabama regiment, whose color-bearer was striving to place it upon the parapet of Fort Haskell, and was only prevented from doing so by the deep ditch that surrounded the fort.

The color-bearer, along with his colors, was captured by Corporal Patrick McCaw of the 3rd Maryland and marched to headquarters. The charge relieved the fort and enabled the garrison to make a sortie from the gateway, where they joined the 3rd Maryland. The enemy in the rear, seeing that their retreat was about to be cut off, hastily abandoned their position and retired into Fort Steadman.

It was then proposed by Major Maxwell, of the 100th Pennsylvania, that we advance upon Fort Steadman, which was done before General Hartranft's division made any advance. As a result of that charge, the brigade could claim seven stand of colors and about one thousand two hundred prisoners.

The 3rd Maryland had two flags to her credit—one already mentioned, and one captured by Captain Carter.

The 3rd Maryland is also accredited with being the first to enter Fort Steadman at its recapture.

Captain Carter was awarded a medal of honor by Congress for his gallantry in the action at Fort Steadman.

The story of the winning of the medal is as follows:

After the surrender of Fort Steadman, where a portion of the 3rd Maryland was engaged, Captain Joseph F. Carter was the first to enter that fort, and he ordered his company to intercept the Confederates, who were in the direction of the railroad leading from City Point, engaged with Hartranft's troops back of Steadman.

When the rear of the fort was reached, several of the enemy were taken prisoners. While they were being secured Carter walked to the hill where he saw about thirty soldiers retreating along a covered way. He ordered their lieutenant to surrender, and his men took them prisoners.

Commanding a portion of his company to follow, Carter moved along the covered way, supposing the men were behind him, and when about two hundred yards in the rear of the fort, found the 51st Virginia in a deep cut of the road which led to Petersburg.

Still believing he was supported by his men, Carter demanded their surrender, and the commander asked who he was.

"I am a Yank. You can't get back, for your retreat is cut off."

"But where are your men?" the officer asked curiously.

Turning to point to his company, Carter, to his dismay, found himself alone.

At that instant a Federal staff officer appeared on the crest of the hill in the rear of Fort Steadman, which was occupied by the 100th Pennsylvania Infantry, and signaled to the batteries in the rear near the City Point railroad to cease firing on our men who had possession of the fort.

This was a fortunate circumstance for Carter, and he called the attention of the Confederate officer to the fact. The latter asked very quickly:

"What do you want us to do?"

"March by the right flank down the road leading to the rear."

This order was obeyed, and when the Confederates came to the deep cut the Federals opened heavy fire, which caused them to halt.

"Your men won't stop shooting; what shall we do?" the Confederate officer asked in dismay.

"March up to the cut. Throw down your arms, and the Federals will come and take you."

Again was the order obeyed. Carter remained awhile on the bank, signaling to the Federal troops to stop firing, but the signal was either misunderstood or not comprehended, and, finding that he was making of himself a target, Carter moved off a short distance, when he observed the flag of the captured regiment returning from the front, in charge of a lieutenant and six men.

His revolver was empty, therefore he picked up a loaded musket, and cried menacingly:

"Surrender that flag!"

"I will not," was the reply.

Carter pointed his musket at the lieutenant, and that officer's forces leveled their six guns at him in return.

He had put himself in a bad position, and with six determined men against one, there was nothing left but to surrender himself.

"I have a great mind to blow your brains out," the lieutenant cried excitedly when Carter's gun had been taken from him.

"That won't do you any good, for every one of you will be shot, as you are prisoners. We have the fort. I have just left it, and you must finally surrender."

"We'll see about that," was the reply, and just at that moment the officer in command of the Confederate regiment came up. He was asked by the lieutenant for information as to what was going on.

The reply was, that word had been received from Colonel Gracie to "fall back;" that when he had reached the cut he had halted and waited for orders.

"I didn't hear anything of the kind," the lieutenant said, "and I would like to know what we are to do."

"Blest if I know!" his superior officer replied.

"Suppose I go back and see what Gracie wants?"

"Go ahead."

In charge of the flag and his six men he moved off, ordering the prisoner to follow, and permitting him to retain his sword, which had not yet been demanded.

It was necessary they should cross an open space two hundred yards from the Federal works, where they were about the same distance from the Confederate lines.

This space was being raked by the Federal batteries to prevent the enemy, who were cut off, from returning to their army.



THE SIGNAL TO CEASE FIRING.

Twenty pieces of artillery were throwing long-range canister, making a perfect hailstorm of shot and shell.

Carter, thinking he saw a chance to escape, edged toward the covered way, and was about to run when one of the men cried:

"If you attempt to leave us, I will blow your brains out."

Understanding that death would surely be the result of any effort to give his captors the slip, Carter followed, moving so slowly that he was threatened with the point of the bayonet if he did not quicken his pace.

When within a hundred yards of the Confederate works two Union soldiers approached from the direction of Fort Steadman, and Carter shouted:

"Boys, I am a prisoner."

"All right. We will recapture you."

"What do you think of the situation now?" Carter asked the Confederate lieutenant. "The tables are turned, and you are my prisoners."

"I guess we are, and I may as well surrender."

"Throw down your arms!"

When this had been done Carter seized the flag and waved it to attract the attention and gain assistance, but the more it was flourished the heavier was the fire, and he threw it on the ground trampling it beneath his feet, as he waved his sword above his head.

This was sufficient to explain the position of affairs, and the Pennsylvania troops came out and took the prisoners.

GEORGE W. STEWART.

1ST NEW JERSEY CAVALRY.

GEORGE W. STEWART was born in 1841, and enlisted August 11, 1861, as private in Company G, 1st New Jersey Cavalry, and at the expiration of his first term of service reënlisted February 1, 1864, at Warrenton, Va., for three years, or during the war, in the same company and regiment.

Writing from Camden, N. J., Mr. Stewart says:

I received a medal of honor for capturing a Confederate flag near Jettersville, Va., April 5, 1865. Our brigade charged Lee's wagon train, capturing a battery of artillery, and driving off the guards accompanying the train. We unharnessed the horses and mules from the wagons, and set fire to the latter. While this was being done, I chanced to discover that one wagon was loaded with officers' baggage, consisting of uniforms and other clothing, and with them a flag. I examined it, and was on the point of throwing it back, not knowing there was any particular honor attached to carrying it away, when some one better posted than myself, said:

"Stewart, you had better hang on to that flag. You will get a furlough for it, if nothing more."

That put a new face on the matter, so I took the flag and succeeded in finally getting it to Washington.

After burning the wagons we were forced to retire to our infantry supports, hard pressed by the enemy, and in so doing our colonel and several men were killed.

The flag was turned over to the quartermaster, who had charge of it until after Lee's surrender. My regiment marched back to Burckville



CAPTURING THE FLAG AT JETTERSVILLE

Junction, and went into camp. I, with fifty-two others who had captured flags, took the train from the Junction to City Point, and from there by boat to Washington, where we arrived the morning after President Lincoln's assassination.

We remained in our quarters until the final ceremonies were over, and then marched to the war department, each man handing his flag to Secretary Stanton, who made us a complimentary speech. This ceremony over we were given a thirty days' furlough, and I had my first opportunity of seeing my father, mother and sisters in four years.

It was while I was at home that the medal was sent me by mail. It is inscribed:

"The Congress to Sergeant George W. Stewart, of Company E, 1st New Jersey Cavalry."

LIEUTENANT GEORGE M. LOVERING.

4TH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY.

GEORGE M. LOVERING was born in Springfield, N. H., in 1832, and enlisted April 16, 1861, in Company D, 4th Massachusetts Infantry, for a three months' term of service, and was made first sergeant.

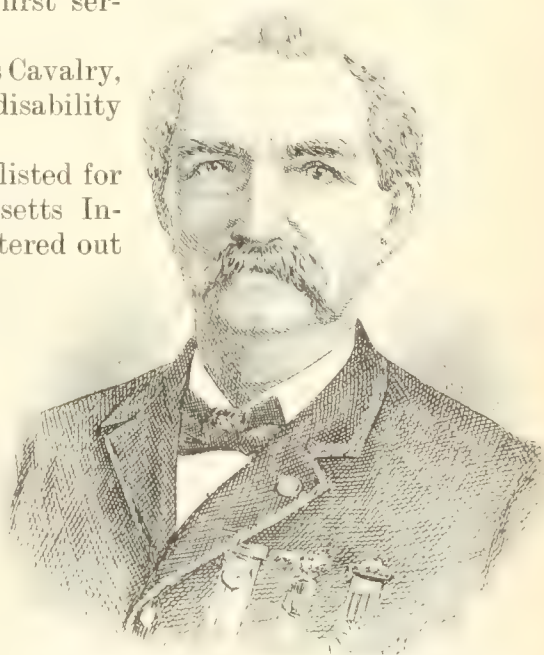
He reenlisted in the 3rd Massachusetts Cavalry, November 4, 1861, and was discharged for disability June 15, 1862.

September 23 of the same year he enlisted for nine months in Company I, 4th Massachusetts Infantry, and was made first sergeant. Mustered out August 28, 1863, by expiration of term of service; was commissioned first lieutenant in the 75th United States Colored Troops, November, 1863, and resigned January 9, 1864.

He participated in the engagements at Bisland, La., April 12-13, 1863, and was at the siege of Port Hudson from June 1 until the city surrendered.

The medal of honor was awarded for "distinguished bravery at the assault on Port Hudson, June 14, 1863," in arresting the flight of a regiment other than his own, while under a galling fire, thus preventing or rather allaying a panic.

A. H.—12



LIEUTENANT GEORGE M. LOVERING.

JOHN F. CHASE.

CANNONEER OF THE 5TH MAINE BATTERY.

It is questionable if in the history of the war there is another man who can show as many scars as private John F. Chase of the 5th Maine Battery. Wounded in forty-eight places, and having lost his left eye and right arm, he was only rescued from the grave by a Confederate, who was appropriating his shoes, believing him to be a corpse, when he discovered signs of life and notified the surgeon.

Of him the *Boston Herald* says that John F. Chase, the hero of the 5th Maine Battery, received forty-eight wounds at one time, and took part in all the battles of the Army of the Potomac, from the first Bull Run to that of Gettysburg. During his entire term of service the post of duty and danger always found him present. That was the testimony of his captain, often expressed, and of all who knew him in the army.

Private Chase's pluck at Chancellorsville received the commendation of General Hooker. His battery was facing a most destructive fire from the enemy's batteries. All the officers and men of the 5th Maine being killed or wounded, he, with another brave comrade, fired his gun seven times after the other guns of the battery had ceased work. The piece was then dragged off by the two, the horses having been shot or disabled, to prevent its capture by the enemy, who shortly afterward occupied the position that had been vacated by our retreating forces. For this heroic action Mr. Chase received a medal of honor from Congress.

At the battle of Gettysburg the 5th Maine Battery was attached to the First Corps, under General Reynolds. The battery was in a hard place, being between cross fires. The air was full of the missiles of death. The heroic Chase, with his shirt sleeves rolled up and his face black with powder and smoke, was in the act of ramming home a cartridge, when a Confederate shell struck about three feet from him, and burst. Chase was thrown nearly a rod from his gun, and fell insensible. His clothes were literally stripped from his body. His right arm was blown off, his left eye torn from its socket, while his breast and shoulders were gashed with wounds. He was carried to the rear. Two days afterward, when the dead were buried, he was being conveyed with others to the grave. A groan from him attracted attention, and he was discovered to be alive. Upon recovering consciousness the first words that came from his lips were: "Did we win the battle?"

Chase was born in 1843, enlisted at Augusta, Me., April 20, 1861, in the 3rd Maine Infantry as private, for three months, and reenlisted in the 5th Maine Battery, November 1, 1861.

The following inscription is on the medal which the maimed hero proudly wears:

"Presented to John F. Chase, of the 5th Maine Battery, by the United States Congress, for heroic service rendered at the battle of Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863."

His personal story, which is the record of as much suffering as ordinarily falls to the lot of a hundred men, is as follows:

My battery, 5th Maine, Captain George F. Leppein commanding, went into action at Chancellorsville, Sunday morning, May 3, 1863. Our position



WE DISCHARGED THE GUN SEVERAL TIMES ALONE.

was at the right of the Chancellorsville House, with barely room for our battery between the house and the woods. The enemy opened upon us with a masked battery at short range, and an instant later the air was so full of flying missiles that it did not seem as if even a bird could live; it appeared as if every man must be stricken down.

The men of our battery stood at their posts, falling as grain before the reaper until every officer was either killed or wounded, and one of the limber-chests had been exploded. The few men who were left stood firm at their guns, pouring death and destruction into the advancing ranks of the enemy as they were charging across the plain to capture the battery.

I was No. 1 cannoneer of the sixth gun, and my duty was to ram the cartridges home.

It seemed as if the engagement had just begun when the entire crew of the gun had melted away, some wounded, but the greater number killed.

I went to the next gun, and worked there perhaps two minutes before its crew were also numbered among the fallen. Then to the third and in an incredibly short space of time there were only two men of all our battery left able to continue duty—Corporal Lebroke and myself. We discharged the gun several times alone, until a shot struck it in the muzzle and battered it so much that we could not get the cartridge in.

At that moment Colonel Mulholland charged with part of the Irish brigade to save the battery, and Comrade Lebroke and myself held up the trail of our gun while some of the 116th Pennsylvania and 28th Massachusetts men drew it from the field.

When this had been done I went back on the field for Lieutenant Kirby of the regular army, an officer who had been sent in to take charge of our battery after our officers were all killed. His leg was shattered almost as soon as he reached the field, but he would not be taken away until the guns were safe. He was a hero.

While I was carrying him off the field, he took Comrade Lebroke's and my names, and told me that if ever two men earned a medal of honor we had; that he would see to it we got one.

He died, however, before reaching Washington, but like the true soldier that he was, made his report in the ambulance, remembering the promise he gave us, and that report is now on file at the war department.

The reason I did not receive my medal at that time was that the next battle I went into was Gettysburg.

I was so badly wounded as to be reported killed, losing an arm, an eye, and receiving forty-eight other wounds.

CHAPTER XXV.

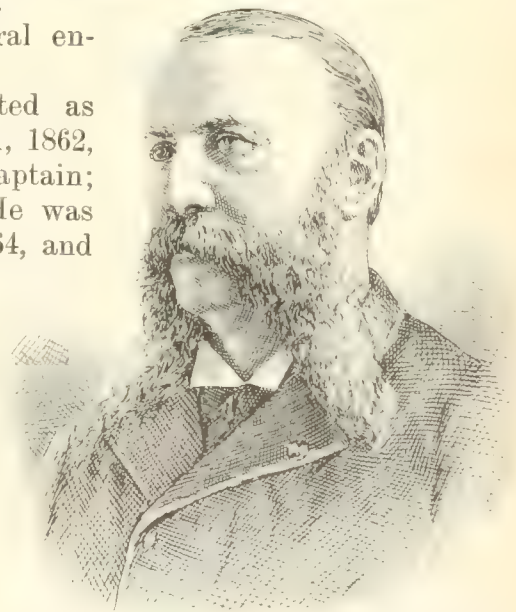
THE BATTLE OF LEE'S MILLS—COLONEL FRANKLIN G. BUTTERFIELD, 6TH VERMONT INFANTRY—THE INCIDENT OF THE WOUNDED CAPTAIN—BATTLE OF GOLDING'S FARM—SAVAGE STATION—LOOKING FOR A LOST REGIMENT—CHANCELLORSVILLE—LOUIS J. SACRISTE—BRINGING OFF THE GUNS—THE RETREAT OF THE REAR GUARD.

COLONEL FRANKLIN G. BUTTERFIELD was born in Rockingham, Vt., in 1842, and at the beginning of the war was in Middlebury College (Vermont). September 10, 1861, he enlisted at Middlebury as private in Company A, 6th Vermont Infantry, and during his term of service was promoted successively 2nd lieutenant, 1st lieutenant, captain and lieutenant-colonel commanding.

He participated in twenty-three general engagements.

In October of 1861 he was promoted as 2nd lieutenant of Company A; August 21, 1862, as 1st lieutenant; April 21, 1864, as captain; October 21, 1864, as lieutenant-colonel. He was mustered out as captain, October 28, 1864, and resigned his commission as lieutenant-colonel in December, 1864, because of wounds received in battle August 21, 1864.

At the battle of Lee's Mills, April 16, 1862, the right wing of the 6th Vermont Infantry, consisting of Companies A, F, D, I and C, were ordered to cross Warwick Creek, and attack the enemy's works. At the point of crossing, the creek was a hundred and fifty to two hundred yards wide, swampy in character, and the water was in depth from a few inches up to, in some places, the armpits of the men. The battalion crossed the stream under a galling fire from the enemy's rifle pits, and made a lodgment at his



COLONEL FRANKLIN G. BUTTERFIELD.

first works on dry ground. Soon after it was ordered to retire, and did so without much regard to formation.

Just at the moment when the line was beginning to fall back, Lieutenant Butterfield, who was on the left of Company A, and near Captain E. F. Reynolds, commanding Company F, noticed that the captain was acting queerly, and stopped to investigate the cause. The captain turned to Butterfield, and said:

“Lieutenant, I am wounded.”

The lieutenant asked him if he could walk. He said he could, and the former put his arms under the latter’s shoulder, got him upon his feet, and



BUTTERFIELD SAVING HIS CAPTAIN.

after a little delay started back with him through the water. By this time the whole line had left, most of the battalion having reached the other side. After going a few yards, Captain Reynolds said:

“I am faint; let me drop.”

Lieutenant Butterfield, thinking he had fainted, took him by the collar of his coat, raising him up until his head was above the water, and alone (under a musketry fire so severe that it was described by a correspondent at that time as, “The bullets striking in the water seemed as thick as raindrops on a pond

in a summer shower," and by another, "The muddy water fairly boiled with bullets"), carried Captain Reynolds to the opposite shore and regained his own line. On examination it was found that the captain was dead. Lieutenant Butterfield was at this time but nineteen years old. He was warmly commended by his commanding officers, but no official record seems to have been made.

On the 28th of June, 1862, at Golding's farm, on the Chickahominy, a terrific artillery fire from the front added to the cross-fire from Gaines Mill on the other side of the Chickahominy (captured by the enemy in the previous day's battle), forced the officer commanding the 6th Vermont to order his regiment to retreat, leaving the camp standing. The regiment fell back about one thousand yards to the line of a belt of woods, without much regard to formation. One hundred men were then detailed for the purpose of skirmishing back to bring off such muskets, cartridge boxes, canteens and haversacks as remained, and to destroy the tents and other camp equipage. Second Lieutenant Butterfield, the youngest officer in the regiment, was directed to lead this party (a command sufficiently important for a field officer, or, at least, a captain), force back the enemy's skirmishers and execute these orders. He did it in such a successful manner, bringing off his command in good order, that he was told by the colonel commanding his regiment that his name would be sent to General McClellan, with recommendation for promotion for gallant and meritorious conduct. Whether such communication was ever forwarded, or was forgotten in the excitement of the seven days' fight, is unknown.

The command to which the 6th Vermont belonged fought at Savage Station, June 29, 1862, the battle lasting until long after dark. Then marching all night, it crossed White Oak Swamp just as the sun was rising. The troops went into line on an open plain, and fatigued with marching and fighting lay down and were soon asleep. At about 11 o'clock A. M., without any warning, the enemy opened with a tremendous fire from twenty or thirty pieces of artillery, throwing the troops into great confusion, and a scattering to the rear suddenly occurred. It is a well-known fact that many officers of high rank continued their retrograde movement until they reached Harrison's Landing.

Lieutenants Butterfield and Bird were the first officers of the regiment to rally a line at the edge of the woods, back of the clearing, and planting the colors there they rallied a large portion of the regiment. Again a party was detailed to go on the field and bring off the muskets, etc., left there in the confusion. Again Lieutenant Butterfield was put in command, and performed duty in such a manner as to receive the warmest commendations from his superior officers.

On May 3, 1863, Lieutenant Butterfield, having in the meantime been promoted to 1st lieutenant, was an aid-de-camp on the staff of General L. A. Grant, commanding the 2nd brigade, 2nd division, 6th army corps. While the brigade was in the act of charging at Marye's Heights, near Fredericksburg, a regiment temporarily attached to the brigade was thrown into confusion and broke away from the line, leaving a gap in the charging column and seriously endangering its success. This was the fault of the commanding officer of the regiment, who, as subsequent events proved, was not in a fit condition for battle that day. Several staff officers were sent with orders to reform the line. At last Lieutenant Butterfield was sent, and at once realizing the situation of affairs, and the imminent exigencies of the case, and fearing disaster from any further delay, assumed the grave responsibility of moving the regiment without the consent of the colonel commanding, putting it into action in its proper place. All this was done in the midst of a fierce battle, and under the severest fire of artillery and infantry.

Having reformed the line, he immediately reported to General Grant, who not only commended him personally and in general orders, but put the colonel under arrest and preferred charges against him, on which he was cashiered by sentence of a court-martial.

On the next day, May 4, at Bank's Ford, Va., the Sixth Army Corps fought the enemy all the afternoon unsupported, the Army of the Potomac having, on the previous day, recrossed the Rappahannock from Chancellorsville. At dusk the lines were shortened, and a new line formed near the river, at Bank's Ford. General L. A. Grant, commanding the Vermont Brigade, sent several staff officers to draw back the regiments. When the new line was formed it was discovered that the 6th Vermont had not been found by the staff officer sent to it, and was supposed to have been captured. General Grant sent Aid-de-camp Butterfield to look for it. He rode over the battlefield in the twilight, finding the position where the 6th had fought during the afternoon, and, believing from indications that they had moved still further to the front, followed in what he thought was their track.

In the meantime the enemy had already attacked the new line a short distance to the left, as was indicated by the heavy firing. Still Lieutenant Butterfield kept on, and finally found the 6th Vermont in a strong position several hundred yards in front of the original line of battle. They had repulsed a charge of the enemy, and, charging in return, their impetuosity and valor had carried them far beyond the original line. Colonel Barney, commanding, was loath to retire until Lieutenant Butterfield informed him that the firing which sounded directly in the rear was the enemy attacking the new line. The colonel then promptly gave the order to march.

Lieutenant Butterfield volunteered to take command of a skirmish line to cover the movement, and did so. The regiment safely regained the line, and General Grant was pleased to say to the lieutenant, that by his courage and faithfulness he had saved the regiment.

At the battle of the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, Captain Butterfield commanded Company I, and took in the engagement thirty-eight muskets, and had eleven killed or mortally wounded, and fifteen disabled. He served creditably throughout the Wilderness Campaign, and in the Shenandoah Valley, under Sheridan. At Charlestown, August 21, he was severely wounded in the knee, but remained upon the field in command of his company several hours, but was finally carried to the rear.

At the expiration of his three year term of service, he was made lieutenant-colonel commanding, but his wounds prevented him from remaining in active service.

MAJOR LOUIS J. SACRISTE.

116TH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

MAJOR SACRISTE was born on the Brandywine, in the State of Delaware, in June, 1843; educated in the grammar and high schools of Philadelphia; appointed 2nd lieutenant, 116th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, June 11, 1862; promoted and commissioned 1st lieutenant Company D, March 1, 1862; promoted and commissioned adjutant April 4, 1863; promoted and commissioned captain August 26, 1864; commissioned major by brevet March 13, 1865; passed examination and commissioned captain Company B, 6th United States Veteran Volunteers, Hancock's First Corps, July 25, 1865; passed examination before regular army board in 1867, and commissioned 2nd lieutenant, 20th United States Infantry; honorably discharged by reason of reduction of the army, January 2, 1871; wounded June 3, 1864. During raids of Vasquez, in southern California, he organized the Los Angeles Guards, 1st Brigade National Guard of California, and was commissioned captain by General Newton Booth, October 1, 1874, and recommended by the entire military, including independent companies, for promotion to be brigadier-general. He organized Company C, 10th Illinois National Guards, and was commissioned captain by Governor S. M. Cullom, September 27, 1877.

In the action at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863, his regiment formed the left of Thomas Francis Meagher's Irish brigade, and Major Sacriste commanded the left company of the 116th Pennsylvania Volunteers of General Hancock's division, 2nd corps.

Early in the morning, after the line of battle had been formed, the 5th Maine Battery took up a position between the left of the regiment and the

Chancellorsville House, at once opened on the enemy, and were quickly answered by the enemy's fire with such rapidity and fearful effect in mowing down men and horses that in less than an hour every gun of the 5th Maine Battery was silenced, and but two of her artillerists had the hardihood to remain at their posts.

At this juncture, Major, then Lieutenant, Sacriste, seeing the Confederate infantry advancing upon the battery, called on his small company to follow. He led them through the concentrated fire of thirty cannon, into a storm of shot and shell, before Jackson's men, who were flushed with victory, and bore off in triumph the first gun captured from the field.

His daring acts were quickly followed by others of his brigade and regiment, until every gun and every caisson was saved.

So fierce was the firing at this juncture that the Chancellorsville House was burned to the ground, and the Confederate aim was so accurate that one of the shells was shot directly into one of the guns of the 5th Maine battery as it burst.

Sacriste was at this time eighteen years of age, and his daring act elicited the compliments of his regimental and brigade officers, and General Hancock, his division commander.

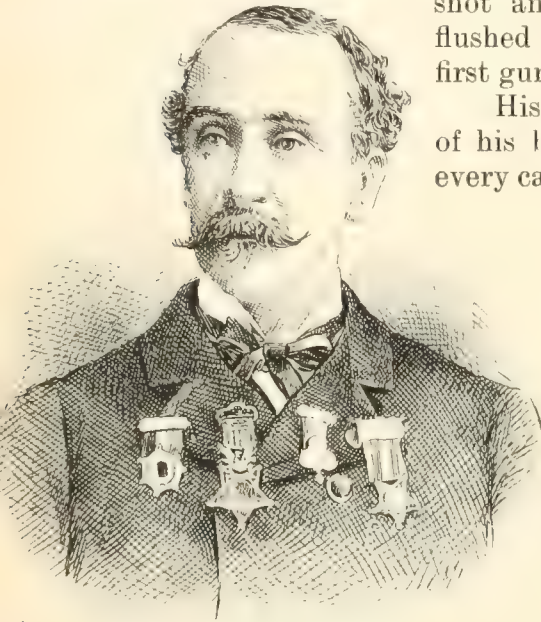
At the action of Auburn Creek, Va., October 14, 1863, during the retrograde movement of the Army of the Potomac,

1st division, 2nd corps, was the rear division of the army, and Colonel James A. Beaver, afterward Governor of Pennsylvania, was in command of the rear guard and pickets.

Early in the morning the division crossed the creek, and the wagon train had not entirely passed when Major-General Warren, commanding the Second Corps, gave Colonel Beaver orders to hold the road at all hazards until the train had passed.

Colonel Beaver succeeded in filling this order and holding Ewing's corps in check for about five hours. His command was then almost surrounded and the enemy in possession of the ford over which the division had passed, separating Colonel Beaver and his command from the rest of the army.

Colonel Beaver ordered his line to withdraw, and gave Lieutenant Sacriste orders to apprise the officers in command of the other details of



MAJOR LOUIS J. SACRISTE.

their danger. This dangerous mission the young lieutenant accomplished at the risk of his life.

Sacriste has had a remarkable military record. He participated in all the battles of the Potomac, except one, from 1862 until Appomattox, April 9,



THE REAR OF THE UNION ARMY.

1865, serving four years more in the 6th United States Volunteers, and in the regular army.

BELFONTE, Pa., September, 1881.

During the retrograde movement of the Army of the Potomac from the neighborhood of Culpeper, Va., to Bull Run, in the autumn of 1863, I was commanding the 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, in the 3rd brigade, 1st division, 2nd corps. Our corps was in the rear during the movement, and on the 13th of October, our division was in the rear of the corps. After going into camp on the night of the 13th a heavy detail was made from the division for picket duty, and I was appointed officer of the day. On the morning of the 14th of October, after the division had marched, the enemy unexpectedly appeared in the front of our picket line, turning our flank, and attacked the division which had crossed Auburn Creek, and was then engaged in cooking breakfast. The wagon train had not entirely passed, and General Warren, then in command of the Second Corps, gave me verbal directions to hold the crest of the hill above the road at all hazards, until the wagons had all passed. We succeeded in doing this, but by the time the train had passed the ford by which the division and train had crossed, the creek was in the possession of the enemy. When I made the discovery, I had already commenced to withdraw the picket line—a detachment of the 116th Pennsylvania Volunteers, under an officer who had reported to me, and I have learned was

Lieutenant Louis J. Sacriste—and in order to save them and the other details from destruction or capture it became necessary to cross the creek south of the ford, and march diagonally across the country to rejoin the division.

In order to apprise the officers in command of the details from other regiments of their danger, and of the route of our march, I requested Lieutenant Sacriste to proceed to the line which was then engaged and give directions to them. This service he performed very satisfactorily, and as a consequence we withdrew our line without loss, and completely circumvented the enemy in their evident design of capturing our pickets.

JAMES A. BEAVER,

Formerly Colonel 148th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers,
Brevet Brigadier-General United States Volunteers.

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, New York Harbor, April 30, 1880.

Captain and Brevet Major Louis J. Sacriste served under my command during the late war as an officer of the 116th Pennsylvania Volunteers, in the 1st division, 2nd army corps, Army of the Potomac. He was a faithful and intelligent young officer, with an excellent record for courage and good conduct on the battlefield. He was also badly wounded. His regimental commander, Colonel Mulholland, speaks in high terms of his fine soldierly qualities. He received the brevet of Major United States Volunteers, for gallant and meritorious services during the war.

WINFIELD S. HANCOCK,

Major-General United States army.



CHAPTER XXVI.

ONE MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT — JAMES L. BOWEN — THE QUESTION OF PERSONAL COURAGE — SOLDIER AND OFFICER — AT FREDERICKSBURG — COVERING THE RETREAT — THE CONFUSED MEMORY OF A CHARGE — A GLANCE AT A SINGLE REGIMENT'S EXPERIENCES — A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER AT SEVEN PINES — CAPTAIN W. B. YOUNG — THE ACT OF PRIVATE BLAKELY — FIRST TIME UNDER FIRE.

ONE MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT.

JAMES L. BOWEN.

SHOULD the question, "How does the soldier feel on going into battle?" be put to a thousand men who could make answer from experience, there would doubtless be almost a thousand different replies. Not only are the emotions of men under similar circumstances widely dissimilar, but the conditions of "going into battle" are susceptible of endless variation. In nearly every engagement of magnitude, the armies on both sides are divided into two classes, which may be called the active and the passive. The former are "at the front," actually engaged in the contest, with their nervous systems at high tension, with their brains in a whirl, with their natural emotions and intellectual activities supplanted by those of a new and strange nature. Those at the rear are less exposed to immediate danger, and their excitement is not at such white heat, but their condition is by no means an enviable one. They are very liable to suffer from long-range fire, and to have the peculiar sensation of hearing missile after missile come humming, purring or shrieking through the air, each apparently making its way straight to the spot where the listener is standing, lying or crouching, awaiting the call to deadly activity. There is nothing more trying to the nervous system than long periods of this kind of waiting.

Besides, the supporting line is exposed to all the horrible sights and experiences which touch the heart and awaken agonizing emotions of sympathetic sorrow. The soldier in action sees his comrade fall at his side. He may or may not have opportunity to ascertain whether the stricken one is dead or only wounded. He has a dim cognizance that he himself may be the next to fall, but it means little to him now. He is too busy with the terrible work on hand; possibly too anxious to kill or maim an enemy, so that if he should be killed or maimed himself the account may be the more

nearly equal. But the waiting detachments at the rear have full view of the poor fellows who crawl or are carried back from the line, and hear their moans, groans, shrieks or imprecations, as the terrible agony from their wounds overcomes even soldierly fortitude. To watch the stretcher bearers with their ghastly burdens, the surgical staff with knives, probes, saws and bandages, the treatment of horrible wounds, the dying agonies of mangled men—these are not the things to give tranquility to the thoughts and firmness to the nerves of men who know that a similar experience may soon be theirs.

There should be a wide difference, too, between the mental training and habits of a private soldier and of an officer. The former has simply to nerve himself to hear, understand, and intelligently obey the orders which may be given him; the officer has a tenfold wider responsibility. He must not only learn to ignore elements of danger while in the discharge of his duty, but to direct others—to direct them under the most trying circumstances imaginable. He must not only be on the alert in the reception of orders from higher authority, but he must see that they are transmitted, understood and carried out by those under his immediate direction. He has more than to “set his teeth and nerve his arm;” he must keep his intellectual faculties upon the alert, especially those of observation, of promptness in action, of fertility of resource. In other words, he must not think at all of himself, only that he shall equally perform his duty to those who have authority over him and to those over whom he may have authority.

The 37th Massachusetts Regiment had a generous share of “long-range” experience. Its members knew thoroughly what it was to lie close or to maneuver while howling projectiles from the enemy’s artillery sought out the line and cut down brave men, whose comrades could only witness their loss without ability to return the fire. In fact, its experience was nearly all of this sort, from the battle of Fredericksburg, through the campaigning of the Army of the Potomac during 1863, till the terrible Wilderness Campaign of May, 1864, when its tour of duty in the front lines began in earnest, and continued until the close at Appomattox. For daring acts of gallantry rendered during the closing year of the war, three of its members received the medals of honor voted by Congress. As an introduction to the story of the gallant deeds themselves, a brief sketch of the “educational experience” of the organization may not be uninteresting.

The regiment was first engaged in the battle of Fredericksburg, where the brigade to which it belonged, then under command of General Charles Devens, was first to cross the Rappahannock River on the pontoon bridges laid at Franklin’s Crossing, some three miles below the city which gave its name to the conflict. It was about sunset on the 11th of December, 1862,

when the command, in two columns, led by the 2nd Rhode Island Regiment, as skirmishers, performed the task assigned to it at the request of its brave commander. As the 37th moved at the head of one of the columns down the bank to the river, following the skirmishers, it for the first time as an organization came under fire. It was but a light one of musketry, directed upon the column from the picket posts and sharpshooters on the other side of the river. A little spatter of bullets struck here and there, throwing up the sand or perhaps whistling unpleasantly near the heads of the men. It was a novel experience; but so many novel experiences were being crowded into the day that scarcely a thought was given to the few bullets, which did no serious harm.

The skirmish line of the brigade cleared the Confederates away from the vicinity of the crossing, pressing them back beyond the Bowling Green road; the four regiments not thus engaged formed line upon the plateau, covering the approaches to the bridges, standing thus, ready for instant service, through the long and sharply cold night. When the contest had ended and the Union army was being withdrawn on the night of the 15th, the same brigade took the same position, covering the retreat of Franklin's left grand division, and being the last organization to recross. General Devens had solicited this additional honor for his command. "I cannot grant the request," said General Franklin, "if any other brigade is volunteered for the purpose, as you had the advance when we crossed the river." But no other commander volunteered, and the undaunted regiments which had been first across were the last to come back. The New Jersey brigade stood beside them till all the other troops had been withdrawn. Then, as the last man hurried across, the boats were unlashd, the planks removed, the anchors drawn in—and the battle of Fredericksburg was ended. During the four days and five nights that the brigade had been across the river, only its skirmishers had fired a gun; but here and there upon the field, moving about by day and by night, now in the front lines awaiting the signal for attack, now at the rear, cooking rations or eating them without cooking, receiving letters from home, listening to the tumult of the battle, or shrinking from a howling cannon shot, the time had been passed.

At the sharp fight near Salem Church, on the afternoon of May 3, 1863, the regiment had its first experience with what may be termed "active" infantry fighting, though for several days previous it had been constantly engaged with the preliminary maneuvering, and much of the time exposed to artillery fire at long range. Its brigade was the last of the Sixth Corps to come into action that afternoon. It had been massed in column by regiments under shelter of a ravine, during the earlier portion of the engagement, the 37th Massachusetts being in two lines, as it had more men than the older

organizations with which it was associated. Presently the brigade was called upon. Regiment after regiment went up the sharp incline, and hastened forward to the scene of action, some distance in front. It was almost exclusively an infantry fight which was going on, and while the troops had been lying in reserve little noise of the conflict had been heard. But as they gained the crest of the hill and moved forward, the sound of heavy musketry filled the air with a rolling, unbroken hum, like the magnified buzzing of myriad swarms of bees.

It was a moment to test the strongest heart. The writer has no hesitation in admitting a peculiar feeling of heaviness in the region of that useful organ and a vivid realization of what it meant that men must go forward into the vortex of such a deathstorm. Memory has never been able clearly to recall the details of what transpired during the next few minutes. Certain it is that the line swept forward, with every member in his place. There is a consciousness of meeting and passing through or over broken masses of the troops from another division, who had given way before the Confederates. There is a dim, awful memory, like a vivid dream, of a hurrying, demoralized throng pressing back toward our lines from the scene of battle; of brave officers heroically striving to rally the fugitives, and of one of their number shot from his horse in the vain effort to stem the tide; of men with horrible wounds making their way wildly to the rear, mixed with the unwounded masses; of one brawny fellow, shot in the neck, with his shirt torn open and rolled back, still able to walk, but with the red blood gushing forth in sickening volume and pouring down over his broad bosom at each pulsation of his heart.

But in a moment, somehow, the line had gone forward, past the fugitives, and now it faced the yet unseen enemy. Williston's battery of United States Regular Artillery, equipped with brass guns, came at a mad gallop up the highway, into the field, swung into position with the rapidity of thought, and in a moment were sending showers of canister sweeping into the ranks of the advancing and thus far triumphant enemy. The right wing of the regiment, under the immediate command of its colonel, advanced close up to the guns and threw itself upon the ground as their support, while the left wing, moving by the flank through a ravine, was enabled to take up a position from which a flank fire could be directed upon the foe. If there had been excitement on the approach to the scene, it was over now; the men were calm again—so calm that they gave no thought or attention to the bullets which fell plentifully around them, cutting down not a few of their number.

It would be interesting to relate in detail many of the notable events in the history of the regiment—how in the position thus gained at Salem Church, it all through the following night and day held the advanced angle of Sedgwick's position, with its skirmishers disputing every inch of the

ground, while the Confederates massed brigade after brigade in its front; and yet, when late at night it recrossed the river at Banks' Ford, not a member was missing from his place—how at Gettysburg it received in the flank a terrible artillery fire, which mercilessly swept down its men; yet not a pace was quickened, not a man of all its hundreds shrank from the ordeal—how at Mine Run it lay prone upon the freezing earth in the front line, as formed for the attack, while men froze to death with the intense cold—how in the Wilderness, on the 6th of May, 1864, at the request of General James S. Wadsworth, whose division had been broken, it charged alone for nine hundred yards or more through the deadly tangle, sweeping away the enemy and abandoning the advance only when it could go no further; falling back, step by step, with its face constantly to the foe, and never wavering for a moment, though leaving more than a hundred and fifty of its bravest killed and wounded in the experience—how for more than twenty hours it held the point of "The Angle" at Spottsylvania on the 12th of May of the same year, firing more than four hundred rounds per man, exchanging guns with a regiment, marched up in the rear, when its own weapons became so foul they could no longer be fired without bursting; and in the darkness of the rainy night which followed, after the men had just been relieved, when called from their sleep of exhaustion in the mud, springing unflinchingly to the works, and, though without a round of ammunition, holding the position with the bayonet alone till cartridges came. All of these events would be thrilling and interesting, but they do not relate to the scenes when the members won their medals of honor.

The first instance of exceptional heroism for which a medal was granted to a member of the 37th Massachusetts Regiment occurred in front of Petersburg, June 18, 1864. Companies I and E of the regiment were on the skirmish line as the Union forces advanced to attack the Confederate position. Originally they covered the front of Edwards' brigade, to which they belonged, but in the advance over the difficult ground the direction taken by Wheaton's brigade brought it in front of Edwards, between his line of battle and his skirmishers. Wheaton's men did not understand the position of the skirmish line, and on coming under fire they quite naturally mistook the skirmishers for hostile forces, and directed their musketry upon them. The unfortunate pickets were thus literally between two fires, for they were already engaged with the enemy, and the chances seemed to favor their complete annihilation.

In this dilemma, Lieutenant F. Edward Gray, commanding the skirmish line, called for a volunteer to go back and correct the murderous error of Wheaton's men. It was not an agreeable thing to do. The entire distance to be traversed was up a slope across an open plowed field, exposed all the way to the fire of the two armies. It looked like inviting certain death to make the

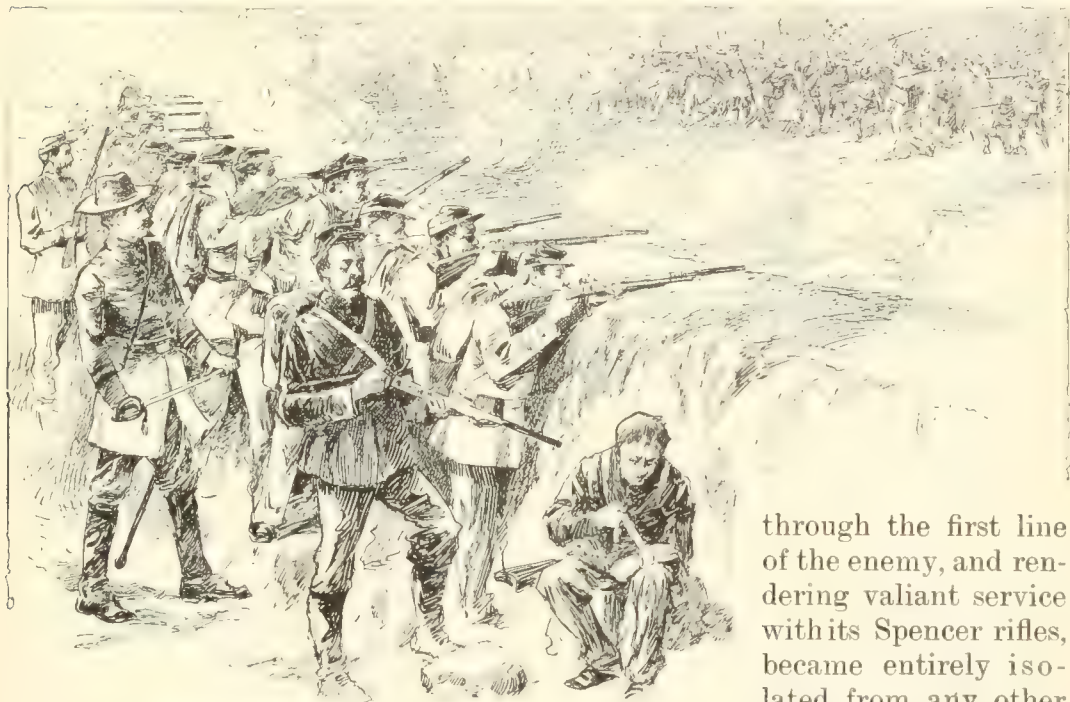
attempt; but Sergeant Edwin Leonard of Company I, a sturdy, typical New Englander, forty years of age, was the man for the occasion. "I'll go," he said, with characteristic modesty; "I'd just as lief go as not!" Bringing his gun to a "right shoulder shift," he started upon the undertaking. Naturally the fire of the hostile forces was turned upon him, and a tempest of bullets swept through the air and tore up the ground all about the brave subaltern. Part way up the ascent the fire became so hot that to give it opportunity to slacken, he threw himself upon the ground. His comrades, who were watching his movements quite as much as they were heeding the enemy in their front, uttered sincere expressions of sympathy, supposing that he had been shot; but he was unharmed, sprang to his feet again after a moment, continued his way to Wheaton's line, and diverted the fire which was cutting down his comrades. A little later he rejoined his company, and not one who witnessed his daring act will ever forget the thrilling episode. It was a heroic deed, modestly and quietly performed, and when the facts were presented to the Secretary of War in the summer of 1894, though thirty years had elapsed, a medal of honor, suitably engraved, was unhesitatingly awarded the gallant veteran.

There were many heroic acts performed during the subsequent experiences of the regiment before Petersburg, and in the Shenandoah Valley later in the summer, where the command, which had been armed with the Spencer rifle, won high commendation; but it was in the closing scenes of the war after the brigade had rejoined the Army of the Potomac, that other members of the regiment won two medals of honor. The first of these was at the assault and capture of the works defending Petersburg, early in the morning of April 2, 1865, and the hero on this occasion was Corporal Richard Welch of Company E, like Sergeant Leonard, a typical New Englander, and about the same age.

The signal for attack was given just as the first gray of dawn began to make things visible close at hand. The men had been in position nearly all night, awaiting the moment. When it came, the pioneers, formed alternately on the line with the skirmishers, dashed forward to cut a passage through the formidable abatis. Before the work could be completed the column of attack came rushing on, and pioneers, skirmishers and line of battle went through and over the obstructions altogether, and up to and over the hostile works beyond. It was a desperate moment, and the assaulting party lost heavily; but they carried everything before them. Company E of the 37th encountered a small earthwork fort, mounting three guns. Up its side the brave fellows clambered in the dim light, while the fire of the defenders flashed into their faces and struck down some of their bravest; but nothing could withstand the men who bore and used the Spencer rifles, and in a few minutes the

assailants were in full possession. As they entered the works, Corporal Welch espied in the camp just beyond a Confederate flag. Without pausing to calculate the consequences, he made a dash for the opposing emblem, knocked down its custodian, wrenched away the trophy, and bore it in triumph back to his commanding officer. The act was suitably rewarded with a medal, which he lived to wear till the summer of 1894, when he was killed by a railroad train.

Charles A. Taggart, a private of Company B, a boy only nineteen years of age at the time of his enlistment, won the third medal at the sanguinary battle of Sailor's Creek, four days later. His regiment, after fighting its way



THE MAGAZINE GUNS AT SAILOR'S CREEK

through the first line of the enemy, and rendering valiant service with its Spencer rifles, became entirely isolated from any other Union troops. It had

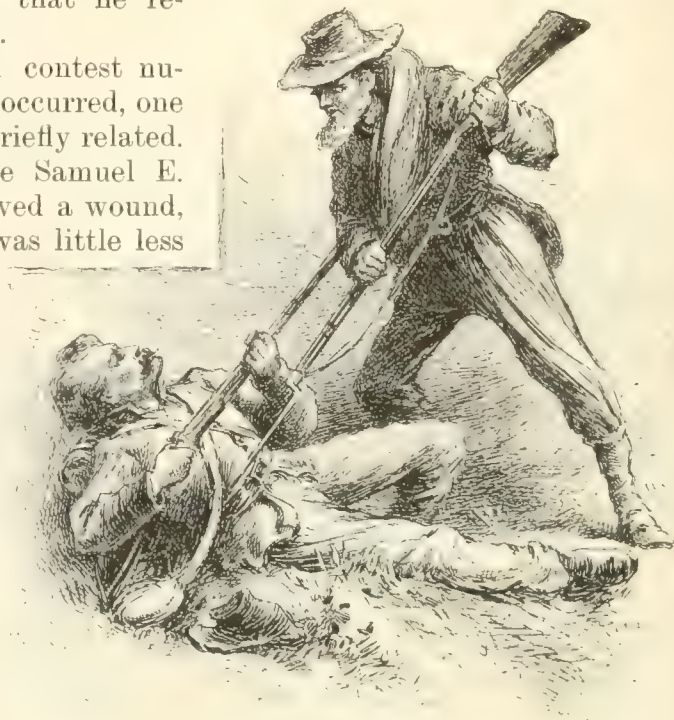
just changed direction to disperse a force which threatened its flank, and had done so with a well-directed fusilade, when from a ravine in its rear emerged Custis Lee's brigade. There was only time to face about, when a fresh storm of battle burst, and there ensued one of the most desperate conflicts in which the organization ever took part. The regiment, already disorganized by the contests through which it had passed, became more so as it fought savagely and almost hand to hand with this fresh brigade of overwhelmingly superior numbers. For a time it seemed that the small regiment—which had only taken some two hundred men into action—must be annihilated; but the fire

from its magazine rifles, with the sturdy reliability of every man in the organization finally decided the day in its favor; Custer's cavalry closed the other end of the ravine, into which General Lee and his brigade were driven back and made prisoners. The 37th captured on that occasion triple their own number, General Lee himself surrendering to a corporal from Company E.*

It was while the hand to hand fighting was going on, with the fate of the contest still in the balance, that Private Taggart rushed into the midst of the enemy, seized a battle flag, and brought it safely back to his regiment. It was for this daring deed that he received the medal of honor.

During this stubborn contest numerous thrilling incidents occurred, one or two of which may be briefly related. It was there that private Samuel E. Eddy of Company D received a wound, from which his recovery was little less

than miraculous. The adjutant of his regiment, advancing to receive, as he supposed, the surrender of a Confederate officer, had been fired upon, seriously wounded, grappled and thrown to the ground. His assailant bent over him with leveled pistol, to finish the work of butchery, when Eddy's rifle cut short the career of the



EDDY AND HIS ANTAGONIST.

would-be slayer, and saved the adjutant's life. But at the same moment a stalwart Confederate sprang in front of Eddy, and thrust him through with a sabre bayonet, throwing the Union soldier to the ground, the bayonet protruding from his back and pinning him to the earth. In this terrible position Eddy managed to slip another cartridge into his rifle, which had become empty with his last shot, then bringing the muzzle against his antagonist, he shot him dead as he stood twisting the bayonet about in the horrible wound. The Confederate fell across his bleeding victim,

* This instance of the destructive effect of breech loading arms in battle, though they were much less effective than those now in use, may be taken as conveying in some degree an idea of the terrible destructiveness which must attend the next great war.

but the latter cast the lifeless body aside, withdrew the bayonet from his own body, rose to his feet and staggered to the rear. Though at that time a man forty years of age, he recovered, and still lives, suffering at times terrible pain as a result of his wound.

About the same time, a corporal from Company D, who had become somewhat separated from the regiment, met a Confederate officer in like condition, and demanded his surrender, which was refused. Thereupon the corporal fired, and the officer fell mortally wounded. His slayer hastened to his side and bent over him. "I am sorry I had to shoot you," he said. "But I am a Christian, and, if you wish, will pray for you!" The offer was accepted, and while the battle raged around them the young soldier offered fervent prayer for the dying man, although a target for the fire of other Confederates, who supposed him engaged in robbing the fallen man. When the prayer had ended, the officer confided his watch and valuables to his antagonist, asking that they be sent to his family; and the latter, resuming his rifle, renewed his part in the battle, as though nothing unusual had occurred.

A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER AT SEVEN PINES.

CAPTAIN W. B. YOUNG.

THOUGH I served as an officer in the 11th Regiment Alabama Infantry, C. S. A., Company A, from its organization till I accepted an appointment on the staff of General J. C. C. Saunders, about the 1st of July, 1864, and during the entire time was rarely absent from the regiment, your letter and the inclosed copy of orders from the office of the Adjutant and Inspector-General, C. S. A., give me the first information that there ever was a roll of honor in the Confederate army, or that such orders were ever issued. During the war I often thought that the Confederate authorities were making a great mistake in not offering a stimulus to the officers and soldiers of the line beyond their sense of duty and patriotism.

With few exceptions, the men of my company displayed such uniform steadiness and courage in action that there was but little opportunity for one to distinguish himself above another. The company had upon its rolls a total of one hundred and twenty-five, rank and file. I am now the sole surviving officer, and, so far as I know, there are only three of the noncommissioned officers and privates now alive. One, Mr. Forniss, resides in Alabama; one, Mr. Stevenson, resides in Texas, and one, Rev. N. B. Hogan, resides in Missouri. The last named was a mere boy at the time of his enlistment, and I was only seventeen when I received my commission as lieutenant.

The only instance which, after this lapse of time, I can recall, of any act which rendered any member of the company conspicuous above his fellows

is that of Private Blakely. When we advanced to retake the crater at Petersburg the enemy were driven into the crater itself, which was surrounded by a bank of earth explosion, and they enclosed space as When the regiment of earth they closed and commenced the dense mass con- kept firing till the dered; but private

thrown out by the were as thick in the they could stand. reached this bank around it, halted, firing across it into fined therein, and enemy surren- Blakely of Com-



pany A. at the reached this bank, into the midst of wounded by land- a bayonet.

and feelings on the being under fire can words. I was first battle of Seven My regiment was



ON THE MARCH TOWARD SEVEN PINES

moment the line sprang over, alone, the enemy and was ing on the point of

My experience occasion of my first be told in a few under fire at the Pines, in May, 1862. marched by the

flank, right in front, down the road from Richmond till we came to where

Kemper's brigade was lying behind some captured earthworks. Here we filed to the right and moved out into an open field beyond the earthworks and beyond some buildings which had hidden us from the view of the enemy. As soon as we debouched into this field the enemy, who were lying in a dense pine thicket, opened on us a terrific fire with rifled muskets. Our colonel, Colonel Syd Moore, who was riding at the head of the column, gave the command "Front; commence firing." The command was instantly obeyed. My company was the right company. At that time the colonel's horse was shot dead, and I noticed that the balls from our smoothbore muskets struck the ground between us and the enemy. Just after we fired the first volley some one on the right, where I had last seen the colonel, commanded "Fall back." I turned around to obey the order and saw the colonel standing a short distance in the rear and at that moment he motioned his hand to the front and commanded "Forward." I turned and called to the men to "face to the front and move forward," and immediately dashed through their ranks to a point some twenty paces in front and yelled to them to follow me. This they promptly did and in a few minutes the enemy retreated and the fight was over for the day. The entire incident did not consume as much time as it has taken me to write it and my company had its captain and sixteen men killed and wounded, and the colonel was mortally wounded. The only sensation that I was conscious of from the time we reached the vicinity of the field of battle till I turned around and heard the colonel command "Forward," as above related, was one of curiosity to see a real battle. When I heard the colonel command "Forward," and turned and saw the men obeying the order, given by some unauthorized person, to "fall back," it flashed through my mind that here was a chance to distinguish myself under the eye of the colonel and get mentioned in the report of the battle and in general orders, and I acted as above related. The colonel lived some weeks, but never, so far as I know, made any report. To my great disappointment, the incident was never alluded to by my superiors, though talked about by the men. Two, and I believe all, of the survivors of the company, were present at this battle.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BURNING OF THE COLUMBIA BRIDGE—A SOLDIER OF TWO WARS—AT FREDERICKSBURG—
CHANCELLORSVILLE—LEE'S INVASION OF PENNSYLVANIA—THE DESTRUCTION OF THE
BRIDGE—THE BATTLE OF SALEM HEIGHTS—GENERAL LEWIS A.
GRANT—THE RETREAT AND THE REAR GUARD.

COLONEL JACOB G. FRICK was born at Northumberland, Pa., January 23, 1825. June 6, 1846, he enlisted at Massillon, Ohio, as a recruit for the Mexican War; was commissioned by the Governor as a lieutenant, and assigned to Colonel G. R. Curtis' regiment—the 3rd Ohio Volunteers.

His term of service was one year, during which time he had been from the mouth of the Rio Grande to Buena Vista.

At the close of this war Colonel Curtis, a graduate of West Point, and an old officer in the regular army, recommended him for a commission in the regular army, and he was assigned to the 11th United States Infantry.

Tiring of life in the field, he resigned, to go into business at Pottsville, Pa. September 23, 1861, he was mustered once more into the United States service, this time as lieutenant-colonel of the 96th Pennsylvania Infantry.

He resigned July 29, 1862, to accept a commission in the 29th Pennsylvania Infantry, an organization enlisted for nine months' service.

June 15, 1863, he was commissioned colonel of the 27th Pennsylvania Infantry.

The officers of the 96th Pennsylvania Infantry presented him with a handsome sword for gallantry at the battle of Gaines Mills, June 27, 1862; the officers and men of the 129th Pennsylvania Infantry, to show their appreciation of his services, presented him with a most costly sword when they were mustered out of service, and the officers of the 5th Maine Regiment gave him a pair of gold shoulder straps.

The following portion of Colonel Frick's military record is contributed by himself:

Participated in battle of West Point, Va., May 12, 1862; Gaines Mills, June 27; Golden Farm, June 28; Savage Station, June 29; Charles City Crossroads, June 30; Malvern Hill, July 1.

Peninsula Campaign. Arrived in the field at Antietam while Lee's army was retreating over the Potomac. Skirmishes with the enemy at Leetown and Kearneysville, October 16 and 17, 1862. Fredericksburg, Va., December 13; Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863; skirmish with General Early and General Gordon's advance on General Lee's army at Wrightville, Pa., June 28; destroyed the Columbia bridge, thus frustrating General Lee's purposes to invade eastern Pennsylvania.

I do not know upon just what service the award of the medal was based. My services were mentioned in official orders for the Peninsular Campaign as well as those at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. The inscription, however, on the medal is as follows:

"The Congress to Colonel Jacob G. Frick, 129th Pennsylvania Volunteers, for distinguished bravery in the battles of Fredricksburg, Va., December 13, 1862, and Chancellorsville Va., May 3, 1863."

General Tyler, commanding 1st brigade, 3rd division, 5th corps, says in his official report of the battle of Fredericksburg:

"Colonel Frick discharged his duty most creditably and satisfactorily, his voice being frequently heard above the din of battle, urging his men forward against a terrible shower of shot and shell and terrific musketry as he approached the stone wall. Of his conduct I cannot speak too highly."

At the battle of Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863, Colonel Frick with the 129th Pennsylvania Regiment, being on the left of the brigade, occupied a most conspicuous position, and was brought into action where the heaviest fighting was done. French's division was on his left, but the nature of the ground was such that Colonel Frick felt justified in occupying a more advanced position. After holding this position against superior numbers amid a furious fire until many of his men had fallen, and long after the troops that covered his right and left had retired, and discovering that the enemy had already passed his right flank and was gaining his rear, he retired slowly and in good order in the rear of the batteries which had gotten into position by reason of his holding the enemy in check by his steady fire of musketry.



COLONEL JACOB G. FRICK.

He retired none too soon, as the enemy fell upon him capturing his colors and a few prisoners, including his lieutenant-colonel.

This achievement of an audacious enemy was not long to remain unchallenged. Colonel Frick rallied his men promptly, and in a hand-to-hand fight recaptured his colors and those of his men who had been taken, bringing to the rear as prisoners the Confederates who had made the dash.

At the time General Lee invaded Pennsylvania, June, 1863, and before the battle of Gettysburg, Colonel Frick was called to Harrisburg by a telegram from General Couch and Governor Curtin. There he was commissioned colonel of the 27th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and ordered to Columbia in charge of the defense of all bridges and fords on the line of the Susquehanna in Lancaster County, and ordered to make such disposition as to effectually secure the crossings.

Shortly after it was discovered that the Columbia bridge across the Susquehanna, eighty miles from Philadelphia, was General Lee's objective point. In a telegram to Colonel Frick, General Couch gave the following order:

Defend the bridge as long as possible on the Wrightsville side of the river. When you find it necessary to withdraw your command from Wrightsville, leave a proper number on the other side to destroy the bridge, and use your own discretion in its destruction. Keep it open as long as possible with prudence.

D. N. COUCH, Major-General Commanding.

Colonel Frick's orders were to "prevent the enemy from crossing the Susquehanna at or near Columbia at all hazards," and when the question of destroying the Columbia bridge arose, he did not hesitate to do what he regarded as his plain duty, having in view the spirit of his orders, the best interests of the service, the safety of the capital of the State, as well as the preservation of railroad communication between that place, Lancaster and Philadelphia.

To show how far the destruction of this bridge frustrated and affected the plans and purposes of General Lee, the following from General John B. Gordon, commanding the advance of General Early's division at Wrightsville, is given:

I have no doubt that the destruction of the bridge across the Susquehanna River at Columbia and Wrightsville, by your order, prevented my troops and those nearest me from crossing on the same afternoon on which I arrived at Wrightsville. Indeed, my purpose was to push immediately across the river and take possession of the bridge. What would have been the course of events after this it is impossible for me to depict. Of course it would have depended largely upon General Lee's ability to carry out the general purpose he had in view, and this ability would have depended largely upon General Meade's movements on his flank and rear. As above stated, however, there can be no doubt that the destruction of the bridge prevented my troops from crossing.

JOHN B. GORDON, Brigadier General Commanding.

GENERAL LEWIS A. GRANT.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR

So many soldiers in giving their records refer to General Lewis A. Grant, that it is as if his story had already been told several times.

It would seem, however, that a soldier who had risen from the rank of major to Assistant Secretary of War should be given a record complete in every particular.

The following has been furnished the compiler of these records by General Grant himself, and it shows that while he is proud of the distinction conferred upon him by Congress, he is not disposed to boast.

He was born in Winhall, Vt., in 1829, and when the war broke out was a member of the law firm of Stoughton & Grant at Bellows Falls, Vt. August 15, 1861, he was commissioned major of the 5th Vermont Infantry, and mustered into service at St. Albans, Vt.; September 25 of the same year he was promoted to lieutenant-colonel; September 16, 1862, to colonel; April 27, 1864, to brigadier-general; and breveted major-general to date from October 19, 1864, for gallantry at the battle of Cedar Creek. He served continuously from August 15, 1861, to August 24, 1865, and participated in twenty-six general engagements.

A letter under date of December 27, 1893, contains the following:

The question as to how I won my medal of honor can better be answered by some one else. Suffice it to say that my medal was awarded for the battle of Salem Heights, Va., May 3, 1863. This battle was fought by the Sixth Corps, while the main portion of the Union army was at Chancellorsville. General Lee, in his official report, says, in substance, that after crippling Hooker, he left a portion of his army in Hooker's front, and proceeded with the rest of his army to meet Sedgwick, who was marching up from Fredericksburg with two army corps.

This was May 2. On that day Sedgwick had carried Marye's Heights, and the principal heights of Fredericksburg, driven the Confederate force from them, and took up his march to meet Hooker at Chancellorsville. He



GENERAL LEWIS A. GRANT.

met Lee near Salem Church, and quite a sharp engagement took place that evening.

On the next morning, May 3, Lee had almost enveloped Sedgwick's little army of one corps. Lee's forces were on our right, front and left. They occupied the road to Chancellorsville, had extended their right across the road between us and Fredericksburg, and were evidently striving to extend their right so as to cut Sedgwick off from the river.

The situation of affairs made it necessary for us to fall back a short distance toward the river, and to change front.

I then commanded the 2nd brigade, 2nd division, 6th corps, usually known as the Old Vermont Brigade, composed of the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th Vermont volunteers, and the 26th New Jersey.

Our position when the attack was made was near the center of the Sixth Corps, and where our left turned back to meet the flank movement. Here we awaited the attack, which came with great force from several lines of battle.

My command completely repulsed the attack, and charged down upon the enemy's disordered forces, capturing many prisoners, and holding the position until nightfall.

Sedgwick's corps then recrossed the river at Bank's Ford. My command held the front all the while, and was the last to cross the skirmish line crossing in boats after the bridge had been cut loose and was being removed.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

SUCCORING THE ENEMY—THE FIVE SOLDIERS WHO EARNED MEDALS FOR SAVING, NOT KILLING, THEIR ENEMIES—GENERAL HOOKER IN AN INTERVAL OF BATTLE—A NEW YORK REGIMENT AT CHANCELLORSVILLE—THE FOUR MEN WHO RAN THE GAUNTLET OF BOTH ARMIES—E. W. HARRINGTON, 2ND VERMONT INFANTRY—GENERAL ALEX. SHALER—THE ASSAULT ON MARYE'S HEIGHTS, FREDERICKSBURG—JUDGE EDWARD BROWNE, COLOR-BEARER 62ND NEW YORK INFANTRY.

SUCCORING THE ENEMY.

MEDALS of honor for aiding the wounded enemy were won by Thomas Thompson, Henry Heller, Wallace W. Cranston and Elisha B. Seaman, of Company A, 66th Ohio Infantry, as is told by Mr. Seaman, who writes at a recent date from West Liberty, Ohio.

After giving the names of the four concerned in this particular act of bravery, he continues:

It was at the battle of Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863, about nine o'clock in the morning, when the 23rd North Carolina Infantry came up the plank road and marched by pontoons to within about seventy-five yards of our works. We had at this time a Pennsylvania battery with our division (the 2nd division, 12th army corps), and stationed on the plank road were two or three guns, which were double shotted with grape and canister.

These pieces were opened upon the enemy, killing and wounding about twenty men.

General Hooker, who was on the right on the line, hearing the shots fired, rode up and stopped in the rear of my company, when he asked the cause of the firing.

Lieutenant Colonel Powell, commanding, explained what had been done, and while he was speaking some of the wounded men began shrieking loudly for help.

General Hooker asked for a detail to go outside of our lines and try to bring in some of the enemy, that they might be cared for. Our commander hesitated about detailing any one on so dangerous an errand, claiming that they would certainly be killed, since the North Carolina regiment had lain down beside the road near where the wounded men were.

General Hooker then called for volunteers out of our company, and

those whom I have mentioned, together with John B. Runyon, offered their services.

We climbed over our works and advanced to where the wounded men lay, but succeeded only in bringing one man back, whom we carried to the Chancellorsville House.

During all this time we were under a heavy skirmish fire.

Runyon was wounded on the following day, and died shortly after. The remainder of the party, I believe, are yet alive.

Mr. Seaman was born in Ohio, September 11, 1838, and enlisted October 22, 1861, as private in Company A, 66th Ohio Infantry. At the expiration of



WHO WILL VOLUNTEER?

his first term of service, he reenlisted as a veteran in the same company and regiment, December 15, 1863.

Henry Heller, now residing in Urbana, Ohio, sends the following as his military record:

I was born in Clarion, Pa., in 1841, and at the beginning of the war was residing in Urbana. There it was that I enlisted April 20, 1861, as sergeant

in Company K of the 13th Ohio Infantry, a three-months' organization. At the expiration of that term of service I reenlisted in Company A, 66th Ohio Infantry, and served three years and three months, being with Sherman on his March to the Sea, when the second term of service expired.

Regarding the incident related by Mr. Seaman, he says:

It was on the second day of the fight at Chancellorsville that General Hooker called for five men of my company to volunteer to enter the enemy's lines under a heavy fire from both sides, and bring in a Confederate, who was in great distress through having his leg shot off by a ball from our battery, and I was one who went.*

THE 74TH NEW YORK AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

SERGEANT GOTLIEB LUTY.

SERGEANT EUGENE B. JACOBSON.

PRIVATE FELIX BRANNIGAN.

PRIVATE JOSEPH GION.

THE old 74th New York Infantry, "5th Excelsior," distinguished itself at Williamsburg, where it fought in an abatis of felled timber, holding its position against the main force of the enemy, and again at Chancellorsville, where General Berry, commanding the division to which it belonged, was killed. When the Eleventh Corps was driven back by "Stonewall" Jackson the second division of the Third Corps took its place, which position was reached about dark.

It was while they were lying there, hearing the sound of firing in the front, but as yet unable to determine where the Confederates might be, that General Berry asked for volunteers to go out and locate the enemy's position.

Such service was in the highest degree dangerous, and those who were willing to undertake it stood more than the ordinary chances of being killed. Pushing forward at hazard, as would be necessary, they might at any moment stumble, not only upon the pickets, but the main body of the Confederates, and if they met with no other mishap than that of being taken prisoners they would be exceedingly fortunate.

It was such a duty as the bravest might shun without being called cowardly. No honor could be gained from it, save as their commander might report, and to make one's way through the thicket with the probability of being shot down at any moment was service which required men with nerves of steel.

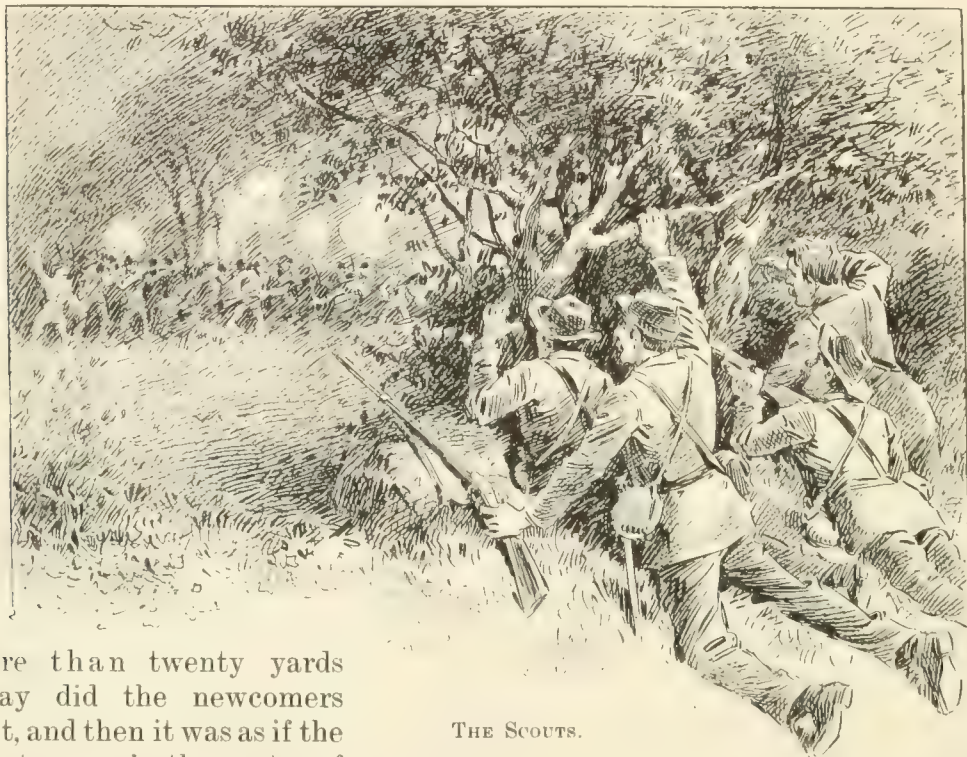
For this perilous mission, however, four members of Company A, 74th New York Infantry, instantly responded. It was as if, having entered the

*A circumstance similar to the above, differing in detail and in the fact of its being much more successful, is found in another chapter. In the case referred to, the succor was given from the Confederate side.

army they believed it to be necessary to be killed for their country, and that the sooner that sacrifice was completed the better.

It was left to the volunteers, themselves, to decide in what order they would set out for the purpose of gaining this information, and, after a brief discussion, they divided themselves into two squads, marching into the gloom of the coming night, past the outposts, directly toward where it was known the enemy were halted.

Five-ten minutes of cautious advance, and then the sounds of horses' hoofs upon the plank road caused them to crouch amid the underbrush. Not



THE SCOUTS.

more than twenty yards away did the newcomers halt, and then it was as if the scouts were in the center of the Confederate army, formed in a circle, and every man shooting toward them.

They had found that for which they sought, and, as one of them writes, "they discovered a little too much just at that moment."

The fusilade of musketry ceased almost as soon as it had begun, and then these volunteers from the 74th, realizing that while they might have an indefinite idea of the enemy's location, they had not yet accomplished that for which they came, pressed forward once more.

Again they found the enemy, and this time lost themselves, discovering, considerably to their discomfiture, that they were inside the Confederate line.

It was very shortly after General Jackson had been shot, and the troops were so greatly excited that it was not a difficult matter for the scouts to retrace their steps toward their friends.

As they emerged from the Confederate line a few straggling shots were heard, and then the detonations of musketry became more frequent until both lines were engaged in battle.

It would have seemed that the duty of these brave fellows was to seek some shelter until it might be possible to rejoin their command without taking too many chances of death; but, instead of doing this, they literally obeyed the orders General Berry had given, which were to "return as soon as the information was gained," and return they did, straight through the fire of both armies, escaping Federal ball and Confederate shell alike.

It was for this act that the medals were awarded.

The night had nearly passed when they reached their command, and there they learned that General Berry had been shot soon after they left the lines; but before he died he earnestly requested that if any of the men returned they should be rewarded for their services.

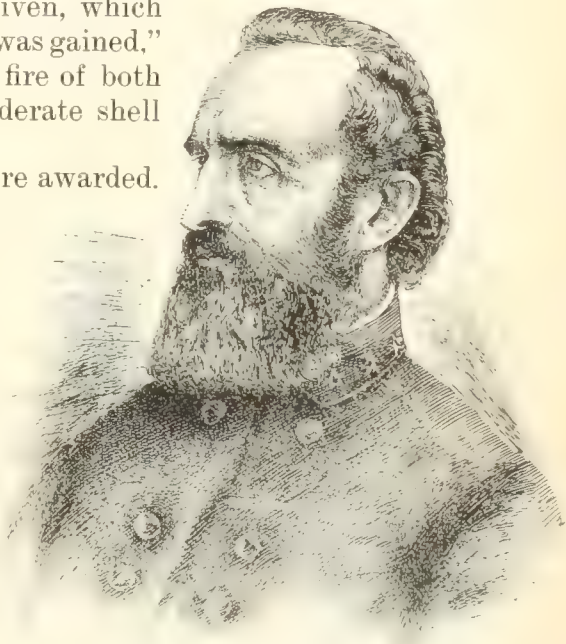
Thanks for the report which these four scouts made, General Hooker massed his artillery at this point, and was thus enabled to do terrible execution on Jackson's corps when it made its desperate but unsuccessful attack.

Sergeant, afterward Captain, Branigan resides in Washington.

Gotlieb Luty writes as if he was yet hale and hearty, and is living at Emsworth, Pa., now only fifty-one years old.

Joseph Gion died January 16, 1888, in Pittsburg, Pa., and Dr. James W. Neely of that city, who was interested in the old gentleman, writes:

I was acquainted with Mr. Gion for many years before his death; talked with him about the war, and learned that he had been awarded a medal for a certain act of bravery. He was a German, and it was difficult to understand him, but I made this out: That with some others he had been sent as skirmisher, and before aware of the fact, they were right among the Confederates. Their getting back to our lines was looked upon as a great



GENERAL "STONEWALL" JACKSON.

act of skill and bravery, for which they were voted a medal, and all received it except him. His had failed to come, and he could not tell the reason. I was at that time frequently writing to Major J. F. Turner at Washington and in one of my letters mentioned this medal of which the old man spoke. The major began a search, and strangely enough, found it. This was only a few years ago, so the old man's medal remained all those years at one of the departments, very likely because he did not know how to set about getting it.

MAJOR E. W. HARRINGTON.

2ND VERMONT INFANTRY.

EPHRAIM W. HARRINGTON was born at Waterford, Vt., in 1833. In April, 1861, he enlisted as private in the 2nd Vermont Infantry, and at the expiration of his first term of service reenlisted as a veteran.

During his experience as a soldier, in addition to many skirmishes, he participated in twenty-three battles.

General L. A. Grant, Assistant Secretary of War, in granting this medal remarks as follows:

"I personally knew of the long and faithful services of Brevet Major Harrington as a color-bearer and an officer. The charge upon the Heights of Fredericksburg, May 3, 1863, was under my immediate direction, and I personally knew of his gallant conduct on that occasion. He carried the colors of his regiment to the top of the heights, and almost to the muzzles of the enemy's guns."

Major Harrington, enlisting as a private, was promoted to sergeant, and carried the colors of his regiment in more than twenty battles when he was promoted 1st lieutenant, captain, and brevet major for gallantry at Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865. He is six feet two inches in height, and no one was better known in the "Old Vermont Brigade."

GENERAL ALEXANDER SHALER.

7TH NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARDS.

ALEXANDER SHALER was born in Haddam, Conn., in 1827. He was residing in New York city when the war broke out, and on April 19, 1861, enlisted in the 7th Regiment, National Guards, State of New York. He was commissioned major, and remained continuously in service until August 24, 1865, holding the rank of brevet major-general when the war was brought to a close.

During this time he participated in fourteen engagements and was a prisoner of war from May 6, 1864, to August 3, 1864.

Writing in reply to the question of how he won the medal of honor, General Shaler says:



GENERAL HILL BINDING THE WOUNDS OF GENERAL "STONEWALL" JACKSON.

I was colonel of the 65th New York Infantry, and in command of the 1st brigade, 3rd division, 5th corps, on the 3rd of May, 1863. I was directed to take two of my regiments and support a column of two other regiments, which were to make the assault on Marye's Heights, on the extreme right of the line. The assault was over a roadway leading out of Fredericksburg. In a few moments after the head of the assaulting column debouched from the town the commanding officer was killed, and his two regiments were unable to advance. The head of my supporting column made an effort to forge ahead, but without much success, and, seeing this, I pushed forward with two aids. Calling a standard-bearer to my side, I rallied the troops and took them up the hill, capturing two guns, an officer and a few men of the Washington battery of artillery. Myself and one aid, St. John R. Johnson, of the 23rd Pennsylvania Infantry, were the first mounted men within the enemy's works.

CAPTAIN EDWARD BROWNE.

62ND NEW YORK INFANTRY.

JUDGE BROWNE, of New York, as sergeant of Company G of the 62nd New York Volunteer Infantry, at Salem Church or Heights, immediately after the battle of Chancellorsville won for himself a medal of honor under "Fighting Joe" Hooker.

Sedgwick was in command of the Sixth Corps. A third of Hooker's force were men whose term of enlistment would soon expire. Hooker's famous order to Stoneham, his cavalry leader, seemed to inspire his every movement: "Let your watchword be 'Fight,' and let all your orders be 'Fight,' and bear in mind that celerity, audacity, and resolution are everything in war."

To Sedgwick was assigned the duty of crossing, with the corps of Sickles and Reynolds, below Fredericksburg, to make a vigorous demonstration to distract the attention of the enemy while the corps of Meade, Slocum and Howard were to cross the Rappahannock twenty-seven miles above Frederick to turn the enemy's left.

The turning movement was successfully performed, and Hooker's column reached Chancellorsville, but he halted his forces in the Wilderness instead of



GENERAL ALEXANDER SHALER.

pushing forward into the open country beyond. The Union army was now in two parts, separated by the distance of less than seven miles and Lee availed himself of the opportunity to fight it in detail.

Lee's success depended upon dislodging Sedgwick.

He therefore awakened his forces at Chancellorsville in order to cut off Sedgwick, who had crossed the Rappahannock.

Hooker's order to Sedgwick was: "You will leave all your train behind except the packtrains of your ammunition, and march to be in the vicinity of the general at daylight. You will probably fall upon the rear of the force commanded by General Lee, and, between you and the major-general commanding it, it is expected you will use him up. Be sure not to fail."

On the afternoon of May 3, Sedgwick formed two strong columns to assail Marye's Hill or Heights. The 62nd Regiment was in the second line, supporting a battery, with its right resting on the road to Fredericksburg, in a belt of woods.

Sergeant Browne was bearing the colors, when suddenly those in front began to retreat, followed by the enemy; the formation of the front was broken.

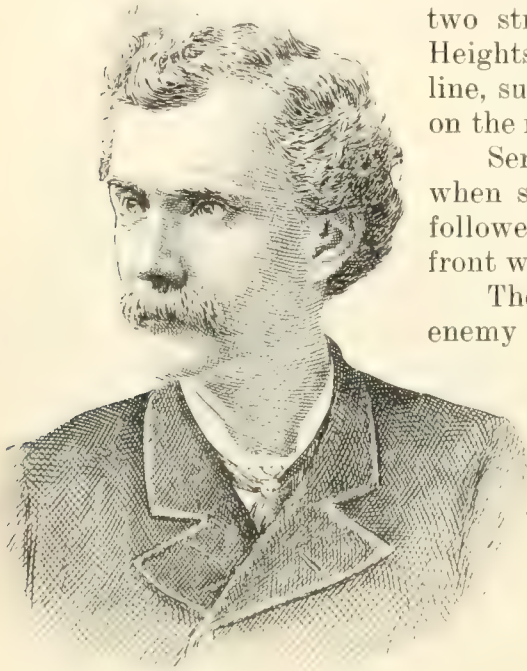
The color-bearer discovered a force of the enemy emerging from the woods on the right, and called the attention of the commander of the regiment to the attack from that quarter. While doing so, Browne was seriously wounded in the side by a minie ball.

The colonel, noticing the blood flowing down the color-bearer's clothing, and that he was wounded, urged his retiring to the rear; but Browne would listen to no such suggestion. He stood his ground with colors flying, to rally

round him and restore to confidence his disorganized comrades.

He thus remained at his post until the advance had crossed the open space and was within a short distance of our lines, when the enemy was effectually checked by the warm reception they received. At that moment Colonel Hamilton imperatively commanded Sergeant Browne to give the colors to another, and go to the hospital.

His own language regarding that moment indicates a pertinacity in defending his colors amounting to heroism.



CAPTAIN EDWARD BROWNE.

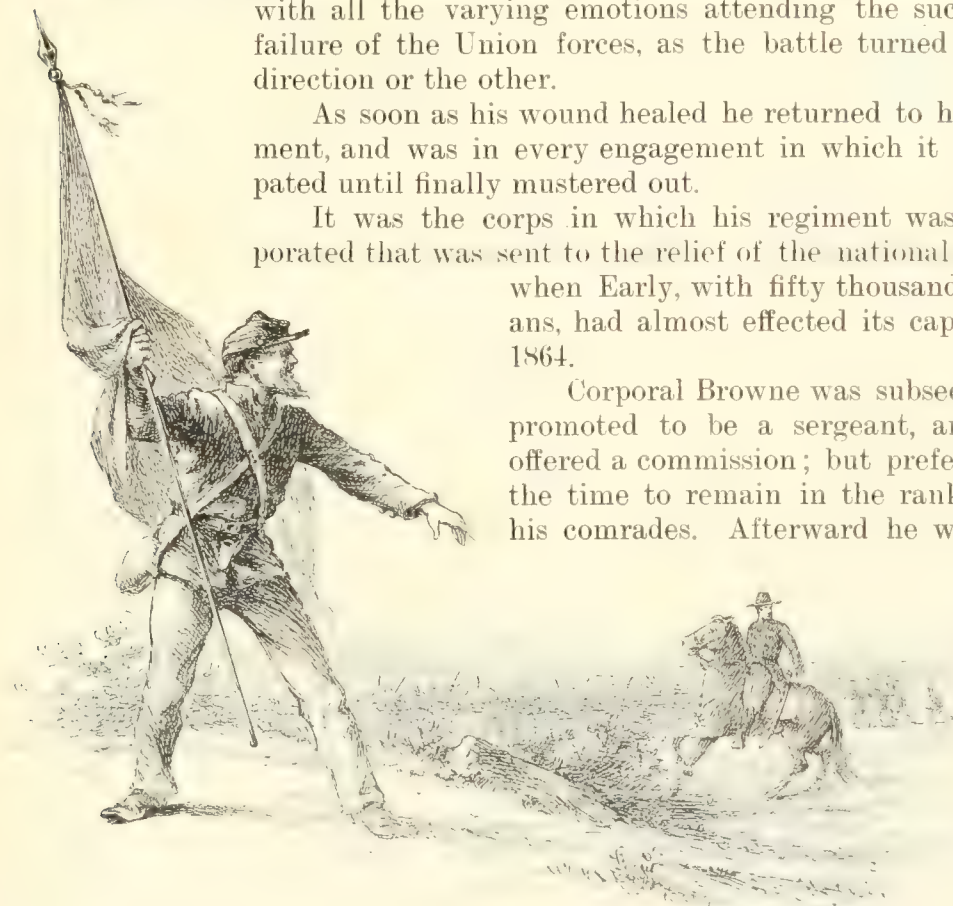
"I transferred the colors—they were not dropped, but held up while being transferred—to a noble fellow who afterward fell under them, and when the enemy's line was broken and they had retreated to the woods whence they came, late in the afternoon, I went to the field hospital."

While in the hospital he witnessed the battle, on the following day, with all the varying emotions attending the success or failure of the Union forces, as the battle turned in one direction or the other.

As soon as his wound healed he returned to his regiment, and was in every engagement in which it participated until finally mustered out.

It was the corps in which his regiment was incorporated that was sent to the relief of the national capital when Early, with fifty thousand veterans, had almost effected its capture in 1864.

Corporal Browne was subsequently promoted to be a sergeant, and was offered a commission; but preferred at the time to remain in the ranks with his comrades. Afterward he was pro-



BROWNE HOLDING THE LINE.

moted successively to 2nd and 1st lieutenant, and captain of New York Volunteers.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CAMPING, MARCHING AND FIGHTING WITH ILLINOIS SOLDIERS—GENERAL JOHN C. SMITH—THE
SOLDIER'S FEELING UNDER FIRE—CHARGING IN A SWAMP—THE REMNANT AFTER
CHICKAMAUGA—PRESENTIMENTS OF DEATH—SOLDIER'S HUMOR—AN IMITATION
OF REVOLUTIONARY TIMES—STEALING A PRISONER—THE HEROISM
OF THE HOSPITALS—HOW A WOMAN FLANKED
STANTON—F. B. HECKMAN—GETTING
SUPPLIES TO THE SOLDIERS
AFTER FREDERICKSBURG.

CAMPING, MARCHING AND FIGHTING WITH ILLINOIS SOLDIERS.

GENERAL JOHN C. SMITH.

TO relate one's experience and feelings when under fire for the first time, as every old soldier has often been requested to do, would not necessarily convey the information so much desired, and frequently would be disappointing.

The conditions are so different as to the soldier's health and nervous temperament, the weather, and the delay or suddenness of getting under fire, that the experience or feeling in one case does not often serve in another. I now recall my experience in one of the most terrific battles of the war, Chickamauga. I had no thought of going into action, although I carried the order and accompanied the division in its charge on the right of the Federal army, where it encountered Longstreet's and other veterans of the Confederacy. I had no fear or hesitancy, and rode into that terrific hell of fire and storm of shot and shell, with no thought but to secure possession of the hill each army was endeavoring to gain.

All that terrible Sunday afternoon of September 20, 1863, our thoughts were on the safety of the right, all our energies were devoted to securing the same, and all our prayers were for "Burnside or night."

Although our division lost forty-eight per cent. of its men, and my own regiment fifty-six per cent., I had no thought of fear, and rode safely through the conflict.

But I do recall the fact that it was not always so, and that in some desultory skirmish I have found my heart in my throat, and my nerves unstrung.

In one action, when holding the extreme left of the army in a Georgia swamp, and having received orders to fix bayonets preparatory to a charge, I

remember replying to the staff officer that it would be impossible to get through the young pines with bayonets fixed, and that I would do so after I got the men through. The right moved and we with it, but I forgot to "fix bayonets," for the moment we emerged on firm ground we were otherwise engaged, and had other business on hand.

It was preparatory to that advance that I had perhaps the worst case of fear and anxiety I ever experienced. My nerves were unstrung; there was a choking sensation, and my heart was, or seemed to be, up in my throat, with every indication of an ague, or nervous chill. Such are the feelings when expecting to get under fire and there is plenty of time to think about it.

Everything was as still as a Sunday morning on the prairie, except the sound of the pioneer's axe cutting vistas through the timber for the artillery, or the occasional sharp crack of a rifle on the advanced skirmish line. We had been marching, fighting and bivouacking for a week in the month of February, with but little time for rest, and there was every indication of a desperate battle. To compose my mind and steady my nerves, with my pipe firmly set between my teeth, I passed along the line with a cheerful word to this one and an order to another. Those men looked as I felt. Their cheeks were blanched and their lips were pale, and yet they were of the forty-four per cent. who, with slight wounds or unscathed, had passed through the fiery ordeal of Chickamauga. They had stormed the heights of Lookout Mountain, and had planted the starry flag high up under the blue vault of heaven, there bringing its stars still nearer the stars of God.

I never felt so nervous, or experienced such a fit of the blues as I did on that morning while awaiting orders to advance, and my men looked no better than I felt. I had seen them charge batteries double-shotted with grape and canister, where every discharge almost sent the flames of the guns gushing into their faces, and I knew they would do so again when required. Yet they were apparently as demoralized as myself. One of my officers came to me and said he had a presentiment that he would be killed that day, and desired to know what he could do with his watch and valuables. I tried to laugh him out of his fear, but he sent his pocketbook and watch to the rear with the surgeons, and he—well, he is living yet.

In a short time the lines moved forward. We were soon heavily engaged, and then the color came to the cheeks and lips of the men, and we were all composed and steady.

Let me tell you, however, my young friend, that while it is true that once under fire all thought of self and consequently of fear has passed from the brave man, yet let the firing cease and there be time for thought, that choking sensation, that heart-in-the-throat feeling, and that ague and nervous chill is again there. The brave soldier says but little on going into

battle. Even his prayers are not of self, family or home, but that he may acquit himself with honor and that his command may be victorious. It is only the coward who boasts—the brave man, never.

The soldier keeps his humor under the most trying circumstances and amid the greatest dangers. I know not if this be true of the soldiers of other lands, but it is characteristic of Americans, North and South.

I well remember establishing the division pickets one cold, stormy night in March, along the bank of a creek across which we had pushed the enemy. When returning to the rear, in a secluded place, I found some of my officers



GIVING AN IMITATION OF REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

in ponchos and sitting around a few smouldering embers. As I sat my horse looking down at them, one addressed me, asking what event in Revolutionary times had made the greatest impression upon my boyhood memory as I read the history of those days. I answered that it was the story of General Marion and the British officer. "What was it?" queried the officer, to which I replied: The English officer having come into our lines under a flag of truce was invited to stay and dine with General Marion and his staff. The officer

seated himself upon a log and watched to see the mess chest brought out, and the plate laid and dinner spread, but instead thereof he saw an old negro raking among the ashes of such a fire as you have, find some sweet potatoes and pass them around with a handful of salt, of which each partook and ate with an apparent relish. Astonished at this the English officer asked if that was all the fare they had, and when assured that it was, he was said to exclaim, "Such men cannot be conquered," and returned to his command, sent in his resignation, and returned home. "That's the story," said our adjutant, who was the officer interrogating me, and added: "What a fool that Britisher was. We never lived half as well at home, and if you will dismount you shall have some sweet potatoes with us." And with that he began to rake among the dying embers and pull out a lot of sweet potatoes he had found buried in a field close by.

What made the potatoes taste much better was the fact that the adjutant had found the pit in which they were buried guarded by some of General Sheridan's soldiers whose staff officer had gone to have a wagon sent to convey them to the general's headquarters. Having a squad of our own men with him, the adjutant informed the guard that he was sent to relieve them, and send them to their commands. He generously had them fill their own haversacks, and hurry back to camp. No sooner were they gone than the potatoes were hastily gathered by these boys of the 96th Illinois, and our own headquarters had an abundance for the night.

At the battle of Chickamauga, when riding along the lines with General Steedman, upon whose staff I was then serving, we saw a soldier, Thomas Shannon, of the 96th Illinois, with a Rebel major as his prisoner. Halting long enough to ask the major his command and while we were talking, another Federal soldier, not seeing us but seeing the Confederate, laid hands on him to march him to the rear, which Shannon discovering, exclaimed: "What are ye doin' wid my prishner? If yees want wan of yer own, there is plenty forninst ye; go and get wan!"

It was this same soldier who—at Moccasin Point (where two ears of corn were issued for the day's rations), when his company was being inspected by Captain Allen of the 40th Ohio preparatory to crossing the Tennessee River to reënforce General Hooker who had reached the Wauhatchie—on being reprimanded for not having his magazines filled with cartridges, exclaimed: "Captain, if ye will be looking into me haverbag, yees will find that empty, too!"

The dear old fellow, a soldier of three wars, Indian, Mexican, and the Rebellion, on his return home to Galena, near which place he resided, would go to the city—which he frequently visited for the purpose of getting "a little commissary"—and when reasonably well filled he would march up and down

the main street shouting: "I'm the hero of Chickamauga! A corporal I was, but a captain I ought to have been, and if yees don't belave me, ask Ginerel Smith."

During the Atlanta campaign, having had my horse injured by his falling through a bridge across the Etowah, near Kingston, the planking of which had been loosened, I was compelled to go on foot through the brush with the skirmishers, and had my boots sadly torn by the briers. Unable to get another pair, I had to resort to the expedient of getting one of the soldiers to draw a pair of shoes for me on his own account. These government shoes, or



THE SUBJECT OF MALONE'S ANXIETY.

"gunboats," as the boys called them, were so large that I could barely get my toes in the stirrups, and the men laughed at me as I rode by. Shortly after this when on the division skirmish line, driving the enemy, I saw one of the men of my regiment, a soldier named Ed Malone, out of his place in the line and close beside me. Turning to him I asked, "Ed, why are you not in line? What do you want with me?" Malone responded: "Colonel, I want permission to remain wid ye for if ye are kilt yees cannot fall down wid them gunboats on."

Dr. Fred W. Byers, my old surgeon, is sitting by me as I write and asks:

"General, why don't you tell them the sharp answer you gave me to a question I asked you one day when we were riding together?" Now the major-surgeon is a character known in all commanderies of the Loyal Legion and the posts of the Grand Army of the Republic for his genial stories and his humorous recitations, and while he cannot write as good a song as "When Sherman Marched Down to the Sea," which is from the pen of Adjutant Byers, yet "our Doctor Byers" can sing a better song, and, like the adjutant, his namesake, he was always up with the troops. In fact, he would disobey my orders, fail to retire to the field hospital,

and would follow up the line of battle. But we will let him tell his own story.

"Riding with you one day, general, as we were passing a sutler's tent, your horse kicked an oyster can in my direction, and as it came by me I asked, 'What kind of ammunition is this?' Your answer was, 'Canoister, doctor.'"

While humorous stories enlivened the camp, and the ludicrous retort the march or skirmish line, there was also the pathos and heroism of the hospital.

Going to the field hospital the night of the second day's battle of Nashville, I found Corporal Henry H. Cutter of Company C of my own regiment, dying from a shot through the body. Giving me his little keepsakes and watch to send his mother, he asked me to assure his parents that he did his duty and died for his country. Henry was a brave soldier, having been in all the battles of his regiment, except those fought during the winter of 1863, when he was a prisoner at Andersonville.

Turning from Cutter to a smooth-faced boy of eighteen years, named Kimball, the only son of a widowed mother, a private in Company K, who had been shot through the left lung, he begged that I tell his loving mother and only sister that he died fighting for the flag; that it was hard to leave them; he had done his duty as a soldier, and that God would provide for them, and with that dear mother's name upon his dying lips he passed to the eternal camping ground, where all true soldiers are bivouacked.

HOW A WOMAN FLANKED STANTON.

F. B. HECKMAN.

THE battle of Fredericksburg had been fought and lost a wretched, costly blunder. Thousands of wounded Union soldiers, needed not only kindly, skillful attention, but food. Word came to Germantown, the beautiful historic suburb of Philadelphia, that many of the boys were suffering for the barest necessities of even a soldier's life.

Every one knew what was needed, but how was it to be done? There seemed to be so many impossibilities in the way. Just then Mrs. John H. Dye, principal of the girls' grammar school, a lady of unusual executive capacity, volunteered to go to the front with a car load of provisions.

All was action in a moment. The school children took hold in their hearty way. There were but few families that did not have a son in the Army of the Potomac, and all over town there was filling and packing of barrels and boxes, and a din of preparation that was inspiring. Loyalty that had been deprived of going into the field was exerting itself.

Mrs. Dye lost no time in getting away with her relief car, and arrived safely in Washington. Here many welcome delicacies and needed comforts were distributed at the hospitals, and also at the Alexandria convalescent camps.

But her watchword was not "On to Washington," but "On to the Front," and here came the rub. Grim old War Secretary Stanton had issued an order forbidding civilians going to the front. It was like the laws of the Medes and Persians, and would not yield to comforts for the sick and wounded.

No pass, no transportation and a cargo of perishable goods. Here was a situation for a woman, but here was the woman for the situation. She was



STANTON'S REFUSAL.

determined to go, and her woman's quick wit and ready intuitions helped her through.

From the bureaucratic Stanton, who hadn't genius enough to get around his own orders, she went to the adjutant-general and by an appeal that would have moved a stone literally forced a pass from him for five days. Five days to get to the camps at Falmouth and do miles of distributing over long stretches of Virginia roads. But she didn't despair, obstacles were only incentives.

Next came the trouble about transportation. Colonel Rucker, the quartermaster, was "very sorry," but he "could not break the secretary's orders." It was in vain she pictured the needs and told of the perishable goods. She went to every quartermaster and officer connected with the transportation department in Washington and was always referred back to the inexorable Rucker. Even Quartermaster-General Meigs could not do anything.

Mrs. Dye knew how military punctilio had lost the patriots a battle in her own town of Germantown, during the Revolution, but she was determined it should not defeat her.

She learned that a steamboat was about to sail for Burnside's camp and she promptly had her goods hauled down to the wharf. Then she went to the captain. "Look at these goods," said she, "and the poor boys at the front are hungry and nearly naked."

The captain was captured, and the lady and her goods went on board. Rucker had given the hint that settled the law, and a Pennsylvania school marm had flanked Stanton, who was the terror of generals and army contractors.

With her provisions, and a quantity of tobacco carried in her shawl to avoid confiscation, she reached Acquia Creek. The stores were placed in a box car and were soon among the Federal cantonments. The Germantown boys were hunted up. Hub-deep mud was overcome just as the other obstacles had been, and what cheer and inspiration the plucky school-teacher brought with her.

Mrs. Dye is still living in Germantown, a most useful woman. She had the executive charge of the packing and shipping of over five hundred boxes to flooded Johnstown and she has since then taken an active and efficient interest in the industrial education of women.

Her victory over Stanton was one of the greatest ever won in the line of woman's work and duty.



CHAPTER XXX.

THE 20TH MICHIGAN INFANTRY—GENERAL B. M. CUTCHEON—FIGHTING WITH JOHN MORGAN—
THE AFFAIR OF THE LOG HOUSE—THE CHECK AND THE RETREAT—TWO REGIMENTS OF
KENTUCKY CAVALRY—CAPTAIN GEORGE WILHELM, 56TH OHIO INFANTRY—
OPENING THE WAY TO PORT GIBSON—HOW THE MEDAL WAS WON.

GENERAL BYRON M. CUTCHEON,* Ypsilanti, 2nd Lieutenant 20th Infantry, July 15, 1862. Captain, July 29, 1862. Major, October 14, 1862. Lieutenant-Colonel, November 16, 1863. Colonel, November 21, 1863. Wounded May 10, 1864. Brevet Colonel United States Volunteers, August 18, 1864, "for gallant service at the battle of the Wilderness, Va., and Spottsylvania, Va., and during the present operations before Petersburg, Va." Colonel 27th Infantry, November 12, 1864. Resigned March 6, 1865, and honorably discharged. Brevet Brigadier-General Volunteers, March 13, 1865, "for conspicuous gallantry at the battle of Wilderness, Va."

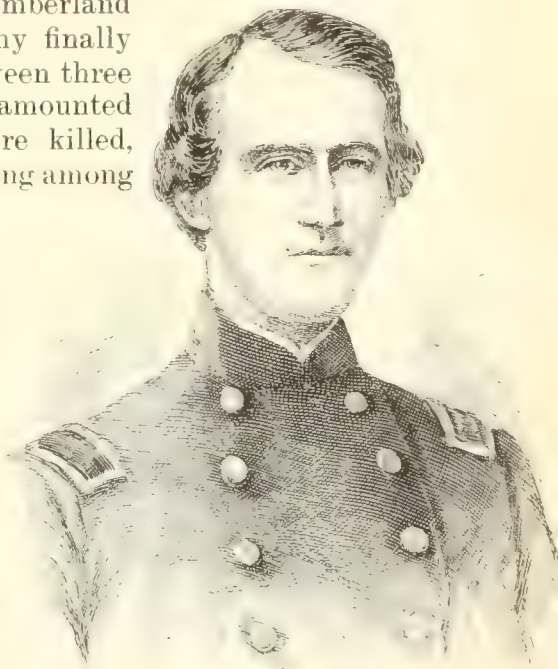
The 20th Michigan Infantry was mustered into the service of the United States August 19, 1862, with Byron M. Cutcheon as its major. Soon after it took the field the ladies of Jackson gave it an elegant silk flag, on which was inscribed the State arms. The flag was sent to the regiment at Washington, but only reached it at the encampment opposite Fredericksburg. The presentation occurred on Thanksgiving Day, 1862, in a patriotic address by Mrs. Governor Blair, read by Assistant Surgeon O. P. Chubb, and an elegant response was made by Major Byron M. Cutcheon for the regiment. This flag was carried in all the campaigns of the regiment until the spring of 1864, when, becoming very much tattered and torn, it was necessary to send it back to the State.

The regiment crossed the Rappahannock, December 13, 1862, but being in the reserve at the battle of Fredericksburg, its loss was only eleven wounded, most of them slightly. It was afterward sent to Newport News. Leaving Newport News March 19 with the Ninth Corps, it proceeded via Baltimore, Parkersburg and Cincinnati to Kentucky. On the 9th of May a detachment of one hundred men in command of Captain Wiltsie, having been dispatched to break up a party of guerrillas at the narrows of the Cumberland, were attacked on their return by the advance guard of the Confederate forces

* The first four paragraphs of this chapter are from "Michigan in the War."

under General John H. Morgan, and were obliged to fall back with considerable loss. The following morning the entire force under Morgan attacked the 20th, then in command of Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, in its position at the narrows of Horseshoe Bend, on the Cumberland River. The fight lasted all day, the enemy finally retiring with a loss, as ascertained, of between three and four hundred. The loss of the 20th amounted in all to twenty-nine, of whom five were killed, nineteen wounded, and five missing, including among the killed Lieutenant Wm. M. Greene.

This affair was considered one of the notable engagements of the day. The 20th, comparatively without support, its retreat cut off by a stream, broad, deep, and rapid, without entrenchments, repulse the charge of a large brigade, drive them with the bayonet, maintain a vigorous and sharp fight with the entire division, withdraw in good order, save their only piece of artillery, bring off their wounded and recross the Cumberland under fire.



GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN.

The *Louisville Journal*, June 4, 1863, said:

"The recent fight which Colonel Jacobs had with John Morgan near narrow Horseshoe Bottom, a quarter of a mile from the Cumberland River, and about twelve miles from Monticello, in Wayne County, was much more destructive to the Confederates than was at first supposed. The loss of killed has been definitely ascertained to be one hundred and fifty-seven, while the wounded are variously estimated from three hundred and fifty to five hundred. It is certain that nearly every house in the neighboring valley contains disabled Confederates. Our correspondent, Fidler, gives an excellent account of this affair, but his information is in some respects incorrect.

"The force of four hundred and fifty men had been sent out by Colonel Jacobs to reinforce a party of one hundred who had gone on an expedition to break up a desperate band of guerrillas. They were completely successful in their object, but fell in with the advance of Morgan's main army, when they retired in excellent order and fighting desperately. Captains W. D. Wiltsie, of the 20th Michigan Infantry, Wilson, of the 12th Kentucky Cavalry, and Searcey, of the 9th Kentucky Cavalry, led their men with great gallantry. The fight was in the open field of Coffey's, just outside the narrows of Horseshoe Bottom, and was desperately contended for against Morgan's whole force for fifty-five minutes, after the gallant boys had previously almost destroyed Cluke's force and driven them to a point of surrender, which would have been accomplished had it not been for the timely aid of Morgan. A demand for an unconditional surrender was sent to Colonel Jacobs by Morgan, which, having been promptly refused, he carried his whole force to the north side of the river to join his main

command, and Morgan did not feel the least disposition to follow, but it is understood returned to Monticello. No men could have behaved better than the 12th Kentucky Cavalry and the 20th Michigan Infantry. This spirited affair unquestionably prevented Morgan from effecting a contemplated raid into our State, for prisoners state that he acknowledged that the desperate resistance at the narrows had completely frustrated all his plans."

Of this action, for his conduct in which he received the medal of honor, General Cutcheon writes:

I have never tried to tell the story myself, but have preferred to leave that for others, and for the official records written at the time.



CAPTURING THE LOG HOUSE

We were fighting all of John Morgan's division. I was major, and in command of the right wing of the regiment. The center of my line was on

the main road leading from Jamestown, Ky., to Monticello, Ky., and at the narrows of the Cumberland.

A brigade of Morgan's men had charged or taken possession of a large log house, which stood on the east (our left) side of the road, where a lane or crossroad with two high rail fences intersected the main road.

Morgan's men occupied the house (known as the Coffey House), the garden, out-buildings, and this cross lane or road. The house was about two hundred yards in front of the crest which I occupied, and the space between us open field, or the broad road fenced on the east (left) side only.

From within and about this log house the enemy was annoying us seriously. I determined to charge and clear them out. It was my first close fighting. I put myself at the head of three companies, and we charged down the road directly upon the house.

Captain Barnes (George C., of Company C, 20th Michigan) and I made a race for the building. I was the first on the porch, Barnes only a couple of yards behind, and our men close at hand. Barnes and I threw ourselves against the door and forced it open.

Why we were not shot down, I could never conceive. As we entered, the enemy went out at the back, some through the door, others through the windows.

The 12th Kentucky Cavalry (dismounted) charged at the same time, carrying the lane before mentioned, the whole Confederate line retreating precipitately to the woods.

That is about all there is of it. We fought all day, were summoned to surrender, and came off the field with our wounded, leaving our dead unburied.

The *Washington Star*, in relating this incident, gives Major Cutcheon more praise than that gentleman is willing to give himself:

"He was awarded the medal of honor for distinguished gallantry in action at Horseshoe Bend, Ky., May 10, 1863, Morgan's famous raid. By order of Colonel Richard T. Jacobs, commanding brigade, Major B. M. Cutcheon took four companies of his regiment, and charged a house on the battlefield which was filled with Confederates, having been converted by them into a block house. The command was to advance, in an exposed position, down an open road, and one regiment across an open field. Major Cutcheon gallantly led the detachment of his regiment in the face of a hot fire, losing a number of men. Major Cutcheon, although closely followed by his men, was the first to reach the house, and kicked in the door just in time to see the enemy going out of the windows on the opposite side. The point thus captured was the key to the whole position. Major Cutcheon afterward distinguished himself in the battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, and in the siege of Petersburg, and rose to the grade of brigadier-general. At the close of the war he resigned from the army, and subsequently served several years in Congress."

COLONEL GEORGE WILHELM.

56TH OHIO INFANTRY.

COLONEL WILHELM was born in Ohio in 1830. He enlisted at Portsmouth, Ohio, in 1861, as captain in Company F, 56th Ohio Volunteers, and was promoted to colonel of the 186th Ohio in March, 1864.

Writing from Greenville, Miss., Colonel Wilhelm says:

I participated in the engagements at Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, Helena, Arkansas Post, Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, Jackson, Clinton, Champion Hill, siege of Vicksburg and Nashville.

On the 16th of May, 1863, at the battle of Champion Hill, I was wounded and captured and taken to the rear of the Confederate army. I turned upon my guard when the opportunity offered, captured him, and

returned to the Federal lines with my prisoner. For this I was promoted to colonel, and Congress voted me a medal of honor for bravery; I received with it the following letter:

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, {
WASHINGTON, November 17, 1887. }

GEORGE WILHELM, Esq., Enterprise, Miss.

SIR: I have the honor to enclose herewith a medal of honor awarded you by the Secretary of War for a special act of bravery during the engagement at Champion Hill (or Baker's Creek), Miss., May 16, 1863, while captain of Company F, 56th Ohio Volunteers.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant.

T. E. WOOD, Assistant-Adjutant-General.

The accompanying record of the 12th division of the 13th army corps in the Vicksburg campaign has been contributed by one of Colonel Wilhelm's comrades:



CAPTURING HIS GUARD.

The corps was commanded by General J. A. McClelland. The Twelfth Division broke camp at Helena, Ark., April 11, 1863, taking transports down the Mississippi, arriving at Milliken's Bend, twenty-two miles above Vicksburg, on the 13th, and then began the march through Louisiana, via Richmond, Madison Parish, Bayou Tensas, Videll, and Roundaway. The plantations were in a fine state of improvement. In the cribs were corn and peas, plenty of forage, etc. April 28 we reached the Mississippi River, below Vicksburg at the Perkins' plantation. Our transports had run past the batteries at Vicksburg, and our army embarked upon them for Grand Gulf at 8 A. M., April 29.

The fleet engaged the batteries at Grand Gulf, but, failing to reduce them, our division disembarked, and marched around Grand Gulf to the river below, the transports running the batteries.

April 30 we crossed the Mississippi at Bruinsburg, and at sunset our entire army was on the march. When morning came we saw directly in front of us a Confederate line of battle, between which and us was a battery. The 47th Indiana was sent to capture it, but failed. The 56th Ohio was next ordered to the front, and it went with a yell, capturing the guns, one stand of colors and two hundred and twenty-five prisoners.

It was a fearful sacrifice of life, but it opened our way to Port Gibson.

May 3 our march was slow; skirmishing was the order of the day. May 15 General Sherman's column entered Jackson, Miss., capturing the city. Our column struck the V. & M. Road at Clinton, when we turned west toward Vicksburg. By this movement we had shut General Pemberton in Vicksburg, and General Joseph E. Johnson was cut off from it.

During the fifth charge Captain George Wilhelm of Company F was shot through the left lung, and taken prisoner. He was conducted to the rear, but Federal reinforcements coming up immediately after, pushed the Confederate forces across the Black River.

In the meantime Captain Wilhelm turned upon his guard, took him prisoner, and marched him back in triumph to the Federal lines.

The captain received a commission as colonel, for this act of bravery, and a medal of honor.

On the 22nd of May, Vicksburg was completely cut off from the outer world. Slowly our troops approached the doomed city. The 4th of July our mission was ended. We entered the city as victors and, standing upon the bank of the ransomed Mississippi, proclaimed the free navigation of God's great highway.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN ILLINOIS REGIMENT AT VICKSBURG — THE MEDAL WINNERS OF THE FIFTY-FIFTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY
 — THE CELEBRATED ASSAULT — GENERAL GRANT'S DESCRIPTION — ROBERT LOWER — "IF
 YOU WANT US, COME AND GET US" — EVENTS AT WINCHESTER — JAMES R.
 DURHAM, 12TH VIRGINIA INFANTRY — QUARTERMASTER MEDAL OF
 HONOR LEGION — CHARGING THE STONE WALL.

AN ILLINOIS REGIMENT AT VICKSBURG.

FOR conspicuous gallantry in the action at Vicksburg, Miss., May 22, 1865, the Secretary of War awarded medals to the following members of the 55th Illinois Infantry:

Corporal Robert M. Cox and private: Robert A. Lower and James Morford, Company K; Commissary-Sergeant Jacob Sanford, Lieutenant John Warden, Company E; Sergeant James W. Larree, Company I, and Lieutenant John H. Fisher, Company B. This act of justice, thus tardily meted out to those brave men is most worthily bestowed.

Regarding this action, and as a best means of giving the story of how these seven soldiers won their medal of honor, the following is taken from the "National Records," vol. II, p. 277.

General Grant determined to make a last attempt to take Vicksburg by assault, before proceeding to a regular siege. We copy the following from his official report, as very clearly setting forth his reasons for making the second effort, and giving a clear account of its failure.

"On the 21st, my arrangements for drawing supplies of every description being complete, I determined to make another effort to carry Vicksburg by assault. There were many reasons to determine me to adopt this course. I believed an assault from the position gained by this time could be made successfully. It was known that Johnston was at Canton with the force taken by him from Jackson, reinforced by other troops from the east, and that more were daily reaching him. With the force I had, a short time must have enabled him to attack me in the rear, and possibly succeed in raising the siege. Possession of Vicksburg at that time would have enabled me to have turned upon Johnston and driven him from the State, possess myself of all the railroads and practical military highways, effectually securing to ourselves all territory west of the Tombigbee, and this before the season was too far advanced for campaigning in this latitude. I would have saved Government sending large reinforcements, much needed elsewhere,



GENERAL GRANT WATCHING THE STORMING OF VICKSBURG

and, finally, the troops themselves were impatient to possess Vicksburg, and would not have worked in the trenches with the same zeal, believing it unnecessary, that they did after their failure to carry the enemy's works. Accordingly, on the 21st, orders were issued for a general assault on the whole line, to commence at 10 A. M. on the 22nd. All the corps commanders set their time by mine, that there should be no difference between them in movement of assault. Promptly at the hour designated the three army corps, then in front of the enemy's works, commenced the assault. I had taken a commanding position near McPherson's front, and from which I could see all the advancing columns from his corps, and a part of each of Sherman's and McClelland's. A portion of the commands of each succeeded in planting their flags on the outer slopes of the enemy's bastions, and maintained them there until night. Each corps had many more men than could possibly be used in the assault over such ground as intervened between them and the enemy. More men could not avail in case of breaking through the enemy's line, or in repelling a sortie. The assault was gallant in the extreme on the part of all the troops, but the enemy's position was too strong both naturally and artificially, to be taken in that way. At every point assaulted, and at all of them at the same time, the enemy was able to show all the force his works could cover. The assault failed, I regret to say, with much loss on our side in killed and wounded, but without weakening the confidence of the troops in their ability to ultimately succeed.

"No troops succeeded in entering any of the enemy's works with the exception of Sergeant Griffith, of the 21st regiment Iowa Volunteers, and some eleven privates of the same regiment. Of these none returned except the sergeant, and, possibly, one man. The work entered by him, from its position, could give us no practical advantage, unless others to the right and left of it were carried and held at the same time.

"About 12 M. I received a dispatch from McClelland that he was hard pressed at several points, in reply to which I directed him to reënforce the points hard pressed from such troops as he had then that were not engaged. I then rode around to Sherman, and had just reached there when I received a second dispatch from McClelland, stating positively and unequivocally that he was in possession of and still held two of the enemy's forts; that the American flag then waved over them, and asking me to have Sherman and McPherson make a diversion in his favor. This dispatch I showed to Sherman who immediately ordered a renewal of the assault on his front. I also sent an answer to McClelland, directing him to order up McArthur to his assistance, and started immediately to the position I had just left, on McPherson's line, to convey to him the information from McClelland by this last dispatch, that he might make the diversion requested. Before reaching

McPherson I met a messenger with a third dispatch from McClelland, of which the following is a copy:

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH ARMY CORPS, /
IN THE FIELD, NEAR VICKSBURG, MISS., May 22, 1863. A

GENERAL: We have gained the enemy's entrenchments at several points, but are brought to a stand. I have sent word to McArthur to reinforce me if he can. Would it not be best to concentrate the whole or a part of his command on this point?

JOHN A. McCLELLAND.

MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

Major-General Commanding.

P. S. I have received your dispatch. My troops are all engaged and I cannot withdraw any to reinforce others. McC.

"The position occupied by me during most of the time of the assault, gave me a better opportunity of seeing what was going on in front of the 13th army corps than I believed it possible for the commander of it to have. I could not see his possession of forts, nor necessity for reinforcements, as represented in his dispatches, up to the time I left it, which was between 12 M. and 1 P. M., and I expressed doubts as to their correctness, which doubts the facts subsequently, but too late, confirmed. At the time I could not disregard his reiterated statements, for they might possibly be true; and that no possible opportunity for carrying the enemy's stronghold should be allowed to escape through fault of mine, I ordered Quimby's division, which was all of McPherson's corps then present but four brigades, to report to McClelland and notify him of the order. I showed his dispatches to McPherson, as I had to Sherman, to satisfy him of the necessity of an active diversion on their part to hold as much force in their fronts as possible. The diversion was promptly and vigorously made, and resulted in the increase of our mortality list fully fifty per cent., without advancing our position or giving us other advantages.

"About half-past 3 P. M. I received McClelland's fourth dispatch, as follows:

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH ARMY CORPS, May 22, 1863.

GENERAL: I have received your dispatch in regard to General Quimby's division and General McArthur's division. As soon as they arrive I will press the enemy with all possible speed, and doubt not I will force my way through. I have lost no ground. My men are in two of the enemy's forts, but they are commanded by rifle pits in the rear. Several prisoners have been taken, who intimate that the rear is strong. At this moment I am hard pressed.

JOHN A. McCLELLAND.

Major-General Commanding.

MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. GRANT, Department of the Tennessee.

"The assault of this day proved the quality of the soldiers of this army. Without entire success, and with a heavy loss, there was no murmuring or complaining, no falling back, nor other evidence of demoralization.

"The attempt to take the place by storm was abandoned after this."

ROBERT A. LOWER.

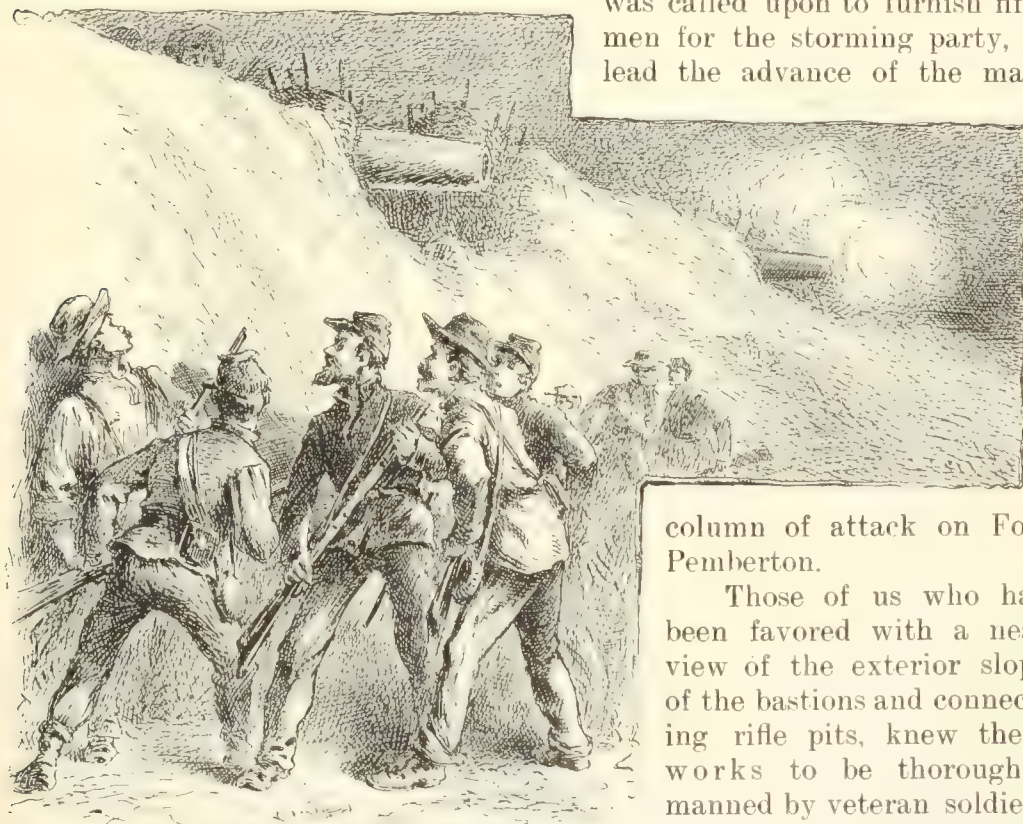
55TH ILLINOIS INFANTRY.

ROBERT A. LOWER was born in Charleston, Ill., in 1844. He enlisted at Elmwood in the same State, October 22, 1861, as private in Company K, 55th Illinois Infantry, and was mustered out at Chattanooga, October 31, 1864.

During his term of service he participated in fourteen engagements.

In reply to the question, as to how he won the medal of honor, Mr. Lower writes from Yates City, Ill., under recent date, as follows:

It was on the morning of May 22, 1863, when General Grant made the second assault on Vicksburg, that our brigade (the 2nd division, 15th corps), was called upon to furnish fifty men for the storming party, to lead the advance of the main



column of attack on Fort Pemberton.

Those of us who had been favored with a near view of the exterior slope of the bastions and connecting rifle pits, knew these works to be thoroughly manned by veteran soldiers whose blood was the same as ours, and we had but little hope of a successful issue.

"IF YOU WANT US, COME AND GET US."

As soon as the call was made, however, four times the number required promptly stepped "three paces to the front," as requested.

In addition to our guns we carried axes, boards and scaling ladders. While waiting the order for the charge, we were drawn up in line before General Sherman, and briefly addressed by Generals Smith and Ewing, the latter presenting the party with his headquarters' flag.

Promptly at ten o'clock the assault was made. The storming party, or rather, such portion of it as had not been shot down previously, crossed the ditch, mounted the fort, and planted the colors on it.

Not being properly supported we were unable to hold what we had captured, and fell back to the foot of the slope, where we remained until nightfall, the Confederates frequently demanding our surrender, and receiving in each case the answer:

"If you want us, come and get us."

The ditch in which we were huddled was about five feet deep and ten wide, and was commanded by the sharpshooters in the rifle pits on either flank of the fort to such an extent that several were killed and wounded during the afternoon. The enemy threw over 12-pound shells with the fuses lighted, which, exploding, killed and wounded many. Twice during the afternoon the Confederates attempted to sally, but were driven back.

After dark we retired from the ditch, carrying with us our wounded, and the flag. The dead we could not remove; they were buried by the Confederates afterward.

Of the party nineteen were killed and thirty-four wounded. Seven were presented with medals of honor for "conspicuous gallantry in action at Vicksburg, Miss., May 22, 1863."

LIEUTENANT JAMES R. DURHAM.

QUARTERMASTER, MEDAL OF HONOR LEGION.

LIEUTENANT JAMES R. DURHAM, of Company E, 12th Virginia Infantry, received a medal of honor for bravery in action on June 14, 1863, during the battle of Winchester.

In order to bring before the reader the picture of that battle, we insert the following report made by Captain R. C. Shriber of the staff of General Shields:

The enemy, who, in endeavoring to drive in our pickets the day before, had been repulsed, had opened with his artillery, about four o'clock A. M. upon our forces again; and since that time we had been engaged responding to his battery of four guns, which he then had in play, and in endeavoring to repel his small but harassing attacks of cavalry upon our chain of sentinels.

We placed in position a six-gun battery, commanded by Captain Jenke's 1st Virginia Artillery, to oppose the enemy's four guns, which latter was soon reënforced by a whole battery, whereupon Captain Clark's regular battery was put in prolongation of the former named. Both batteries were fought by Colonel Daun, chief of artillery of General Shields' division, in person. Our fire from the two batteries became too hot for the enemy, and they brought a third battery in the direction of their right wing in such position upon our two batteries on the hill that they enfiladed them, but with this manœuvre exposed their battery to a raking fire of one of the Ohio batteries placed near Kernstown to defend the pike, and they were necessitated to limber to the rear with all their batteries, but continued their fire.

In the meantime the infantry regiments were moving up to the support of our batteries, and formed into line of battle about a thousand yards to the rear of them, when at once the enemy's heavier battery moved to the front, and threw, in rapid succession, a number of well-aimed shells into our batteries and the cavalry and infantry stationed upon the interior slope of the battery hill, and the necessity to storm and take their guns became evident.

The right resting upon the mud road, passing through the forest, was held by the 7th Ohio, the 67th and 5th following, and the 13th Indiana, and 84th Pennsylvania, and 29th Ohio, a little to the rear, thus leaving the 110th Pennsylvania and the three companies of the 8th Ohio in reserve.

Colonel Daun was enjoined to keep his artillery in lively fire, so as not to direct the attention of the company from him, and when the order came to move on, everything was ready to respond. General Tyler moved silently but steadily upon the enemy's left through the woods for almost half a mile, when, coming upon a more sparsely wooded ground, he made half a wheel to the left, and came to the extreme flank of the enemy, who received him behind a stone wall at about two hundred yards distant with a terrific volley of rifled arms; but still on went the regiments without a return fire, and then threw themselves with immense cheering and an unearthly yell upon the enemy, who, receiving at fifteen yards our first fire, fell back across the field, thus unmasking two six-pound iron guns, which hurled, on being cleared in front, death and destruction into our ranks with their canister.

But still onward we went, taking one gun and two caissons, and making there a short stand. Again the enemy unmasked two brass pieces, which at last drove us back by their vigorous fire. But I saw that the captured gun was tipped over so that the enemy, in regaining the ground, could not drag it away. The 5th Ohio and 84th Pennsylvania threw themselves forward once more, with fixed bayonets, the former losing their standard-bearer four times in a few minutes. Captain Whitcomb at last took the colors up again, and, cheering on his men, fell also. So, too, Colonel Murray, while gallantly

leading on his 84th regiment. In fact, that ground was strewn with dead and wounded. General Tyler lost there his aid, Lieutenant Williamson, of the 29th Ohio.

I hurried back to bring up the 110th and 14th Indiana by a right oblique movement through the woods, and the enemy, receiving all the combined shot, retired and left us in possession of our dearly-bought gun and caissons.

United, onward we pressed; again the enemy's two brass pieces and musketry poured in their fire. Three companies of the 8th Ohio reënforcing us, we gained our brass piece and its caisson, and compelled the enemy to fall back.

This was at 7 p. m. I moved to the right flank, and caused the cannon to go forward on the now fast-retreating enemy when I met with six of



RETREAT OF DURHAM AND HIS MEN.

Ashby's cavalry, who shot down my orderly, and killed his horse, one of their bullets piercing my cap. I was compelled to use my sword to kill one of them.

The cavalry captured two hundred and thirty-nine prisoners, and met with only little resistance from the enemy's cavalry.

Lieutenant Durham was in command of a skirmishing party, who lay behind a stone wall several hours, not daring to advance or show their heads above it, since it would be almost certain death.

The Confederates were behind another stone wall about a hundred and fifty yards distant.

Three members of Durham's company were killed while rising in order to get a shot at the enemy, and the nerves of all were becoming considerably

shattered by this enforced delay in such a dangerous position, when the orders finally came to advance.

Durham, heeding not the storm of bullets which it seemed must be instant death to all, cheered the men on, and was the first to scale the wall.

The company advanced perhaps thirty yards amid that terrible leaden hail, when the lieutenant was wounded in the right hand, and six or seven of the men disabled or killed.

Two of the soldiers had advanced so far that it was necessary to surrender, for to retreat meant death.

Now it was the lieutenant found that the line of battle had taken shelter behind the stone wall, and that he and his men were far in advance of it.

With his right hand and forearm severely shattered, he began a retreat which was as gallant as any advance could possibly have been, remaining himself in the rear, and seeing to it that every one of his wounded was carried with the company.



CHAPTER XXXII.

THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM — RECOLLECTIONS OF A YOUNG SOUTHERN OFFICER — JUDGE WALTER CLARK —
 RELATIVE NUMBERS ENGAGED — THE FINDING OF GENERAL LEE'S DISPATCH —
 JACKSON'S MOVEMENTS — MCCLELLAN'S CAUTION — FEDERAL GUNNERS —
 COUNTING THE YANKEE FLAGS — RE-CROSSING THE POTOMAC.

THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM — RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOUTHERN OFFICER.

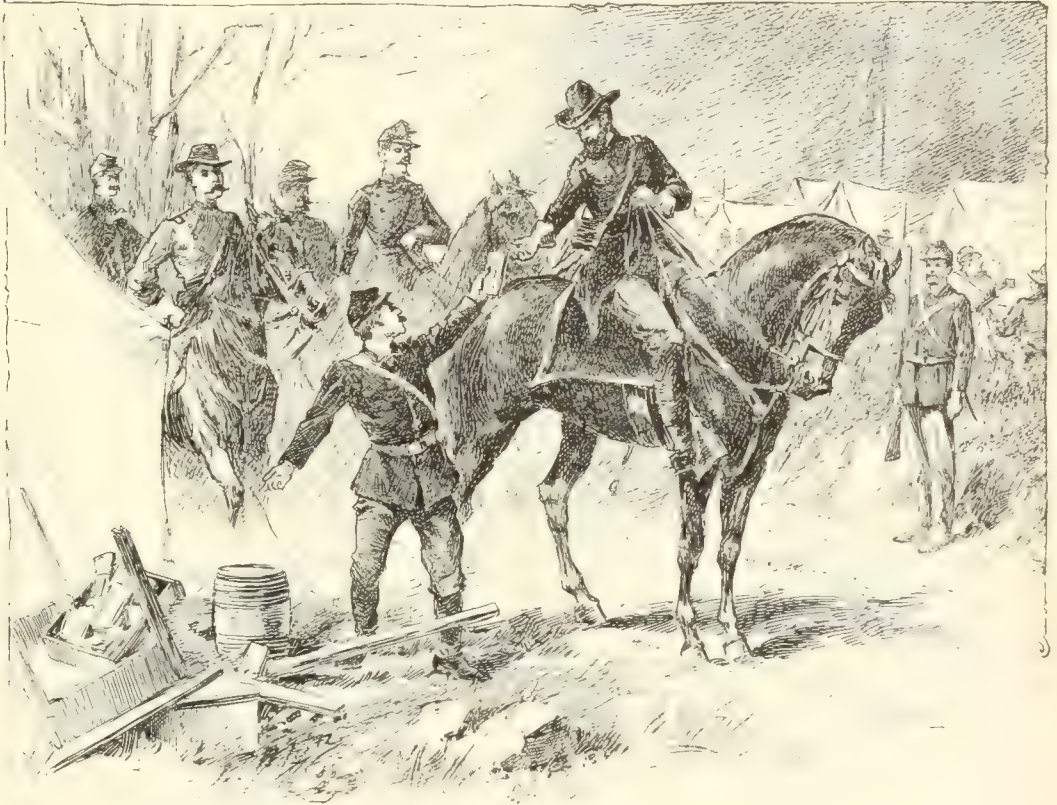
JUDGE WALTER CLARK.

THE battle of Antietam, one of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War, was fought September 17, 1862, between the Federal army, commanded by General George B. McClellan and the Confederate army, under General R. E. Lee. The Federal army was composed of six corps, 1st. Hooker's; 2nd. Sumner's; 5th. Porter's; 6th. Franklin's; 9th. Burnside's; 12th. Mansfield's, besides Pleasanton's cavalry division.

On the Southern side were two corps, Longstreet's and Jackson's, with Stuart's cavalry. The morning reports for that day of the Federal army show 101,000 "effective," but General McClellan places his number of men in line at 87,000. General Lee simply puts his force at "less than 40,000." General Longstreet estimates them at 37,000, and General D. H. Hill at 31,000. The best estimate of numbers actually in line would be 87,000 Federals and 35,000 Confederates. Of the latter only 25,000 were in hand when the battle opened. The arrival of McLaws and A. P. Hill from Harper's Ferry during the battle raised Lee's total to 35,000.

The battle was fought in a bend of the Potomac River, the town of Sharpsburg, Md., being the center of the Southern line of battle, the right flank resting on the Antietam creek, just above where it flows into the Potomac, and the left flank on the Potomac. General Lee had braved all rules of strategy, by dividing his army in the presence of an enemy double his numbers. He had sent Jackson with nearly half the army to the south side of the Potomac to invest Harper's Ferry, while with the other part of the army he himself advanced on Hagerstown. General McClellan, who slowly and with caution was following Lee's movements, found at Frederick, Md., a dispatch from Lee to General D. H. Hill, which had been dropped in the latter's encampment. This disclosed to him Lee's entire plan of campaign and the division of his army. With more than his usual promptness McClellan threw himself, on September 14, upon Turner's and Crampton's Gaps. These

were stubbornly held till next day, when Lee fell back to Sharpsburg. Fortunately for Lee, Harper's Ferry surrendered with 12,000 prisoners early on the morning of the 15th, releasing the besieging force. Of these, Walker's division, with Jackson himself, rejoined Lee north of the Potomac at Sharpsburg on the afternoon of the 16th. McLaws and A. P. Hill joined him there during the battle on the 17th — McLaws at 9 A. M., and A. P. Hill at 3 P. M., and each just in time to prevent the destruction of the army. With 87,000



FINDING THE DISPATCH.

men in line, as against Lee's 35,000, General McClellan should have captured the Confederate army, for fighting with the river at its back, any disaster could not have been retrieved. Besides, till 9 A. M., Lee had only 25,000 men, and this number was not finally raised to 35,000 till the arrival of A. P. Hill after 3 P. M. There were no breastworks, nor time nor opportunity afforded to make any. General McClellan was an excellent general, but his overcaution saved Lee's army. He greatly overestimated the numbers opposed to him. He telegraphed to President Lincoln during the battle that Lee had 95,000

men. Had he known that in truth Lee had only 25,000 men when the battle opened, the history of the war and General McClellan's fortunes would have been essentially different.

This much has been said to give a general idea of the "situation" before and during the battle. I was adjutant of Colonel M. W. Ransom's (now and for twenty-two years past United States Senator) 35th North Carolina regiment. The brigade was commanded by his brother, General Robert Ransom, a West Pointer and hence a personal acquaintance of most of the Federal leaders. The division was commanded by General John G. Walker, another old army officer. We were at the taking of Harper's Ferry, where



THE FEDERAL GUNS AT ANTIETAM.

our division held the Loudon Heights, and we were the first to recross the Potomac and join General Lee at Sharpsburg on the afternoon of the 16th.

I was a mere boy, just sixteen, during this campaign, and have vivid recollections of the events of the day. About an hour before day, on the 17th, our division began its march for the position assigned us on the extreme right, where we were to oppose the Federals in any attempt to cross the bridge—since known as Burnside's—or the ford over the Antietam below it, near Shaveley's. Along one route we met men, women and children coming out from Sharpsburg, and from the farm houses near by. They were

carrying such of their household belongings as were portable. Many women were weeping. This, and the little children leaving their homes, made a moving picture in "the dawn's early light." On taking position, we immediately tore down the fences in our front which might obstruct the line of fire. About 9 A. M., a pressing order came to move to the left. This we did in quick time. As we were leaving our ground I remember looking up the Antietam, the opposite bank of which was lined with Federal batteries. These were firing at the left wing of our army, to support which we were moving. The Federal gunners could be seen with the utmost distinctness as they loaded and fired. Moving northward we were passing in rear of our line of battle and met constant streams of the wounded coming out. All this time there was the steady booming of the cannon, the whistling of shells, the pattering of musketry, and the occasional yell or cheer rising above the roar of battle as some advantage was gained by either side. Soon after passing the town the division was deployed in column of regiments. Around and just beyond the Dunker Church, in the center of the Confederate left, our line was broken and completely swept away. A flood of Federals were pouring in. We were just in time. Ten minutes, five minutes, delay and our army would have ceased to exist. We were marching up behind our line of battle, with our right flank perpendicular to it. As the first regiment got opposite to the break in our lines it made a wheel to the right and "went in." The next regiment marching straight on, as soon as it cleared the left of the regiment preceding it, likewise wheeled to the right and took its place in line, and so on in succession. That is, we were marching north, and thus were successively thrown into a line of battle facing east. As these regiments came successively into line, they struck the Federal lines which were advancing. The crash was deafening. The sound of infantry firing at a short distance can be likened to nothing so much as the dropping of a shower of hailstones on an enormous tin roof. My regiment wheeled to the right about one hundred and fifty yards north (and west) of the Dunker Church. In the wheel we passed a large barn, which is still standing, and entered the "west woods." Being a mounted officer, I had a full view. Our men soon drove the Federals back to the eastern edge of these woods where they halted to receive us. The west woods had already been twice fought over that morning. The dead and wounded lay thicker than I have ever seen on a battlefield since. On the eastern edge of these woods the lines of battle came close together and the shock was terrific. All the mounted officers in the division instantly dismounted, turning their horses loose to gallop to the rear. Being the first time I had been so suddenly thrown into contact with a line of battle, and not noticing in the smoke and uproar that the others had dismounted, I thought it my duty to stick to my horse. In another

moment, when the smoke would have lifted so the Federal line of battle lying down fifty yards off could have seen me. I should have been taken for a general officer and would have been swept out of my saddle by a hundred bullets. A kind-hearted veteran close by peremptorily pulled me off my horse. At that instant a minie ball whistling over the just emptied saddle struck the back of my hand which was still clinging to the pommel, leaving a slight scar which I still carry as a memento. The Federal line soon fell back. It was Gorman's brigade, Sedgwick's division, of Sumner's corps our brigade was fighting. This was about 10 A. M. A terrific shelling by the enemy followed which was kept up for many hours with occasional brief intermissions, caused probably by a wish to let the pieces cool. The shelling was terrible, but owing to protection from the slope of the hill, and there being a limestone ledge somewhat sheltering our line, the loss from the artillery fire was small. In the brief intermission after the Federal infantry fell back and before the artillery opened, I heard a cry for help, and going out in front of our line, found the lieutenant-colonel of a Massachusetts regiment—Francis Winthrop Palfrey—lying on the ground wounded and brought him into our lines. With some reluctance, he surrendered his very handsome sword and pistol, and was sent to the rear. He remarked at the time he wished them preserved, and sure enough after the war he wrote for them and they were restored. He was exchanged and became subsequently General Palfrey. He has published a volume, "Antietam and Fredericksburg."

There was another intermission in the shelling about twelve o'clock, when we were charged by the 2nd Massachusetts and 13th New Jersey of Gordon's brigade, who advanced as far as the post-and-rail fence at the Hagerstown turnpike, about one hundred and fifty yards in our front, but were halted there and driven back, leaving many dead and wounded. There was another intermission about two o'clock probably. Word was then brought us that we were to advance. It was then that "Stonewall" Jackson came along our lines. His appearance has been so often described that I will only say that I was reminded of what the Federal prisoners had said two days before at Harper's Ferry when he rode down among them from his post on Bolivar Heights: "He ain't much on looks, but if we had had him we wouldn't have been in this fix." Stonewall remarked to Colonel Ransom, as he did to the other colonels along the line, that with Stuart's cavalry and some infantry he was going around the Federal right, to get in their rear, and added, "When you hear the rattle of my small arms, this whole line must advance." He wished to ascertain the force opposed, and a man of our regiment named Hood was sent up a tall tree, which he climbed carefully to avoid observation by the enemy. Stonewall called out to know how many Yankees he could see over the hill, and beyond the east wood. Hood replied,



"Whooee! there are oceans of them, general." "Count their flags," said Jackson. This Hood proceeded to do until he had counted thirty-nine when the general told him that would do, and to come down.

By reason of this and other information he got, the turning movement was not attempted, and it was exceedingly fortunate for us that it was not.

During the same lull, our brigadier-general, Robert Ransom, received a flag of truce, which had been sent out to remove some wounded officers, and by it sent his love to General Hartsuff (if I remember aright), who had been his roommate at West Point, but Hartsuff, as it happened, had been wounded and had left the field. Soon after our regiment was moved laterally a short distance to the right, and we charged a piece of artillery which had been put in position near the Dunker Church. We killed the men and horses, but did not bring off the artillery, as we were ourselves swept by artillery on our left, posted in the "old cornfield."

About 3 P. M., Burnside on our right—the Federal left—advanced, having crossed the bridge about 1 P. M. Until that hour his two corps had been kept from crossing the bridge by Toombs' brigade of four hundred men. Having crossed at 1 P. M., Burnside's corps did not advance till 3 P. M. Then advancing over the ground which had been occupied by our division early that morning, utter disaster to our army was imminent. Just then A. P. Hill's division arrived from Harper's Ferry,

where it had been paroling prisoners. A delay of ten minutes by Hill would have lost us the army. As it was, the division arrived just in time. The roll of musketry was continuous till nightfall, and Burnside was driven back to the Antietam. About dark our brigade was moved to the right a half mile and bivouacked for the night around Reel's house, near a burning barn. As we were moving by the flank we were seen by the Federal signal station, on the high hills on the east bank of the Antietam. A shell sent by signal fell in the company just ahead of us, killing a lieutenant, and killing or wounding sixteen men. It rained all next day. We were moved back to our old position north of the Dunker Church. Neither army advanced. That night the whole army quietly moved off and crossed the Potomac, the passage of the river being lighted up by torches held by men stationed in the river on horseback. The army came off safely without arousing the Federal army and left not a cannon nor a wagon behind us. On the 19th Fitz John Porter's corps attempted to follow us across the river and was driven back with disastrous loss at Boteler's Ford.

During the battle on the 17th, McClellan's headquarters were across the Antietam at the Fry House. There he had his large spy glasses strapped to movable frames, and could take in the whole battlefield. Besides, from his signal station on the high hills which border the Antietam on the east side, he could learn all the movements of our army. With this advantage and his great preponderance of numbers, 87,000 to 101,000, as against our 35,000 to 40,000—giving the margin to each allowed by the official reports—it is clear he should have captured Lee. The latter had committed a grave military fault by dividing his army by a river and many miles of intervals in presence of an enemy his superior in numbers. Besides, he ought not to have fought north of the Potomac. Lee was saved from the consequences of his rashness by the opposite quality of overcaution in McClellan. The latter erroneously estimated Lee's force at 95,000, when it was little more than one fourth of that number when the battle opened. Then, when he fought, it was done in detail. At daybreak Hooker's corps went in. He was wounded and his corps badly cut up and scattered. Then Mansfield with the Twelfth Corps came on. He was killed and his corps was driven out. Then Sumner's corps was launched at us and came on in good style. It broke our line and was only driven back by fresh troops—Walker's division, taken from the right as above stated, and by McLaws' division just arrived from Harper's Ferry. Sumner's corps was driven back, but fought well, as is shown by the fact that their losses were over five thousand—more than double that of any other corps. When they went back, Franklin's corps came up, but had small opportunity, as is shown by their loss of less than five hundred in the whole battle. By eleven o'clock the battle on the left wing was practically

over except by artillery. On the other wing it was over at 1 P. M. Burnside crossed the Antietam over the bridge, but his corps did not move forward till 3 P. M., at which instant A. P. Hill's division, arriving from paroling prisoners at Harper's Ferry, met and overthrew it. The other corps, Fitz John Porter's, was in reserve, and did not fire a gun except some detachments sent to other commands during the battle. With six corps, the weight of McClellan's fighting at any given moment was that of one corps only.

Thirty-two years after the event it is hard to realize the misapprehension which then existed in the minds of others as well as General McClellan as to the size of Lee's army. As an example, read the following (copied from the official Rebellion Records), from the war Governor of Pennsylvania, Andrew G. Curtin:

HARRISBURG, PA., September 11, 1862.

HIS EXCELLENCY, THE PRESIDENT:

* * * * * You should order a strong guard placed upon the railway line from Washington to Harrisburg to-night, and send here not less than eighty thousand disciplined forces, and order from New York and States east all available forces to concentrate here at once. To this we will add all the militia forces possible, and I think that in a few days we can muster fifty thousand men. It is our only hope to save the North and crush the Rebel army. * * * * * The enemy will bring against us not less than one hundred and twenty thousand, with large amount of artillery. The time for decided action by the National Government has arrived. What may we expect?

A. G. CURTIN.

To this President Lincoln very sensibly replied:

* * * * * If I should start half of our forces to Harrisburg the enemy will turn upon and beat the remaining half, and then reach Harrisburg before the part going there, and beat it, too, when it comes. The best possible security for Pennsylvania is putting the strongest force possible into the enemy's rear.

September 12, 1862.

A. LINCOLN.

The same day, September 12, Governor Curtin telegraphs the President that he has reliable information as to the Rebel movements and intentions, which he details and says:

"Their force in Maryland is about one hundred and ninety thousand men. They have in Virginia about two hundred and fifty thousand more, all of whom are being concentrated to menace Washington, and keep the Union armies employed there, while their forces in Maryland devastate and destroy Pennsylvania."

In fact, as we now know from the "Rebellion Records," Lee, by reason of his losses at second Manassas, and from sickness and straggling, had only about forty thousand men in Maryland, and there were probably ten thousand more in Virginia and around Richmond, a total of fifty thousand "effective," while opposed to them was McClellan immediately in front with an army of one hundred and one thousand "effective;" twelve thousand more Federals (afterward captured), were at Harper's Ferry, seventy-three thousand

"effective, fit for duty," were in the entrenchment around Washington, ten thousand under General Wool at Baltimore—total, by morning reports, of one hundred and ninety-five thousand "effective," besides the Federal and State troops under arms in Pennsylvania.

Such are the illusions and confusion which disturb even the clearest minds under such circumstances.

Singularly enough, too, General McClellan gave as his reason for not putting in Fitz John Porter's corps and fighting on the 18th that it was the only force that stood intact between the capital and possible disaster. Yet on that very day seventy-three thousand other soldiers were behind the ramparts around Washington.

HEROISM AFTER THE BATTLE.

THE following splendid example of heroism was sent to the publishers by Mr. C. J. Shannon of Camden, S. C., and the account is taken from the papers of the late General J. B. Kershaw of South Carolina.

The young man referred to below, Richard Kirkland, was a native of Kershaw County, South Carolina, and he was well known to nearly every resident of the Flat Rock section. When the war broke out he was one of the first to respond to the call for volunteers. In 1861 he joined Captain J. D. Kennedy's Company E, 2nd South Carolina Regiment, commanded then by Colonel (afterward General) Kershaw, and after the fall of Fort Sumter, he went to Virginia.

The day after the sanguinary battle of Fredericksburg, Kershaw's brigade occupied the road at the foot of Marye's hill and the grounds about Marye's house, the scene of their desperate defense of the day before. One hundred and fifty yards in front of the road, the stone fencing of which constituted the famous stone wall, lay Syke's Division of Regulars, U. S. A., between whom and our troops a murderous skirmish occupied the whole day, fatal to many who heedlessly exposed themselves, even for a moment. The ground between the lines was bridged with the wounded, dead and dying Federals, victims of the many desperately gallant assaults of that column of thirty thousand brave men hurled vainly against that impregnable position.

All that day those wounded men rent the air with their groans, and their agonizing cries of "water! water!" In the afternoon the general sat in the north room upstairs of Mrs. Steven's house, in front of the road, surveying the field, when Kirkland came up. With an expression of indignant remonstrance pervading his person, his manner, and the tones of his voice, he said, "General! I can't stand this."

"What is the matter, sergeant?" asked the general.

He replied, "All night and all day I have heard those poor people crying for water, and I can stand it no longer. I come to ask permission to go and give them water." The general regarded him for a moment with feelings of profound admiration, and said:

"Kirkland, don't you know that you would get a bullet through your head the moment you stepped over the wall?"

"Yes, sir," he said, "I know that; but if you will let me, I am willing to try it."

After a pause, the general said: "Kirkland, I ought not to allow you to run such a risk, but the sentiment which actuates you is so noble that I will



HEROISM OF PRIVATE KIRKLAND.

not refuse your request, trusting that God may protect you. You may go."

The sergeant's eyes lighted up with pleasure. He said: "Thank you, sir," and ran rapidly down stairs. The general heard him pause for a

moment, and then return, bounding two steps at a time. He thought the sergeant's heart had failed him. He was mistaken. The sergeant stopped at the door and said: "General, can I show a white handkerchief?" The general slowly shook his head, saying emphatically, "No, Kirkland, you can't do that." "All right, sir," he said, "I'll take the chances," and ran down with a bright smile on his handsome countenance.

With profound anxiety he was watched as he stepped over the wall on his errand of mercy - Christlike mercy. It appeared as if every gun in the enemy's line had been turned upon him, and the bullets fell like rain about his person, but unharmed he reached the nearest sufferer. He knelt beside him, tenderly raised the drooping head, rested it gently upon his own noble breast, and poured the precious life-giving fluid down the fever-scorched throat. This done, he laid him tenderly down, placed his knapsack under his head, straightened out his broken limb, spread his overcoat over him, replaced his empty canteen with a full one, and turned to another sufferer. By this time his purpose was well understood on both sides, and all danger was over. From all parts of the field arose fresh cries of "Water, water; for God's sake, water!" More piteous still, the mute appeal of some who could only feebly lift a hand to say, "Here, too, is life and suffering."

For an hour and a half did this ministering angel pursue his labor of mercy, nor ceased to go and return until he relieved all the wounded on that part of the field. He returned to his post wholly unhurt. Who shall say how sweet his rest that winter's night beneath the cold stars.

Little remains to be told. Sergeant Kirkland distinguished himself in battle at Gettysburg, and was promoted lieutenant. At Chickamauga he fell on the field of battle, in the hour of victory. He was but a youth when called away, and had never formed those ties from which might have resulted a posterity to enjoy his fame and bless his country; but he has bequeathed to the American youth, yea to the world, an example which dignifies our common country.

Richard Kirkland was the son of John Kirkland, an estimable citizen of Kershaw County, and a substantial farmer of "ye olden times." The body of Richard, the hero, lies now in the cemetery near Flat Rock, unmarked and unknown to almost everyone, the result of the war having so impaired the fortunes of the family that the desire to erect a suitable tablet to his memory has not yet been realized. However, his heroic action on that bloody field is handed down by tradition, and his memory will ever be cherished by the citizens of Kershaw as one of the most glorious.

Mr. Shannon also sends the following two instances of courage, the reading of which should stir the blood of every American. One is Federal, the

other Confederate, but how nearly equal and alike was the valor of the men of either side as the records are read more than a third of a century after the great conflict. One occurred at Fredericksburg on the day when half the brigades of Meagher and Caldwell lay on the bloody slope leading up to the Confederate entrenchments.

Among the assaulting regiments was the 5th New Hampshire, and it lost one hundred and eighty-six out of the three hundred men who made the charge. The survivors fell back behind a fence within easy reach of the Confederate rifle pits. Just before reaching it the last of the color-guard was shot, and the flag fell in the open.

A captain, Perry, instantly ran out to rescue it, and as he reached it was shot through the heart; another captain, Murray, made the same attempt, and was also killed, and so was the third, Moore. Several private soldiers met a like fate. They were killed close to the flag, and their dead bodies fell across one another.

Taking advantage of this breastwork, Lieutenant Nettleton crawled from behind the fence to the colors, seized them, and bore back the blood-won trophy.

The other incident took place at Gaines Mill, where Gregg's 1st South Carolina Regiment bore the brunt of an assault upon a certain strong position. Moving forward at a run, the South Carolinians were swept by a fierce and searching fire.

Young James Taylor, a lad of sixteen, was carrying the flag, and was killed after being shot down three times, twice rising and struggling onward with the colors. The third time he fell the flag was seized by George Cotchett, and when he in turn fell, by Shubrick Hayne. Hayne also was struck down almost immediately, and a fourth lad—for none of these men were over twenty years old—grasped the colors and fell, mortally wounded, across the body of his friend.

The fifth, Gadsden Holmes, was pierced with no less than seven balls. The sixth man, Dominick Spellman, more fortunate, but not less brave, bore the flag throughout the rest of the battle.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE YOUNGEST GENERAL OF THE WAR — GEORGE W. MINDIL — THE CHARGE AT WILLIAMSBURG —
 THE WINNING OF THE MEDAL — THOMAS BURKE, 5TH NEW YORK CAVALRY — MEETING
 STUART'S CAVALRY — THE SCENE IN THE WHEAT FIELD — THE WANT OF
 AN EDUCATION — PRETENDING TO BE VIRGINIANS — E. L.
 GILLIGAN, 88TH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY —
 AN ADVENTURE AT THE WEL-
 DON RAILROAD.

GENERAL GEORGE W. MINDIL.

THE record of a soldier who was made major-general when only twenty-one years of age can hardly fail to be entertaining, even to those who are not particularly interested in the holders of the medal of honor.

The *Brooklyn Citizen*, in describing a reunion of the Medal of Honor Legion at the Holland House in New York, gives the following brief account of General Mindil:

"General Mindil was born in 1843. He entered military service before he was eighteen as a lieutenant in the Birney zouaves. At Williamsburg he was in command of a battalion of the 40th New York. In the engagement he led the decisive charge of the day, winning the warm commendation of General Phil Kearny, and a recognition of his bravery in the form of a gold medal awarded him by that celebrated soldier. Before General Mindil was twenty years old he was commissioned colonel of the 27th New Jersey Volunteers, and three months later was given command of a brigade of the 9th army corps. His advancement was remarkable, for when twenty-one years of age the rank of major-general was conferred upon him for gallant and meritorious service. In the record of military service he is the youngest man mustered in as a colonel; he is the youngest man who has received the rank of brigade commander, and in the history of the country the only man made a major-general at twenty-one years of age. The medal of honor was accorded him for distinguished gallantry on the field of battle at Williamsburg."

General Mindil himself furnishes the following record:

Born in Germany in 1843, when the war broke out he was residing in Philadelphia.

July 15, 1861, he enlisted in Company B, 23rd Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, and received a commission as 2nd lieutenant. He was then but eighteen years of age.

October, 1861, he was promoted to captain, and assigned to duty on the staff of General D. B. Birney, as acting adjutant-general. March, 1862.

Continuing his story, he writes:

I participated in all the battles of Kearny's division on the Peninsula, from Yorktown to Malvern Hill. At Williamsburg I led the last and decisive charge of the day, for which I received a gold medal from General Phil Kearny, and afterward the congressional medal of honor.

Regarding Mindil's conduct at Williamsburg, General Birney says in his official report, dated May 6, 1862:

"The left wing of the 40th New York was ordered in like manner to follow the 38th New York, to take the enemy in the rear. I sent with this wing Captain Mindil of my staff, and in General Kearny's presence he led them to the dangerous position assigned them. . . . Captain Mindil behaved well under the terrible fire that greeted them, and led the brave men under him, gallantly and worthily."

General Kearny in his official report, writes as follows:

"The left wing of General Riley's regiment, the 40th New York Volunteers, was next called for, and the general being valiantly engaged in front it came up brilliantly, conducted by Captain Mindil, chief of General Birney's staff. He charged up to the open space, and silenced some light artillery, and gaining the enemy's rear caused him to relinquish his cover. The victory was ours."

General Mindil continues his story:

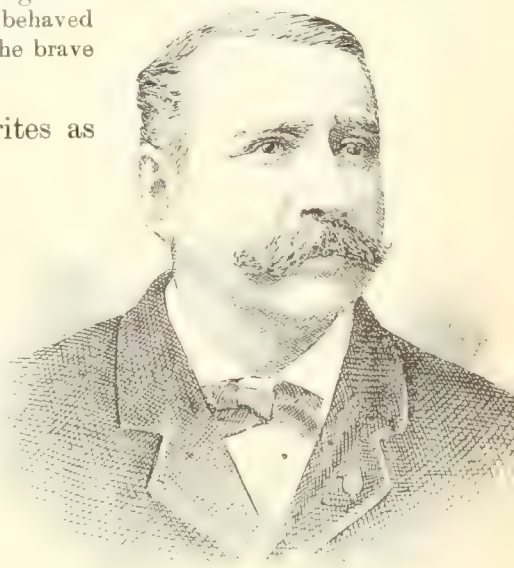
After this I participated with the division in the battles of Fair Oaks, Peach Orchard, Glendale, Charles City Crossroads, and Malvern Hill.

In July, 1862, at Harrison's Landing, I was assigned to General Kearny's staff, and fought with him at the second Bull Run and Chantilly, being the only military aid present with the general prior to his death on the latter field, September 1, 1862.

I was then assigned to duty on the staff of Major-General N. P. Banks, commanding the defense of Washington during September, 1862.

October 3, 1862, I was made colonel of the 27th New Jersey Volunteers, a nine months' organization. I participated in the battle of Fredericksburg, Va., December 12 and 13, 1862, and commanded a brigade in the 9th army corps in Kentucky, during the spring of 1863.

Upon the expiration of the regiment's term of service, and while we were en route home for muster out, I heard of Lee's invasion of the North at



GENERAL GEORGE W. MINDIL.

Cincinnati, and at once offered the services of my regiment to the President during the emergency in Pennsylvania, as per the following correspondence by telegram:

CINCINNATI, OHIO, June 17, 1863, 2 P. M.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States:

My regiment, eight hundred strong, whose term of service has expired, is on its way home for muster out. I hereby offer the services of the command for any service in Pennsylvania during the emergency.

GEORGE W. MINDIL,

Colonel 27th New Jersey Volunteers.

WASHINGTON, June 17, 1863. 10:50 P. M.

COLONEL GEORGE W. MINDIL, 27th New Jersey Volunteers:

You will accept for yourself, and express to your gallant regiment the thanks of the Government for your patriotic offer, which is cordially accepted. You will please proceed with your regiment as rapidly as possible to Pittsburg, via the Ohio Central Railroad, in order that you may stop at Wheeling, if your services should be required there by General Brooks, who will communicate with you on the road, and you can reach Pittsburg by that line, if he should prefer to have you there.

E. M. STANTON,

Secretary of War.

For this service I was granted the medal of honor.

I reenlisted the regiment for three years, and in September, 1863, went again to the front, as colonel of the 33rd New Jersey Infantry.

With this regiment I participated in the battles of Chattanooga and Missionary Ridge, and in the campaign for the relief of Knoxville, December, 1863. With the 33rd New Jersey, 27th and 33rd Pennsylvania, I led the final attack on Dug Gap, or Mill Creek Gap, near Dalton, Georgia, May 10, 1864, for which I afterward received the brevet rank of major-general.

I participated in Sherman's campaign at Atlanta, and in the march to the sea, commanded the 2nd brigade, 2nd division, 20th army corps in the campaign from Savannah, through the Carolinas, to Goldsboro, and was breveted brigadier-general therefor. I commanded the 1st brigade, same division, in the final campaign of Raleigh, and the surrender of General Johnston's forces; also participated in the grand review at Washington.

General Mindil was breveted major-general "for gallant and meritorious services in the battles of Chattanooga and Mission Ridge and Mill Creek Gap, near Dalton, Ga."

His medal of honor is thus inscribed:

"The Congress to Brevet Major-General George W. Mindil, United States Volunteers, for distinguished bravery in the battle of Williamsburg, Va., May 5, 1862."

THOMAS BURKE.

5TH NEW YORK CAVALRY.

I was born in Ireland in the year 1842, and came to this country in 1858. I soon secured employment with the Knickerbocker Stage Company, where I was employed at the time of my enlistment, September 19, 1861, in the 5th New York Cavalry.

My first engagement was at a skirmish at Port Republic, and I was in every subsequent engagement in which my regiment took part, with one exception, that being the battle of Brandy Station. I having been sent home on detachment service during the riots in New York city.

The total number of engagements taken part in by my regiment, during my term of service, was one hundred and forty-four, of which number thirty-eight were general engagements, and the balance skirmishes.

In that time I was so fortunate as never to have received a wound, or to have been taken prisoner.

On June 30, 1863, beginning our march, after having been enthusiastically received and fed by the citizens of Hanover, Pa., we heard the report of cannon at our rear, and thought it was a salute from the town. We therefore were decidedly taken by surprise when we were fiercely charged by Confederate cavalry under General Stuart.

Major Hammond, in command of our regiment, taking in the situation at a glance, ordered our withdrawal from the street to an open field, where we were formed into line and ordered to charge the advancing enemy, who was coming up Frederick Street.

Comrade James Rickey and myself singled out two Confederates who were going toward the right, and succeeded in making them prisoners, after which we turned them over to our provost-marshal. Then we were about to join the main column when we espied two more in a wheat field on our left, bearing regimental colors.

We immediately started in pursuit, and while crossing a rail fence my companion's horse was shot from under him by one of the fleeing enemy, leaving me alone. I continued the pursuit, and when within fair range raised my carbine, at the same time demanding their surrender, which command they most graciously obeyed.

I took from them the colors, which I afterward learned were those of the 13th Virginia Cavalry.

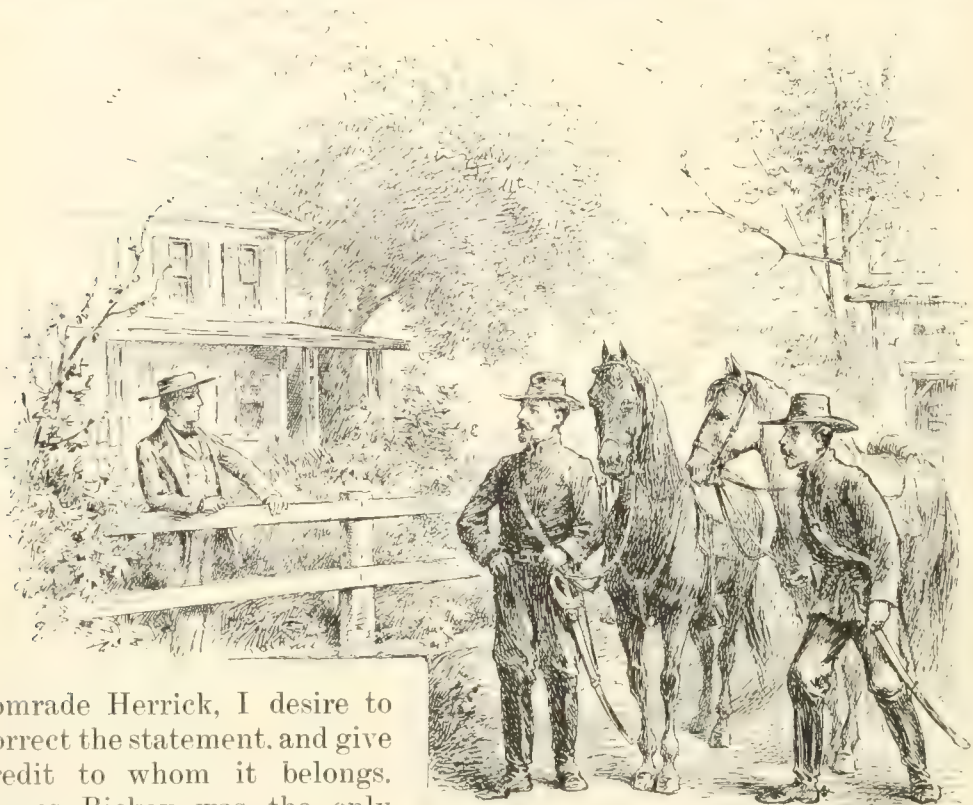
On the way into town we were met by General Kilpatrick, who congratulated me upon my success, and asked my rank. I replied that I was a sergeant of Company A, 5th New York Cavalry.

He would have promoted me to a lieutenancy, but I was not qualified to hold the position, because I could not write. In fact, it was only through

the kindness of my superior officers, who made out my reports for me that I was able to hold the rank of sergeant.

For this achievement I was awarded a medal by Congress, of which I am very proud.

In the historic record of the regiment, the name of W. Herrick is given as having assisted me in the capture of the flag. With all due respect to



comrade Herrick, I desire to correct the statement, and give credit to whom it belongs. James Rickey was the only one with me.

On another occasion I was detailed to capture or destroy a party of Confederates who had rendezvoused near our command, causing us no end of trouble and annoyance. It was necessary the work should be done at night.

With eleven men I started on foot, which was hard on all hands, unaccustomed as we were to marching, always having been mounted.

This detachment of the enemy was located about three miles from the left side of the site of the battle of Chancellorsville, in a thick piece of woods, where stood an old house or shed.

HE DID NOT THINK WE WERE VIRGINIANS.

On our approach we saw a light in the window, and immediately surrounded the building, demanded its surrender. Receiving no reply, we forced the door, and were surprised to find the shanty unoccupied. The Confederates had been warned of our coming, and had fled. The light was shed by a tallow candle on the table, where was also rye coffee in a coffee-pot, and some warm corn bread. Smoking embers in the fireplace told that the place had been abandoned but a short time.

We destroyed the building according to orders, and then visited the chicken coop, where we secured a rooster and a hen, with which plunder we returned to camp.

In the spring of 1864 General Kilpatrick ordered Lieutenant Theodore A. Boice to select a detachment of tried and trusty men for secret service. I was selected as one of the squad, and the most disagreeable portion of the duty was that we were compelled to put on the Confederate uniform, the only time in my experience in the Federal service.

This party was composed of twelve men and the lieutenant, the object being to destroy the bridge over the river at Columbia Mills, and ascertain the movements of the Confederates if it could be done without incurring too much danger.

On our approach to the bridge we found it very strongly guarded by infantry and artillery, and were compelled to abandon our project. We then kept on the move, meeting several detachments of Confederate cavalry and exchanging greetings with them, arriving at camp eleven days after our departure. On our return we stopped at a very nice house, and fed our horses, taking the feed without asking for it. On being questioned by the owners as to what Southern regiment we were from, and replying, he said he did not think we were Virginians, or we would have asked the privilege of feeding our horses. He threatened to report us to General Hampton, under whose command we had told him we were. This gentleman was afterward known to have been Mr. Seddon, one of Davis' cabinet.

CAPTAIN EDWARD L. GILLIGAN.

88TH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY.

CAPTAIN GILLIGAN was born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 18, 1843, and at the time the war broke out was working as a boy in Ward's bonnet store, North Second Street, Philadelphia.

October 22, 1861, he enlisted as private in Company E, 88th Pennsylvania Infantry, and reënlisted with his company, as a veteran, at Culpeper, Va., February 1863, when he was promoted to first lieutenant, and to a captaincy in 1864.

During his term of service he participated in twenty-four engagements. He was wounded March 31, 1865, at Stony Creek, in a skirmish which led to the battle of Five Forks.

Mr. Gilligan gives the following story as to how he won his medal of honor:

On the first day of the battle of Gettysburg, July 1, 1863, the 88th Pennsylvania made a charge on Iverson's brigade of North Carolinians, who had attacked Baxter's brigade of the First Corps and been repulsed.

The 88th struck the 23rd North Carolina and captured nearly the entire regiment, colors and all. The flag of that regiment was captured by Captain



COUNTING THE ENEMY.

Joseph H. Richards of Company E. I was the first sergeant. Richards had a hand-to-hand contest with the Confederate color-bearer, who pluckily held on to the flag, refusing to give it up until I persuaded him with the butt of my musket over the head.

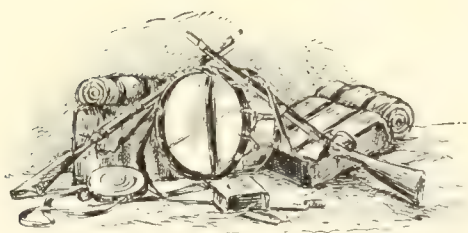
During General Warren's Fifth Corps raid to destroy the Weldon Railroad, December, 1864, I was captain, and acting adjutant of the regiment. Our rear was annoyed by the enemy's cavalry, who kept driving in our rear guard (a squad of cavalry).

This soon grew to be too much of a good thing, and when I saw the Confederates coming again, I rode back and made an effort to rally our cavalry. I was unsuccessful, and as a natural consequence was soon in the midst of the enemy, who were madly charging after our boys.

I reined in my horse to allow them to pass, and our brigade was drawn up to receive them. There was but one way out of it for me; slipping off my horse, I allowed them to ride over me, and thus escaped, but considerably the worse for mud.

I was thus enabled to report to General Baxter the number of the enemy, and when they tried their tricks again we ambuscaded them by halting the 9th New York Regiment on the side of the road, who gave them such a warm reception that we were allowed to return in peace.

For my conduct in both these engagements I received the medal of honor.



CHAPTER XXXIV.

GETTYSBURG—BRIEF ACCOUNTS OF HOW SOME OF THE THIRTY-TWO MEDALS WERE WON ON THAT FIELD—ISAAC SAPP, 71ST PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY—THE 6TH WISCONSIN AT GETTYSBURG—CORPORAL WALLER—THE 1ST MINNESOTA—THE GREATEST CHARGE OF INFANTRY EVER MADE—MAJOR WM. WELLS, 1ST VERMONT CAVALRY—J. P. POSTLES, 1ST DELAWARE INFANTRY—B. H. JELLISON, 19TH MASSACHUSETTS—MAJOR H. D. O'BRIEN—GENERAL ALEX. S. WEBB—THE "CLUMP OF TREES" AND THE "BLOODY ANGLE."

GETTYSBURG—what magic is in that name to conjure back from the past the memories of brave deeds, lives offered with reckless valor on the altar of a country's honor, or to the glory of a mistaken cause!

A three days' carnival of death. The entire drama of war unrolled on a single field. Cheers for victory momentarily won or groans of despair from defeated heroes, while over all flowed the blood of those who have proven their right to stand with the heroes of all history.

The days of a single lifetime would not suffice to tell of the heroic deeds which cost so many thousand lives.

To picture it is impossible, for what colors could be spread upon the painter's palette to show the nobility of men giving up life itself that those who shall live after them may reap the harvest of their sowing?

To describe it in printed words—how can the pen trace the details of a brave man's struggle against his foes, knowing that the end must be the shutting out from him forever all that this world holds bright? How relate the throbbing of the victor's heart, the ebbing of the vanquished soldier's life?

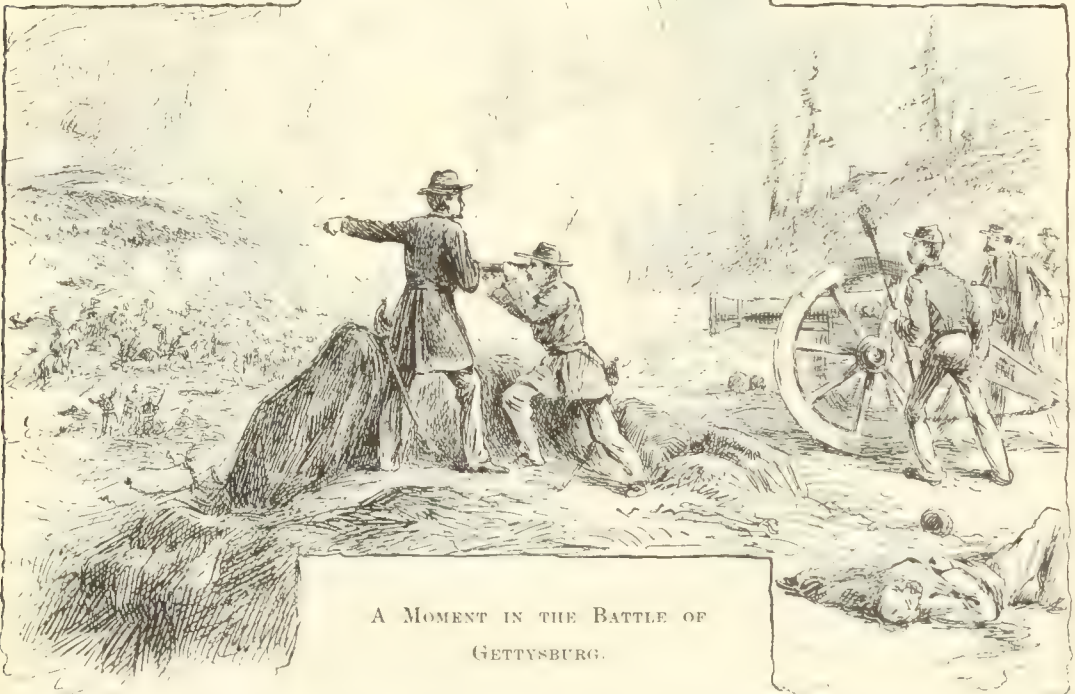
Many authors have written in full detail accounts of the three days' fight near this obscure Pennsylvania town; and, conscious of the inability to cope properly with the subject already so graphically described, the scenes of the battle, the purpose of each movement, the troops and the varying struggles for the mastery shall be told here only by those who during those three July days won medals of honor.

The list of the medal winners at Gettysburg is given, with all others, in another chapter.

ISAAC SAPP.

ISAAC SAPP enlisted at Philadelphia as a private in the 71st Pennsylvania Infantry, which regiment was located at Bloody Angle on the third day of Gettysburg, and when Cushing's battery was disabled, every man in the command being either killed or wounded, Sapp was one of five men who rushed to the scene of carnage, and amid a shower of bursting shells drew a cannon down to the stone wall, where it was operated with great effect. It was for this act that Sapp was given the medal voted by Congress.

On another occasion, when the 71st regiment was in the thickest of the fight, its colors fell into the hands of the enemy. Sapp rushed forward, struck down the Confederate soldier who had captured the flag, and got back into the lines with it unharmed. Al-



though the regiment was obliged to retreat it took its colors with it, and Sapp was loudly cheered.

CORPORAL F. A. WALLER.

The 6th Wisconsin won distinction at Gettysburg through a manœuvre by which a part of a Confederate brigade was captured in a railroad cut.

The regiment had thirty killed, one hundred and sixteen wounded and twenty-two missing. The battle flag of the 2nd Mississippi was taken by Corporal F. A. Waller of Company I, and sent to the rear in charge of Sergeant William Evans of Company H, who was badly wounded. The sergeant was taken prisoner by the enemy and held for two days in Gettysburg, but with the assistance of some ladies of the city he successfully concealed the colors, and when the enemy retired brought them safely to the regiment. Corporal Waller received a medal of honor.

1ST DELAWARE.

The 1st Delaware Infantry contributed materially to the repulse of Pickett's celebrated charge. They were in a position behind a stone wall, but,



disdaining its shelter, rose to their feet to meet the charge.

Brigadier-General John Gibbon, U. S. A., commanding the Second Division (and during the temporary absence of General Hancock commanding the Second Corps) in his report of the battle says :

HIDING THE CAPTURED COLORS.

"The division went into the action about three thousand eight hundred strong; lost in killed and wounded over one thousand, and captured more prisoners than it had men on the ground at the end of the conflict, besides many colors."

1ST MINNESOTA.

Colonel Fox in his "Regimental Losses" says :

"At Gettysburg the corps was hotly engaged in the battles of the second and third days, encountering there the hardest fighting in its experience, and winning there its grandest laurels; on the second day, in the fighting at the wheat field, and on the third, in the repulse of Pickett's charge, which was directed against Hancock's position. The fighting was deadly in the extreme, the percentage of loss in the 1st Minnesota, Gibbon's division, being without an equal in the records of modern warfare. . . .

"In proportion to the number engaged the greatest loss sustained by any regiment during the war was that of the 1st Minnesota at Gettysburg. This regiment was then in Harrow's brigade, Gibbon's division, 2nd corps. On the afternoon of the second day of Gettysburg the Union line was driven back in confusion from its position along the Emmettsburg road. While Hancock was patching up a second line he perceived a column of the enemy (Wilcox's brigade) emerging suddenly from a clump of trees near an unprotected portion of his line. The 1st Minnesota, alone and unsupported, was in position near by, and Hancock, desirous of gaining time until reënforcements could be brought forward, rode up to Colonel Colville and ordered him to take the enemy's colors. Dashing up to the colonel and pointing to the Confederate column, he exclaimed, 'Do you see those colors? Take 'em!' A desperate fight ensued in which the enemy were forced back, leaving their colors in the hands of the 1st Minnesota. Speaking of this affair afterward General Hancock is reported to have said: 'There is no more gallant deed reported in history. I ordered those men in there because I knew I must gain five minutes' time. Reënforcements were coming on the run, but I knew that before they could reach the threatened point the Confederates, unless checked, would seize the position. I would have ordered that regiment in if I had known every man would be killed. It had to be done, and I was glad to find such a gallant body of men at hand willing to make the terrible sacrifice that the occasion demanded.'

"The regiment took two hundred and sixty-two officers and men into this affair. It lost fifty killed and one hundred and seventy-four wounded; total, two hundred and twenty-four casualties, nearly all of which occurred in this fight. A remarkable feature of this loss is, that none were missing. Seventeen officers were killed and wounded, including the colonel, major and adjutant. The killed, with those who died of their wounds, numbered seventy-five, or over twenty-eight per cent. of those engaged, a percentage of killed unequaled in military statistics."

MAJOR WM. WELLS.

WILLIAM WELLS, major of the 1st Vermont cavalry, was awarded a medal of honor for distinguished services, July 3, 1863.

On the third day at Gettysburg the 1st Vermont led Farnsworth's brigade, Kilpatrick's division, Cavalry Corps, in a charge on a large body of infantry

who held a strong position protected by stone walls. The brigade, led by the 1st Vermont, leaped their horses, in the face of a hot fire, over the intervening walls and fences, and made a gallant attack. Farnsworth was killed, and the regiment lost thirteen killed, twenty-five wounded, and twenty-seven missing. The 1st Vermont was one of the best-mounted regiments in the service. Major Wells commanded the Second Battalion, and was conspicuous for his gallantry in the charge, and the hand-to-hand conflict which succeeded it. He led the First Battalion in this most desperate attack of the Union cavalry upon the Confederate infantry. His horse was killed, and for a long time he fought dismounted and comparatively alone, almost surrounded by the enemy. Fortunately a trooper's horse passed him, which he caught and mounted, and was one of the last of the Vermonters to leave the field.

Major Wells was mustered out of the United States service as brigadier and brevet major-general of volunteers.

CAPTAIN J. P. POSTLES.

J. P. POSTLES was born in Camden, Del., September 28, 1840. April 18, 1861, he enlisted for a term of three months as private in Company A, 1st Regiment Delaware Infantry. He was promoted sergeant in June, and first sergeant in July. He reënlisted for three years September, 1861, in the same regiment, and was commissioned 1st lieutenant. September 20, 1862, he was promoted to captain, and February, 1863, to acting assistant inspector-general.

He participated in the engagements at Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg.

At the battle of Gettysburg on the morning of July 3, a volunteer was called for by General Smythe to convey an order to the advance line, about seven hundred yards in front of the main line, directing them to charge, take the Bliss house, and hold it at all hazards. This building was about seven

CAPTAIN J. PARKE POSTLES.

hundred yards in front of, and slightly to the left of Zeigler's grove, just at the toe of the horseshoe. The enemy were occupying the Bliss house, and



"DO YOU SEE THOSE COLORS? TAKE 'EM."

from its shelter greatly annoying us, and occasionally picking off an officer or an artillerist from our advance line. Captain Postles then acting inspector-general of the 2nd brigade, 3rd division, 2nd army corps volunteered for the duty, and rode down across the field under a particularly heavy fire directed at him from the enemy in the Bliss house, passed within seventy-five yards of the building, delivered the order, and returned to our lines uninjured.

He was personally thanked and complimented by General Hancock immediately on his return. As a result of the order carried by Captain Postles, our men charged the Bliss house, capturing over forty prisoners.

CAPTAIN B. H. JELLISON.

BENJAMIN H. JELLISON was born in Byfield, Mass., in 1846. July 26, 1861, he enlisted at Rowley, as private in Company C, 19th Massachusetts Infantry, and at the expiration of his first term of service reenlisted in the same company, December 22, 1863.

During the year 1861 he participated in the battle of Ball's Bluff; in 1862 at the siege of Yorktown, and at West Point, Fair Oaks, Chantilly and Antietam. He was wounded at Fair Oaks.

During 1863 he was in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Bristoe Station, and Mine Run. At Gettysburg he was promoted to sergeant on the field, and afterward presented by Congress with a medal of honor for capturing a Confederate flag. He was wounded at Cold Harbor.

He commanded the first company of Massachusetts sharpshooters from Petersburg in 1864, until the surrender of Lee, and was mustered out by expiration of term of service June 30, 1865.

From 1873 until 1893 he has served almost continuously in the State militia, having entered as private, and been promoted by successive grades to captain. He is a member of Post 47, Department of Massachusetts, G. A. R., and for the past five years has acted as messenger of the senate in Boston.



CAPTAIN B. H. JELLISON

MAJOR H. D. O'BRIEN.

HENRY D. O'BRIEN was born at Calais, Maine, in 1842, and enlisted August 13, 1861, in Minneapolis, Minn., as private in Company E, 1st Minnesota Infantry.

He was successively promoted to corporal and sergeant of the same company, 2nd lieutenant of Company B, captain of Company A, and major of the regiment, and was afterward acting adjutant of Morrow's division, Army of the Tennessee.

He participated in the engagements at Edward's Ferry (Ball's Bluff), Harper's Ferry, Charleston, Yorktown, Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Peach Orchard, Allen's Farm, Savage Station, Glendale, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg (first and second), Gettysburg, July 2 and 3, Bristoe Station, Mine Run, Siege of Petersburg, Deep Bottom, and the final campaign against Lee.

He was awarded a medal of honor for meritorious conduct in the battle of Gettysburg, July 2 and 3, 1863; Bristoe Station, October 14, 1863, and Deep Bottom, August 14, 1864.

Mr. O'Brien writes as follows:

At Gettysburg, on the second day of July, when the 1st Minnesota made their charge, private E. R. Jefferson of my company was left on the field between the lines, badly wounded. There was a terrible artillery and musketry fire going on at the time, but I went to his assistance and carried him to a place of safety. It was considered by those who witnessed it a gallant act.

The next day, July 3, 1863, when Pickett made his charge the last of our color-bearers was wounded, and I took the flag as he fell, just as the Confederates struck our line at the "high water mark."

The official report of the part taken by the regiment in that battle was written by the present Commissioner of Pensions, Judge Lochren, and he refers to the matter as follows:

"Corporal Dehn, the last of the color-guard, then carrying our tattered flag, was here shot through the hand, and the flagstaff was cut in two. Corporal Henry D. O'Brien of Company E instantly seized the flag by the remnant of the staff. Whether the command to charge was given by any general officer, I do not know. My impression then was that it came as a spontaneous outburst from the men, and instantly the line precipitated itself upon the enemy. O'Brien, who then had the broken staff and tatters of our battle flag, with his characteristic bravery and impetuosity, sprang with it to the front at the first sound of the word charge, and rushed right up to the enemy's lines, keeping it noticeably in advance of

every other color. My feeling at the instant was to blame his rashness in so risking its capture. But the effect was electrical. Every man of the 1st Minnesota sprang to protect its flag, and the rest rushed with them upon the enemy. The bayonet was used for a few moments, and cobble stones with which the ground was well covered filled the air, being thrown by those in the rear over the heads of their comrades. The struggle, desperate and deadly while it lasted, was soon over. Corporal O'Brien, who had seized the flag, received two wounds in the final mêlée at the moment of the victory.



AN EPISODE IN THE CHARGE OF THE FIRST MINNESOTA.

"At Deep Bottom, Va., August 14, 1864, I took part in a charge after being excused from duty on account of sickness, and was shot through the right lung while in advance of my company. At Gettysburg I was shot in the head and hand while carrying the flag at the time of Pickett's charge, and the day previous was shot in the side in a charge made by the regiment. At Bristoe Station, Va., October 14, 1863, I was sent on a dangerous mission by Lieutenant-Colonel Downie, and performed the service in such a manner as to receive his cordial approval."

MAJOR-GENERAL ALEXANDER S. WEBB.

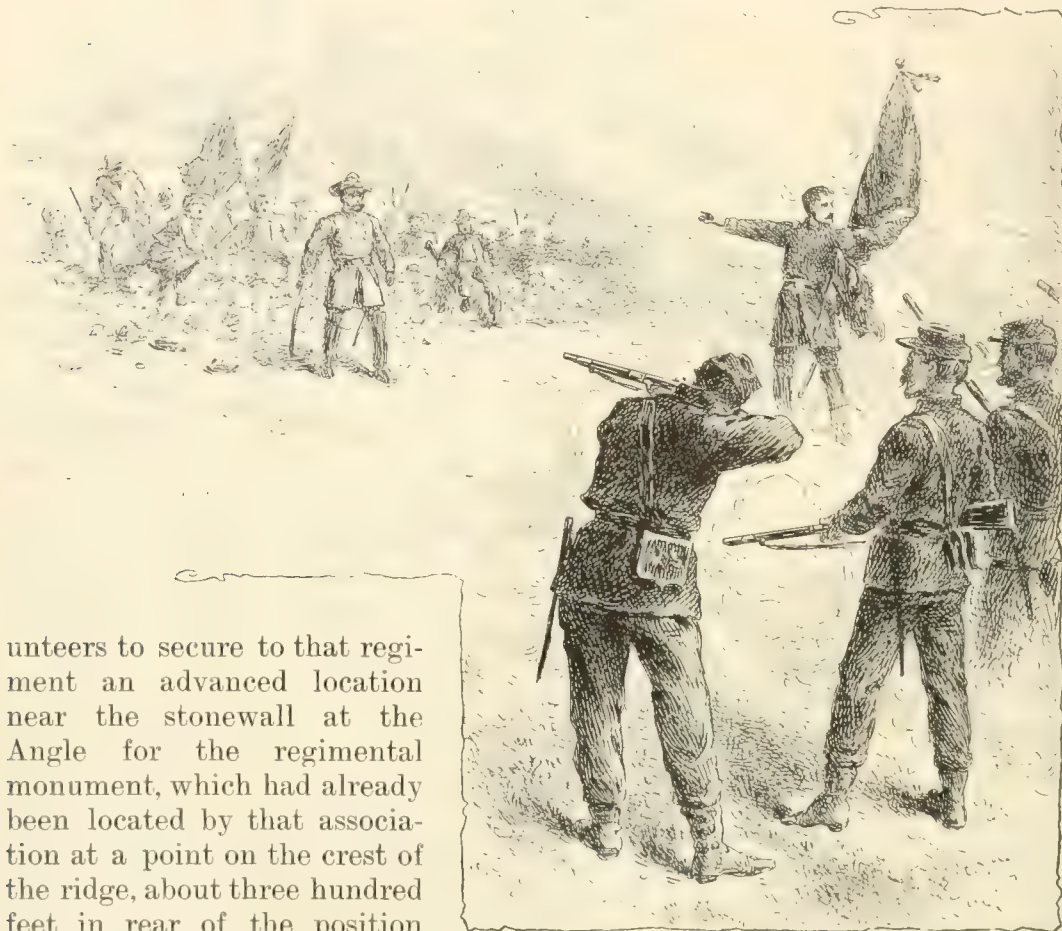
"The Congress to Brevet Major-General Alexander S. Webb, United States army, for distinguished personal gallantry in the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.

THIS officer had received from the war office six brevets for "gallant services" before the Secretary of War awarded this medal of honor for his conduct on July 3, 1863.

The brevet of "Major-General of Volunteers," given August 1, 1864, reads as follows:

"For gallant and distinguished conduct at Gettysburg, at Bristoe Station, at the Battle of the Wilderness, and at Spottsylvania."

The especial service at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, is well told and minutely corroborated in the record of the testimony taken before the Master, by order of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, in the suit brought against the Battlefield Memorial Association of Gettysburg by the 72nd Regiment Pennsylvania Vol-



GENERALS ARMISTEAD AND WEBB AT GETTYSBURG.

unteers to secure to that regiment an advanced location near the stonewall at the Angle for the regimental monument, which had already been located by that association at a point on the crest of the ridge, about three hundred feet in rear of the position claimed as a proper location by the 72nd Regiment.

The position of General Webb is distinctly pointed out by members of the several companies of the regiment in line on the left of the color company, and the path of the general in his progress along the front of the regiment, can be readily mapped out from the testimony of these witnesses.

When Pettigrew, Pickett and Trimble were sent by Longstreet to seize the "clump of trees" and the "Angle," held by General Webb, commanding the Philadelphia brigade, that officer prepared to receive this attack by ordering up the 72nd Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers to a position a little in advance of the crest of Cemetery Ridge, and about four hundred feet from the low stone wall along his front, and parallel to it.

He could not hope to repel the charge of three divisions, eighteen thousand strong, but he did expect to stay their progress until General Hancock could send sufficient support to repulse them. He deliberately intended to manfully meet the issue and to sacrifice the battery of Cushing and his brigade in this supreme effort.

When the enemy reached the stone wall, many demoralized, or seeking cover, crouched behind it, and General Armistead, to inspire his men, stepped over the wall and urged his men to follow.

General Webb passed through the ranks of the 72nd Regiment, and called upon them to charge, and took hold of the color staff borne by Sergeant Finney to urge the color-guard to rush to the wall.

Two officers, graduates of West Point, commanding opposing brigades, were thus between the lines. Both were shot, and Armistead was killed. The two generals were almost in line with the middle point between the contestants. Forty-one dead Rebels were found near their positions. All save two of the color-guard of the 72nd Pennsylvania were shot; the flag staff was cut in two parts. The regiment had not heard the order to charge, and standing in line in such an exposed position its losses were terrible.

General Webb, finding it impossible to be heard, passed along between the lines and in front of the 72nd Pennsylvania to the 69th Pennsylvania Regiment, on his left, and directed the right company to break from the fence to the rear, and to pour in a rapid fire along the front of the 72nd Regiment.

At this time Colonel Hall's regiments joined in the rush to the front and the 72nd Regiment and many of the regiments from his (Hall's) brigade forced back the Rebels to the stone wall. At the wall the fighting was "hand to hand" — "musket to breast." The men say that General Webb was everywhere and always with them. The Rebel charge was broken, but the sacrifice was terrible.

When General Webb told Cushing that all must stay, he little expected to survive the "Repulse of Pickett at Gettysburg"—the failure of Lee to cut in twain the Army of the Potomac. For this exhibition of staying qualities he received from Congress the medal of honor for "personal gallantry."

CHAPTER XXXV.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF CONFEDERATES AT THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG — COLONEL M. J. BULGER,
C. S. A. — THE CHARGE OF THE FORTY-SEVENTH ALABAMA — WOUNDED — THE YANKEE AND
HIS CANTEEN — COLONEL RICE AND HIS TREATMENT OF A WOUNDED PRISONER —
THE DAYS OF SUFFERING, CONVALESCENCE AND CAPTIVITY —
TWO SHORT STORIES OF GETTYSBURG — A BOY'S
EXPLOIT — THE TWO IRISHMEN.

IN A FEDERAL FIELD HOSPITAL.

BY COLONEL M. J. BULGER, C. S. A.

THE 47th Regiment Alabama Volunteers, belonged to the Alabama Brigade in command of General E. M. Law, in General Hood's division. Colonel J. B. Jackson commanded the regiment, I being lieutenant-colonel.

At the head of the division we halted at about one o'clock on the 2nd of July, 1863, fronting Seminary Ridge, a little to the left of Little Round Top. By advancing eighty or a hundred yards we could see the movements of the Federal army. I did this, and saw them bringing up a battery in front of their line of battle. The battery began throwing shells and shrapnel over the rise, feeling for us. In the meantime Generals Longstreet, Hood and Law were riding to and fro forming our line to advance to the attack.

Between three and four o'clock, our colonel, Jackson, arose and commanded, "Attention, regiment! Trail arms! Forward! Quick-time! March!"

As soon as the regiment discovered itself to the enemy by going forward, the enemy lowered the guns of their battery to a nicety and got down to us, killing one or two and creating a panic. The colonel not having been seen since the order to advance, I assumed command, and ordered double-quick into a ravine at the foot of the ridge, a place of perfect safety, where I halted and closed up the line, and put the regiment in order. Here I was ordered to send three companies to take and hold a crossroad in front of Little Round Top, and did so. In the meantime General Sickles advanced the right wing of his division to the edge of the plateau, in front of the battery that had played upon us as we advanced. I closed up my seven remaining companies and ordered the officers to the front. In the presence of the men I explained to them that the enemy had advanced his line in front of his battery, leaving us in position to attack in the space left between his broken lines; that we proposed to advance upon and charge their line; that our safety required that when we should drive them (as we would when we came to them) we should

preserve order, and press so as to keep them between us and their battery, and then, when we got in reach, to turn our attention to this battery, and take possession of it.

When I ordered "Officers, to your posts," an incident occurred which I must digress to relate. The color-bearer of the regiment stepped forward and said: "Colonel, get some one else to carry the colors." I in surprise said, "Ben, what do you mean?" "It will ruin you" (he was a candidate for promotion). "I cannot carry them," he said, and pushed them toward me. I took them and turned to the regiment, saying, "Boys, who will carry these colors?"

Jeff Smith, a young man from one of the companies, stepped forward and said, "I will."

"Where will you carry them, Jeff?" I asked.

"Wherever you tell me," he replied.

I then told him to direct himself for the Yankee battery, and plant them there. I then gave the men some further instructions as to the object of the charge and how best to attain it, and ordered "Forward, march!" and the command moved off at a lively step. Jeff Smith, in advance, took a bee-line for the battery, never varying more than to avoid a boulder. As soon as our advance was discovered the battery opened fire, and directly the flagstaff was cut off just above the bearer's hand, and he caught it again, raising it the full length of his arm, shouting that it had never touched the ground. As soon as my men caught sight of the enemy they began an irregular firing and advanced with astonishing rapidity, and were soon in contact with the enemy in a hand-to-hand encounter of the most desperate character.

Here I was wounded. A minie ball struck me just over the left nipple, passed through my body, and lodged under the right shoulder blade, where it still remains. But few of my men knew of my mishap, and still pressed forward under my first instructions, every man his own leader, until they reached the battery and captured it.

While in this situation General Law discovered a movement of the enemy in a direction to cut us off, and ordered us to fall back. As soon as we commenced moving the enemy rallied and renewed the fight, our men falling back sullenly fighting.

When I was wounded I nerved myself up to keep from falling, and eased myself down against a tree that grew out of a crevice of the rocks in such a way as to afford me a convenient and comfortable seat. When the men came to where I was they rallied and had a desperate fight, but were finally driven back. While this was going on I was suffering intensely, and thought I should strangle with blood. I saw a Federal soldier coming in a direction that would bring him close to me, and determined to ask him for water when

he came near enough. I said to him: "My good fellow, will you give me a drink of water? I am wounded and choking to death with blood."

Without halting he threw his hand to the back of his neck, caught the strap of his canteen and laid it down in my lap saying: "I have no water

but there is whisky, a great deal better for you; drink it." He passed on a few steps, got down behind a rock, and commenced shooting my retiring men.

Directly the battle was over ambulances and litters were started in every direction. Night was closing down and I was seated on a rock with my back against a tree on the side of a craggy mountain in the hills of Pennsylvania, nearly two thousand miles from home, with death standing before me. The reader can better imagine than I can tell the feelings I had.

While in that condition a straggling Federal soldier

walked up to me, looked at the stars on my collar, took off my hat and put it on his own head, and said, "Give me your arms."

"No, sir," I replied, "I can't do that." He stepped back, raised his gun, and repeated, "Give me your arms."

I said, "Why, my good fellow, are you a Federal soldier and don't know that you have not the right to disarm an officer?"

The honest soldier looked confused and said, "What shall I do then with you?"

I told him that he ought to take me to an officer as nearly of my rank as might be. "But," said he, "you are not able to walk." I then told him he ought to go and find some officer, and bring him to me.

He went away, and in a little time returned to me with a gentleman who introduced himself as Colonel Rice of the 44th New York.*

*The writer probably alludes to Colonel Edmund Rice, lieutenant colonel of the 19th Massachusetts Volunteers, who led his own regiment and the one mentioned, the 11th New York, in the charge made to close the gap in the Federal lines, and repel Pickett's assault. Colonel Rice won on that day a medal of honor, and further mention of him will be found in the following chapter.



PASSING THE CANTERN.

After a few kind remarks, and expressing the hope that my hurt was not mortal, Colonel Rice said: "Colonel, it becomes my duty to ask you for your arms." I said, "Certainly, sir," and handed him my sword and pistol, remarking to him that I had got but a short loan of that sword when the 14th Alabama captured it a few days previously from the lieutenant-colonel of the 22nd Maine, and had given it to me two days before.

Colonel Rice then directed the soldier who had brought him to me to go to the line and bring a litter, and meantime entertained me with kind conversation. The man returned soon, and said the litters were all gone to Little Round Top. Colonel Rice then told him to go and bring a strong blanket and three other men, and this he did. Rice directed them how to spread the blanket and set me on it, and take it up and follow him. They carried me up on the plateau and laid me down, and the colonel then directed the men to go to a barn near by, and bring some hay, which he spread on the ground and covered with a blanket, and laid me down. He then used the blanket on which they had carried me to cover me up. He then said he would see if he could not get surgical aid for me, and went away.

In a little time he returned and handed me a portion of morphine, saying, "Take this; it is all they can do for you to-night." Just then the colonel discovered a cloud coming up and said, "We must have a shelter over you." They then got a couple of fly tents, fixed a shelter over me, expressed a hope that I would rest well through the night and went away.

The next morning Colonel Rice returned to me with a gentleman whom he introduced as Doctor Clark of New York, and said he would turn me over to his care, and that he would do all for me that was possible. He at once had me carried to the barn that was close by, which he had turned into a hospital, placed me on a comfortable bunk, took from me the canteen which had been given me the day before by the Yankee soldier, poured from it a glass of whisky, sweetened it, and told me to drink it. He then had a good breakfast brought to me, of which I ate freely, examined and dressed my wound, and left me, promising to return, which he did, giving me his attention as long as I remained at the field hospital.

The morning of July 3, at an early hour, the conflict was renewed by an attack of the Confederates all along the line from Gettysburg to the Little Round Top, where the most extensive artillery combat ever fought on this continent, or perhaps in all the annals of war, was fought, and the climax of the Rebellion was reached. During this day our regiment was employed in an irregular combat around Little Round Top, sometimes attacking, sometimes repelling attacks. Late in the evening the cannonading subsided and the battle ceased. The glorious sun of that day, viewed from a Southern standpoint, set behind dark and lowering clouds; from a Northern standpoint,

a silver lining encircled the clouds. Next morning the Confederates retired, pursued and harassed by the Federals.

After the battle had subsided, the former Colonel, but now General, Rice called upon me. While with me he said: "The battle is over. General Lee's ammunition is exhausted, and he will not renew the attack." With kind wishes for my recovery and safe return to my family, he bade me good-by.

I remained at Gettysburg some time, where I received nothing but kindness from Federal officers, and from every male and female of the town. From there I was sent first to Baltimore, and thence to Johnson's Island, Lake Erie.

Thus far I have spoken of myself and of personal experiences of the great battle, as one must who was placed in a position where his fight was over, and who could do no more than lie still and listen to the sounds of the conflict. But there are other names I should like to mention. Among these is that of Captain James Sanford, who was killed at the Battle of the Wilderness, Va. While the 47th was holding the road after a conflict of hours' duration, the men began to falter. Sanford, covered with blood from his wounds, rushed to the front, his sword in one hand and his hat in the other, shouting "Charge, boys—charge!" and was killed by the fourth bullet that had struck him that day.

The action of Jeff Smith in carrying the colors at Gettysburg I have already mentioned. These men may both be upon the Confederate Roll of Honor; they should be.

TWO SHORT STORIES OF GETTYSBURG.

BY MAJOR ROBERT STILES, RICHMOND, VA.

MANY sketches in this volume show conclusively one fact: that there is no field of human endeavor in which such strange things happen as in war. The two sketches following were sent to the publishers by General J. D. Imboden, of Virginia, who vouches for the high standing of the narrator, Mr. Robert Stiles, of the Richmond bar. Mr. Stiles says:

Returning to the city yesterday after an absence of some weeks, I had a somewhat remarkable experience which revealed to me, in a flash, how we are burying under the muck-heaps of to-day priceless gems of memory and history. If you will pardon a very crude recital I will relate the incident.

I was lately accosted on Main Street, between Ninth and Tenth, by a soldier comrade of the lost cause, whom I did not recognize as such until the fingers of my outstretched hand closed upon an empty coat sleeve, and with

the other I grasped George H. L. Greer of Franklin County. "Why, George," I said, "I don't believe we've met since I saw you at Gettysburg driving before you that crowd of Yankee prisoners you had routed out of the lanes and alleys of the town."

My friend started. "Major!" said he, "did you witness that? Then you can vouch for it. I have tried to tell that story to my friends and even to my children, but it has always died upon my lips. It seemed so exaggerated and I did not know of any living man who could confirm it."

I had told the story perhaps a hundred times, and so assured the gallant fellow and that he should not lose the glory of his daring adventure and achievement, because of his modesty.

It was the first day at Gettysburg, when Gordon's brigade, going in as a make-weight on the right of A. P. Hill, and Hayes' Louisianians, who were about evenly matched with the enemy, had driven him pell-mell over rolling wheat fields, through a grove, across a creek, and into the town itself.

Being an old artillery man, though at the time a lieutenant of engineer troops, I had volunteered in one of Hilary Jones' batteries, and had charge of a gun which had come into battery in the street. We anticipated the enemy might attempt to retake the town, and I had ordered the piece loaded and canister taken from the ammunition chest and put down hard by the gaping muzzle, ready to sweep the street if they should turn upon us.

At this moment little George Greer rode by, further into the town. He was a chubby boy of sixteen, General Early's clerk, and was a favorite with "Old Jube" just because more fond of riding courier for him and of driving spurs into the flanks of a horse, than of driving pen across paper. I think I shouted a caution to him as he passed, but on he went and disappeared in the smoke and dust ahead.

In a few moments a cloud of blue coats appeared in the street in front of us, coming on also at a run. I was about to order the detachment to open fire, when over beyond I noticed little Greer leaning forward over the neck of his horse, towering above the Yankees, who were on foot, and with violent gesticulations and in tones not the gentlest, ordering the "blue devils" to "double-quick to the rear of that piece," which they did in the shortest time imaginable. There must have been over fifty of them.

My gallant comrade may tell the story to his boys, and they to theirs. Exaggerated as it seems, it is true. The eyes that guide this pen witnessed it all. I certainly never heard him nor any one else refer to it until after I mentioned it yesterday, but I have recounted it to his honor many times, and shall continue to do so.

And this one reminds me of other incidents of those tremendous moments when our fate hung in the balance.

There was an Irishman named Burgoyne in the 9th Louisiana, Harry Hayes' brigade—a typical son of the Emerald Isle six feet high in his stockings, when he had any, broad shouldered and muscular, slightly bow-legged, and springy as a cat, as full of fire and fight and fun as he could hold; indeed often a little fuller than he could hold and he had never been known to get his fill of noise and scrimmage. Whenever the 9th supported Hilary Jones, if the musketry fire slackened while the artillery was in action

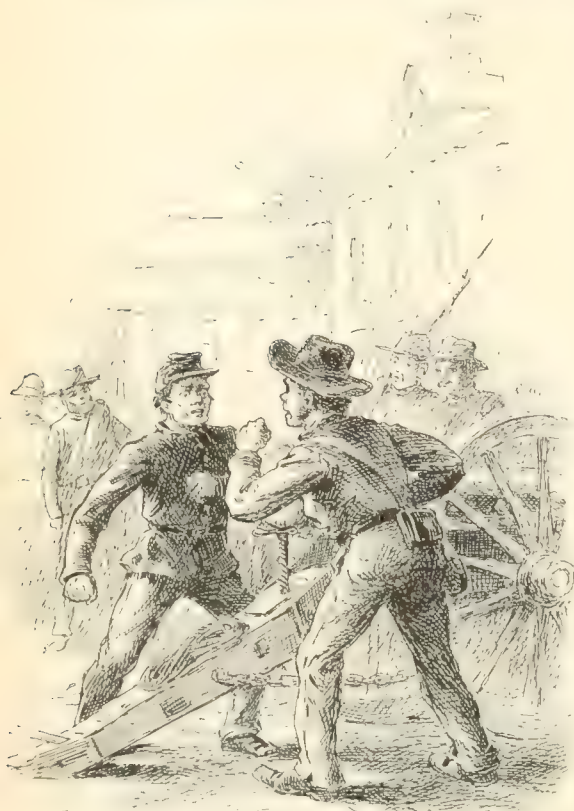
Burgoyne would slip over to the nearest gun and take some one's place at the piece.

Seeing us unlimber in the street as above related, he had come over now for this purpose, seized the sponge-staff and rammed home the charge, and was giving vent to his enthusiasm in screams and bounds that would have done honor to a well-developed catamount.

Standing on the other side of the gun, with his arms quietly folded, was a superb Federal Irishman, one of the prisoners just captured—a man even taller than Burgoyne and somewhat heavier in frame—altogether quite a majestic fellow. Catching Burgoyne's brogue, he broke out "Hey, ye spalpeen, say what are yez doing in the Rebel army?" Quick as a flash, Burgoyne retorted, "Be-dad, ain't an Irishman a freeman? Haven't I as good a right to fight for the Rebs as ye have to fight for the Yanks?"

"Oh yes!" sung out the Federal Irishman, "I know yez now ye've turned the plizure of kicking yez out from behind Marye's wall that time Sedgwick lammed yer brigade out o' there."

"Yer a ——— liar!" shouted out Pat, "and I'll jis knock yer teeth down yer oughly throat for that same lie," and, suiting the action to the word, he vaulted lightly over the gun, and before we had time to realize the extreme absurdity of the thing the two had squared off against each other in the most approved style and the first blow had passed, for the Federal Irishman was as good grit as ours.



THE BELLIGERENT IRISHMAN.

Just as the two men were about to rush to close quarters, but before any blood had been drawn in the round, I noticed that the right fist of the Federal gladiator was gory, and the next movement revealed the stumps of two shattered fingers, which he was about to drive full into Burgoyne's face.

"Hold," I cried, "your man's wounded." In an instant Burgoyne's fists fell.

"You're a trump, Pat, give me your well hand," said he. "We'll fight this out some other time. I didn't see ye were hurt."

I question if the exquisite humor of this incident has ever been surpassed. The scene is as vivid before me now as if it had occurred yesterday, and it will serve to set off and to complete my verification of George Greer's unparalleled capture.

Just as this intensest climax of the great battle was happily avoided, a member of General Early's staff—I am confident it was Major Daniel—galloped by and shouted, "Lieutenant Lineher, to the rear."

"To the front you mean, major!"

"No," came the answer, "to the rear."

"All right, boys," said I. "I reckon the town's barricaded, and we'll just pass round it to the front."

But no, back, back, we went for perhaps a mile or more, and took position on a hill from which next morning we gazed upon the earthworks which had sprung up in the night on Cemetery Ridge, and the tide which, taken at the flood, might have led on to overwhelming victory, and even to independence, had ebbed away forever.

A. H.—18



CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE REPULSE OF PICKETT'S CHARGE—COLONEL EDMUND RICE, U. S. A.—THE 19TH MASSACHUSETTS
AND THE 42ND NEW YORK REGIMENTS—AN ESCAPE—ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL
OF CITIZEN SOLDIERS—SOME VERMONT SOLDIERS—COLONEL W. G. VEAZEY—
THE CLOSE OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—THE MICHIGAN
CAVALRY—FALLING WATERS AND SOME EXPLOITS
THERE—C. M. HOLTON.

COLONEL EDMUND RICE enlisted at the age of nineteen. He was captain in the first 14th Massachusetts, from April 27, 1861, until disbanded, June, 1861; captain, 20th Massachusetts, June, 1861; captain, 19th Massachusetts Volunteers, July 25, 1861. He was engaged in eighteen of the battles of the Army of the Potomac, and at Antietam

he was severely wounded. He became major, 19th Massachusetts Volunteers, September, 1862; rejoined regiment at Falmouth and engaged in the second attack on Fredericksburg and action at Thoroughfare Gap. In the battle of Gettysburg he took part in the repulse of Pickett's charge, and was twice wounded. He was presented by Congress with a medal of honor for leading the advance of his regiment and the 42nd New York in the charge made to close the gap in our line and repel Pickett's assault:

"The Congress to Lieutenant-Colonel Edmund Rice, 19th Massachusetts Volunteers, for conspicuous bravery on the third day of the battle of Gettysburg."

In the fierceness of this affair the 19th Massachusetts captured four stands of colors, and lost over one half of its numbers, killed and wounded. He became lieutenant-colonel 19th Massachusetts Volun-

teers, July, 1863, and commanded regiment in the Rapidan Campaign of the Army of the Potomac and battles of Bristoe Station, Blackburn's Ford, Robinson's Crossroads, and Mine Run.



COLONEL EDMUND RICE.

In April, 1864, on the occasion of the review of the different corps of the Army by General Grant, the 19th Massachusetts Volunteers, Lieutenant-Colonel E. Rice commanding, was selected by General Meade, as his was one of the two best drilled and disciplined regiments in the Army of the Potomac, to drill before Generals Grant, Meade, and Sheridan, and the corps commanders.

Colonel Rice was captured in the assault at the "death angle," Spottsylvania, on the morning of the 12th of May, 1864, and in North Carolina while being conveyed south escaped by cutting through the door of a freight car, in which the prisoners were confined, and jumping from it while the train was under full headway; reached the Union lines, near the Ohio River, after traveling twenty-three nights (resting by day), having walked between three and four hundred miles. Appointed colonel 19th Massachusetts Volunteers, he rejoined the regiment in front of Petersburg, August, 1864, and in command of Fort Rice, and engaged in the battles of Second Deep Bottom, Weldon Railroad, Reams' Station, and Second Hatcher's Run. He commanded Fort Steadman and batteries 11 and 12 in front of Petersburg. He was present at the surrender of the Confederate army at Appomattox Courthouse; was mustered out June 30, and regiment disbanded July 20, 1865. He became 1st lieutenant 40th United States Infantry, July, 1866, and received three brevets in the regular army, viz.:

Brevet captain United States army, for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Antietam, Md.

Brevet major United States army, for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Gettysburg, Pa.

Brevet lieutenant-colonel United States army, for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of the Wilderness, Va.

COLONEL WHEELOCK G. VEAZEY.

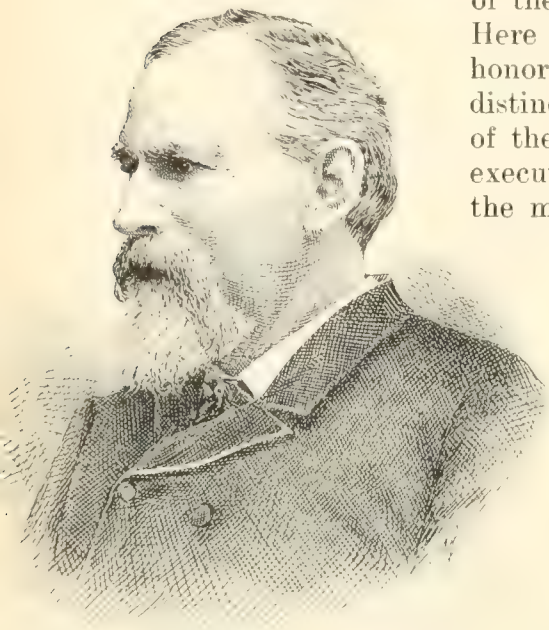
16TH VERMONT INFANTRY

COLONEL VEAZEY, so well and favorably known by the veterans as their former commander-in-chief, was born in Brentwood, Rockingham County, N. H., December 5, 1835. He was practicing law in Springfield, Vt., when the war broke out, and it seemed only natural that he should be among the first to enlist, since his ancestors on both sides were soldiers in the war of the Revolution. He enlisted as private in May, 1861, in Company A, 3rd Regiment Vermont Volunteers, and was elected to the captaincy. In the following August he was promoted to the rank of major, and later, on the recommendation of General "Baldy" Smith, was given a commission as lieutenant-colonel,

serving in this capacity until October, 1862, when he was made colonel of the 16th Regiment Vermont Volunteers, serving with this regiment until they were mustered out of service at the expiration of their term of enlistment.

During the two years and more of his military experience, Colonel Veazey participated in all the battles of the Army of the Potomac, and more than once was in command of other regiments in addition to his own.

At Gettysburg the 16th Vermont formed a portion of the 3rd division of the 1st army corps under General Doubleday. Here it was that the colonel won his medal of honor, and by as gallant an act as ever earned that distinction, although in his letter to the compiler of these records he says: "It was the men who executed the manœuvre who should have received the medal, instead of myself."



COLONEL H. G. VEAZEY.

It was the third day's battle, July 3, 1863, when the 16th was in the thickest of the fight between the corps of General Sickles and the Confederates under General Hood. The enemy threw enormous masses of troops upon Sickles, and in the desperate and bloody struggle which ensued Colonel Veazey's regiment was largely instrumental in checking the last onset of the enemy. It took many prisoners, recaptured several guns, and did more than its share toward bringing about the final victory.

At the close of the second day's battle Colonel Veazey was appointed division field officer of the day, and during that memorable night had charge of the picket line, which was posted from the village of Gettysburg to the left toward Round Top, directly across the field where Sickles and Hood had fought.

On the last day of the conflict the 16th Vermont occupied a position in front of the left center, where they received the first shock of Pickett's charge.

It was under fire of the Vermonters that the Confederate column deployed to the left. Then it was that Stannard threw the 13th and 16th Vermont upon Pickett's flank, crushing the column and forcing them to retire.

It was after this charge that the colonel received permission of his chief to disregard a previous order, and execute his own plan, which was to reform his line with a change of front, and charge back over four hundred yards of space, where the air was thick with bullets and shells. He struck the enemy,

swept down his line, capturing regiment after regiment, stand after stand of colors, until the whole line had disappeared, and the battle of Gettysburg was victoriously closed by the sons of Vermont amid the thundering plaudits of the veterans of the Army of the Potomac.

In addition to his prisoners he brought back the flags of the 2nd Florida and 5th Virginia regiments, receiving therefor the medal of honor.

Colonel Veazey was broken in health ere the term of his enlistment had expired, and he returned to Vermont in 1863, to resume the practice of his profession at Rutland, Vt., where he remained until October, 1879.

From 1864 to 1872, by virtue of eight consecutive elections, he served as reporter of the Supreme Court, and in this capacity prepared nine volumes of the Vermont Reports.

In 1872 and 1873 he represented Rutland County in the State Senate, where he was chairman of the committee on military affairs, and also of the committee on the judiciary. In 1874 he was appointed register in bankruptcy, which office he retained until the bankrupt law was repealed. In 1878 he and Hon. C. W. Willard were appointed commissioners to revise the laws of the State. In 1879 he was appointed judge of the supreme court of Vermont, holding that position by successive elections for ten years. In 1889 he resigned to accept the national position of member of the board of interstate commerce, to which office he was appointed by General Harrison, and which he now holds.

He has been one of the trustees of Dartmouth College since 1879; trustee of Norwich University, and one of the trustees of the Gettysburg Battlefield Association.

LIEUTENANT CHARLES M. HOLTON.

7TH MICHIGAN CAVALRY.

Charles M. Holton enlisted August 6, 1862, at Battle Creek, Mich., in the 7th Cavalry as private, and was mustered out as 1st lieutenant.

A comrade of his writes:

At the battle of Falling Waters, July 14, 1863, Holton was 1st sergeant of Company A. The regiment, about three hundred strong, was supporting a battery. Fronting them was a heavy Confederate skirmish line, in the rear of which was a line of battle supported by artillery.

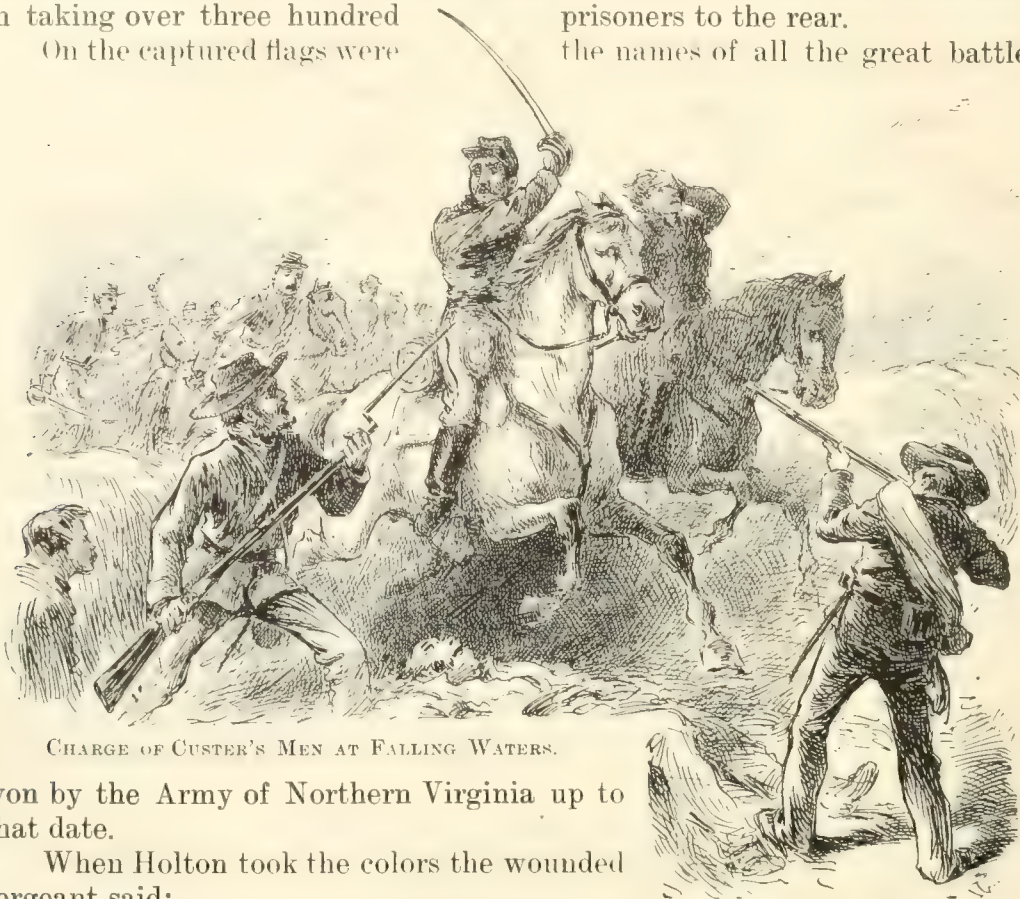
The skirmish line was nearing the Federal guns when the 7th was ordered by General Kilpatrick to charge. Holton's company was in the advance, and he received credit among his comrades for having led them.

The regiment dashed on through the skirmishers to the line of battle, where a hand-to-hand conflict ensued.

Holton dismounted, seized the flag of the 55th Virginia Infantry from the wounded color-bearer, mounted, and with the flag in his hands, assisted in taking over three hundred prisoners to the rear.

On the captured flags were

the names of all the great battles



CHARGE OF CUSTER'S MEN AT FALLING WATERS.

won by the Army of Northern Virginia up to that date.

When Holton took the colors the wounded sergeant said:

"You have been after that old flag for some time, but never got your hands on it before."

By command of General Kilpatrick, Holton and two others of the Michigan Cavalry Brigade, who had captured colors, carried them in company with the general's staff during the balance of the engagement.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A HEROIC FIGHT AND LAMENTED DEATH—WAITING FOR THE ATTACK AT GETTYSBURG—THE OLD PHILADELPHIA BRIGADE—THE "CLUMP OF TREES"—THE STONE WALL—CUSHING'S BATTERY—THE OPENING OF THE BATTERIES—A HUNDRED GUNS TRAINED UPON A SINGLE POINT—THE CHARGE—ARMISTEAD AND WEBB IN FRONT OF THEIR LINES—THE DEATH OF CUSHING—WITH "STONEWALL" JACKSON—THE CAMPAIGN OF THE VALLEY—JACKSON'S MANNER OF MARCHING—THE ADVENTURE AT THE BRIDGE—THE BRIDGE OF WAGONS—THE CASE OF GENERAL FITZ JOHN PORTER—MINOR INCIDENTS AMID GREAT EVENTS—GENERAL O. O. HOWARD.

A HEROIC FIGHT AND LAMENTED DEATH.

BY GENERAL ALEXANDER S. WEBB.

WE had waited since daybreak for some sign from the Confederate line which would develop Lee's plan of attack. Attack he must, and General Meade was too intelligent and able to be persuaded by rash counselors either to retreat or to attack. We who knew General Meade's sterling worth felt then, what General Lee afterward acknowledged, that at last the Army of the Potomac was to be led by a fighting general who was at the same time the equal in intellect and military experience of any man in either of our great armies. He was in the position to fight a defensive battle and to win such a battle was to win Lee from Pennsylvania soil, to restore confidence throughout the North, to protect Washington and Baltimore and Philadelphia, to produce—yes to force respect abroad.

The writer had served on the staff of Major-General Meade as inspector-general of the Fifth Corps and he knew the general commanding sufficiently well to give to those of his command who stood about him on the morning of July 3, 1863, a confidence in General Meade and in his plans which served to nerve them to extraordinary efforts and to perform deeds of valor which have made the 2nd brigade of the 2nd division of the 2nd corps (the old Philadelphia brigade) famous ever since.

We held the "Clump of Trees" on Cemetery Ridge about nine hundred yards south of Zeigler's Grove and opposite to the center of Lee's north and south line posted on Seminary Ridge. At that point our line was exactly one mile from that of the Rebels. We were nearly midway between the town of Gettysburg and Little Round Top and at a point where a gentle fall of the land made us easy of access while at the same time our line stood in bold relief against the eastern sky.

The Rebel artillery could reach with ease the "Clump of Trees" and it was so conspicuous that it was eagerly seized as the point of final attack after it had been determined that to capture it was to seize the Taneytown road and the Baltimore pike and to cut into the line of the Army of the Potomac at the neck of the "fish hook," the point of which held by that brave old



THE "BLOODY ANGLE" AT GETTYSBURG.

soldier General George S. Greene of the Twelfth Corps, was directly in my rear.

Along the front of the "Clump of Trees" was a low stone wall which continued toward the north for about six hundred feet and then turned directly east for two hundred and fifty feet, whence it again took the northerly direction toward Ziegler's Grove. This first angle has, since that day, been called the "Bloody Angle," and it was at a point midway between the

"Clump of Trees" and the first turn in the stone wall, that Lieutenant Alonzo Heresford Cushing, commanding Battery A, 4th United States Artillery met the now world-renowned, heroic death.

Cushing's battery held the ridge from the "Clump of Trees" to the rear angle of the low stone wall. To its left and rear was posted the 72nd Regiment of the Pennsylvania Volunteers under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Kochesperger. Along the wall to its right was a portion of the 71st Pennsylvania Volunteers under Colonel Penn Smith, the remainder of that regiment being along the wall in front of the angle and to the front and right of the battery. In front of the "Clump of Trees" was posted the 69th Pennsylvania Volunteers under Colonel Dennis O'Kane, who was killed July 2, and afterward under Lieutenant-Colonel T. M. Tschudy, who was killed on July 3. A portion of the 106th Pennsylvania Volunteers, under Captain Lynch, was on the skirmish line along the Emmetsburg road which crossed the country between the lines obliquely from southwest to northeast, or to Gettysburg. The oblique fences on this road seriously interfered with the progress of the divisions of Pickett, Pettigrew and Trimble during their charge.

Here stood Cushing, proud of his command, surrounded by veteran troops, all natives of the State of Pennsylvania.

How well I knew the character of that noble young officer. I had taught him his mathematics at West Point in 1857-58, and had known him as a cadet for four years. In the Army of the Potomac he had been serving as topographical engineer and engineer and aid-de-camp and as commander of a battery since 1861. He was the brother of Lieutenant W. R. Cushing, who destroyed the Rebel ram Albemarle, and he proved himself worthy of the reputation for personal courage and unstinted patriotism which already belonged to the name of Cushing.

It is near one o'clock, and from the skirmish line comes word, "They are arranging for something. Their batteries are moving into position." And almost immediately the sound of the signal guns from our right—the signal for all the batteries to the west of us to open on the "Clump of Trees"—came across the plain. And now begins this *feu d'enfer*, this terrible concentration of a heavy cannonading on my little command and on Cushing. Brown's battery of 1st Regiment Rhode Island Artillery, must suffer also, since it is on the left of the clump, and Hall and Harrow, on the line and in rear of it, must soon feel its force. But how is it with Cushing? Look at him standing there in the midst of his guns—cool and quiet as if on parade. His horses fall; he turns and orders them freed from their harness, and then directs his fire again upon the battery opposite to him. What a shower of shell is falling about us. Over one hundred guns are striving to force us to leave this position, and from their point of view it may well succeed. But Cushing and

Pennsylvania men fighting to drive the Rebels from their homes and State will never yield to shot and shell so long as life may be spared to these Union patriots. Amid shrieking, whistling, bursting shell Cushing stands unmoved, a glorious example to all of us. But what is this? Our faces are scorched and we turn to witness the explosion of a limber, the sickening wounding of many horses and men, and the triumph of order and military discipline. A fresh limber takes the place of the one just lost, and again Cushing turns his attention to the direction of his fire—the replacing of his wounded men and to everything but to the shielding of himself from harm. Will it never stop?



ARTILLERY FIGHT AT GETTYSBURG.

Will the sickening thug as the shell strikes men or horses never cease? A gun broken down—a new wheel put on—another limber explodes—more men fall, and now Cushing asks if I can help to serve his pieces if many more of his cannoneers be shot.

“Yes, we will help you serve the guns if they leave us carriages and ammunition.”

For two long hours we stand all this, but what is there left of Cushing's battery? Three guns and one limber standing amidst bodies of men and carcasses of horses—the caissons have ammunition still, and Cushing seeks to repair all he can, knowing that all this is but the prelude to a grand assault. Batteries are asked for and sent, and Cowan's battery has taken the place of Brown, ready to win imperishable fame in this final struggle. Cushing remains quiet and hopeful, and yet sorely wounded in both thighs. Who

could desert you, Cushing? All of his officers wounded and gone, and only Sergeant Ferger and a few men left to man the guns, and still eager to help repel the charge!

There they are! Three divisions of the enemy, in two lines, with a few regiments in mass to support their center, are moving steadily from Seminary Ridge to take and to hold this point—our “Clump of Trees”—and Bloody Angle.

Reader, can you pause and bring to your mind lines of men—eighteen thousand strong—moving solidly, and with perfect confidence in the result, to force you back and to overwhelm you? This is the time to measure yourself and to ask “Am I to meet my death here?” We all did exactly that at that hour at Gettysburg, and Cushing did more. He went down to his death knowing well that he could not be spared from his position, wounded though he was.

“General Webb, I am wounded, but I think I had better run my piece down to the wall.” These were his words.

The answer was, “Yes, Cushing! Not one of us can be spared from the front at this time.”

Then, “Good-by, General Webb, I will give them one more shot!”

Oh! the moral effect of such an act! It was to all who witnessed it the silent declaration: “Our country calls us now—to-day; we must all stay!”

On they come. We fire shell and explode them well in the midst of that mass of men. They show little confusion—they are gallant, sturdy, veteran American soldiers. They reach the Emmettsburg road; they have difficulty in crossing this oblique obstacle, and crowd together on our side of it and move forward the last six hundred yards, more in masses than in lines. How many Rebel flags are waving! What a rush of eager, angry men! How the mounted officers fall! They are near enough for us to open upon them with our infantry fire; they do not fire yet, but they quicken their pace, and will soon be upon us, an overwhelming crowd.

Cushing, with Sergeant Ferger and three cannoneers, stands at the wall firing canister. Death stares them in the face. “One more shot.” Yes, many more before the enemy delivers the volley which carries death to this brave lad. The Rebel General Armistead steps over the wall followed by but few of his men and, passing the body of one of the bravest and best of our youthful battery commanders, falls but a few paces within the line Cushing has striven to defend.

The line is held until Hall and Harrow can come and help us, and all that a nation can ask in the way of devotion to duty from brigade and battery has been freely offered.

The lists of killed and wounded show how many felt the force of the example set them by Alonzo Heresford Cushing, and a nation has heard the

story of this martyr death only as one of the minor episodes of the war. May justice be done to his memory. It is not too late to mark well the spot where a lad of twenty-two showed veterans how to die for one's country.

WITH "STONEWALL" JACKSON.

BY AN ALABAMIAN.

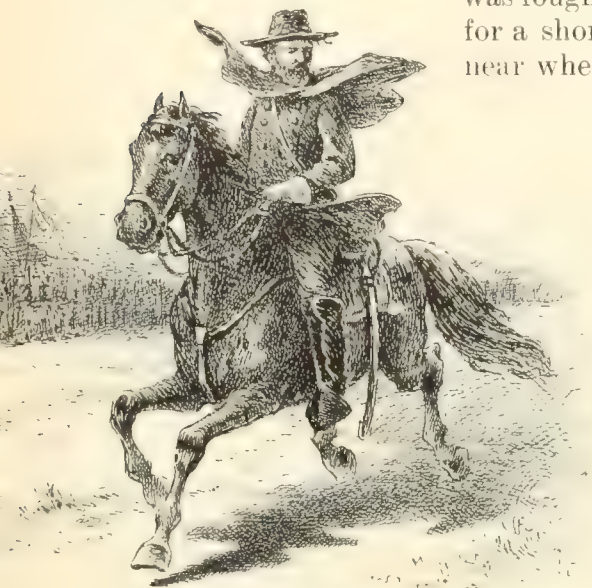
I WAS a young man not quite grown, in 1861, when the war between the seceding States of the South and the Union occurred. I raised a company of one hundred and twenty other young men, and we volunteered to serve during the war. We were mustered into the 15th Alabama Regiment, in July, 1861, and went to Virginia where we arrived soon after the first battle of Manassas

was fought. We were encamped below Richmond for a short time and then moved up to Pageland, near where the battle was fought just a month

before. Here we encountered that insidious and destructive enemy, the measles, followed in many cases by camp fever. I have compared notes since the war, and am convinced that a much greater number of men in both Federal and Confederate armies died from sickness incident to camp life than were killed or died in consequence of wounds received.

We were with "Stonewall" Jackson in his immortal campaign of the valley, in the spring of 1862, which equaled, if it did not surpass, that of Napoleon in Italy. We were called Jackson's foot cavalry. His rule

was to march fifty minutes rapidly, then halt the column, stack arms, and let the men rest for ten minutes; then the drum would sound at the head of the brigade, the men would take arms and be off, marching at a rapid rate for another fifty minutes. This system of marching carried Jackson's troops a greater distance per day than was marched by any other command, and it accounts largely for the rapidity of his movements. He was an eccentric man, as well as a great commander. General Ewell, who commanded one of his divisions, once remarked of him that he believed that he was crazy,



"STONEWALL" JACKSON ON THE FIELD.

because he heard him say at a dinner in the country that he never ate pepper, because it weakened him in his left leg.

On Sunday, the first day of June, 1862, after a very hard march which brought us from Winchester to Strasburg, we turned up the Romney road for five miles, met Fremont's advance, checked it, about-faced and went back to Strasburg. We were stationed on an elevation which overlooked the valley and could see Shield's army coming up on the south side of the Shenandoah River. Each of the Federal armies being stronger than Jackson's force, which was then only thirteen thousand, they intended to crush him between them. The rain poured down in torrents that evening and night. We were in the rear and in marching down that long slope which was muddy and slippery, with Fremont's cavalry assailing us in the rear and Shield's army in the front and to the left, men were slipping and falling, and the scenes all around were dark, dreary, dangerous and devoid of any kind of comfort. One little soldier in my company in making the descent slipped and fell a number of times. The last time as he fell he sat completely in a puddle of water which splashed all over him as he came down. He made no effort to rise, but with his gun on his shoulder he sat there and looked around in a state of despair, and said with great earnestness: "Well, I wish the world would come to an end before day." That was strikingly expressive of the feelings of others in the command, though we toughed it out, marching all that night and all the next day guarding the rear, before we were relieved; and then we were relieved only to resume our place in line on the arduous march.

General Ashby commanded Jackson's cavalry, Sir Percy Windom that of Fremont. After several days' skirmishing and marching we reached Harrisonburg, Va. Jackson left the pike, wheeled his column to the left over a country road and halted near Cross Keys. On the same day, 6th of June, Windom undertook to "bag Ashby and his command," as he had expressed it. He led two of his regiments to the assault through a lane that led to Ashby's rear, while the other two struck him in front. Ashby was reinforced by the 16th Virginia and the 1st Maryland regiments of infantry, which he led into the fight, and was killed by the fire of the Bucktail Rifles, an infantry regiment from Pennsylvania, reinforcing Windom. Sir Percy was driven back and defeated, and he himself was captured and sent to Libby Prison. He was halted as they were marching him to the rear, and the lieutenant-colonel of my regiment tried to converse with him, but he contemptuously refused, which cost him the splendid pair of silver spurs he wore.

On the 8th of June, Jackson fought Fremont at Cross Keys and repulsed him. That afternoon he rode across the bridge over the Shenandoah into Port Republic considerably in advance of his infantry. While looking around the village a Federal battery from Shields' command came up and took position

near the bridge, with one of the guns completely commanding it. Jackson rode down, and finding himself thus cut off he boldly rode up near the lieutenant in charge of the gun and ordered him peremptorily to limber up and move to another position. The lieutenant supposed from his manner that he was a Federal officer, as his dingy uniform did not show distinctly the Confederate ornamentation, and so obeyed his command. Jackson immediately put spurs to his old sorrel and went across the bridge like lightning and up the hill on the opposite side. As the lieutenant beheld him he unlimbered his gun and opened fire, but none of his shells took effect. Jackson returned in



JACKSON'S BRIDGE.

a few minutes with Taliaferro's brigade of Virginians, the first regiment of which charged across the bridge, captured the battery, and took possession of the village.

The next day, June 9, was fought the battle of Port Republic, in which Jackson gained a victory over Shields after a hard fight. The "Ringgold Battery," which was used in Mexico, was captured from the Federals, was lost and recaptured twice by Dick Taylor's Louisiana brigade, after which it was called the Louisiana Artillery. The battery was doing immense damage to our lines. Just as Taylor's brigade formed for attack, Jackson rode up to him and said:

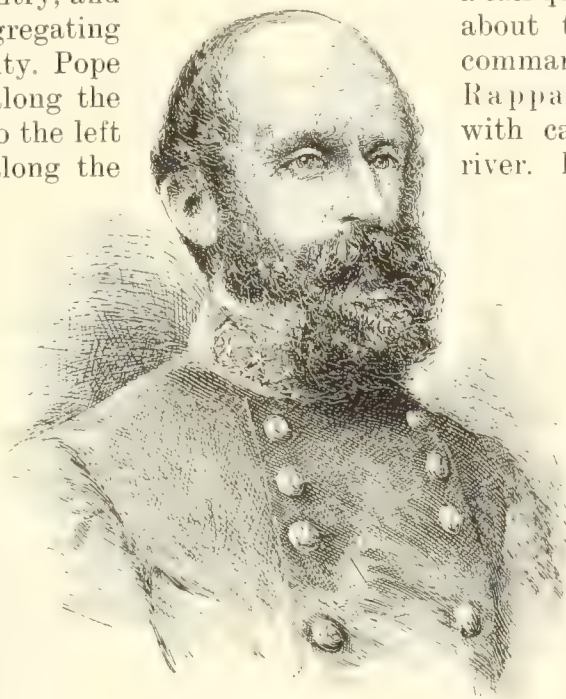
"General Taylor, can you capture that battery?"

Taylor's response was: "I can try, sir!" and thereupon he charged it.

As Shields' army was being driven from the field, Fremont's army arrived on the opposite banks of the Shenandoah, which was not fordable, and, the bridge being in flames, he had to remain there in full view, without the power to assist, and see Shields' army driven in defeat. Two forks of the Shenandoah come together at Port Republic—the bridge spoken of was across the north

fork. There was no bridge across the other, but Jackson constructed a bridge of wagons, running them into the water, and constructing a walk for the troops to cross on over them. No such thing ever occurred before in warfare, except more than a century ago, when Lacourb, a splendid French general of warfare in a mountainous country, did the same thing, but history gives no account of such an occurrence before that.

In August, 1862. Jackson had under his command his own division, Ewell's and A. P. Hill's, containing in all fourteen brigades or about fifty-six regiments of infantry, and and cavalry, aggregating sand men fit for duty. Pope army which lay along the Jackson moved to the left skirmishing all along the which was still onstrations held Jackson slipped up the Rappa- and moved right, passing oughfare Gap, of August Station in Pope's west of Manas- night, and there empty trains re- Pope's army. He brigade on that Manassas Junc- did, taking some large quantity of

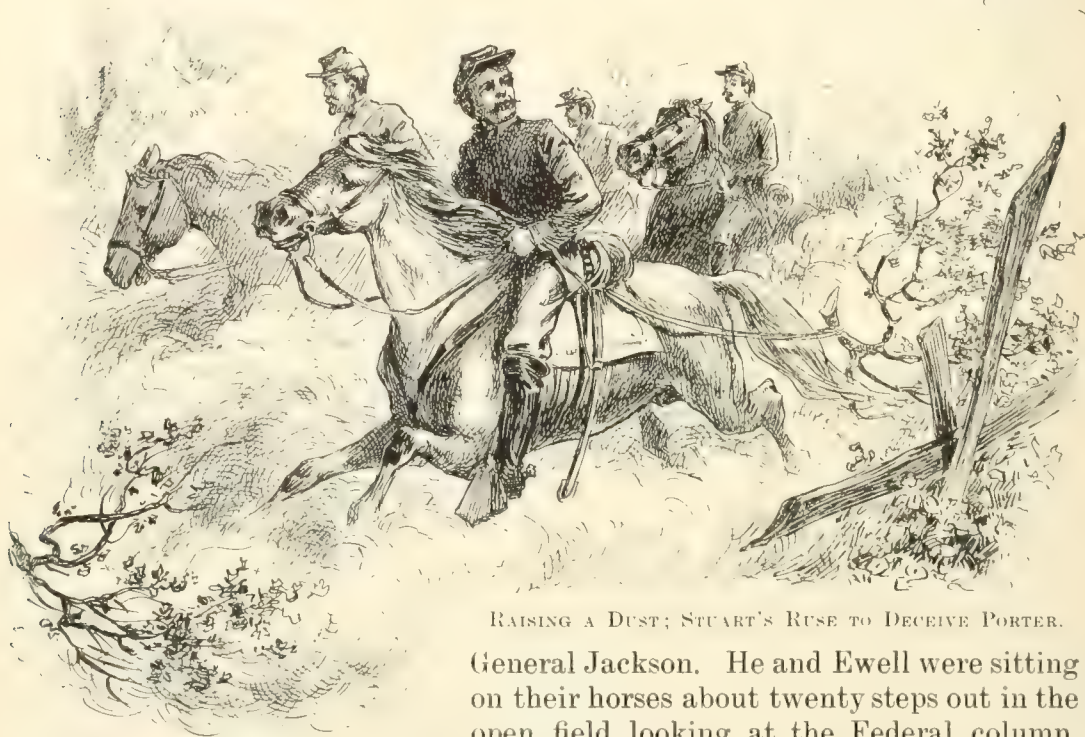


GENERAL RICHARD S. EWELL.

a fair quantity of artillery about twenty-five thou- commanded the Federal Rappahannock River. with caution, firing and river. Longstreet's corps, larger, by dem- Pope in position. away and moved hannock, crossed around Pope's through Thor- and on the 26th reached Bristoe rear four miles sas Junction, at derailed several turning from sent Trimble's night to occupy tion, which it prisoners and a supplies. We had

marched sixty miles in two days, and our principal rations were green corn and half-ripe apples gathered from the orchards and fields we passed. To see the soldiers at one o'clock that night dancing around their camp fires and drinking Rhine wine and eating lobster salad which they had captured from the sutlers, after such a terrible march, impressed one with the idea that with "Stonewall" for a leader they never could be whipped. The next morning Taylor's New Jersey brigade from Washington came out across Bull Run, dismounted from the train and moved upon us, but they were soon dispersed, and General Taylor killed. On the morning of the 28th, we were moved across Bull Run to the eastern side, then turned up the run and

recrossed at the Natural Bridge, wheeled to the right, and moved around in the woods into the exact position held by the Federals at the first battle. It was well known that afternoon that Pope's army, about sixty-five thousand strong, was falling back on Jackson, and interposed between him and Longstreet. Late that afternoon we could hear the thundering of the artillery in Thoroughfare Gap, which was Longstreet driving out General Ricketts, who had gone there to blockade his passage. Our position was an uneasy one. Late that afternoon, still hearing the artillery, I saw the dust rising in great volumes to our right and to our rear. Just then I saw the head of the column of the Union army moving down the Alexandria pike. An officer rode through the woods from the direction of the dust, and inquired for



RAISING A DUST; STUART'S RUSE TO DECEIVE PORTER.

General Jackson. He and Ewell were sitting on their horses about twenty steps out in the open field looking at the Federal column, which had then about reached Groveton. The officer rode up, gave the military salute, and said:

"General Jackson, General Stuart requested me to give you his compliments, and tell you he is in position on your right and rear."

Stuart commanded the Confederate cavalry. Jackson turned his head to Ewell, pointed to this Federal column, and said, "Ewell, advance." He then stuck spurs into his horse and galloped to the right. The sun had

disappeared behind the western horizon. I stood at the edge of the wood and saw Jackson's old division of four Virginia brigades and two of Ewell's brigades advancing through the open fields in line of battle toward the Federal column, and the latter in line of battle moving up to meet them. I saw the two lines approach each other and mutually open fire, with nothing to shield either from its effects. It was not dark but dusk, and the fire was so intense and rapid that it seemed to me but one vast sheet of flame between the lines. They became so closely engaged that the artillery on either side could not fire on them but only on the reserves. Pretty soon the command I belonged to, Trimble's brigade, advanced to fill a gap in the lines, and became hotly engaged, as I since the war have learned in conversation with General Bragg of Wisconsin, with the "Iron Brigade," which he subsequently commanded. The battle that night was very nearly a drawn one. The Union soldiers retired a short distance but set up a shout of victory, while the Confederates held the field. The next day General Pope had ordered Fitz John Porter with his corps of ten thousand men to fall upon Jackson's right and turn it. Porter moved in that direction, but saw signs of the presence of the enemy, and was apprehensive that he was there in force. The Confederates were not, in the forenoon, but General Stuart was there with the cavalry, and dragged brush along the road to raise a dust and thus deceived Porter as to the force. By midday, however, the advance of Longstreet's troops had arrived, and along in the afternoon the entire body of twenty-five thousand men approached and halted, with the head of the column about two miles away from Jackson's right. Porter, perhaps distrustful of Pope's ability, and uncertain as to the strength of the foe in his front, failed to obey the order, for which he was cashiered, and remained in disgrace until 1885, when the Congress relieved him. Had he attacked Jackson's right, or attempted to turn it any time that afternoon, Longstreet's whole force would have assaulted him in flank, and would have destroyed his corps. Hence, Porter's inaction robbed the Confederates of a great victory, and saved to the Union army his corps intact. The next day the battle was concluded, and Pope was compelled to retreat across Bull Run, decidedly worsted. General Bragg told me that when the Federals were thus falling back one of his soldiers, an Irishman, said to him, "Well, colonel, is it a fact that the bloody Rebels are retreating after us?"

At this battle, on Friday, the 29th of August, 1862, we were stationed behind a railroad embankment. The Federal troops made several attacks on us, and behaved very gallantly. Finally one regiment approached our front through the oak woods, and when within about a hundred yards of us, halted, and refused to obey the command of the officer to go further. The major commanding it, irritated by the disobedience of his men, burning with courage, and desirous of setting them an example, came charging ahead of

them on his horse, commanding them to follow. He rode up the embankment in front of Company A of our regiment and the men of that company opened fire, and killed him and his horse on top of the embankment. The commander of the regiment rebuked the men and said to them, "Men, it was a shame to kill such a brave man, you should have captured him." Just then General Jackson, who had, unnoticed, ridden up in our rear, said "Colonel, you are wrong, sir, and the men are right. Kill the brave ones; they lead on the others." This was a complete reversal of the teaching of "Old Hickory" Jackson, who, when Bill Weatherford, the great Indian chief, rode up to Jackson's headquarters, the general said, "Aha, Bill Weatherford, I have you at last." Weatherford replied, holding his rifle in his hand, "Give me none of your sass, or I will send a ball through your cowardly heart. I have fought you till my soldiers are all dead. The women and children are starving in the woods, and I have come to surrender like a brave man and will not be insulted." Many soldiers who had gathered at the scene cried out, "Shoot the Indian! Kill him! Kill him!" Jackson stormed aloud at them saying, "Don't you do it. Any one who would kill so brave a man as this, would rob the dead."

MINOR INCIDENTS AMID GREAT EVENTS.

BY GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

CHAPLAIN WILLIAM R. EASTMAN, 72nd New York Volunteers, is a veteran officer whom I have occasionally met. After the battle of the third day at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, the chaplain, who had been busy during the previous operations succoring the wounded and attending the dying, at last met with a most painful injury: his horse, terrified by the firing, slipped and fell with him, wrenching his leg and badly bruising his knee. The accident occurred on the field where there were many lifeless remains and wounded men, not yet removed from the places where they fell. The night came on, and the chaplain, who had probably been unconscious, found himself lying helpless on the ground. He several times endeavored to rise, only to fall back prostrate with increased suffering. He bolstered himself up upon a knoll as well as he could, and thought that he would wait until relief came in some shape. He knew that before long the hospital attendants would be coming over the field with their stretchers, and probably men would be seeking for absent comrades among the fallen. While he was so meditating he heard a groan not far from him, and then apparently swearing. He said to himself: "Surely no one is cursing here?" Then listening more attentively, he detected the voice of prayer, as if from lips unused to such petition. He called to the man, who immediately begged him to come to his relief. As

the chaplain could not rise nor walk, it occurred to him after several other vain efforts, to work his way by rolling. So over and over with much attendant pain he rolled till he reached the wounded soldier. With him he remained, helping him to lift up his heart and gather spiritual strength, while his life-blood slowly ebbed away. He had hardly closed the man's eyes in death, when the party with an officer came upon him, as he had anticipated would be the case. They were out there to do what they could for the wounded.

"Here, chaplain," said the leader of the party, "is a man who wants your services."

"But I cannot walk, I am so badly hurt myself," said the chaplain. "I'll go if you will carry me."

So all that night without heeding his own pain, Chaplain Eastman had himself carried by a couple of men from dying man to dying man all over that terrible field.

It has struck me that there was no display of self-abnegation and generous heroic conduct at Gettysburg superior to that of Chaplain William R. Eastman. Is not this a case of "*Noblesse oblige*"?

FIRST LIEUTENANT WILLIAM MCINTYRE, 61st New York Volunteers, gave his life for me.

As that part of my brigade which was not detached embraced the 61st New York, Colonel Francis C. Barlow commanding, I had the honor of personally conducting it in line of battle across the railroad near Fair Oaks Station, Va., the 1st of June, 1862. The Confederates called this battle of two days, "Seven Pines," that being the name of a hamlet about a mile southwest of the station. We call the battle "Fair Oaks."



CHAPLAIN EASTMAN AT GETTYSBURG.

from the railroad station itself. In our forward movement, the 61st and 64th New York regiments being abreast, we passed the enemy's skirmish line, and through what appeared to be his main line, taking many prisoners. At last, still advancing, when in sight of some of the tents which General Casey had abandoned the day before, we received a severe fire from a Confederate force, apparently kneeling among the trees behind the tents. I had by this time been wounded a second time; just then my horse was struck and one of his legs was badly broken. Much excitement arose as the officers were locating their lines and endeavoring to return the fire. At the instant, seeing my condition, Lieutenant McIntyre, of the 61st New York, rose from a place of comparative safety and ran to the side of my horse; he, with one of his men whose name I never knew, seized me, and pulling me from the saddle quickly put me under a slight cover of the ground near by, while the lieutenant remarked, "General, you shall not be killed!" Feeling faintness coming over me from loss of blood, for by the last wound my arm had been badly shattered, I quickly rose up and called for Colonel Barlow to take command of the two regiments and continue the contest, saying that I was faint and must go to the hospital. I said further that I would send him help right away. I remember Barlow's exceeding coolness. Nothing is so satisfactory to a commander as to feel that he entrusts his men to one who is not mentally disturbed by danger. In a short time after I had left that dangerous field, Lieutenant McIntyre, near the spot where he gave me such generous protection, was himself struck by a bullet and killed. Here, again, whenever this battle comes to my mind, I say to myself: "Who could show a greater devotion than McIntyre? He gave the best he had his life! He gave his life for me!"

CAPTAIN WILLIAM DUNCAN, 10th Illinois Cavalry was a long time at my headquarters in Western campaigns. He commanded a company of cavalry, and later a squadron (two companies), which performed every sort of duty, namely, orderly, scouting, reconnoitering and escort. Sometimes these duties brought his command into the fiercest of combats; he himself was as bold a cavalryman as I ever saw.

Once during the spring of 1865, as my army was passing beyond Columbia eastward, he with his little squadron met unexpectedly near Darlington, S. C., a brigade (three or four regiments) of Confederates. It was during a dark night. He instantly attacked them without regard to numbers and checked their march long enough to bring off his command with small loss. Sometime later in the campaign, in his bold scouting he was twice cut off and captured by the enemy, but each time he managed to escape. Once on a march he eluded his captors by springing away from the

guard through the bushes and thickets; and the other time by creeping out at night beneath the floor of an old guard-house. Stripped of his uniform and equipments he was in a sorry plight when he came back to me with a grievous story to tell of the hardships and ill-treatment that he had undergone.

Previous to these daring feats and during our Carolina campaign and march to the sea, when we came near the Savannah canal, in order to



DUNCAN AND HIS MEN ON THEIR WAY TO THE FLEET.

connect with our anxious fleet below Savannah, I selected Captain Duncan, Sergeant Myron J. Amick, 15th Illinois, and Private Geo. W. Quimby of a Wisconsin regiment, for the boldest enterprise of the campaign, namely, to take a canoe (an old dug-out), and to paddle down the Ogeechee River for some fifteen or twenty miles, through the enemy's lines, to pass the Ogeechee bridge, various rice plantations quite largely peopled, and on, if possible, past Fort McAllister, defended not only by its garrison but by a neighboring Confederate gumboat. The hairbreadth escapes of this party, and the adroitness and skill with which the whole journey was accomplished and connection made with one of the tugs of our fleet stationed out in the offing, make an eventful tale hardly surpassed in romance. Here is what Admiral

Dahlgren reports to the Secretary of the Navy concerning this party: "Could Captain Duncan's story be well told, he would receive special brevets and the medal of honor."

At this writing infirmity has come upon Captain Duncan, and he is struggling half blind and endeavoring to obtain an honest living.

Certainly Duncan is not only entitled to a generous pension, but to a well-merited medal of honor.

PRIVATE CHARLES McDONALD, 4th Rhode Island Volunteers, was a soldier of whose goodness of heart it is a duty as well as a pleasure to give permanent record.

When in Camp California, where my brigade was located, substantially in line of battle, perhaps a half a mile in advance of the Fairfax Seminary, I caused the detail of private Charles McDonald from the 4th Rhode Island Regiment. The duty assigned him was at first that of hostler and a little later he became an orderly. He was habitually in attendance upon me in my rides both on and off duty. But we may say that he was always on duty, as in fact in those days I was so regarded even in my visits to neighboring camps, or to Washington.

When General Burnside made up his small army in the winter of 1861 and 1862 for the expedition to Roanoke Island, the 4th Rhode Island was detached from my command. By special permission I was allowed to retain McDonald, so that he was with me in all the campaigns and battles of the Army of the Potomac in which I was engaged from and after his detail, and in all the operations of the West till he was wounded at the battle of Kolb's farm, July, 1864. I was reconnoitering, having with me two or three officers, each officer, like myself, having an orderly; we were within the artillery range of the Confederates; I hardly thought their rifle bullets could reach us at the high point where we were observing. But I was mistaken. Suddenly McDonald rode to my side, and said with some show of feeling: "General Howard, I have been hit." Then he held up his foot toward me and showed me where a bullet had passed through it. I told him I was very sorry, and directed him to go back to the field hospital. As he was turning his horse to go there, he looked in my face and said gently: "This will cost me my life, but I am so glad that I was wounded and not you." I tried to rally him and said: "Oh, nonsense, McDonald, it is not a dangerous wound, though it is a painful one (as such wounds through the foot always are), you will soon be well and with me again." "No, no, general," he answered, "how glad I am you were not struck!"

I promised to visit him at the hospital whither he went properly attended. The same evening I went to the hospital according to my

promise, but owing to some sudden order, probably sent to my medical director from the medical department, all the wounded had been already carried back to the general hospital, then located on top of Lookout Mountain. It grieved me greatly that I could not see my generous orderly, McDonald, again. Never after was I able to trace his name, and fear that his expressed apprehension was indeed a premonition of death.

McDonald had but little education, was what would be called a rough man when he joined my headquarters, but during the first winter he came to the readings, which we had on Sunday evenings, and a great change took place in his habits and character. As I recall him now, I remember him as a modest, brave and self-denying man, in fact to me a devoted Christian friend, with no special pretensions but to do without fear and without reproach the duty in hand. He had a wife and children in Rhode Island, and often came to me to address his letters, especially when he sent them his pay, declaring that the letter would go "straighter" if I "backed" it.

This is one of the instances where my own tenderness is great toward an humble friend; for I feel in my heart that on that occasion he was wounded for me; and for me on that field he gave his life.

SKETCH OF AN OLD SOLDIER.

GENERAL J. P. CILLEY.*

SERGEANT RICHARD NORRIS, of Companies I and L of the 1st Maine Cavalry, was an old English soldier who misplaced his h's in a pronounced English manner. He was assigned to Company I at time of transfer, but for some cause afterward placed in Company L. One day, when asked to what company he belonged, he replied: "I was hup in Hi Company, but now I ham down in Hell Company." He took great pride in his cavalry hat and always went into a fight bareheaded, removing his hat from his head and placing it inside his shirt bosom, about the only place he could bestow it, for our soldier's wardrobe was only a pair of trousers, a woolen shirt and a blouse. The full dress uniform of the cavalry differed from the above and from the infantry soldier's by substituting a short jacket for the blouse, while the infantry had a coat. The infantry boys used to maliciously say that the reason why cavalymen wore a jacket was to allow their friends to admire the reënforcements on their trousers, essential to endure the wearing influence of the hard McTellan saddle. Norris, when asked the reason of his fighting bareheaded, always replied that the Rebs had ruined one hat by shooting through it, and

*The regiment of General Cilley, author of the sketch, was authorized to bear on its standard the names of three more battles than was any other regiment in the Army of the Potomac, and he was himself the first man who enlisted, the first wounded, and nearly the last mustered out.

he did not intend they should destroy, in like manner, another. In the midst of a fight one day, while dismounted, the sergeant came upon a young squirrel at the foot of a tree, paralyzed with fright or confused by the noise. Hastily picking him up, he placed him in his hat, in its usual battle place. After the battle was over, he had opportunity to feed and care for the squirrel. The old fellow's heart, for he was then forty-five years of age, seemed to open fully to the squirrel as the first thing in his life that he could care for, watch over and love. All his spare moments were spent in feeding, petting and caring for his squirrel. He would sit for hours stroking its soft fur and talking to it. He would tell and retell to his pet the dimensions and architecture of the mansion he designed to build for him after the war was over, of the dining-room below, the nice chamber above, and a gymnasium at one side, the kind of wood he should use in constructing the house, and the colors of paints used to adorn the building.

The subject was so sacred to his fatherly heart that none of the boys ever thought of laughing at him as the old story of the squirrel's mansion was dinned into the ears of his little bosom companion.

Generally when we moved the squirrel occupied his pockets or rested on his shoulders or roamed his body at will, but in every fight, when the hat came off into it went the squirrel and both were pressed close to his heart. In battle after battle, both the squirrel and hat went safely through the showers of lead, till at Reams Station a bullet pierced hat and squirrel, and the warm blood of the latter flowed down the soldier's side. The old fellow was nearly heart-broken.

The turrets and revolving wheels of the squirrel mansion, like castles on the Spanish main, lay wrecked and ruined in mid-air.

He carried him for a day or so, and then through the hushed ranks of his comrades withdrew one side to bury him. As he rose with tears in his eyes and took up his mutilated hat, he tried to choke down his grief by saying: "My dear hat, I do not know where I can carry you safely now, unless I place you behind the reënforcements on my trousers."

The next day Sergeant Norris was badly wounded, but his manner showed it was merely an ordinary and expected incident.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

GLIMPSES OF CHICKAMAUGA, MISSIONARY RIDGE AND CHATTANOOGA — GENERAL H. V. N. BOYNTON —
THE 35TH OHIO INFANTRY — PETER KAPFESSER, 149TH NEW YORK INFANTRY — BATTLE
OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN — WEARING A FLAG AS A COMFORTER.

GENERAL HENRY VAN NESS BOYNTON was born in Berkshire County, Mass., in 1835.

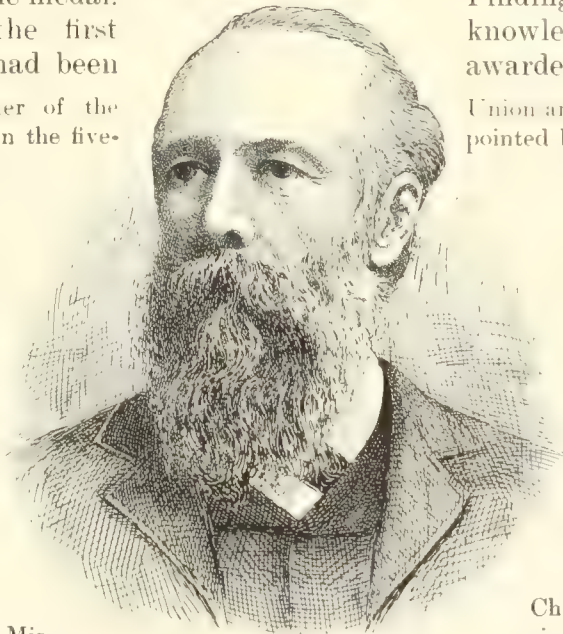
Prior to the war he was professor of the Kentucky Military Institute, and July 29, 1861, was appointed major of the 35th Ohio Infantry.

Writing to the compiler of these records under recent date, General Boynton says :

I send you an article cut from the *New York Times* of November 10, 1893, regarding the medal. my desk was the first that the medal had been

"To the soldier of the War of the Rebellion the five—such officers and most distinguished most distinguished tion,' is one of the prizes of that war. have been issued they were immediately authorized, out of the war de—the breasts of some distinguished them—

"Secretary of just authorized the honor to Brigadier-Ness Boynton, who Ohio Volunteers at tanooga, and at the Mis—where he fell with two in health as to be com—soon after his commission as brevet brigadier-general, for distinguished and gallant conduct in both contests named.



GENERAL H. V. BOYNTON.

Finding the newspaper on knowledge that I had awarded.

Union army who served in the pointed bronze star awarded to privates as have or who may hereafter themselves in almost highly coveted Of late years they more carefully than diately after they when they flowed partment to deck men who had not selves in action.

War Lamont has issue of a medal of General Henry Van commanded the 35th

Chickamauga and Chattanooga Ridge assault. wounds, was so injured pelled to resign, to receive

"The medal was not sought by General Boynton. He is not the sort of soldier who courts decoration, pension, or favor as the price of his loyalty and devotion to his country. And he is precisely the kind of soldier for whom the bronze star, intrinsically without value, but precious as a recognition of honorable and courageous service, was intended, and the sort of soldier to whom only it should be given. It is the assertion of one of his comrades in command, that to his personal example and bravery were attributable in a large measure the stubbornness of the stand made by General Thomas at a critical moment during the battle of Chickamauga.

"Major-General Absalom Baird, United States army, retired, who commanded the 3rd division, 14th army corps, Army of the Cumberland, who was an observer of the conduct of General Boynton, made the application to the war department, upon which the



CHICKAMAUGA.

award to General Boynton has been made, just thirty years after the occurrences of the war, in which he proved his courage and his right to the decoration. In his letter of request, he said:

"At the battle of Chickamauga, when the left of our line of battle, held by my command, had been turned by the enemy, and our army was in great jeopardy, the brigade to which General Boynton belonged appeared on the field in the rear of my left flank and went gallantly into action, and aided materially in restoring our fortunes. Lieutenant-Colonel Henry V. Boynton of the 35th Ohio Volunteers was then in command of that regiment, and his conduct on the occasion was most gallant. This brigade (3rd brigade, 3rd division, 14th army corps, Colonel Van Derveer), did not belong to my command, but the service was in my assistance and performed under my observation. Lieutenant-Colonel Boynton rendered most distinguished service at other points on this field of battle, where I was not present."

Clinton A. Cilley, late captain and inspector, 2nd brigade, 3rd division, 14th army corps, and subsequently assistant adjutant-general of volunteers, in a communication accompanying the application of General Baird, writes, under date of October 31, 1893, as follows:

"It was on Sunday, September 20, 1863, that he distinguished himself.

"First, his regiment, the 35th Ohio, which he commanded, being on the right of the second or rear line of the brigade, and General Breckenridge's Confederate division, of whose approach we could not be aware, having delivered a destructive volley on its flank, before its advance could be seen, Lieutenant-Colonel Boynton, without waiting for orders, waited until the line in his front had delivered its fire, and then changing front, rose to its feet and charged the enemy, driving his greatly superior force off that part of the field into the woods behind them, and held them in check until another brigade came up.

"Second, about 4 to 6 P. M., he held our right on Snodgrass Hill, with but little ammunition, and toward the last with none at all save a single cartridge in each gun, gradually taking charge of such regiments and fragments of regiments as could be rallied and placed near him, having at last no less than four separate commands under him.

"To him more than to almost any other subordinate officer is due the wonderful defense made by Major-General Thomas until nightfall.

"I may justly add that on the 19th of September, after a brigade in our front had been compelled to retire over and through our lines, we making our men lie down to let it pass, the enemy attacked his flank in four lines. Ordering the 35th to their feet, and having no time to wait for orders, Lieutenant-Colonel Boynton charged to the left, and by the most desperate fighting, aided of course by the 2nd Minnesota and Lieutenant F. G. Smith's battery I, 4th artillery, the attack was repulsed, and the left of our army, then engaged in covering the Chattanooga road from Bragg's repeated assaults, was protected and saved, and the left maintained.

"Of these events I had the good fortune to be an eye witness, and cheerfully bear testimony thereto.

"I beg leave to submit the following, as to his conduct at Chattanooga, in November, 1863.

"At this time, I was assistant adjutant-general of his brigade, in the 3rd division, 14th artillery corps, Brigadier-General A. Baird then division commander. The enlisted men started out of the rifle pits at the foot of the ridge, one or two crawling or walking up the ravine and along the span, two or three and then four or five following them, until the hillside was marked by wedges of men, making their way in face of a fierce fire of small arms and guns up to the crest. As near the foremost man of the 35th as the configuration of the slope would allow, Lieutenant-Colonel Boynton, commanding the regiment, as his colonel commanded the brigade, pressed on and up, cheering and advising his men, and by his heroic example leading many another gallant officer on the path he so bravely marked out.

"Near the top he was shot twice, both times severely, even dangerously, but his conduct had been in very great measure helpful to the rest.

"Not far behind him, with the staff, I saw this most distinguished act, and am glad to have lived long enough to say so."

Henry V. N. Boynton was mustered into service as major with the field and staff of the 35th Ohio Infantry, September 24, 1861; was mustered in

as lieutenant-colonel July 19, 1863; was severely wounded in the leg at the battle in front of Chattanooga, Tenn., November 25, 1863, and was discharged September 8, 1864, upon tender of resignation on account of disability arising from wounds received in action.

On March 13, 1865, Colonel Boynton was breveted brigadier-general of volunteers, "for good conduct at the battles of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge."

The reports upon the battles of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge contain many references to the gallantry of General Boynton and his command. The application for the medal was honored without question.

PETER KAPPESSER.

149TH NEW YORK INFANTRY.

A BRIEF account of the battle of Lookout Mountain is taken from the "National Records" for the better understanding of Mr. Kappesser's story:

"By three o'clock of the same day (the 24th of November), Colonel Long with his brigade of cavalry of Thomas' army crossed to the south side of the Tennessee and to the north of Chickamauga Creek and made a raid on the enemy's lines of communication. He burned Tyler's station, with many stores, cut the railroad at Cleveland, captured nearly a hundred wagons, and over two hundred prisoners. His own loss was small.

"Hooker carried out the part assigned him for this day equal to the most sanguine expectations. With Geary's division (Twelfth Corps), and two brigades of Stanley's division (Fourth Corps) of Thomas' army, and Osterhaus' division (Fifteenth Corps) of Sherman's army, he scaled the western slope of Lookout Mountain, drove the enemy from his rifle pits on the northern extremity and slope of the mountain, capturing many prisoners, and without serious loss.

"When Hooker emerged in sight of the northern extremity of Lookout Mountain, Carlin's brigade, of the Fourteenth Corps, was ordered to cross Chattanooga Creek, and form a junction with him. This was effected late in the evening, and after considerable fighting.

"Thus, on the night of the 24th, our forces maintained a broken line with open communications from the north end of Lookout Mountain through Chattanooga Valley to the north end of Missionary Ridge."

Peter Kappesser was born in Germany in 1839, and in August, 1862, enlisted at Syracuse, N. Y., as private in Company B, 149th New York Infantry, remaining in the service until the final mustering out of the army, during which time he participated in the following engagements: Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wauhatchie, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold, the campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and the campaign from Atlanta to the Sea.

Writing from Syracuse, N. Y., in reply to the question as to how he won the medal of honor, Mr. Kappesser says:

It was during the battle of Lookout Mountain, November 24, 1863, General Hooker commanding.

My company (B) covered the Confederate camp in the hollow where they were preparing breakfast. Our skirmishers opened fire on them, with our main line close behind, and they responded to it as soon as it was possible to recover from their surprise.

Company B had twelve men wounded within five minutes, whereupon we charged with bayonets, forcing them to retreat into their breastworks, leaving many prisoners in our hands.

Following them up to the second line of works, we carried those and took more prisoners, together with a color-sergeant.

The color-sergeant, with his flag following, and surrounded by his guards, were attempting to retreat under cover of the rocks, when I demanded their surrender. They finally thought it best to throw down their arms, and the sergeant handed me the flag, probably feeling more safe in our lines without colors than in his own with them.

Tearing the flag from the staff, I thrust it under my overcoat, keeping it there during the remainder of the day.

There was no time to make other disposition of it just then, for one of my comrades was badly wounded, and I started with him on my back to take him off the field, he, poor fellow, receiving a second wound while I was carrying him.

The night being very cold I used the captured flag as a scarf around my neck, with my overcoat collar turned up over it, and in that way wore it during the battle of Missionary Ridge, and from there to Ringgold, where, after the battle was over, I gave it to the commanding officer of the regiment, receiving the assurance that it should be returned to me after my arrival in camp.

The prisoners which we had taken claimed that it was their regimental flag—the 34th Mississippi.



KAPPESSER WITH HIS FLAG AND WOUNDED COMRADE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE ASSAULT ON MISSIONARY RIDGE — ROBERT B. BROWN, 15TH OHIO INFANTRY — HOW MISSIONARY RIDGE WAS CAPTURED WITHOUT ORDERS — GENERAL AUGUST WILlich — HARRIS H. DAVIS, 8TH KENTUCKY INFANTRY — THE SLOPE OF THE RIDGE — ONE OF THE SIX FLAGS — FORT SANDERS, KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE — J. S. MANNING, 29TH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY — INCIDENTS OF THE CONFEDERATE ASSAULT — F. W. JUDGE, 79TH NEW YORK INFANTRY — THE "HIGHLANDERS" — AND THEIR SERVICES — THE RATIONS AT FORT SANDERS — THE LINES OF WIRE.

ROBERT B. BROWN was born in New Concord, Ohio, in 1844, and enlisted in his native town August 9, 1861, as private in Company A, 15th Ohio Infantry; reenlisted as a veteran when his term of service expired, and was finally mustered out, December 27, 1865.

During his life as a soldier he participated in fourteen engagements, was wounded on the skirmish line at Atlanta, July 23, 1864, and was in hospital and at home nine months, permanently crippled in the left ankle.

Mr. Brown, who is business manager of the Courier Publishing Co., Zanesville, Ohio, writes as follows:

I send you an article taken from the *Daily Courier*, which covers the ground of the capture of the flag by which I won my medal of honor. To my mind it was never a conspicuous act, but rather an accident which fell to my lot, through which I was more fortunate than my comrades. The fact is I was a very humble soldier and played a very humble part in the great tragedy. Through the extreme partiality of my G. A. R. comrades I was made department commander in 1885, and in that capacity inaugurated a movement which resulted in the founding, building and opening of the best appointed soldiers' and sailors' home in the United States. I have served on the board of trustees continuously from April, 1886, until this time, and you will pardon a growing pride in this fact and this work.

Following is the extract from the Zanesville *Daily Courier* under date of April 5, 1890:

"On the 25th of November, the Army of the Cumberland in the center, acting with the Army of the Tennessee on the left, moved forward from the entrenchments in front of Chattanooga, to the assault on Missionary Ridge. General Grant and his staff, surrounded by the generals of the Western army, looked on from Orchard Knob, a commanding elevation



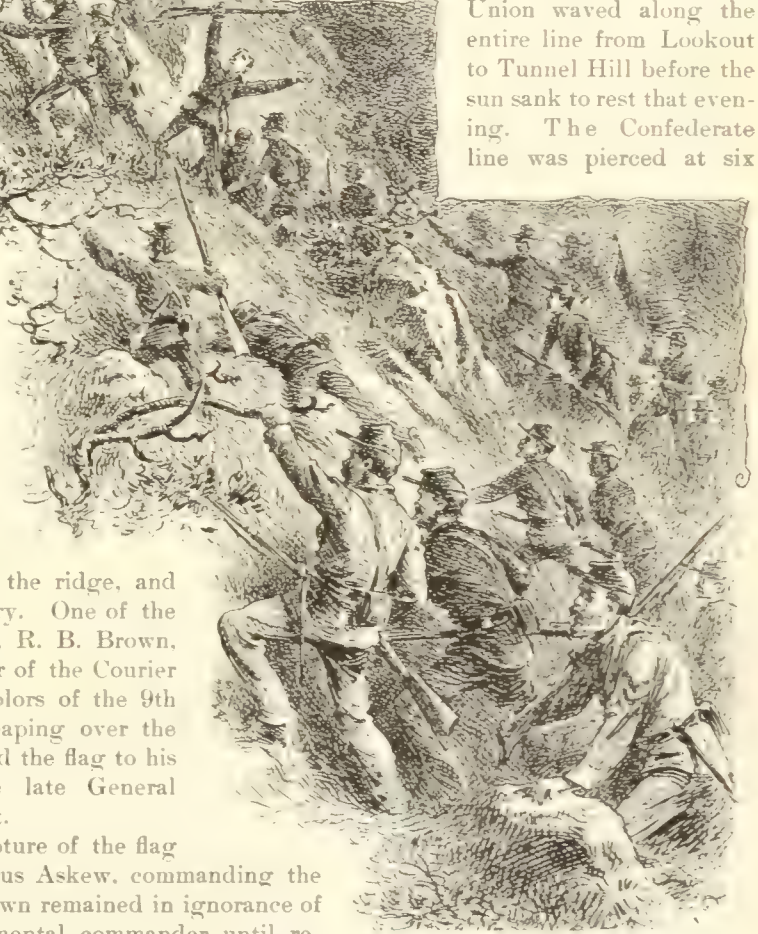
in the rear. The history of the splendid charge has been read and re-read by the people of the civilized world, and fair-minded men accord to the officers and men of the line the honor of the capture of Missionary Ridge. No general gave the command to carry the works at the summit; the orders only compassed the taking of the line of breastworks at the base of the ridge.

"After the enemy had been quickly dislodged from this position the soldiers with singular unanimity decided to finish the job and Missionary Ridge was taken.

The standards of the Union waved along the entire line from Lookout to Tunnel Hill before the sun sank to rest that evening. The Confederate line was pierced at six

different points at about the same moment, and among the first to cross the line was the 15th Ohio Volunteers, one company of which, A, was recruited at New Concord, Muskingum County. Captain J. C. Cummins, its commander, was mortally wounded at the crest of the ridge, and died the following February. One of the members of the company, R. B. Brown, now the business manager of the Courier Company, captured the colors of the 9th Mississippi Infantry by leaping over the breastworks, and delivered the flag to his brigade commander, the late General August Willich, that night.

"The fact of the capture of the flag was noted by Colonel Cyrus Askew, commanding the regiment, but comrade Brown remained in ignorance of this mention by his regimental commander until recently. Now, more than a quarter of a century after



CLIMBING MISSIONARY RIDGE

the engagement, a medal of honor has been awarded Mr. Brown for that act. The fact of the capture was established to the satisfaction of the Secretary of War by the testimony of other veterans."

It should be added that Mr. Brown disclaims any especial exhibition of gallantry. As a boy soldier he simply sought to perform his duty. The "Johnny Reb" was in his path, and he relieved him of any further anxiety as to the care of that particular flag. The last seen of the Confederate color-bearer was as he leaped the breastworks in retreat, sorrowing, doubtless, at the ill luck which sometimes attends the soldiers of every cause.

General August Willich, a noble of the royal line of Germany, and a soldier of undoubted courage, ability and patriotism, was mustered out some years ago, and his remains rest under a stately shaft at St. Mary's, Ohio. Of Company A, 15th Ohio Volunteers, only twenty-nine of the original one hundred and one men survive.

HARRIS H. DAVIS.

8TH KENTUCKY INFANTRY.

THE battles of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain have been described so often, and with such fidelity of detail, that it is hardly necessary to do more than give the general position of the troops at the time Harris H. Davis, Sergeant Company A, 8th Kentucky Infantry, won his medal of honor, in order that the deed which he performed may be more fully understood.

It was on the morning of the 25th of November, 1863, when the battle was raging furiously. Hooker's column was anxiously looked for and momentarily expected, moving north on the ridge, with his left in Chattanooga Valley and his right east of the ridge. His approach was intended as a signal for storming the ridge in the center with strong columns, but the time necessarily consumed in the construction of the bridge near Chattanooga Creek detained him to a later hour than was expected. The enemy was weakening Sherman's center, and General Grant determined to order the advance at once.

Thomas was directed to move with a double line of skirmishers thrown out, followed in easy supporting distance by his whole force, and to carry the rifle pits at the foot of Missionary Ridge, after which he was to reform his lines in the pits in order to carry the top of the ridge.

The orders were obeyed quickly, in an orderly manner, and in a comparatively short time the Confederates swarmed out of the ledge line of rifle pits over the base of the hill, making their way to the top.

Some of the Federal regiments pressed on and swarmed up the steep sides of the mountain, and here and there a color was advanced beyond the line.

The attempt appeared most dangerous, but the advance was supported, and the whole line was ordered to storm the heights upon which not less than forty pieces of artillery, and no one knew how many muskets, stood ready to slaughter the assailants.

With cheers answering cheers the men swarmed forward. They gathered to the points least difficult of ascent, and the line was broken. Color after color was planted up the sides of the ridge, while musket and cannon vomited their thunder upon the daring soldiers.

It seemed little less than absolute death to attempt to charge under such conditions, for it was quite as much as either of the men could do to make his way upward, without paying any attention to the enemy in front of him.

A soldier once wounded beyond the power of aiding himself would fall headlong down those precipitous heights, until he reached the valley below, a mangled corpse, hardly distinguishable as a human being. And yet men did go up there against all that leaden hail, against a shower of grape and canister which poured down the mountain side like a mountain torrent, and foremost among them was the 8th Kentucky, with Davis, eager to show what he could do, heeding neither the foe nor the natural difficulties of the advance as he pressed on, bearing the flag of his regiment, until finally he had placed it upon the ridge while yet his comrades were twenty yards behind him.

Concerning this action, Davis himself writes under date of August 3, 1890, as follows:

I was living in Knox County, Kentucky, when the war broke out, and enlisted September 20, 1861 in Company A, 8th Kentucky Infantry, as sergeant. On November 26, 1863, I was one of six who placed the flags of our regiment on the peak of the mountain, for which service I was awarded a medal of honor, and given a furlough of thirty days.

Davis' letter is as brief as his action was brave, and judging from the many such communications received one might say truly, that if brevity is the soul of wit, it is also the symbol of courage.

JOSEPH S. MANNING.

29TH MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

PRIVATE JOSEPH S. MANNING won his medal at Fort Sanders, Knoxville, Tenn., November 29, 1863.

It was in the gray light of a Sunday morning that the enemy opened a heavy artillery fire upon the fort, and at once the most determined assault was made. In the "Century Company's War Book" General Poe writes:

A. H.—20

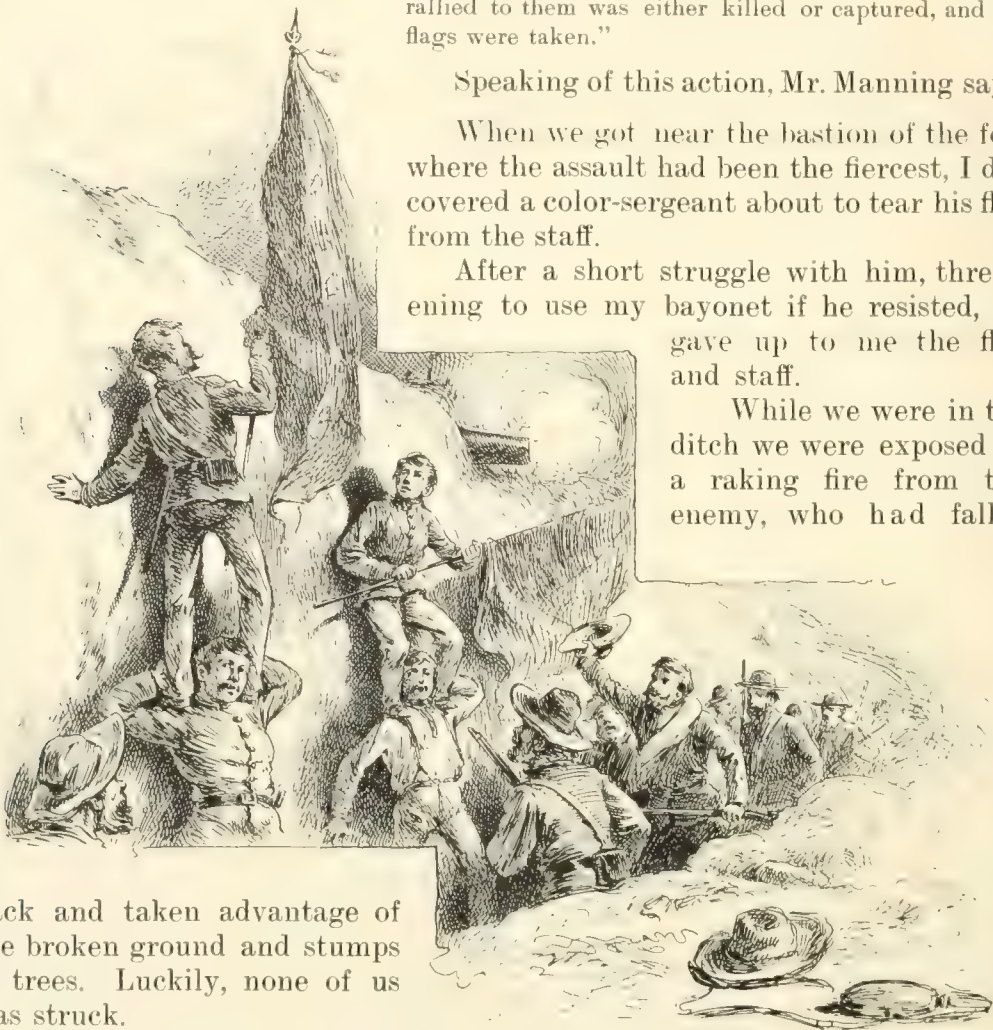
"Although suffering from the terribly destructive fire to which they were subjected, they (the Confederates) soon reached the outer brink of the ditch. There could be no pause at that point, and leaping into the ditch in such numbers as nearly to fill it, they endeavored to scale the walls. Having no scaling ladders, a portion of the men, scrambling over the shoulders of their comrades, planted the battle flags of the 13th and 17th Mississippi and the 16th Georgia upon the parapet, and every man who rallied to them was either killed or captured, and the flags were taken."

Speaking of this action, Mr. Manning says:

When we got near the bastion of the fort where the assault had been the fiercest, I discovered a color-sergeant about to tear his flag from the staff.

After a short struggle with him, threatening to use my bayonet if he resisted, he gave up to me the flag and staff.

While we were in the ditch we were exposed to a raking fire from the enemy, who had fallen



back and taken advantage of the broken ground and stumps of trees. Luckily, none of us was struck.

We gathered up our flags and prisoners, the 16th Georgia, which I captured, and the 17th Mississippi, taken by Sergeant Mahoney, of Company A, 29th Massachusetts, and started for the interior of the fort. Near the angle of the fort on the left the ditch was partly filled with water, which it was necessary to pass through unless one climbed to the top and walked

PLANTING THE FLAGS ON FORT SANDERS.

on the outside. I had no idea of passing through that, as the others had done, so I looked about to discover some way to avoid it.

A wounded Confederate in the ditch was anxious to be taken into the fort, so I had him go to the end of the ditch toward the bastion, where the dead and wounded were piled in almost to the top, clamber up and walk back along toward me. I threw the flag to him, and made him help me up.

After reaching the top I had him lean on my shoulder, exposing him to the fire of the enemy, and when near the rifle pits at the extreme end of the fort I left him and ran for them.

Arriving there, I waved the flag triumphantly, was cheered by our own boys, and fired at by the Confederates. The wounded Confederate came in also, and, together with the other prisoners, was carried to headquarters.

General Burnside complimented us, took my name and regiment, and told me I should hear from it.

Mr. Manning was born in Ipswich, Mass., April 13, 1845; enlisted at East Boston, November 18, 1861, being then but sixteen years of age, in Company K, 29th Massachusetts.

SERGEANT FRANCIS W. JUDGE.

79TH NEW YORK INFANTRY.

FRANCIS W. JUDGE was sergeant Company K, 79th New York Infantry (Highlanders), and received the medal of honor for the capture of the flag of the 51st Georgia Infantry at Fort Sanders.

When the 79th started in to fight at the first Bull Run, the officers wore kilts and the men pantaloons of the Cameron plaid; but like most of the regiments that entered the war with fancy uniforms, they soon laid this dress aside for the more serviceable regulation costume.

This regiment fought well through the war. Its colonel, James Cameron, brother of Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, was killed at the first Bull Run, and it was among the heaviest losers in that field—thirty-two killed, fifty-one wounded, and a hundred and fifteen missing or captured.

It fought gallantly at James Island, again on Manassas Plains, in the second Bull Run, and at Chantilly.

General Stevens, formerly colonel of the Highlanders, who succeeded Cameron, was killed at Chantilly, where after six color-bearers of the 79th had fallen, the general seized the flag and shouted to his regiment to follow him.

He led the charge and fell dead amid the cheers of victory, with the color-staff grasped firmly in his hand.

On the morning of November 29, 1863, the Confederates made a desperate charge on Fort Sanders, pouring out of the woods in front of the northwest salient of the fort, advancing at a run and with a yell. They forced their way through the abatis up to the ditch, which in a moment was filled by them, and the outer slope of the parapet covered; but the musketry of the 79th was so steady that few dared attempt more.

Writing of this engagement, Mr. Judge says:

During the siege of Knoxville, East Tennessee, which lasted eighteen days, I, as orderly-sergeant of Company K, 79th New York Volunteers (Highlanders), was stationed with my company in the northwest bastion of Fort Sanders, never leaving it for a moment; but sleeping close up to the works with every second man on duty, day and night. We had no tents, and were but poorly clothed, I having marched into Knoxville with no soles to my shoes. Our rations were poor, and at last greatly diminished, until we were forced to live on bread made of a mixture of wheat and corn ground together, cob and all, and finally were reduced to three tablespoonfuls of corn meal per day, and a small portion of meat from cattle which were not killed until they were unable to stand on their feet for lack of food. It was almost impossible to eat the beef, because it turned putrid almost as soon as the animals were slaughtered.

On the morning of November 29, the enemy under General Longstreet made an attempt to capture our position, attacking the angle of the fort where we were stationed, it being the key to the whole line of works. Just before daybreak I was attracted by the unusual stillness which had suddenly come over both sides, for there had been considerable picket firing, as our lines were within easy speaking distance of each other.

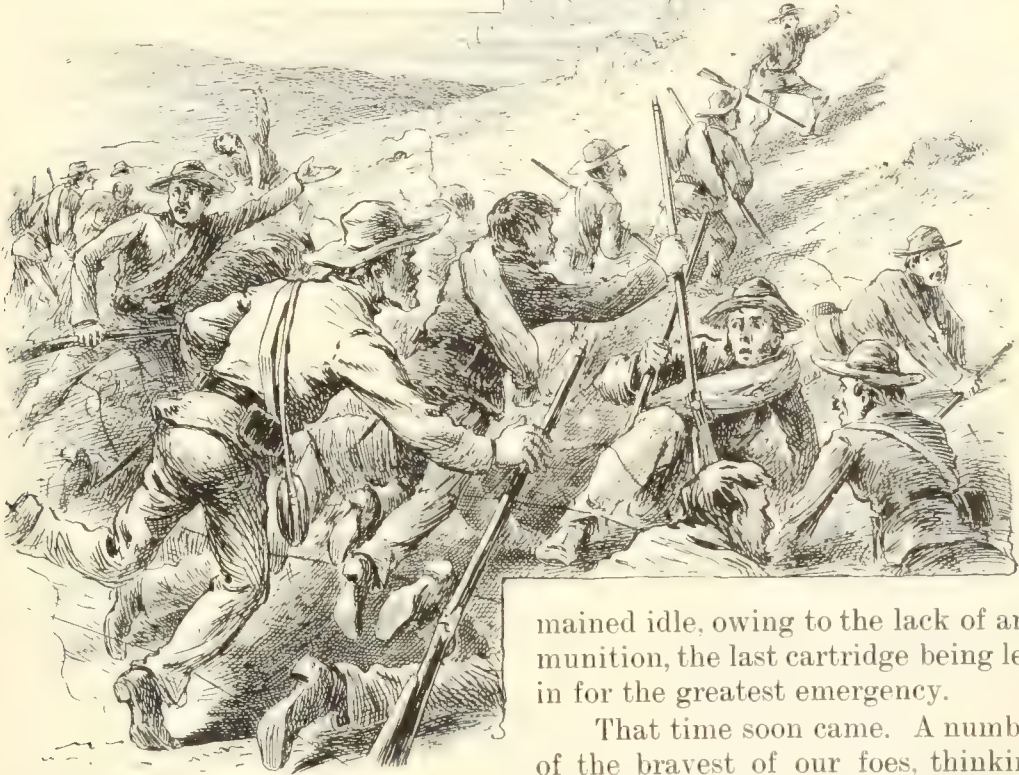
Then a single gun was fired from a battery stationed close to the Armstrong House, and this was the signal for the whole of their artillery to open on us. During a quarter of an hour it was one continuous roar from right to left and back again, their infantry moving up under cover of this to within fifty yards of the fort, where their progress was impeded by a line of telegraph wires stretched about a foot from the ground, and over which many of their men stumbled, causing the line to be broken up considerably. Regaining their feet, they advanced a few yards only to stumble over a second line of wires, and again a little farther on, a third line; therefore, by this time they were in pretty bad shape.

We did not open on them, although they were within fifty feet of the works.

Forming on their colors, with a yell they made for the ditch, and it was our turn now to commence fire. We poured into them grape, canister, and

rifle balls, until it appeared as if whole sections of their men were mown down by the terrific volleys which were poured upon them. They could not retreat, since that would be certain death, therefore they crowded into the ditch.

By this time their supporting columns had arrived, and were pouring bullets into the fort, making it next to impossible for the gunners to serve their guns, or the infantry to raise their heads above the works. One of the guns re-



STUMBLING ON THE WIRES.

mained idle, owing to the lack of ammunition, the last cartridge being left in for the greatest emergency.

That time soon came. A number of the bravest of our foes, thinking the gun was finally silenced, presented themselves at the embrasure with the demand for us to surrender.

"Yes, we will surrender this to you," was the reply of our gunner, who had been lying under the piece, close to the parapet.

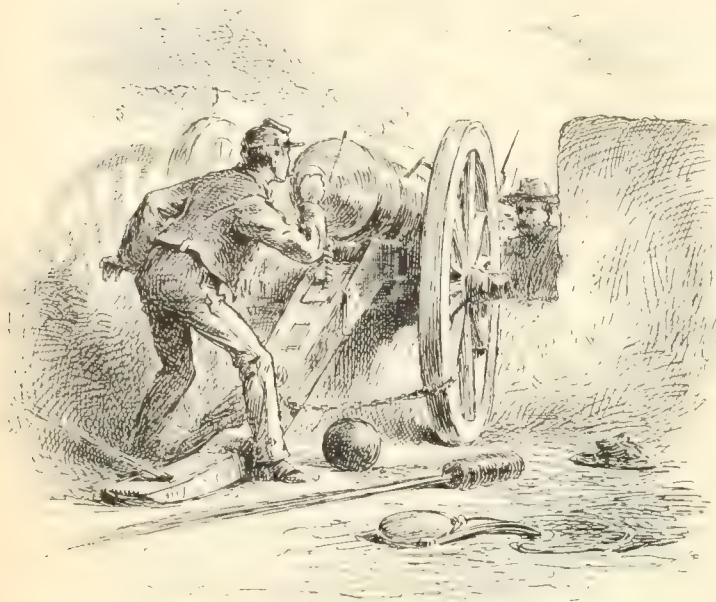
The lanyard was pulled, and when the smoke cleared away we saw that the bodies of the brave "Johnnies" had literally been scattered to the winds.

Soon a Confederate flag was seen appearing over the parapet, and then the head and shoulders of the bearer; but only for a moment. He was riddled with bullets and rolled into the ditch dead.

Another tried it and met with the same fate.

The fire having slackened somewhat, I, with two comrades, jumped onto the works, and had hardly straightened myself up, when I discovered, coming cautiously up the face of the earthwork, the color-bearer of one of the attacking regiments, with the colors in his hands.

I immediately covered him with my rifle and demanded the surrender of the flag. Probably my shooting-iron was



THE LAST CARTRIDGE.

far more eloquent than any words I might add to the demand, it being within six inches of his head, and without any argument, he complied with my request.

Amid a shower of bullets I jumped into the fort, and he rolled into the ditch.

In addition I would like to state that I also hold a Crimean or Baltic medal from the British government, having served while a boy some three years in the English navy.

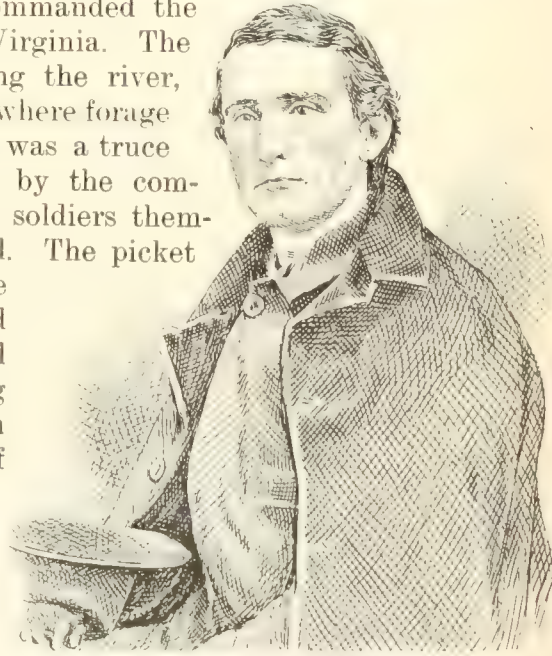
CHAPTER XL.

THE CAPTURE OF GENERAL STOUGHTON—GENERAL JOHN MOSBY, C. S. A.—THE TRUCE ALONG THE LINES—THE DESERTER—PLANNING THE RAID—THE GAP IN THE PICKET LINE—SCENES AND DOINGS IN THE SLUMBERING VILLAGE—THE CAPTURE—GENERAL W. H. LYTLE—COLONEL J. S. JOHNSON, C. S. A.—FIRST MEETING AFTER PERRYVILLE—SENDING BACK THE PRISONER—DEATH OF GENERAL LYTLE.

THE CAPTURE OF GENERAL STOUGHTON.

GENERAL JOHN MOSBY, C. S. A.

IN February, 1863, after Burnside's disastrous defeat at Fredericksburg, the two hostile armies were camped on opposite banks of the Rappahannock waiting for the spring campaign to open. I had been serving at Stuart's headquarters, who at that time commanded the cavalry corps of the Army of Northern Virginia. The infantry was used for picket duty along the river, and the cavalry was sent back to the rear where forage could be more easily procured. There was a truce along the lines, not formally agreed on by the commanders of the two armies, but by the soldiers themselves. No hostile shots were ever fired. The picket guards talked to each other across the stream in the most friendly manner and amused themselves in constructing small boats or rafts out of pine bark, fitting them up with a sail and sending them across the river loaded with things of which one side had plenty and the other was scarce. Coffee and tobacco were the articles of exchange, the Northern soldiers being well supplied with the former and the Southern with the latter.



GENERAL JOHN MOSBY.

I proposed to General Stuart to let me take a squad of eight or ten men and go over in the counties on the Potomac to give the enemy some

employment for their cavalry in that region. During the first year of the war I was a private in the 1st Virginia Cavalry and had become pretty well acquainted with the country. I had never been there before the war broke out. Stuart, who was full of enterprise, readily consented. With this small detachment a lively war was kept up on the cavalry outposts in Fairfax. It was my habit always to examine the prisoners we took separately and apart from each other. In this way I soon acquired a pretty accurate knowledge of the distribution of the Northern forces in Fairfax. They were under command of Brigadier-General Stoughton of Vermont, a young general, who was a graduate of West Point and had won some distinction under McClellan in the preceding campaign. His cavalry chief was Colonel Percy Wyndham, an English adventurer, who had served under Garibaldi. He had been very much annoyed by the war that had been carried on against his picket lines, and had sent me a great many insulting messages.

From the information gathered from the prisoners I had conceived it practicable to penetrate the enemy's lines in the night-time, ride up to Wyndham's headquarters, and carry him off. While I was planning such an expedition, but had communicated my purpose to no one, a deserter from the 5th New York Cavalry one day came to me at Middleburg, in Loudon County. His name was Ames, and he was a sergeant in his regiment. The alleged reason for his desertion was the Emancipation Proclamation, which had just been issued. I never believed it, but always thought it was to gratify pique and resentment. He rendered both faithful and valuable service to me. After a rigid cross-questioning I was convinced of his sincerity and he confirmed all that I had heard of the position of the troops down in Fairfax. My men were, however, very distrustful of him. He told us where his regiment was camped in a body of pines, and offered to take any of my men who would go with him to the camp and bring out some fine horses. A young man named Walter Frankland, who had just joined me, and was not mounted, volunteered to go on what was considered a perilous enterprise. Of course I consented. The next day they started on foot, and after dark passed the videttes and entered the camp where all were sleeping, except the drowsy sentinels. Ames knew where the best horses were. He and Frankland selected two of the best, and rode out of the camp by the sentinel, who was walking his beat. They were not challenged. The guard thought it was only a patrol going out.

On Ames' return I resolved no longer to defer taking a higher flight than any I had attempted, and which I had for some time been contemplating. Through him I had learned that Brigadier-General Stoughton's headquarters had been established at Fairfax Courthouse. On the afternoon of March 8, 1863, my men collected at Aldie, a small village in Loudon County, on the Little



COMMERCE BETWEEN ENEMIES.

River turnpike that leads through Fairfax Courthouse, twenty-five miles distant to Alexandria. There had been a deep snow on the ground, but the weather had turned warm and it was melting rapidly. About three o'clock P. M. I started down the pike with twenty-nine men; not one of them knew what was my objective point. They thought we were only going to make a raid on a picket post. Between us and Fairfax Courthouse, on the pike, were the camps of Wyndham's cavalry, and not far in their rear some infantry regiments. The cavalry picket line extended in a semicircle from Dronesville near the Potomac by Chantilly on the pike to Centreville, where several thousand troops were also in camp. From the latter place was a cordon of pickets to the railroad, which the Vermont brigade was guarding. Chantilly is about three miles from Centreville, and I had found out where there was a gap in the picket line between the two places. About dark we got within four or five miles of Chantilly. We had kept on the pike as far as it was safe on account of the deep mud in the country roads. Now we flanked off toward Centreville and passed the picket line about midway between there and Chantilly. We were favored by a heavy rain that was falling; the night was so dark that my column once got cut in two, and the two fragments lost each other for some time. After marching around in a circle for an hour they accidentally ran into each other. Ames was the first one to whom my purpose and plan was communicated. I did not do this until we were about to leave the pike. It was necessary then to tell him, as he alone knew the unguarded point in the picket line. After we had passed the outposts I felt comparatively safe, for I knew that even if we were discovered by the enemy they would mistake us for their own cavalry. Centreville is six or seven miles from Fairfax Courthouse. When we reached the turnpike leading between the two points I was riding by the side of William L. Hunter, and then told him what I proposed doing. He was a sergeant and a man of great coolness and good judgment. I wished him to understand my plans, as he could then more efficiently coöperate with me and act as my second in command. We did not keep long on the pike, as we would have run into some camps, but again turned off south in the direction of the railroad station. We then turned again, and about two o'clock that night rode into the slumbering village. The town was girdled all around with camps, and there were also several hundred soldiers as a provost-guard in the place. Our presence created no alarm. They thought we were some of their own cavalry either coming in or going out on a scout. When we reached the public square the men were detailed in squads; some were sent to the different headquarters, others to the stables to collect the fine horses belonging to officers. There was a hospital on the opposite side of the street; a sentinel was walking in front of it. Ames and Frankland were sent to bring him to me. Ames displayed a

six-shooter and whispered to him to keep quiet. With a portion of the men I rode to the house of a citizen named Murray, where I was told Wyndham had his headquarters. This was not so. We were then told that he was at Judge Thomas' house in the other end of the town. So we quickly returned to the courthouse square. Ames with a party was sent after Wyndham. Two of his staff—Captain Barker and an Austrian, Baron Wordener—were caught asleep, but the bird we were trying to catch had flown. Wyndham had gone down to Washington that evening.

The men partially indemnified themselves for the loss by appropriating his fine horses, wardrobe and accoutrements. Captain Barker belonged to the 5th New York Cavalry, and was Ames' captain. Ames treated him with great civility and seemed to feel great pride when he introduced him to me. Joe Nelson saw a tent in the courtyard; he dismounted and went in. There he found the telegraph operator fast asleep. We had taken the precaution to cut the wires before we got into the town to prevent communication with Centreville. Joe had also caught a soldier, who told him that he was one of the guards at General Stoughton's headquarters. This was the reason that I did not go with the party after Wyndham. I took five or six men with me and rode down to Doctor Gunnell's house on the outskirts of the town, where I was told General Stoughton was staying. Their names were Joe Nelson, Hunter, Whitescarver, Welt Hatcher and Frank Williams. When we reached the house all dismounted, and I gave a loud knock on the door, a head bobbed out from the upper window and asked who we were. I replied, "5th New York Cavalry, with dispatches for General Stoughton." Footsteps were soon heard, and the door opened. Before us a young man was standing in his night clothes. It was Lieutenant Prentiss, the general's aid-de-camp. I seized him by the shirt collar, whispered my name in his ear, and ordered him to take me to the general's room. The bravest of the brave would have been stunned by such a summons. He took us upstairs to Stoughton's room. Welt Hatcher and George Whitescarver were left to guard our horses. We hastily entered the room, struck a light, and saw the man of war lying asleep on the bed before us. There were signs of there having been revelry in the house that night. Several uncorked champagne bottles were lying around. We were surrounded by foes on every side, and no time was to be lost. If we stayed long enough for them to recover from their surprise, every one of us would be made a prisoner. With such environments I could not afford to wait or stand on ceremony. So I threw off the bed clothes; but this had no effect. Then I gave him a spank. The brigadier commanding rose up and inquired what this all meant. I leaned over and asked him if he had ever heard of Mosby. "Have you caught him?" he asked. "No, he has caught you. Get up and dress, quick!" To

deprive him of all hope of rescue I told him that Stuart's cavalry held the town, and that Jackson was at Centreville. After he was dressed we went down stairs. Welt Hatcher and George Whitescarver had been busy at work. They had captured six of the headquarter's guard, and several fine horses. I wanted to bring Stoughton off if I had to abandon all my other captives. After he was mounted I told Hunter to ride by his side and hold his bridle reins. I neglected the same precaution with Lieutenant Prentiss. He rode off and left us in the dark.

When we got back to the courthouse square I found all the squads I had sent out had done their work well, and were waiting for me. I had twenty-nine men and we had about one hundred prisoners and horses. But it was so dark the prisoners did not know my men from their own. In the town all was panic and confusion. There was no concert of action or attempt to rally. Each man seemed to be looking for a hiding place. A ludicrous incident occurred just as we were leaving. An upper window opened and a voice asked in a peremptory tone what cavalry that was. It sounded so funny that the men burst out laughing.



SHE SKIRMISHED WITH THEM.

This gave the alarm. Joe Nelson and Welt Hatcher were ordered to search the house. Colonel Johnston was spending the night there with his wife. When he heard the men laugh he had a suspicion that something was wrong and darted out through the back door, leaving his clothes behind him. Nelson

and Hatcher broke through the front door, but Mrs. Johnston met them in the hall and skirmished with them long enough to give her husband time to escape. We started toward Fairfax Station just to deceive the enemy, then turned and again came upon the Centreville pike, a few miles from the courthouse. The greatest danger was now in front of us. We had left Fairfax Courthouse in our rear and knew that the enemy would soon be in hot pursuit, but to get out of their lines we had to pass Centreville, where several thousand troops were stationed. I put Hunter in charge of the column and told him to hold on to Stoughton at all hazards; with Joe Nelson I rode some distance in the rear, as that was the immediate point of danger. We got in sight of Centreville just at the dawn of day. I saw the column halt and galloped to the front.

There was a picket fire burning by the roadside a short distance ahead. We couldn't afford to lose any time, for every moment I expected to hear the hoofstrokes of the cavalry in pursuit of us. I rode forward alone to reconnoitre—the picket post had been abandoned a few minutes before. I called to Hunter to come on. Again we had to turn from the pike in order to flank Centreville, and passed so close to the forts that we could see the sentinels and hear their challenge. As there were more blue coats in our column than gray, they mistook us for their own cavalry. Captain Barker made a break for liberty and tried to get to a redoubt. One of my men, a Hungarian named Jake, shot at but missed him. Fortunately, Barker's horse fell in a ditch and we had to pull him out. Just after passing Centreville another danger confronted us. We came to Cub Run, which was overflowing its banks. I plunged into the raging stream, and my horse swam safely over. All the rest followed. It was a cold morning bath. Leaving Hunter again in command, I galloped on with George Slater to get to the pike. There was just then a glorious sunburst. We could see several miles back—no enemy was pursuing us just then. Hunter came up and we were safe. The following dispatch was sent to Washington from Fairfax Courthouse soon after we left:

PROVOST-MARSHAL'S OFFICE, FAIRFAX COURTHOUSE, 1
MARCH 9, 1863 3:30 A. M. }

Captain Mosby, with his command, entered this town this morning at two o'clock. They captured my patrols, horses, etc. They took Brigadier-General Stoughton and horses, and all his men detached from his brigade. They took every horse that could be found, public and private, and the commanding officer of the post. Colonel Johnston, of the 5th New York Cavalry, made his escape from them in a nude state by accident. They searched for me in every direction, but being on the Vienna road visiting outposts, I made my escape.

L. L. CONNOR,

Provost-Marshal.

P. S.—All our available cavalry forces are in pursuit of them.

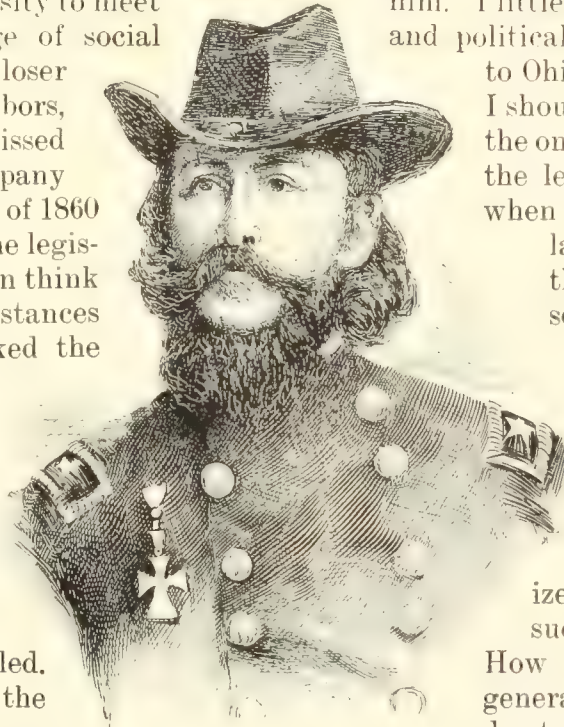
MAJOR HUNT, Assistant Adjutant-General,
General Heintzelman's Headquarters.

GENERAL W. H. LYTLE.*

By COLONEL J. STODDARD JOHNSTON, OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

A YEAR or two before the war I was traveling on a boat down the Ohio River from Louisville, when a gentleman accosted me politely and asked if my name was not Lytle. Upon informing him that it was not, I learned that he had mistaken me for William H. Lytle, who was then Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio, the late Henry B. Payne, United States Senator 1885-91, being candidate for governor on the same ticket. Being of the same politics, and knowing Lytle by reputation as a rising young politician and as the author of "I am dying, Egypt, dying," I had from that time no little curiosity to meet him. I little doubted but that, in the interchange of social and political courtesies which bound Kentucky closer to Ohio than any of our other border neighbors, I should soon have that the only opportunity by the legislature of Kentucky in the winter of 1860 when it visited Ohio at the invitation of the legislature of that State.

Little did I then think that I should meet him under circumstances so different from those which marked the fraternizing of the two legislatures. In looking back over the more than a third of a century which it seems difficult, even for one who participated in the events of that day, to realize how swiftly the peace which then prevailed, succeeded the horrors of war, and how much more difficult must it be for the generation which has sprung up since to understand the double mystery of war so suddenly breaking out between friends, to be followed, after four years of carnage, with a peace apparently more profound than ever.



GENERAL W. H. LYTLE.

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It was destined that I should not meet Lytle in peace. The cyclone of war burst upon the country. Lytle, a Democrat, who lost promotion at the polls, was one of the earliest volunteers, and I soon heard of him favorably

*General William Haynes Lytle was killed at Chickamauga, 1863. He was the author of the poem beginning "I am dying, Egypt, dying," a production of singular beauty, and known by almost every soldier in the Union army.

as a gallant lieutenant-colonel in the Federal army. My fortunes were cast in the opposite direction, and still my interest in the gallant young Ohio Democrat, of my own age, for whom I had been taken, did not flag, but ever as the war progressed and I would see his name in the papers or hear that he had survived a battle, I experienced a singular satisfaction. A weird kind of association had grown up with his name, and I felt almost as if he were my double. I memorized his verses and thought then, as now, that there was never so good an epitome of Shakspeare's Anthony and Cleopatra. At last the day of meeting came. I was a member of General Bragg's staff at the battle of Perryville, October 8, 1862. It was a bloody field upon which a darkened sun set, and in the opposite horizon rose a darkened full moon. We occupied the field, but Bragg, learning that Buell was being largely reënforced while it was impossible for him to bring up his own reënforcements in time, fell back early the next morning, nine miles, to Harrodsburg, to effect a junction with Kirby Smith and give battle to Buell, in case he pursued.

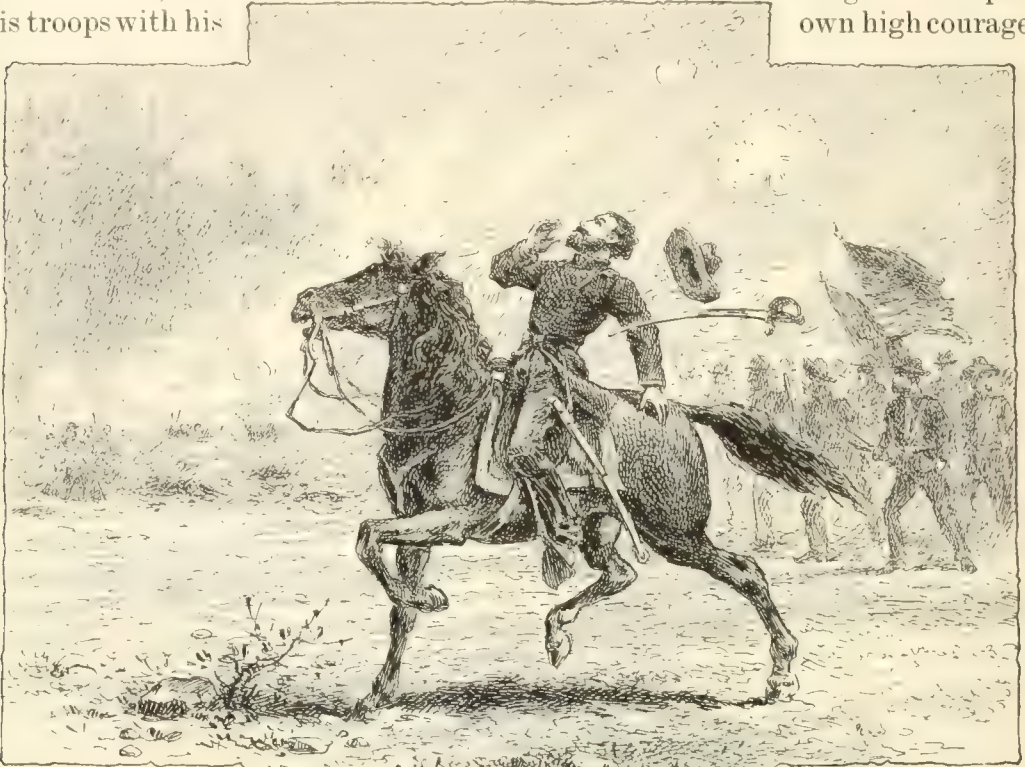
Arrived in Harrodsburg I had many duties requiring my attention, but in the midst of them I learned that Lytle was wounded and a prisoner in our hands. Upon inquiry I found he was at the house of Colonel Bowman, a Union citizen, and I lost no time in going to see if I could render him any service. The meeting was cordial. I told him of the incident which had first interested me in him and while neither discovered much likeness in the other there was none the less cordiality in our feelings. He filled the full measure of my expectations in point of manly bearing, cultivated address and intellectual expression. He was but slightly wounded by a piece of shell which struck him back of the ear and inflicted but little injury while it laid him on the field insensible and as his comrades thought lifeless. After a short time spent in pleasant conversation, several other gentlemen being present, I asked him if there was any way in which I could serve him. He thanked me and said he had every comfort he could desire, but thinking a moment he said there was something which if I could do he would be grateful for. He was fearful that his reported death would reach his wife and if I could send by flag of truce to Buell's lines a letter stating that he was not seriously wounded it would save her much anxiety. I told him I would do so with pleasure and wishing to get the flag off as soon as possible, I rose to take my leave. As I had my hand in his and was looking in his fine blue eyes, an idea struck me. My position as personal staff officer with Bragg gave me large authority and I felt sure he would approve the generous purpose which suggested itself. "Suppose," said I "instead of sending a letter for you by flag I should send you." "Ah," he replied "that would be too much to ask or expect." I told him he should start in half an

hour, and bidding him make his preparations I hastened to headquarters. Bragg approved my action and within the appointed time I had an ambulance and flag of truce escort at Colonel Bowman's door. Lytle was ready. I paroled him not to take up arms until duly exchanged, and after a hearty shaking of hands he was on his way to Buell's lines which he reached within an hour bringing the first intelligence of his safety.

How I wish that my narrative could stop here, or that I could tell of another meeting under happier circumstances. To me there could have been none during the war more so, unless to have been captured myself and to have fallen into Lytle's hands. Then just to think of the pleasure of meeting him after the war, had its fortunes permitted him to survive. What a career he would have had as the fruit of his well-earned laurels, Governor, Senator and perhaps the rival of another Ohioan for the presidency in 1896. But it was not to be.

Lytle rose in rank and reputation. He soon recovered from his wound, was exchanged, and joined his regiment. He became a brigadier-general and passed unscathed through the hail and brimstone of many battles. It was my peculiar fortune to confront him in battle for nearly a year, he with Rosecrans, who succeeded Buell after Perryville, and I with Bragg. At last we met at Chickamauga. In the afternoon of the second day's fight the Confederate left, which had been in repose the greater part of the time previous to this, was ordered to advance. Thomas with his abatis had met the assaults of our right all the first day, and to noon of the second. We had piled up hecatombs of dead in his front, and while weakening by these losses our own lines were depleting his line of battle on Rosecrans' right, from which troops were drawn to reënforce Thomas. Longstreet's corps on our left was ordered forward, led by the impetuous Hood who lost a leg in the charge. Buckner, who commanded another division, swept forward with a splendid line with Pustons, Gracie's, and other brigades of similar reputation. As the division was about to emerge from the woods north of the Rossville road, it came in sight of a Federal division just coming out of a similar forest south of and nearer the same road. There was nothing but a vacant field between them. The topography of the ground was nearly level, and, timber prevailing, the use of artillery was impracticable. Suddenly from the Federal line there advanced, on a splendid black horse, an officer who with drawn sword called on his men to charge. Those who were witnesses of the sight told me that in all the war they never saw such a heroic sight. He continued to advance, far in front of his line, until both horse and rider went down in death before the deadly volleys of the Confederates who also drove back the Federal line, flanked Thomas, and led to the evacuation of the field by Rosecrans as darkness came on.

Thus died Lytle in full sight of friend and enemy, challenging by his courage the admiration of both. He evidently had not expected to find himself confronted by such a force, but taking in the situation, and fearing to demoralize his men by retiring behind his line, as he could otherwise well have done, he sought to inspire his troops with his own high courage.



and pressed on to bravely that there front of him who saved his life if

DEATH OF GENERAL LYTLE.

certain death so was not a man in would not have he could.

I did not see him then, but there were others who recognized him and cared for his body. Next day I heard of his death, which clouded the triumph of the victory we had won. There was little I could do, but that little I did. It was within twenty days of a year since I had sent him with a flag rejoicing on his way to his family. Borne down with sorrow over the loss of many a dear friend and comrade on that bloody field, I had yet a tear to shed over the brave Lytle, as with another flag I bore his body to Rosecrans' lines, at Chattanooga, whence it went to mingle with the soil of his native State.

CHAPTER XLI.

MINOR EVENTS AT A DISTANT POST—NEWBERN, N. C.—BACHELOR'S CREEK—HOLDING THE BRIDGE—
 GENERAL THEODORE S. PECK—THE TWO BRIDGES NEAR NEWPORT BARRACKS, N. C., AND THE
 ACHIEVEMENTS OF LIEUTENANT PECK—E. W. JEWETT, 9TH VERMONT INFANTRY—THE
 BRIDGE AT NEWPORT BARRACKS, N. C.—BENJAMIN THACKRAH, 115TH NEW YORK
 INFANTRY—A RAID ON A CONFEDERATE OUTPOST—LEFT ON GUARD.

LIEUTENANT ABRAM P. HARING, 132nd New York Infantry, was born in New York city in 1840, and enlisted August 26, 1862. January, 1863, he was commissioned 2nd lieutenant; in March, 1865, 1st lieutenant, and was honorably discharged by reason of wounds May 5, 1865.

It was during the engagement near Kinston, N. C., March 8, 1865, that he was disabled by Confederate lead.

Mr. Haring writes in reply to the question as to how he won his medal of honor:

On February 1, 1864, I was in command of our picket line at Bachelor's Creek, where our regiment had been stationed some time guarding the front of Newbern, nine miles distant. Our reserve consisted of eleven men. General Pickett, of the Army of Virginia, had led forces to capture Newbern, which was stocked with ammunition, clothing and general stores in large quantities. The Confederates were divided into three columns, and we were first advised of the enemy's approach when his heaviest body of troops, reported by the Confederate newspapers to be eleven thousand in number, reached our lines at about two o'clock in the morning.

The location of our reserve was in a strong natural position. The creek was fifty feet wide in front, with breastworks on either side about fifty feet long. At night we were in the habit of taking up half the bridge and using the planks as breastworks.

When the Confederates came up to the opposite side of the creek we gave them a warm reception and repulsed their charges. Then they brought up artillery, yet with only eleven men we held the bridge two hours, when we were reënforced by one hundred and fifty men from our regiment, and it was nine o'clock before the enemy flanked and routed us, taking a number of prisoners.

We had quite a difficult task getting into Newbern late in the afternoon, and the Confederates got there also. But after surveying us twenty-four hours or more they concluded to withdraw. When our boys who had been captured were taken to General Pickett to be "pumped" for information, he was quite furious because of having been successfully opposed by such a small number of men.

The Government at Washington considered the defense of Newbern so important that the commandant, General Innes N. Palmer, was promoted from brigadier to major-general (in the regular army). But he had praise for his subalterns who stood fight. He could well have afforded colonel, who did most heroic work. Government War Records, vol. XLI, showing occurs relative to the action tenant Haring won his medal.

eleven men of the 132nd New York, under in the block-house at Bachelor's Creek, over an hour, Newbern would have been

not one word of the brunt of the to commend our

In the Gov- page 136, the fol- in which Lieu-

Had not Lieutenant Haring, withstood the Rebel army for captured."

ADJUTANT-GENERAL THEODORE S. PECK.

1ST VERMONT CAVALRY.

GENERAL PECK was born in Burlington, Vt. in 1843. At the age of eighteen he enlisted as private in Company F, 1st Vermont Cavalry, September 1, 1861. He passed all grades of promotion to captain and assistant quartermaster, United States Volunteers. He received a medal of honor

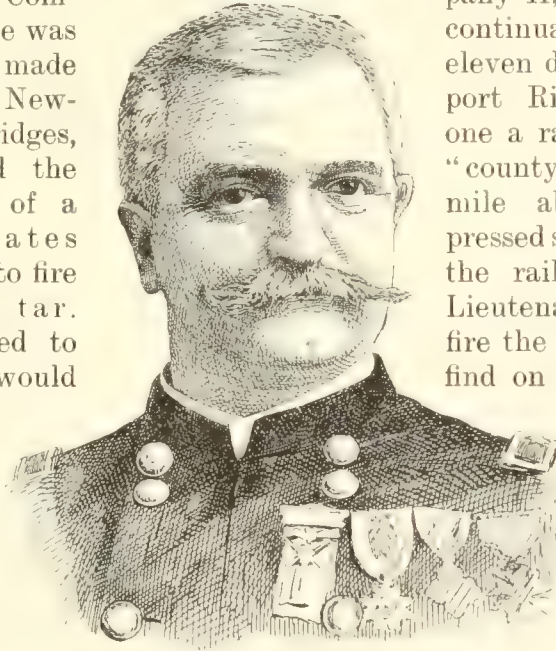


DEFENDING THE OUTPOSTS.

from Congress for gallantry in action at Newport Barracks, N. C., February 2, 1864.

On that day the Union troops, comprising some seven hundred and fifty men, with one piece of artillery, were attacked by the Confederate General Martin with about five thousand infantry, accompanied by fourteen pieces of artillery and four hundred cavalry, which had outflanked our small force from the commencement of the engagement. The left of the Union line lay near the river, while the right was in the woods and was commanded by 1st Lieutenant T. S. Peck, Com-

unteers. The line was by the enemy, and made fore reaching the New- there were two bridges, the other called the about a quarter of a The Confederates was barely time to fire turpentine and tar. men, was ordered to was told that he would of the river, near two companies of plenty of turpen- his use as soon as but the bridge at all hazards and vented from was well known entire command



GENERAL THEODORE S. PECK.

tion depended upon the burning of both these bridges; if either was left undestroyed and the enemy permitted to cross, the chances were that what was left of the Union forces would be captured.

Lieutenant Peck had made a desperate fight all the afternoon, and had been the farthest out toward the enemy the entire time, holding them in check until they had broken through the line on his left. At this time the Union troops had mostly crossed the railroad and county bridges, and were rapidly falling back down the county road toward Beaufort, while lieutenant Peck's rear guard was hotly engaged with the Confederates who were close at his heels.

He had sent a noncommissioned officer to the bridge to see if everything was in readiness to fire the same after he had crossed it. The sergeant had

pany H, 9th Vermont Vol- continually pressed back eleven different stands be- port River, over which one a railroad bridge, and "county bridge," located mile above the former. pressed so closely that there the railroad bridge with Lieutenant Peck, with his fire the county bridge, and find on the opposite side the bridge-head, cavalry, with tine and tar for he had crossed, must be burned the enemy pre- crossing, for it throughout the that their salva-

just reported that there was no tar, no turpentine, and no cavalry; in fact, there was nothing — all had fled. Lieutenant Peck, leaving one half of his men with their officers fighting the enemy, with the other half ran down the hill to the bridge, determined to destroy the same if possible. Finding that some of the planks were not spiked down, he had these torn up, and, being fortunate in finding plenty of dry grass in the vicinity, which his men pulled from the ground, he had the same placed in readiness for burning the bridge, then ordered his men who were fighting to stop firing and rush across. This order was instantly obeyed, although some were killed and wounded in leaving the enemy, who came forward on the run, increasing their musketry fire.

As soon as our men from the hill had crossed the bridge, they commenced firing upon the enemy, while the others of the party ignited the dead grass.



BURNING THE BRIDGE BEHIND THEM.

The Confederates brought up a battery and poured in grape and canister, but the rear guard of the 9th stood to the bridge until it was destroyed and the enemy prevented from crossing. The river at this point, although narrow, was very deep, and the enemy was obliged to construct a bridge before crossing the stream, which gave the Union men an advantage of about three hours, and saved the command.

For the persistent and continuous fighting of the men under the command of this young officer, and his gallant conduct on this day, the Secretary of War presented him with a medal inscribed as follows:

“The Congress to 1st Lieutenant Theodore S. Peck, Company H, 9th Vermont Volunteers, for gallantry in action at Newport Barracks, N. C., February 2, 1864.”

Captain Peck was mustered out of the United States service, on account of the close of the war, June 23, 1865, having served nearly four years as a private in the ranks, an officer in the line, and on the staff, a member of the cavalry corps, and also of the 1st, 4th, 9th, 18th, and 24th army corps, in the armies of the Potomac and the James. The Government, at the close of the war, offered him two commissions in the regular army, which were declined.

Upon his return home he was appointed chief of staff by Governor John W. Stewart; afterward colonel of the first and only regiment of infantry of the National Guard of the State, which position he held for eight years. In 1869 he was elected assistant adjutant-general of the G. A. R., Department of Vermont; in 1872 senior vice-commander, and in 1876-77 department commander. In 1881 he was appointed adjutant-general, with rank of brigadier-general, and is on duty in this office at the present time. He is a charter member of the Vermont Commandery, Military Order of the Loyal Legion, and was a vice-president-general of the National Society, Sons of American Revolution. He is a charter member of Vermont Society of the Colonial Stars, and was its first governor.

LIEUTENANT ERASTUS W. JEWETT.

9TH VERMONT INFANTRY.

JEWETT was born in St. Albans, Vt., April 1, 1839; he enlisted in his native town June 1, 1862, in Company A, 9th Vermont Infantry, and was given a commission as 2nd lieutenant, afterward being promoted to 1st lieutenant.

Writing from Swanton, Vt., Mr. Jewett says:

The action for which I received my medal of honor occurred at Newport Barracks, N. C., February 2, 1864. I was stationed at the railroad bridge which crossed the Newport River on the road connecting Moorehead City with Newbern, N. C. My orders were to hold the bridge until our men had passed over, and then burn it.

I did so with about seventy men, being obliged to hold in check a large force of the Confederates' infantry, and one battery of artillery, to prevent



LIEUTENANT E. W. JEWETT.

them from crossing and capturing my regiment, which was at Newport, on the south side of the river, whither they had retreated.

About three fourths of a mile above this point another bridge was held and burned by Theodore S. Peck, 1st lieutenant of Company H, in our regiment.

The enemy's force in this action was about twenty-five hundred infantry, five hundred cavalry, and a battery of six guns. The 9th Vermont had had an engagement with them a mile and a half north of the river, which lasted nearly three hours, when we were driven back, and crossed to Newport.

By holding and burning the bridge the enemy were prevented from following up and capturing our command, which they intended to do, believing they had us trapped. We took a long road around, however, and brought up at Beaufort, N. C. on the coast. February 4, having been reinforced, we advanced from Moorehead City, driving the enemy back, and were "tenting again on the old camp-ground" the evening of the same day.

BENJAMIN THACKRAH.

115TH NEW YORK INFANTRY.

THIS veteran, writing from Amsterdam, N. Y., says:

I was born in Scotland in 1845, of English parents, who came to this country in 1849.

I first attempted to enlist in the 77th New York Infantry, but was rejected on account of my age. I succeeded, however, in signing the rolls of the 115th New York Infantry as a drummer. But when the drums were given out there were more boys than were wanted, so I took a gun, and have always been glad I did so.

I participated in every battle in which the 115th was engaged, until the explosion of the mine in front of Petersburg, July 30, 1864, when I was wounded, having been under fire from daylight until noon.

I was struck by a ball on the left side, which went through my body carrying with it thirty splinters of my backbone. I started for the rear, but fell because of weakness. When our boys were driven back to their works again I started for our lines through the fire of the enemy, many of the bullets coming so near my face that I could feel the concussion of air. But I succeeded in pushing on until I reached our fortifications, where I fell exhausted. I was taken to a hospital, and thus ended my service in the field.

At Yorktown, Va., I volunteered on an expedition to White House Landing, during which we destroyed everything in our way. Sometime

afterward I saw in one of the Richmond papers an advertisement in which Governor Wise offered a reward of \$600 for the head of any man who was on that raid.

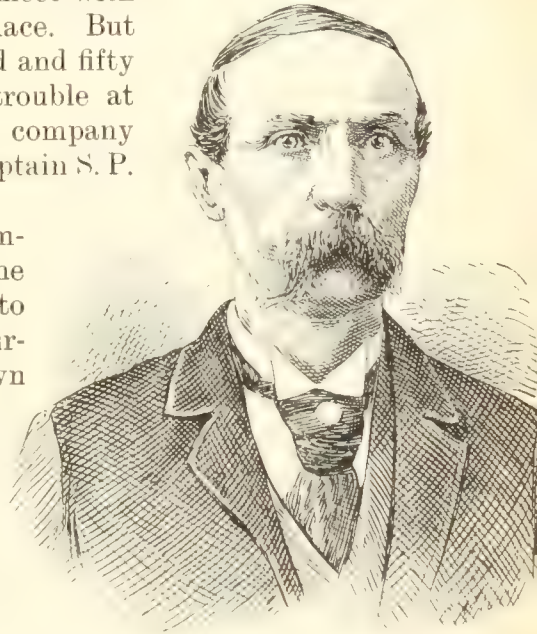
In front of Petersburg I volunteered every night I was on duty to go on the vedette line, because on picket duty I was obliged to stay twenty-four hours, and as vedette I could get in just before daylight.

I went in as a private, and came out as one. It seems sometimes when I hear our boys talking as if I was the only private left. Since then, however, I have been commander of a G. A. R. post of two hundred, ranking from general down.

I received my medal of honor for volunteering as a scout in Florida. Shortly after the battle of Olustee, Florida, February 20, 1864, the 115th New York was sent to Palatka. We did not meet with much resistance when we captured the place. But there were in the vicinity about one hundred and fifty bushwhackers, who gave us considerable trouble at night by dashing in on our outposts. My company was the provost guard in the village, and Captain S. P. Smith was provost marshal.

Just before sunrise, April 1, 1864, the company was ordered out for roll-call, and the captain asked for twenty-five volunteers to go on an expedition up the river for the purpose of capturing a Confederate picket known to be stationed about thirty-two miles from us. Twenty-five men stepped forward promptly, I among the rest. We were ordered to get breakfast, and put one day's rations in our haversacks. This was done, and before the remainder of the troops were awake we had marched to the landing, where there was waiting a small tug-boat.

In her we steamed to within three miles of our destination, and then pulled in small boats to a point near where the picket was stationed. On going ashore we deployed as skirmishers, and waded alternately through swamps with the water to our waists, and over knolls, where the tropical sun beat down upon us in all its fervor. We reached our objective point, which was a house on the bluff near the river side half concealed by a hedge of small trees or bushes; we completely surrounded it except on the water side, for it was hardly probable the enemy would attempt to escape in that direction because of the alligators.



BENJAMIN THACKRAH.

Working our way cautiously through the underbrush we came to a board fence, and as I straightened up to look over it, there stood a Confederate with his gun pointed at me so close at hand that I could actually look down the barrel. Just at that instant the remainder of the boys poked their heads over the fence, and the Johnny, instead of shooting, started on a run for the house. A moment later the whole line was yelling its best as we closed in, and at the order to surrender they weakened. I came around to the front of the



LEFT IN THE SWAMP.

building as the Confederates tumbled down stairs, for they were so excited it seemed impossible to walk, and one of them had in his hand an unfinished letter, the last words of which were, "All is quiet along the lines."

From the prisoners we learned that a sergeant and one man were about two miles up the road.

All of the captured soldiers had their horses in the sheds, and a portion of our party mounted these, going at once in search of the missing ones.

We gathered up all the arms, and everything else we could carry, and started for the small boats. The prisoners were put on the steamer under guard, and by this time the boys had captured the other two men.

Then it was necessary to swim the horses across to the swamp on the other side, and in

doing so we used the small boats, two men rowing while two took the horses by the head, and the fifth stood in the stern to keep the alligators away from the animals.

After reaching the opposite bank we made our way for a mile and a half through the swamp, where, as we were afterward told, no man had ever trodden before.

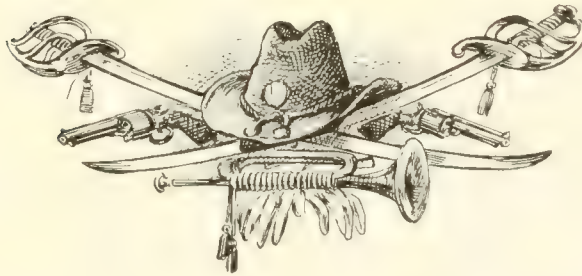
At every house on our return we stopped in search for bushwhackers.

Our boys on the horses captured a mail carrier with what proved to be valuable letters, and we reached Palatka about sunset with our prisoners, much to the surprise of every one.

While we were swimming the horses across the river, all who could be spared from that work were put on guard, and when the animals were over each told the other to "come in." One of the boys did not hear the summons, and we left him on guard, not knowing until roll call that he was missing. After three days and nights he finally got into camp, where he cried like a child for gladness. He had subsisted on wild oranges and berries during his wearisome march, and was very much weakened by his exertions. He said we had not been away two hours before the Confederate cavalry were as thick in that vicinity as hairs on a dog.

On examining one of the cartridge boxes we had taken, I found on the inside the words, "Tallahassee or H-1." It had formerly belonged to a member of one of our regiments who was in the battle of Olustee, and the Confederates had made use of it. But they didn't keep it very long.

The prisoners were sent to Jacksonville, and the horses were used for guard duty at Palatka.



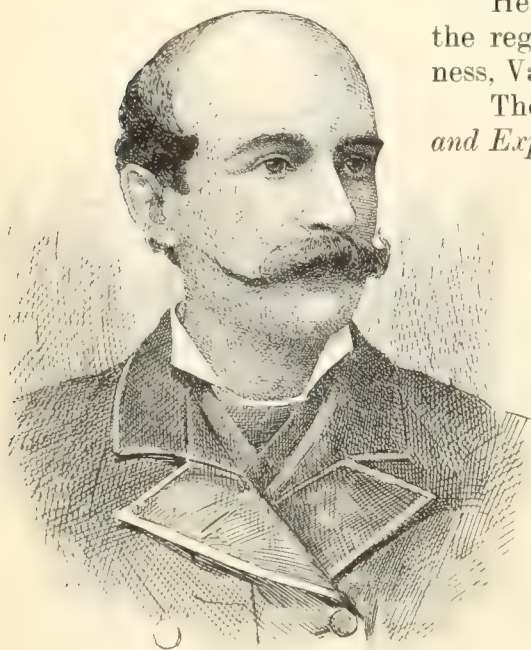
CHAPTER XLII.

AT THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS—SERGEANT CHARLES E. MORSE, 62ND NEW YORK INFANTRY—
 RUNNING BACK AFTER THE FLAG—CAPTAIN JOSEPH B. KEMP, 5TH MICHIGAN INFANTRY
 —THE BATTLE IN THE BRUSHWOOD—STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCES AND DES-
 PERATE STRUGGLE IN CAPTURING A FLAG—LIEUTENANT KAR-
 PELES, 57TH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY—HOLDING
 THE LINE WITH THE COLORS—FIGHT-
 ING THE GUERRILLA.

CHARLES E. MORSE was born in Marseilles, France, in 1841. He enlisted May 20, 1861, at New York city as private in Company I, 62nd Regiment New York Volunteers, serving one term of three years. During his three years of service Mr. Morse participated in seventeen general engagements.

He was awarded a medal of honor for saving the regimental colors at the battle of the Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864.

The following clipping from the *New York Mail and Express*, under date of March 5, 1890, gives an account of how Mr. Morse won the medal of honor:



SERGEANT C. E. MORSE.

"A meeting of veterans was held last evening at the Veteran Association Hall, Twenty-fourth Street and 6th Avenue, for the purpose of honoring Sergeant Charles E. Morse, a veteran of the Anderson Zouaves (62nd Regiment of New York Volunteers), who has been awarded a medal by Congress. The medal was formally presented by Comrade Lawrence, President of the Anderson Zouave Association, who detailed the services rendered by the recipient of the honor.

"At the battle of Fair Oaks, Va., May 31, 1862, he was wounded in the head. May 4, 1863, he, with the remainder of his company, was taken prisoner.

"Being exchanged, he took part in the battle of the Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864, and commanded the company, there being no commissioned officers

left. With fifteen men he went into battle. He, with eight others, was wounded, and five of the command were killed. When Color-Sergeant Gilman fell, Sergeant Morse seized the fallen colors, and, although wounded, kept them flying, bearing them safely from the field."

In his letter to the compiler of these records Mr. Morse adds to the above account as follows:

I will say this much in my own behalf. The flag was not simply picked up at my feet when Gilmore fell. The regiment at the time was being pressed very hard, and we were falling back on a rifle pit when Gilmore was shot. The regiment had marched perhaps fifty feet before we "about faced" to give the enemy a volley, and that was the time the flag was first missed. Corporal Ditzel and myself rushed toward the advancing enemy. Arriving first, I picked up the flag and started for our line. At that moment a Confederate officer, who had evidently seen the flag fall, was also making for it, but he was too late. I got the flag and also a bullet from his revolver in my leg, but remained with the regiment until it was relieved.

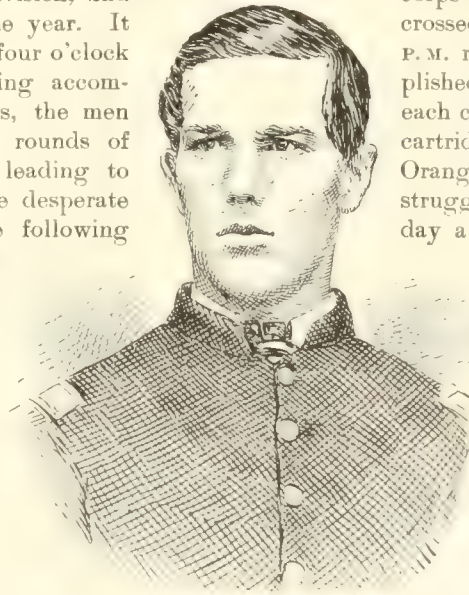
CAPTAIN JOSEPH B. KEMP.

5TH MICHIGAN INFANTRY.

Quoting from "Michigan in the War" regarding the movements of the 5th Michigan Infantry:

"On the 3rd of May, 1864, the regiment in command of Colonel Pulford, and then in the 2nd brigade, 3rd division, 2nd the great campaign of the year. It hour on the 4th, and at four o'clock of Chancellorsville, having accomplished in seventeen hours, the men days' rations and sixty rounds of were met on the road leading to ment participated in the desperate tained in this and the following wounded, including Captain George W. Rose ford, and Major S. S. ing assumed command wounded.

command respectively of shaw and E. H. Shook it shared in the success- my's works, when Ser- of Company F, captured regiment. Among the berforce Hurlbut, who head while leading his



CAPTAIN JOSEPH B. KEMP.

corps (Hancock's), entered upon crossed the Rapidan at an early P. M. reached the old battlefield plished the distance of thirty-four each carrying the weight of five cartridges. On the 5th the enemy Orange Courthouse. The regi- struggle which ensued, and sus- day a severe loss in killed and among the wounded (mortally), Colonel Pul- Mathews, the latter hav- after Pulford was

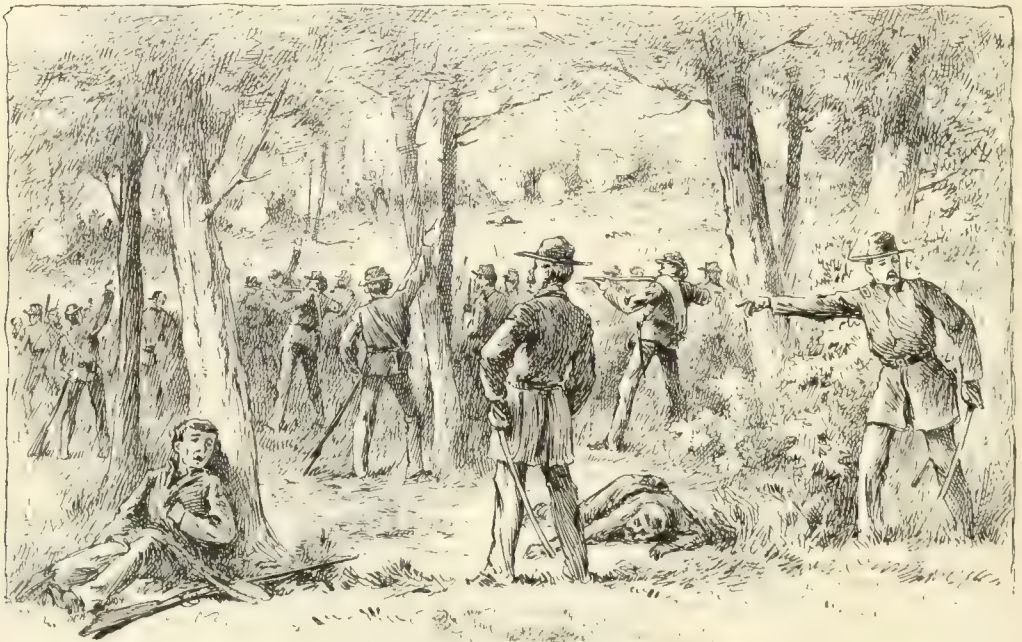
"On the 6th, in Captains W. W. Waken- (both being wounded), ful charge on the ene- geant Joseph B. Kemp the colors of the Virginia killed was Captain Wil- was shot through the company in the charge."

Of the position of the armies on this, the 6th day of May, General Robert E. Lee's biographer writes:

"The two armies had now assumed a most singular attitude. They had enveloped themselves in a jumble of tangled brushwood, so dense that they were invisible to each other at musket range, and along the lines of battle in many places objects were not discernible half the length of a battalion. A Northern writer aptly described this region as a *'terra incognita.'* It formerly had been a mining district from which the timber had been cut to supply fuel for feeding the smelting furnaces, and since then the young growth had sprung up ten times thicker than the primeval forest. The roads traversing it, and the small brooks meandering through it, with the few diminutive clearings, were the only openings in this dismal wilderness."

It was on the very dawn of Friday, the 6th of May, 1864, that hostilities were resumed, the result of the previous day's fighting having been indecisive.

General Sedgwick had been ordered to advance at five o'clock in the morning, but fifteen minutes before that time the enemy were upon him in



FIGHTING IN THE WILDERNESS.

force. By eight o'clock the firing extended all along the line, and after a short cessation broke out again at half-past ten. The enemy began to hurl themselves successively on Grant's left and right wing, having perceived his weakness on Thursday, with the evident intent of breaking through and separating the three corps.

At five o'clock a quarter of an hour after the battle had opened, Hancock moved out with his forces, and with great enthusiasm attacked and

drove the astonished enemy more than two miles, from the Brock road toward Parker's store. There, reinforced by Longstreet, they succeeded in holding their ground, leaving, however, many prisoners in Hancock's hands.

A comparative lull ensued after this, when again a severe assault was made on Grant's left, followed up the line with such vigor as to nearly involve the whole in confusion. Reinforcements, however, came from Burnside's Corps; Longstreet's infantry was checked, and, at last, precipitately driven back.

The line swayed back and forth with the shifting fortunes of the terrific fight, and the thick chaparral in contention was covered with the dead and wounded of both armies. Grant's right and center gained a little ground under the hot fire, but it was only to meet the enemy's entrenched line, posted on the extended ridge, approached through a thickly wooded swamp of considerable width, and protected by a front and flank fire.

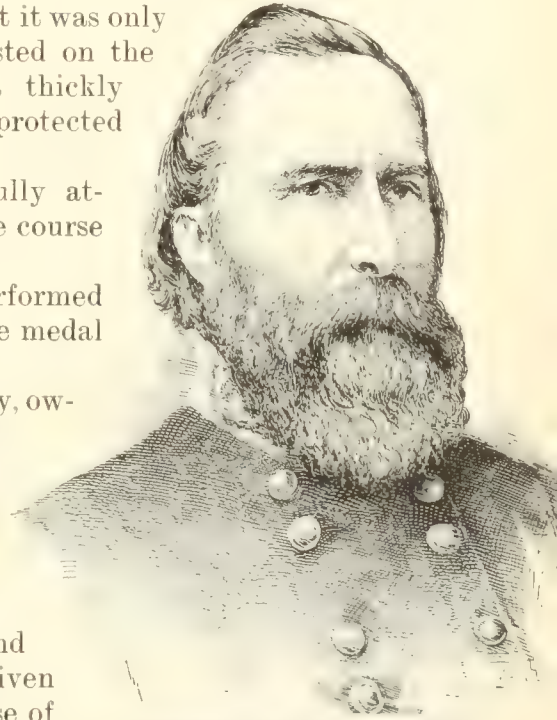
This position was twice unsuccessfully attempted by the right and center during the course of the morning.

It was about this time that Kemp performed that gallant action which won for him the medal of honor.

It was hardly possible to see the enemy, owing to the thick undergrowth and to many of the Federal troops it was as if each man was fighting on his own account, the question of advance or retreat being decided as seemed to him individually best.

Now half concealed by the bushes, and now advancing into the open, only to be driven back as the Confederates gained a glimpse of him and made a savage onslaught, Kemp fought with desperate, dogged persistency, heeding the danger sufficiently to protect his body from the Confederate bullets as far as was possible, and scorning safety when he fancied he saw an opportunity of recovering a few yards of that hotly contested ground.

His companion on his right suddenly plunged forward with a bullet through his head. The man on his left had screened himself by the trunk of a sapling, and was bandaging a gaping wound in his leg with a strip torn from his shirt. Kemp was comparatively alone. His gun having become

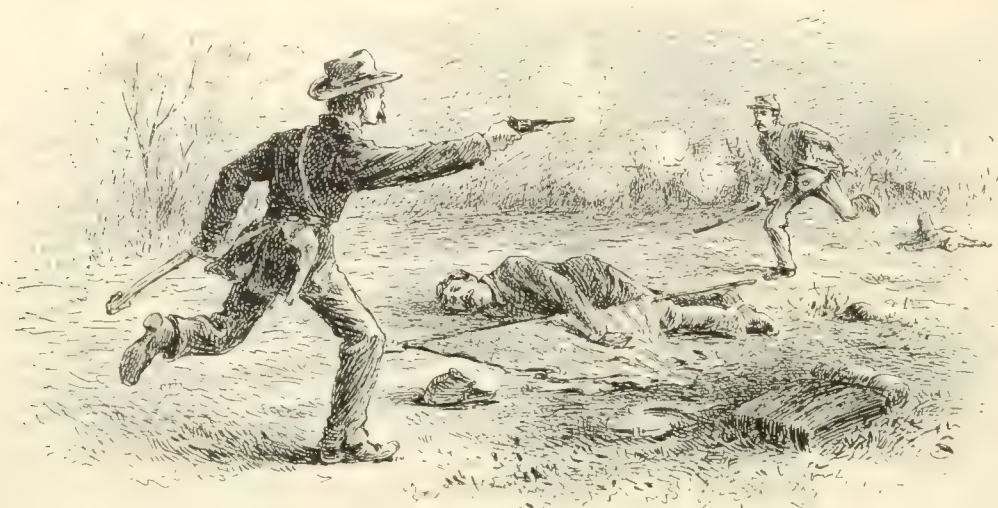


GENERAL JAMES A. LONGSTREET.

heated he had ceased firing for a few minutes to clean it, when, hardly twenty yards away three forms in gray emerged from the trees, evidently believing they had forced back their enemies at this particular point. One of them bore the colors of his regiment.

Kemp no longer thought of cleaning his gun. Hurriedly loading it, his mind intent upon gaining possession of the "Stars and Bars," heeding not the disparity in numbers, he dashed forward with a yell as he discharged his weapon, and an instant later was grappling with the color-bearer and one of the color guards, the third of the Confederates having already received the contents of his musket.

Two and fro, amid the tangled foliage, trampling here upon a wounded man and stumbling there over a corpse, the three reel, until by a lucky



A RACE FOR THE FLAG.

chance, the Michigander disables the second man, and the fight is now on more equal terms. On every hand are the roar of battle, the crackling musketry, the sharp whistle of bullets, with now and then the screaming of shells as an accompaniment to this struggle which can only be ended by the death of one.

Backward, forward, to the right and to the left, the breath of both contestants coming in gasps, their vision clouded by the heat of passion and the smoke of the battle; reeling, striking, struggling, each for the other's life, until the supreme moment came for the man in gray, and he in blue grasping the colors, which had so nearly cost him his life, staggers through the underbrush to rejoin his companions that he may recover from the fatigue of that conflict which had brought death to three, and enrolled the

name of the fourth on the pages devoted to the heroes of his country. He says:

I was in every battle and skirmish in which the regiment was engaged, with the exception of the days from May 10 to June 18, when I was not able to do duty on account of my wounds. June 20, 1864, I was taken prisoner in front of Petersburg, and exchanged at Savannah, Ga., November 25, 1864, joining the regiment again in January, 1865. I ranked as captain and A. A. A. G., 3rd Brigade, Army of Tennessee, when discharged July 17, 1865.

LIEUTENANT LEOPOLD KARPELES.

57TH MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

THE 57th Mass. (2nd Vet.), Colonels William F. Bartlett and N. B. McLaughlin, was organized at Worcester and Readville, April 6, 1864, with men who had served at least nine months. It was assigned to the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 9th Corps, and behaved splendidly in its first battle—in the Wilderness—which occurred within a month after its organization. It took into the battle five hundred and forty-five men, of whom forty-seven were killed, one hundred and sixty-one wounded, and forty-three missing. General Hancock complimented it for its steadiness and gallantry. At Spottsylvania it lost seventeen killed and seventy-nine wounded. Its numbers had become so reduced that it was only able to take seven officers and ninety-one men into the fight at the Crater, of whom but one officer and forty-six men escaped unhurt, the remainder having been killed, wounded or captured. This little remnant, under the command of a lieutenant, represented the regiment in the subsequent operations, fought bravely all the time, and lost heavily. It was in service one year, three months and twenty-four days, and enrolled one thousand and forty-seven men, of whom two hundred and one were killed, five hundred and fifteen wounded, thirty-seven died in prison, and forty-nine died of disease, making its total loss eight hundred and



LIEUTENANT LEOPOLD KARPELES

two, or four out of five. All this loss occurred in about six months of fighting.

Leopold Karpeles was color-sergeant in this 57th Mass., and it was at the battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, that he won his medal of honor, in doing which he proved himself to be of the "stuff of which heroes are made."

He was the only color-bearer to stand his ground on that portion of the field occupied by his regiment when the fire was hottest and the slaughter greatest, and his standard was the rallying-point of a sufficient number of men to keep the enemy in check.

The heroic little party rallied around the colors borne by Karpeles, and remained under a hot fire for over two hours, when, under cover of darkness they fell back and reorganized the company in time to take part in the succeeding day's battle.

Karpeles was born in Austria, May, 1838; he enlisted in Springfield, Mass., September 15, 1862, in Company A, 46th Mass. Infantry, and afterward in Company E, 57th Mass., as color-sergeant. He writes:

I participated in the engagements at Kingston, White Hall, Goldsborough, Gum Swamp, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Poplar Spring Church, Hatcher's Run and at Petersburg, until December 20, 1864, when our regiment was ordered on a raid, during which I fell exhausted from loss of blood from an old wound, and was paralyzed. I remained unconscious several days, and then found myself lying in a cavalry camp, from which I was sent to the hospital.

I received my medal of honor as color-sergeant in the 57th Massachusetts Infantry. It was during the battle of the Wilderness, on May 6th, when a general stampede occurred, and I was the only color-sergeant to stand my ground. The other officers and myself succeeded in rallying around the colors a sufficient number of men to hold the enemy in check, and thus prevented the capture of the stragglers in the woods. We remained there until dark, when we fell back and organized.

Writing under a late date, Karpeles indulges in the following reminiscence:

I remember well the day we left camp, when the ladies of Massachusetts presented the regiment with a handsome flag. Governor Andrews and many others were present. Colonel Wm. F. Bartlett, our commander, received the standard. Casting his eyes along the line, he called me to step forward (I was only a private), and handed me the colors with these words: "Sergeant Karpeles, I entrust you with the flag of our regiment. I am aware of your qualities, and know you will well guard it, that you will fight hard, ere you ever have it taken from you.

CYRUS B. LOWER.

23RD OHIO INFANTRY.

CYRUS B. LOWER served his country during the first two years of the war in the 23rd Ohio Infantry, a regiment remarkable for the fame its various commanders afterward achieved, among them being Colonel W. S. Rosecrans, Colonel Rutherford B. Hayes and Lieutenant-Colonel Stanley Matthews. William McKinley was also borne on its rolls.

Lower afterward joined the celebrated "Bucktails" of Pennsylvania, one of the most famous regiments of the war.

The medal of honor was awarded to him for gallantry in the Wilderness, May 7, 1864. Although wounded in the right knee and ordered by his commanding officer to go to the rear, he kept his face to the front, and fought with conspicuous bravery. On the evening of that day he was sent to the hospital, as he was lame, and a night's march had to be made. But Lower could not content himself in the hospital when there was fighting to do, and he came to the front with his wounds unhealed, being con-

spicuous for his gallantry at the battles of Spottsylvania, North Anna and Bethesda Church, at which latter place he was captured.

His crowning act of bravery was that of jumping from the cars while on the way from Libby Prison to Andersonville, traveling alone by day and night through the enemy's country, being recaptured by a guerrilla escaping after a hand to hand conflict, and at last making his way to the Union lines.



LOWER'S FIGHT WITH THE GUERRILLA.

CHAPTER XLIII.

FORT HARRISON, CHAFFIN'S FARM, AND CEDAR CREEK—WILLIAM L. GRAUL, 188TH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY—A BOY SOLDIER—PLANTING THE FLAG ON FORT HARRISON—FRANKLIN JONDRO, 118TH NEW YORK INFANTRY—BRINGING IN THE ENEMY—A REMARKABLE STORY—F. A. LYON, 1ST VERMONT CAVALRY
—THE CAPTURE OF GENERAL RAMSEUR.

WILLIAM L. GRAUL was born in Pennsylvania in 1846. His father and brother had enlisted in Durell's battery (Pennsylvania), and left him at home, the only support of his mother and four small children.

His one ambition, however, was to get into the army, and when he was sixteen years and five months old he applied to Lieutenant Plummer of the 3rd Artillery for permission to sign the rolls, but the officer refused to take him without the consent of his parents.

Through the connivance of a friend he succeeded in gaining his mother's consent by representing that he had gotten into some trouble which could only be settled by his going to war. Then, to his great satisfaction, he was accepted by the recruiting officer and sent to join the regiment at Fortress Monroe, where the command did garrison duty and guarded the telegraph cable running from Newport News to Norfolk. April 1, 1864, an order was issued which called for volunteers to form a new regiment of infantry. In response to this call, he was one of the first out of six hundred to respond; was promoted to corporal, and afterwards to sergeant of Company I, 188th Pennsylvania Volunteers. He was never absent from his regiment during an engagement, or even a skirmish,



PLANTING THE FIRST FLAG ON FORT HARRISON.

and on September 29, 1864, won the medal of honor by planting the first flag on Fort Harrison.

He himself writes very modestly:

The medal was awarded me for planting the "Stars and Stripes" on Fort Harrison, Va., on the morning of September 29, 1864. While charging on the fort, the color-bearer, William Sipe, was killed, and I, being one of the color-guards, at once raised the flag from the ground and ran ahead of the column, jumped into the ditch, and by aid of the flagstaff and some of my comrades pushing me, I mounted the fort where I planted the colors almost by the side of the Confederate flag.

FRANKLIN JONDRO.

118TH NEW YORK VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

FRANKLIN JONDRO, who now lives in Bay City, Mich., was born in Vermont. He enlisted early in the 118th New York Infantry as private. His regiment was in the 18th Corps, led by General Ord.

The affair at Chaffin's farm was so insignificant as compared with the heavy operations of the army that but little is said about it, either by the Confederate or Federal generals. General Grant dismisses it briefly in his "Personal Memoirs," and it is placed in history rather in the light of a skirmish than an engagement.

However that may be, to those who were engaged in it, and to the sorrowing ones at home who learned that father, brother or sweetheart had fallen, it became, in their eyes at least, the most desperate of all the encounters during the war.

Regarding the matter Jondro himself writes:

We had taken a line of works the day before (30th of September), and the Confederates tried to retake them on this day, but we had no intention of giving them up if it could be avoided.

About noon, when we were getting such lunch as a soldier can procure on a battlefield, the enemy began to shell us. One of the officers told us to get ready for fun, for we should have some presently. It struck me we had plenty of that sport the day previous, and that there was no way of preventing the Confederates from doing exactly as they chose, so we continued to eat our lunch as best we could.

They shelled us for about an hour without doing any very great damage, and then General Longstreet with his men came out of the woods to charge on us. To the foot of the hill from our works was a distance of about

twenty rods, and from there it was up grade to the enemy. As soon as they came over the hill we broke in on them, and succeeded in holding them in check before they could get to level ground.

The firing continued about half an hour, and then everything was quiet for an hour and a half, when they made another charge, only to be repulsed as before. One more hour of vacation, and then my captain asked me to go



GOING FOR THE DETACHMENT.

to the foot of the hill, where was a little ravine, and bring in some of the enemy, who were there annoying us.

I told him that I did not like the job, but if he ordered me to go of course I was bound to obey.

He said he wouldn't force me to, but it would please him very much if I made the attempt.

I asked him if he had requested anyone else to go on the same duty, and he replied that he had, but no one was willing.

I hesitated. It wasn't a nice place to venture into, and there didn't seem to be much chance of a fellow's ever coming back. It is foolish for a soldier to think he is in any more danger in one place than another, but it is pretty

hard for him not to feel a bit shaky when asked to go alone to confront, he don't know how many of the enemy, leaving his companions behind.

I fixed my rifle, started over the works down the hill, making up my mind I wasn't afraid of the men in the ravine; but it was the danger of going that particularly troubled me. There were about twenty sharpshooters firing at me, and the shot flew in all directions. More than one of the bullets struck between my feet. Finally I came upon a squad of eight men and drove them in, and I kept driving them in until I got forty-nine.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Jondro does not give a more detailed account of how he "drove them in." It is a fact, however, that he did take on that day, single-handed, forty-nine prisoners, and that in doing so he went where half a dozen of his comrades had refused to go, therefore who shall say that he did not earn his medal of honor?

He wasn't so fortunate later in the war, however, for at Fair Oaks the tables were turned, and he himself was taken prisoner, to be sent to Libby, and subsequently to Salisbury.

While in prison a captain's commission for him was forwarded to his regiment, but was returned. After he had been exchanged and rejoined his regiment, Colonel Nichols, his commander, sent for him to come to his quarters, saying as he arrived:

"Jondro, I have something for you," and added, as he opened the box and took out a bit of bronze, "it's a medal of honor. If I owned it, and got it the way you did, I would think more of it than I do of the eagles I carry on my shoulders."

SERGEANT FREDERICK A. LYON.

1ST VERMONT CAVALRY.

FREDERICK A. LYON was born in Williamsburg, Mass., in 1843. He enlisted in Burlington, Vt., where he was then residing, December 31, 1862, as sergeant in Company A, 1st Vermont Cavalry.

Writing from his present home in Jackson, Mich., Mr. Lyon says:

I participated in all the engagements of the Army of the Potomac from the time of joining my regiment, February, 1863, at Drainsville, Va., until after the surrender of Lee. I was never away from my command, nor in a hospital a single day during my term of service. I forward an article of mine from the *Burlington Free Press*, relative to how I won my medal of honor.

I will tell you in a crude way how my horse and myself captured General Ramseur. It was nearly night of the eventful day of October 19, 1864,

at Cedar Creek, when our cavalry was ordered forward. I have been told that we were only instructed to charge as far as Cedar Creek, but when we came there the enemy were all across the creek. I believe Sergeant Kaskell of Company H and myself were the first to cross; but we were not long alone; everybody came.

We captured several prisoners on the level soon after crossing. We halted for a moment on the brow of a hill to form. It was then dusk. We charged around a curve in the road and came full upon the whole business – infantry, artillery, baggage wagons and everything pertaining to a defeated army anxious to change its base. There was a natural delay.

Our charge as a body was at an end, but each individual seemed bent on securing the most. Some, thinking those of the enemy there present were being sufficiently entertained, rode forward, seeking “pastures new.”

The process was to pull out on one side, gallop past a half a dozen wagons or pieces of artillery, then stop one, shooting down one of the leading horses if necessary to accomplish that result, and order all to the rear. But as the pike was narrow transportation in the rear was seriously interrupted.

I was getting well to the front of the retreating column. Even a bugler who had been near me continually was some distance behind. It was dark. I began to feel as if I was away from home in a strange land; but the bugle at that instant sounded, and I knew I was not lost. I jumped my horse up a bank at one side of the pike, and rode ahead of four or five wagons until I arrived at a little bridge near Strasburg.

An ambulance was about to cross, and I ordered it to halt. Some one replied:

“General Ramseur is inside, and he orders us to move on.”

Now I had seen considerable of generals; I had been with my company at General Sedgwick’s headquarters, and had been orderly for General L. A. Grant. I accompanied him (at twenty paces in the rear) when he went for his commission as brigadier-general. I had been private orderly for General Torbert, and went with him when he was promoted and transferred from command of the 1st New Jersey Brigade to that of a cavalry division.

I was, as you might say, well up in generals. But to order a general, and a major-general at that, to halt, after he had given orders to “move on,” was out of my line. It was reversing things too entirely for my immediate comprehension.

But I soon revolved in my mind the fact that he was a Johnny, whose command was nothing to me, and that we wanted him. I thereupon made a statement to the effect that I belonged to the Federal cavalry, and again ordered them to halt.

“What?” came from the ambulance, “Are you a Yank?”

I answered that I belonged to the 1st Vermont Cavalry, and my questioner (a major on Ramseur's staff) seemed to possess a sufficient knowledge of the geography of his country to understand that several people answering to the name of Yankee hailed from that locality.

The conference was brief, and ended in the ambulance turning around and starting back toward Cedar Creek and Winchester.

On the way back I met General Wells, who advised me to take them to General Custer's headquarters, as General Ramseur had previously requested; Custer and Ramseur having been classmates at West Point.



THE TAKING OF GENERAL RAMSEUR.

In due time, I, in person, turned over to General Custer Major-General Ramseur, a Confederate major and the driver. The flag was found in the ambulance, after the latter had been placed with the other captured property. Pardon me if I add that, if there was any credit in the performance it was due entirely to my horse.

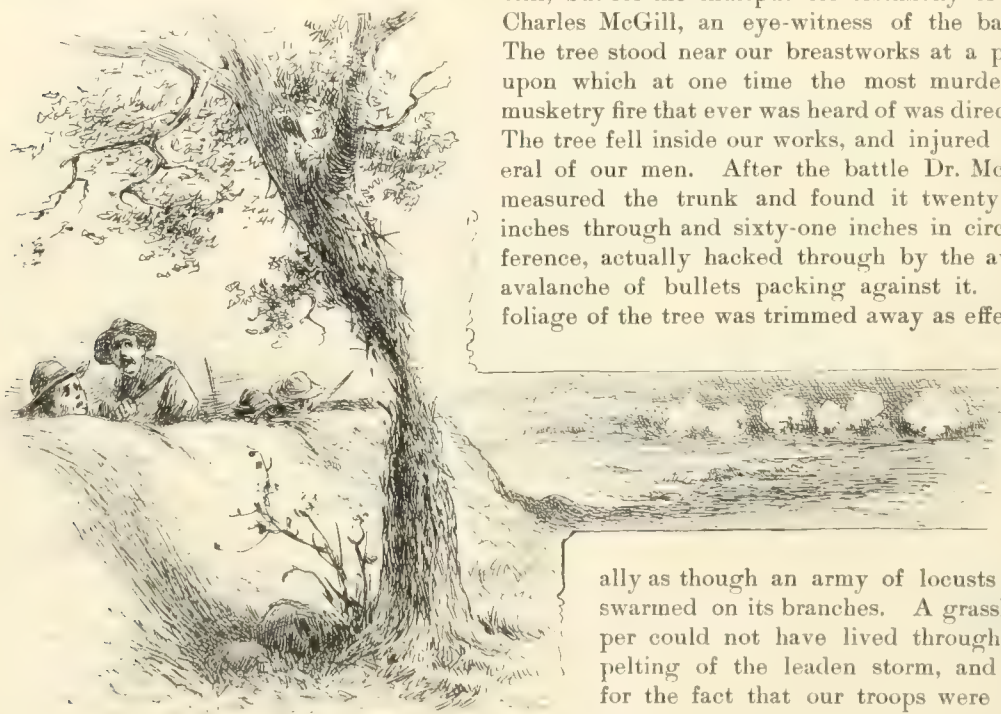
CHAPTER XLIV.

THE BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA—WM. W. NOYES, 2ND VERMONT INFANTRY—STANDING ON THE BREASTWORKS—ALBERT MARSH, 64TH NEW YORK INFANTRY—CAPTURE OF A FLAG—F. A. BISHOP, 57TH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY—THE NIGHT IN FRONT OF THE ANGLE—J. H. WEEKS, 152ND NEW YORK INFANTRY—THE FELLED TREES—THE CAPTURE OF THE WORKS.

THE BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA.

AS evidence of the fierceness of the battle of Spottsylvania the following item, which appeared in the *Richmond Examiner*, may be quoted:

“Most people have doubted the literal accuracy of the dispatch concerning the battle of Spottsylvania, which alleged that trees were cut down under the concentrated fire of minie balls. We doubted the literal fact ourselves, and would doubt it still, but for the indisputable testimony of Dr. Charles McGill, an eye-witness of the battle. The tree stood near our breastworks at a point upon which at one time the most murderous musketry fire that ever was heard of was directed. The tree fell inside our works, and injured several of our men. After the battle Dr. McGill measured the trunk and found it twenty-two inches through and sixty-one inches in circumference, actually hacked through by the awful avalanche of bullets packing against it. The foliage of the tree was trimmed away as effect-



THE FELLED TREE AT SPOTTSYLVANIA.

ally as though an army of locusts had swarmed on its branches. A grasshopper could not have lived through the pelting of the leaden storm, and but for the fact that our troops were protected by breastworks they would have been swept away to a man.”

The list of eighteen men who were awarded medals for their heroism on this particular twelfth day of May, 1864, will be found in another chapter.

WILLIAM WALLACE NOYES.

2ND VERMONT INFANTRY.

AMONG the letters received from the recipients of medals on this occasion is one from William Wallace Noyes, now residing in Montpelier, Vt.

Mr. Noyes was born in Montpelier, Vt., in 1846. July 23, 1863, he enlisted in his native town as private in Company F., 2nd Vermont Infantry.

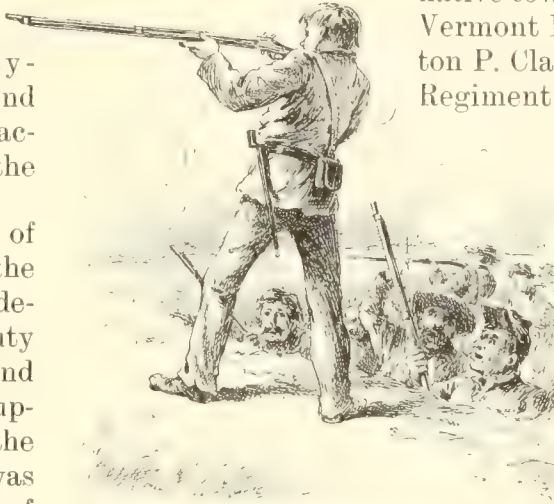
Captain Day-
mand of the 2nd
thus gives an ac-
bravery during the

ton P. Clark, who was in com-
Regiment at Spottsylvania,
count of Noyes'
action:

By reason of
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paign, and the de-
field officer on duty
mand of the 2nd
ment devolved up-
in the morning the
with others, was
through a piece of
small clearing, and

federate line, which was protected by breastworks at the further end of this clearing. As the commanding officer of the regiment, my duties caused me to move up and down the entire length on my line, and you may be sure that I had all I could attend to. The men were reaching over the breastworks and were firing into the Confederates on the other side, as well as trying to punch them with bayonets, and the Confederates were doing the same thing. I noticed Private Noyes standing on the top of the breastworks within some twenty or thirty feet of where a large number of Confederates were lying low, and he was deliberately drawing a bead on each one of these as fast as his comrades could pass up freshly loaded muskets to him; the number of shots fired in this way I could not pretend to tell, but certainly there were not less than fifteen, and it may have been twice that number.

Noyes was then but a young boy, scarcely sixteen years of age, and this campaign was about the first of his soldiering, but he had real courage that then and ever after, until he was wounded, made him ready to face every and any danger. I consider the above one of the bravest acts that I know of during the Rebellion.



NOYES ON THE BREASTWORKS.

the heavy losses
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tail of our only
that day, the com-
Vermont Regi-
on me. Very early
2nd Regiment,
ordered forward
woods, through a
charged the Con-

LIEUTENANT ALBERT MARSH.

64TH NEW YORK VOLUNTEER INFANTRY

It was a pathetic reply to his letter of inquiry regarding the particular service which Albert Marsh, Sergeant of Company B, 64th New York Volunteer Infantry rendered, that the compiler of these records received:



ALBERT MARSH.

My brother is a helpless invalid, the result of his services in the army, and I have tried to answer the questions as correctly as possible, and have given dates and other information as published in the history of Cattaraugus County.

It was his sister who wrote, and the following information given by her agrees with that found in the records of the Government.

Marsh was born in Randolph, N. Y., in 1831, and enlisted in the same town August 17, 1861, in Company B. Until the action of May 12, 1864, during the operations around Spottsylvania Court House, when he won his medal of honor, Marsh had participated in all the engagements of the Army of the Potomac.

The contemporaneous account of this day's battle may differ slightly with the more elaborate reports which have been prepared since the close of the war, but it is interesting, inasmuch as it gives a story of the operations as this soldier saw it.

At dawn of Thursday, the 12th, the Second Corps quietly and cautiously moved up from its position to the enemy's line. As the corps surmounted gradually the rugged and woody space which intervened, the excitement increased until it broke out in a splendid rush at the Confederate intrenchments, which the gallant corps leaped with cheers, dashing into the astonished enemy and compelling their surrender. It was a brilliant charge with the bayonet, hardly a gun being fired; a clear surprise, and it might have been more fruitful but for the cheering of some of the men, who could suppress their enthusiasm no longer.

As it was, an entire division was surrounded and captured, officers and men, three thousand prisoners and two generals, Major-General Edward Johnson commanding the division, and Brigadier-General G. H. Stewart. So

complete was the surprise that the Confederate officers were startled from their breakfast, and so rapid the conquest that an hour after the start, the successful leader was able to send the following dispatch to headquarters:

I have captured from thirty to forty guns. I have finished up Johnson, and am now going into Early.

W. S. HANCOCK.

No sooner was the first line of rifle pits carried than the second was stormed with great impetuosity, and, after a stout resistance, wrested from the enemy.

The charge of the Second Corps was followed by a heavy cannonade all along the line to which the enemy, now thoroughly awakened and exasperated, replied to his fullest capacity. This whole line quickly moved up to support the Second Corps. Burnside with the Ninth, pressed in on the extreme left, converging toward the penetrated space, and speedily joined his right to Hancock's left division, closing the gap. The Sixth Corps also threw itself against Ewell's left, and on the extreme right Warren's corps became hotly engaged. The rainstorm of the preceding day now began again with greater violence.

The enemy were quickly aroused to the importance of the position they had lost, and about nine o'clock began to charge again and again with desperate fury upon the Second and Ninth Corps in an attempt to retake their works. Desperate fighting occurred without intermission for three hours. Toward noon the enemy, surfeited with slaughter, abandoned for a time the attempt to retake the pieces which Hancock's men won so fairly and held so tenaciously. But they had successfully disputed Grant's further advance, and of the captured cannon the greater portion lay covered by the fire of sharpshooters, so that neither party was able to carry them off.

It was during one of the furious charges in which the 64th New York were confronted by the 44th Virginia Regiment, that Albert Marsh found himself face to face with one of their color-bearers, and then, forgetting all else save the possibility of capturing a flag, he closed with the Virginian in a struggle which could end only when death should come to one or the other.

After five minutes' desperate fighting Sergeant Marsh held the flag of the 44th undisputed — its bearer lay at his feet.

There was no time for exultation. The enemy was pressing forward hotly, and, with the flag in his possession, Marsh continued his portion of the battle with exceeding bravery, until wounded in the right leg so severely that amputation was necessary on the same day.

When carried from the field he still held the bit of bunting which had cost at least one life. It was stained with his blood until the stripes, which

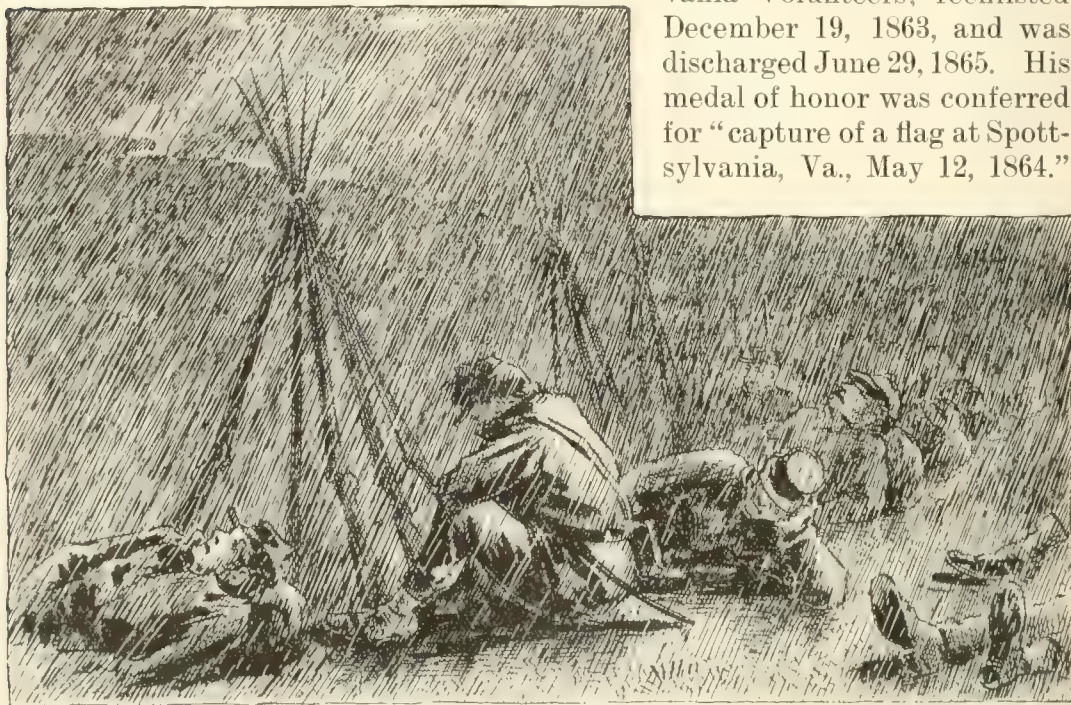
had been white, could not be distinguished from the red, and it was still in his hands when the surgeons mutilated him that he might live yet a little longer.

For his bravery he was promoted to second lieutenant, but was not able to be mustered in before the war closed. His sister writes that he has a first lieutenant's commission from the State, signed by Reuben E. Fenton as governor.

FRANCIS A. BISHOP.

57TH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY.

FRANCIS A. BISHOP was born at Standing Stone, Pa. in 1840. He enlisted September 15, 1861, at Towanda, Pa., as private in Company G, 57th Pennsylvania Volunteers; reenlisted December 19, 1863, and was discharged June 29, 1865. His medal of honor was conferred for "capture of a flag at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864."



SLEEPING ON THE LINE OF BATTLE AT SPOTTSYLVANIA.

From Blanchard, Mich., Mr. Bishop writes to the compiler of these records:

I captured a stand of Confederate colors near Spottsylvania Court House, May 12, 1864, at a salient angle, in front of Brown's farmhouse.

We arrived at the designated point in front of the angle about two o'clock, A. M. The troops were placed in proper position for the charge, and dropped asleep on the muddy ground with the rain falling on their up-turned faces, sleeping until the dawn should call them to battle, to victory or to death.

It was on high ground well intrenched, and in every way an ugly looking place to assault. I belonged to the 2nd division (General Birney's) 2nd corps (General Hancock's). It was in the early morning charge that the capture was made by me.

I did not realize at the time that there was any particular honor gained, and thought to keep the flag only until the fight was over, and then destroy it. During the day and far into the night, the carnival of death reigned. It was a desperate bloody hand to hand grapple. About midnight the Confederates withdrew from the contest, leaving the angle in our possession. The continuous rain, the miserable condition of the ground, and the desperate nature of the fighting, have caused the recollections of that day to remain a painful memory. At Fredericksburg and Cold Harbor we were hurled against impregnable positions and slaughtered; but the sun was shining and nature was smiling. The gloomy memories have some compensation in the success achieved in the gray of this morning, when three thousand prisoners and twenty captured cannon were placed to the credit of the Second Corps.

JOHN H. WEEKS.

152ND NEW YORK VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

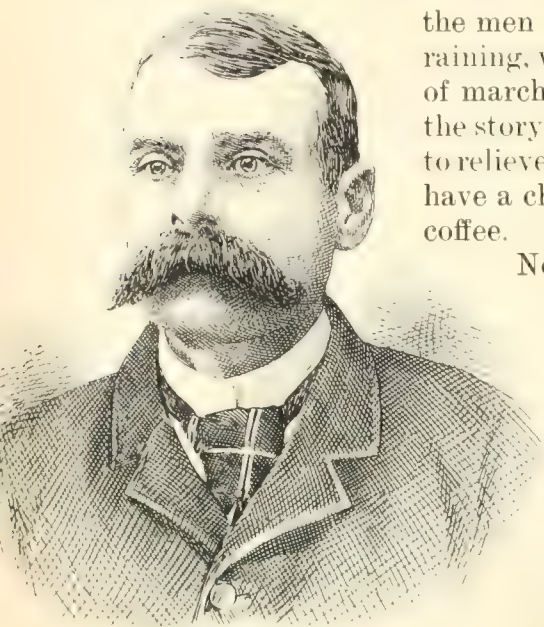
CORPORAL WEEKS was born at Hampton, Conn., in 1845. He enlisted August 28, 1862, at Hartwick Seminary, N. Y., as private in Company H 152nd New York Volunteer Infantry. He was discharged as corporal May 25, 1865. Medal of honor was conferred for "capture of flag and color-bearer."

In reply to the request for the story of how he won the medal of honor, Mr. Weeks writes:

Our regiment belonged to the 1st brigade, 2nd division, 2nd corps, Army of the Potomac.

On the night of May 11, 1864, we were in front of the enemy to the right of Spottsylvania Court House, and had been under fire from the first of the month. On the night of the 10th and during the day of the 11th, we lost eleven men on the skirmish line, and the night of the 11th found us nearly exhausted from marching and constant fighting.

Then it was that we were relieved by troops from the Fifth Corps, and marched to the left as silently as possible, with orders not to allow the cups on our haversacks, or our bayonets to rattle, and for the men to make no unnecessary noise. It had been raining, which rendered the ground soft, and the labor of marching severe for our already tired troops. But the story was circulated among us that we were going to relieve the Sixth Corps in reserve, where we would have a chance to get a good night's rest and a cup of coffee.



JOHN H. WEEKS.

Not until just before the break of day were we halted in line of battle, and ordered "In place rest."

We could see the light of camp fires in our front, and I supposed they had been lighted by the Sixth, so, immediately the command was given to rest I threw myself down in the mud and fell asleep.

A few moments later I was awakened by the sound of a horse coming on the lope. Raising myself up I saw an aid riding to General Hancock, who chanced

to be near our right, to give the verbal order, which, as nearly as I can remember, was as follows:

"General Meade's compliments, and he directs that you move your corps forward and occupy these works."

Little did I fancy what it would cost to obey this order, for I was still under the impression that the Sixth Corps were in our front.

We were called to attention, and the command came to "Forward! Guide center! March!"

Our division was in the second line of battle, following closely upon the first. We had not gone very far before I heard firing from the skirmish line; but could not see any objects in front, owing to the heavy fog. Then it was I began to realize that we had something else to do besides cooking coffee.

We soon reached the open field with a gradual ascent, where had been heavy timber that was felled with the tree tops toward us, and so closely packed that the branches interlocked; the ends of the boughs had been sharpened, while wires were stretched along the foliage, making it almost impossible for a body of men to get through. Still beyond these

obstructions were the enemy's works, which consisted of a ditch six or eight feet wide, and nearly as deep, with a row of sharpened poles set in front of it, the points about breast high, and placed two or three inches apart. Immediately behind this excavation were the breastworks, formed by dirt thrown out of the ditch, making the distance from the bottom of the ditch to the top of the works twelve to fourteen feet, without opportunity for a foothold, and with the flower of the Confederate army behind that.

As soon as their skirmish line fell back they opened fire on us with musketry and artillery. Thirty pieces, double-shotted with canister, had been massed at this point, and, under such a fire as they dealt, by the time we had passed the obstructions instead of being an army, we were simply a yelling mob of Yankees.

By wrenching the sharpened stakes from their places, we used them in crossing ditches and scaling the works, which at this point formed an angle. Our regiment was on the left wing of this angle, so that when we got inside the works and had sent the prisoners to the rear, we could still see the enemy on the right wing, opposing the charging column.

As a matter of course our men were now in the rear of the Confederates, and they, realizing the danger, were beginning to retreat.

I saw one body of men, among whom was the color sergeant with his guard, fire their guns at us and then start on a run. I had just discharged my weapon, and there was no time to load if I would prevent the flag-bearer from getting away.

Dashing out at full speed I seized the flagstaff, succeeded in wresting it from the sergeant, and throwing it on the ground, cocked my empty gun, ordering them to halt and surrender or I would shoot.

Believing I was in condition to carry out my threat, the sergeant said to his companion as they came to a full halt:

"Boys, they've got our flag, and we'd better go with it."

The others were probably of the same opinion, for they acted upon this advice, and as I marched the six to the rear, the regiment sent up a mighty cheer when they saw me in charge of these prisoners and the regimental colors.

Colonel Curtis told me to take the men to the rear, as we were in danger of being driven back at any moment.

I recrossed the works and soon met General Hancock and staff coming up to the front. I saluted him, and he stopped as he returned it to ask me what colors those were I carried.

I told him it was a stand I had captured, and he inquired if all these were my prisoners. When I told him they were, he turned to one of his staff and

smiled incredulously, as I thought at the time, for I was only a boy of eighteen, and it did seem rather improbable I could have captured six men with an empty gun.

"Turn your prisoners," said he, "over to the provost-marshal, write your name, the date of the action, the number of your company and regiment on



MEETING GENERAL HANCOCK.

a piece of paper. Pin it on the colors and deliver them to your adjutant."

I did as I was commanded and received the medal of honor during the next winter while at Campbell suffering from wounds received on the left of Petersburg, October 27, 1864.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE "KILLING" OF COLONEL HASKELL ONE OF THE REMARKABLE INCIDENTS OF THE WAR—
A SOUTHERN MOTHER—A MAN HARD TO KILL—THE FINAL "KILLING"—A REMARKABLE
RECOVERY, WITH UNUSUAL RESULTS—THE STORY OF A RING.

By E. P. ALEXANDER.

AMONG all the incidents of the war of personal intrepidity, of gallant fighting, of desperate wounds and wonderful recovery, and of dramatic attendant circumstances, there is probably none more remarkable than what became known among his friends afterward as the "killing of Colonel Haskell."

Colonel Alexander C. Haskell of Abbeville, S. C., belonged to a family which is itself well worthy of a more extended notice than space permits. At the first call of the State for troops in 1861, six sons responded from this family, out of eight, the two remaining being under twelve years of age. In July, 1863, the mother, having driven twelve miles from their residence in the country, to get the mail, and opening it in the carriage on her way back, read of the death of her brother, Captain Cheves, and of one of her sons, Captain Charles Haskell, in an action on Folly Island near Charleston, and of the death of another son, Captain William Haskell, on the field of Gettysburg. Another one of the brothers, Colonel John C. Haskell, at the battle of Gaines Mill, led the charge of a regiment of Hood's brigade, carrying its colors. His horse was killed as he leaped the enemy's breastworks of logs, and he himself was slightly wounded. Continuing in the charge upon a second position of the enemy his right arm was torn off at the shoulder by a solid shot. In General Hood's book upon the war, he says, that about this time his personal staff being all absent upon special service, he called for a volunteer to carry a message, and that Major John C. Haskell presented himself, but that as the young gentleman was minus his right arm, just carried away by a cannon ball, he advised him to go and hunt a hospital. Major Haskell afterward became a colonel of artillery, and in the same action in which his brother, Colonel A. C. Haskell, was shot, October 7, 1864, as is presently to be told, he had his scalp ploughed to the bone from his forehead to the back of his head, by a minie ball. These incidents, however, have been prefaced only to illustrate the fact that the brightest type of bravery is that which is born, not of excitement and of indifference to danger, but of personal high

character and devotion to duty, the result of home influences and early training. It may be learned from the example of such a family as this that boys may be so taught and influenced that, as men, they cannot be cowards, or fail in devotion to duty and trust.

Colonel A. C. Haskell was twenty-two years old at the beginning of the war, and in 1862 was the adjutant of Gregg's South Carolina brigade. He was badly wounded in the arm at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, and again in the leg at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. On May 31, 1864, he was colonel of the 7th South Carolina Cavalry, and on that day received a very severe and dangerous wound in the right hip at Cold Harbor. The ball passed nearly through him, lodging in the left hip, beyond the reach of probes, and it remains in his body yet.

Nevertheless, he was again in the field as soon as he could ride— in time to be "killed" on October 7. And in this connection it may be stated at once that he would not stay killed, but was again with his regiment in January, 1865 (when he had to be reintroduced to officers and men, all his recollection of names and faces known in the old life having been lost), and he lived to fight several hard fights in the operations which resulted in the evacuation of Richmond and the surrender at Appomattox.

And now to the story of the "killing," which is by no means the whole story of the day, but is all that space permits.

On the morning of October 7, 1864, General Lee made an effort to turn the flank Federal entrenchments on the north side of the James with two divisions of infantry and Gary's command of cavalry. The movement was successful at first, and the Federal lines were forced back for some distance, and two batteries of artillery, eight guns, were captured and brought off by the cavalry. But the Federals finally occupied a line of heavy breastworks with infantry armed with breech-loading rifles, and a charge upon these works by Field's division was repulsed with very severe loss, including General Gregg of Texas, killed, and General Bratton of South Carolina, wounded. General Lee then withdrew from the attack and retired within his regular lines. In these operations Colonel Haskell was acting brigadier-general in command of a brigade of cavalry, which included his own regiment, the 7th South Carolina. With one half of this regiment he had personally led a particularly brilliant and successful charge in column down a road, meeting half way a larger force of Federal cavalry charging up the road, and forcing it back in a melee for a half mile. It should be explained that many, perhaps most, of the Confederate cavalry at this time were really only mounted infantry. Colonel Haskell was a believer in the sabre, and by personal appeals had just procured from Colonel Gorgas, chief of ordnance, sabres for his men in addition to their muskets. On the afternoon of the 6th, in anticipation of the action

on the 7th, he had borrowed grindstones, and had, as nearly as possible, a razor-edge given to every sabre, especially to his own, which was a straight Austrian blade, about three inches longer than the regulation length. Being about six feet in height and unusually muscular, he could still handle the extra length and weight better than an ordinary man would the ordinary sabre. Colonel Gorgas also gave him to try about twenty French revolvers of a new pattern. There were nine rifle barrels around a large central smooth-bore barrel carrying buckshot, thus giving ten shots in all. Colonel Haskell carried one of these pistols, besides his own revolver, which was an English five-shooter.

When the assault by Fields' division was repulsed, Colonel Haskell without special instructions took the half of his own regiment which had not been in the first charge, about one hundred men, and moved off with it to the left, with the idea that he might discover some way in which we might turn or outflank the enemy's fortified lines. Having gone some distance to the left he then turned toward them, and was presently fired on with carbines and artillery from some scrub oaks across a small field. Heading for an opening, indicating a road, from the sides of which the artillery had fired, Colonel Haskell cried "Charge." He had had his horse badly wounded in the first charge, but had secured a new mount in a fine blooded horse just arrived from South Carolina, and he led the charge in spite of the efforts of the best mounted officers and men to pass him. They dashed into and through the artillery, cutting down some of the men at the guns, and just behind the guns they saw, apparently, a regiment of Federal cavalry, not in line of battle, but moving in the road. At full speed the head of Haskell's column drove directly at them and split them open as with a wedge. No troops in the world unprepared could withstand such a shock, and speedily the road was filled with a flying column of pursuers and pursued, cutting and firing at each other as they ran at full speed of their horses, and the Federal officers bravely but vainly trying from time to time to stop enough men about them to make some resistance. During the charge Colonel Haskell emptied his fifteen revolver barrels, and his sabre was red to the hilt.

One incident of the melee is worth recording. At a narrow part of the road, as he passed a Federal soldier very close on his right, the man threw his revolver over and fired at him but missed. Being so close Haskell could only throw his right arm across his own front, and dropping the point of his sabre give a sort of "right thrust," which he did with all his force. The sabre seemed to enter the man's side a little ways and then to stick fast, so that it would neither go deeper or come out. The man dropped his pistol and threw up his hands with a yell of agony. Haskell cried to him, "Fall off your horse," which the soldier did, and the sabre was released. He was taken

prisoner by those following, and the mystery as to the behavior of the sabre was made clear. The point of it had gone through the ring in the man's sabre belt, and, having entered his side for an inch or two, it could go no further, but it notched the ring deeply and was held fast.

Finally the command came out on an open field and here they halted to form, and to rest their horses and collect the prisoners they had taken. While this was going on Colonel Haskell rode to the top of a hill near by to see what could be seen of the enemy's lines. Here he came upon a wagon with a fine team and packed with tents, apparently the headquarters of a regiment, the driver of which whipped up his mules and started to make off. Haskell called on him to surrender.

"Surrhinder to wan man?" said he, with a strong Milesian brogue. "I'll do no such thing."

"Come, Pat," answered Haskell. "I've no time to waste. If you don't surrender I'll have to put this sabre through you. Come now," presenting the point of the bloody sabre toward him. "I'll give you till I count three to make up your mind. One, two."

"And do you mane it?" says Pat.

"Indeed I do."

"Thin I surrhinder," says Pat.

"Drive down there then to those large oaks and tell my men you have surrendered to the colonel, and they will put you on the road into our lines."

Soon after Pat drove off Haskell saw riding toward him a single Federal dragoon, with a revolver in his hand. Both of the revolvers he had carried in the charge he had thrown in the melee at the heads of the opponents after they were emptied. Putting spurs to his horse he charged at full speed on this man, and as he drew near, with sabre raised, he shouted "Surrender." The man seemed dazed and reined up his horse without offering to fire.

"Give me that pistol," said Haskell, and the man turned it and handed it over fully loaded.

"Now dismount and turn your horse loose, and hit him a slap."

The loosened horse galloped off, and leaving the man to go where he pleased Haskell rejoined his men. Starting these and their prisoners back by one road, he himself, with one of his best men, Sergeant DuBose Snowdon, took a road to the left, by which he hoped to reach the Infantry lines more promptly, and to find General Lee and make a personal report of his observations.

They had gone but a short distance down the road when they came suddenly upon the Federal General Kautz, with an escort, who had come through the woods and into the road in their rear. Thinking he might cut his way through, Haskell shouted, "Charge!" and drawing the revolver he



WHEN DYING ALL ARE BROTHERS.

had taken from the cavalry man, he and Snowdon rode at them. The Federals opened fire at once with revolvers and carbines, and Snowdon fell at almost the first discharge, shot through the heart. Haskell had fired two shots, and wounded two men, and was about firing the third when he received a carbine ball, which entered his left eye, and came out behind his left ear. His after description of his sensations was peculiar. He thought himself instantly killed. Time lost its limitations, and visions, like those described by people who have been nearly drowned, of his life passed before him, bringing up long-forgotten scenes and events. Then all was dark but one light spot, in which he saw his right hand still raised with the pistol in it, and the smoke still hanging about the mouth of the carbine which had shot him. He found himself sinking and falling heavily to the ground, and he heard the man who had shot him exclaim, "I've killed the general." The Federal officers dismounted and gathered about him. His coat was opened, and a copy of the orders of the day taken out and read aloud. A surgeon examined the wound, and General Kautz asked: "Is he dead?"

The surgeon said, "No, but he is dying."

"Can nothing be done for him?" "No, poor fellow, he would die instantly if he were moved."

He then felt them take his watch, his sword and things from his pockets; and then an effort was made to remove a plain gold ring from one of his fingers. He clinched his hand and tried to speak "Not that." "I'm not robbing you, Colonel," the man said, "I'll keep it and send it to your family." There were expressions of sympathy, and something was said about leaving a man to watch him, and sending an ambulance for him, and then they all mounted and rode off. But as they were leaving him he saw, with his remaining eye, some one coming toward him folding up a blanket. Then he heard the Milesian accents of his friend Pat, and he recalled that as he charged upon the crowd he had seen beyond them the headquarter's wagon, which he had captured and which had driven right into friendly hands.

And now Pat came up and said, "Ah! Colonel, ye were a bit rough on me this morning with yer ould sabre, but when a mon's dying we're all brothers, and I'll do what I can to make ye comfortable." With that Pat raised his head tenderly, and placed the folded blanket as a pillow under it, and then drove off after his friends. It may be as well said here that Colonel Haskell has believed that this act, in allowing the blood to drain from the wound, very possibly saved his life, and by letter to General Kautz after the war he tried to find what became of Pat. But Pat's command, supposed to be the 1st New York Mounted Rifles, had been mustered out and he could not be traced.

Haskell lay as Pat left him for some time—perhaps an hour; when he saw and heard some one moving cautiously through the bushes in the direction in which his face was turned. He raised his right arm to attract attention. The man saw him, jumped behind a tree and raised his rifle and fired—Haskell supposes at the man left to guard him, though he could not see. Then he came up, and asked who it was, and said he was "Sorel, Longstreet's scout." He brought up help and in a blanket Haskell was moved back to a house, probably the "Johnson house," which had been General Kautz's headquarters that

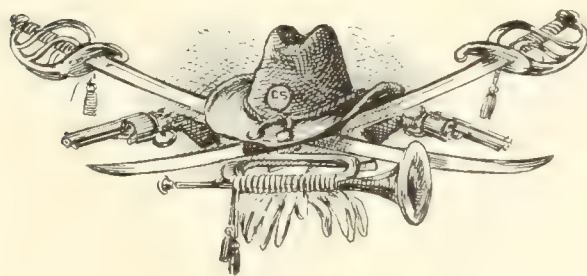


THE END OF THE STORY.

morning, and thence an ambulance carried him to Richmond. He was conscious until put into the ambulance. After that he had no recollection, though it chanced that the ambulance mules took fright and ran away, throwing the driver from his seat. Haskell was seen to raise up and seize the lines, and then to fall back, as was supposed, dead. But the mules were safely stopped by an Alabama infantry brigade on the road, and Haskell was taken to the residence of Mr. Dudley, the father of Bishop Dudley. Here he lay for many weeks between life and death, and when, finally, recovery was assured and convalescence began, he was as one born into a new world. Language came back by slow degrees, and names of persons, places and things all had to be learned anew. The former incidents of his life were all lost and the recollection of these was only gradually recovered during some years. When reference was made to such past events during this time he would frequently say, "I hav'nt thought of that since I was killed. Let me think." After once recalling an event, and registering it, as it were, in the new consciousness, it was always afterwards remembered.

A day or so after the fight General Kautz sent a flag of truce to request the body of a major who had been killed, and he also sent in by the flag Colonel Haskell's watch and all the personal belongings taken from him except

the gold ring. After the war Colonel Haskell wrote to General Kautz, as has already been told, endeavoring to trace his friend Pat, and he also inquired if the general could put him in the way of recovering the ring. But of this General Kautz had known nothing, and was unable to give any information, so it was given up for lost. Twelve years afterward, however, in 1876, Colonel Haskell was the chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee in the Tilden Hayes campaign, in which the carpet-bag government of South Carolina was overthrown, and his name was prominent in the daily papers for several months. On the 3rd of February, 1877, the *Charleston News and Courier* published a letter from a Mr. Ditchfield of Chester County, Pennsylvania, stating that James G. Keech, formerly color-sergeant of the 11th Pennsylvania Cavalry, had seen in the papers the name of Colonel Haskell, and that he wished to restore to the family a ring which he had taken from the body of an officer of that name whom he had mortally wounded on October 7, 1864, at the battle of Johnson's Farm, with the promise of so restoring it. He offered to send the ring at once upon proper identification. It is needless to say that this was easily furnished, and the ring was promptly restored.



CHAPTER XLVI.

THE BATTLE OF COLD HARBOR—O. P. BOSS, 25TH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY—WAITING AT THE GUNS—THE BEGINNING OF THE BATTLE—COLD HARBOR AS SEEN BY A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER—CARNAGE WITHOUT VICTORY—THE 25TH MASSACHUSETTS IN THE LAST ATTEMPT—THE COMRADESHIP OF BATTLE—PATRICK D. CASEY, 25TH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY—SERGEANT BALL.

THE BATTLE OF COLD HARBOR.

IN his "Recollections of a Private Soldier," than which no better description of a battle from a private's standpoint has ever been written. Frank Wilkeson says:

"The whole army seemed to be greatly depressed the night before the battle of Cold Harbor.

"Before daybreak on June 3, the light artillery men were aroused. We ate our scanty breakfast and took our positions around the guns. All of us were loath to go into action. In front of us we could hear the murmurs of infantry before it was sufficiently light to see them. We stood leaning against the cool guns or resting easily on the ponderous wheels, and gazed intently into the darkness in the direction of the Confederate earthworks. How slowly morning dawned! The darkness faded slowly, one by one the stars went out, and then the Confederate pickets opened fire briskly; then we could see the Confederate earthworks about six hundred yards ahead of us. . . . We filled our sponge buckets with water, and waited; the Confederate pickets were firing briskly at us the while, but doing no damage. Suddenly the Confederate works were manned. We could see a line of slouch hats above the parapet. Smoke in great puffs burst from their lines, and shells began to howl by us. Their gunners were getting range. The Confederate pickets sprang out of their rifle pits and then ran back to their main line of works. Then they turned to warm the battery with long-range rifle practice, knocking a man over here, killing another there, breaking a leg of a horse yonder, and generally behaving in an exasperating manner.

Lieutenant May of the Confederate army gives the following spirited account of the battle as viewed from the enemy's lines:

It was daylight. I had just finished a cup of coffee and was lighting my pipe, when some one shouted:

"Look! Look at our pickets!"

As not a gun had been fired it naturally surprised me to see the entire picket line retreating in great haste; but a moment later the enemy came out of the woods at double quick in five lines of battle. No sooner had the fifth line reached the open than the Georgia brigade began the battle, which was continued by the Alabama men with a right flank volley of both musketry and artillery.

This caused the first line of the enemy to halt, waver, and then fall back on the second column, which very soon mingled with the third, fourth and fifth. Two or three more volleys were fired from the Confederate lines, when the Federals beat a hasty retreat to the woods.

We had hardly formed for a general action when the woods in our front appeared to be full of blue coats. The Federals advanced without any caps on their guns, and not a shot had come from the Union lines, save from a six-gun battery, which was bursting shells high over our heads and in our rear. Our artillery was not idle, but, firing double-shotted canister from the two rifled guns, and at a distance of a hundred yards was cutting wide swaths



DOWN AT THE BATTLE OF COLD HARBOR.

through their lines at every discharge, literally mowing them down by the dozens, while legs, arms, heads, and muskets were seen flying high in the air at every discharge.

But we were opposing a determined and gallant foe. The wide lanes made in their columns were quickly closed, while on, on they came, swaying first to the right and then to the left like great waves of the sea, until one upheaval from the rear would follow another, hurrying them nearer and nearer each moment to the murderous fire from our works. There was a ravine with a marsh in General Anderson's front, and just at the edge of the woods. Here the enemy would surge to the right to obtain shelter from my

men, only to be raked by the artillery and the leaden hail from Anderson's brigade. At this point the dead were piled upon each other five or six feet deep, and the blood ran down the gully until it flowed past our line. At times the smoke was so dense that nothing could be seen; but as the wind carried it away the solid blue mass could be observed reforming in the old orchard in our front.

Here for one hour and a half the men charged, and charged again like a flock of sheep against a stone wall. Such invincible resolution I never saw before nor since. They would advance only to be shot down without a shadow of resistance, until the ground was blue with the dead and wounded. Finally the Federal columns passed back out of sight among the blue smoke, and we prepared for the next assault.

Twenty minutes later it was reported that the battle was to be renewed, and, looking out over the works, I saw what I supposed to be one regiment with a single flag, and an officer in front with his sword raised, calling on the men to advance. It was the 25th Massachusetts, the only regiment of the brigade which obeyed orders to return to that bloody field. This we learned from the twenty-odd officers and men who fell down among the dead and wounded at our first fire. The remainder of their comrades refused to go forward, and not since the charge of the six hundred at Balaklava has a more heroic act been performed.

In "Around the World with General Grant," the leader of the Union forces is quoted as saying:

"Cold Harbor is, I think, the only battle I ever fought that I would not fight over again under the circumstances."

ORLANDO P. BOSS.

25TH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY.

THE historian of the 25th Massachusetts thus details Orlando P. Boss's part in the engagement, for which the latter won the medal of honor:

"When the brigade was repulsed it fell back to a line of earthworks about one hundred yards from the enemy's position; and lying on the ground fifteen yards in front of this was Lieutenant Daley of the 25th, mortally wounded.

"Corporal Boss and Privates Aldrich and Battles were in a rifle pit about half way between the lines, and could hear the sufferer begging for water.

"Regardless of the terrific hail of bullets, Boss crawled out of his hole, approached the wounded man, until it was possible to throw him a canteen well filled, and then, without anything to assuage his own thirst, the brave corporal went back to find that Aldrich was wounded.

"To remain longer in the rifle pit would be almost certain death, and Boss resolved to make an attempt to get over the breastwork, although many had been killed in trying the same thing.

"To leave his companion behind did not enter Boss's mind, and yet the poor fellow was so weak from loss of blood that he could not have walked a dozen paces.

"To cross in front of the three Confederate lines of battle unencumbered would have been a most desperate thing to do, and yet Boss quietly proposed to take Aldrich on his back and stagger through the deadly shower of missiles.

"It seems little short of a miracle that a man so loaded down, and forced, because of his burden, to walk upright, could have passed across the intervening space alive; but it was done, and the hero gives his account of the perilous journey in these few words:

"‘I took him on my back, and carried him from the field in safety.’



PASSING THE CAVERN.

"Once inside the Federal lines Boss determined to make an effort to save the wounded lieutenant, or at least bring him where he could receive medical attention, and to this end asked General Stannard's permission to try the daring scheme.

"This was readily granted, and then the corporal set about making his preparations. To bring the dying officer over the breastwork could not be done with any assurance of success, and Boss enlisted several comrades in the work, proposing that while he and one other ventured out, several inside should tunnel through the works in order to facilitate the return.

"William D. Blanchard was selected to accompany the corporal, and while the others began excavating the tunnel these two brave men crawled over the works under a most murderous fire from the enemy, who at once understood what was being done, and succeeded in reaching the rifle pit a short distance from where the officer lay.

"Now to show themselves above the surface meant death, for a literal sheet of shot and shell was passing over the spot, and, with nothing better in the way of tools than their spoons, the rescuers dug a trench to where the now dying man lay.

"Four hours of incessant labor, and exposed all the time to the murderous fire. Boss and Blanchard spent, and then it was possible to pull the sufferer on to a rubber blanket.

"Now to get inside the earthworks again.

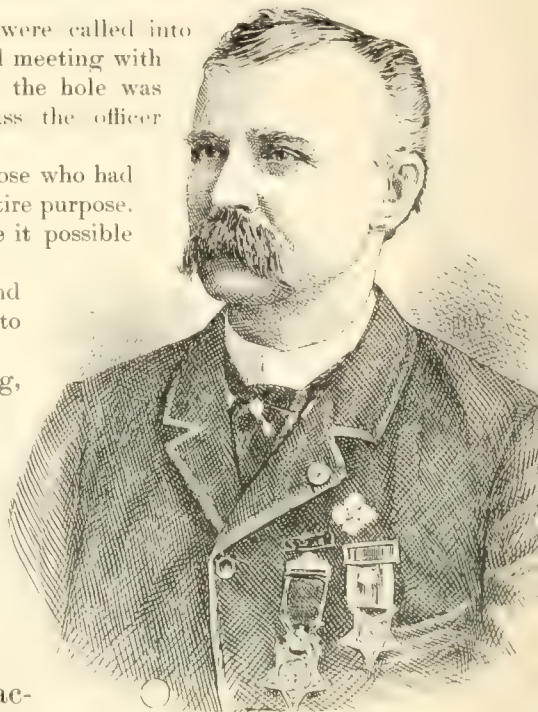
"Lying close to the embankment the spoons were called into service once more, and both worked for dear life until meeting with those who were tunneling from the inside, and then the hole was soon made sufficiently large to enable them to pass the officer through.

"The heroic deed had been performed, but those who had braved death to save a life did not succeed in their entire purpose. The man was wounded mortally; but they had made it possible for him to die in peace among friends.

"The lieutenant was placed upon a stretcher, and at once carried to the field hospital and from there to Washington, where he died in less than three weeks.

"Once again after this, in front of Petersburg, Boss went between the lines of battle to bring away a wounded comrade, and, as before, escaped without a scratch.

"For these services was his name written on the Roll of Honor as it should have been, for such deeds require far more courage than is often displayed amid the heat and excitement of battle when one frequently acts unconsciously, as it were."



ORLANDO P. BOSS.

Boss himself writes an account of this action in which he won the medal, but he does so in such an exceedingly modest manner that one would suppose it was a matter of everyday occur-



MINING THE BREASTWORK TO SAVE A LIFE.

rence, this bringing off wounded comrades under the fire of fifteen thousand men, therefore it appears more fitting the narrative of others should be given, that he may have full meed of praise.

PATRICK DAVID CASEY.

COLOR-BEARER 25TH MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.

PATRICK DAVID CASEY (mustered into service as David Casey), was born in the County of Limerick, Ireland, March 1, 1845. Nine years later he came to this country with his parents, who settled in Northbridge, Mass.

In 1861, after two unsuccessful efforts owing to his youth, Casey succeeded in enlisting in the 25th Massachusetts Volunteers, and was assigned to Company C, Captain C. G. Atwood.

He participated in all the engagements in which his regiment took part, with the exception of two, and they occurred after he was wounded before Petersburg.

The particular incident in Casey's career as a soldier which entitled him to a medal of honor occurred on June 3, 1864, during the battle of Cold Harbor, and is thus spoken of by Captain J. Waldo Denny, the historian of the 25th.

"It was the charge of Heckman's brigade upon the entrenched enemy at Cold Harbor. Less than one hundred yards separated the combatants, and the open ground between the lines was swept by the mounted guns of the Confederates. Major Atwood, who led the 25th Regiment in the charge, counted nine Confederate battalion flags in his front—it was a perfect slaughter of our troops, and the loss was frightful."

After describing the battle, Captain Denny writes:

"There were many instances of personal heroism, one which we will relate is worthy a page in the history of brave deeds. Sergeant Ball of Company F carried the State colors—a blue silk flag with the State arms on one side. It was presented by the ladies of Worcester.

"While carrying these colors the sergeant fell wounded, and Corporal Lewis of Company K, who was one of the color-guard, caught the flag as it fell with the sergeant. The lines were broken, the flying iron crushed bones like glass, and men and officers seemed to be staggered, when the corporal, bearing the colors aloft, ran ahead shouting: 'Come on, boys!' He was followed by many of the regiment who were upon that part of the line.

"A number fell killed and wounded, and Johnny Lewis stood alone far ahead of his comrades. His daring had left him without support. In such a storm of bullets no man could live. The soldiers saw him stagger. He took the staff from its socket, and planted it in the ground as if determined that if he fell the colors of the Twenty-fifth should not fall with him.

"He looked toward the enemy, then up as if imploring God to receive his spirit, and catching the colors in his dying grasp, fell to the earth enshrouded in the flag he loved and died to save.

"The flag was considerably in advance of our line, but the brave man to save it was found in David Casey of Company C, who rushed forward, and seizing the standard from the grasp of his dead comrade, bore it safely to the lines still held by the regiment and brigade."

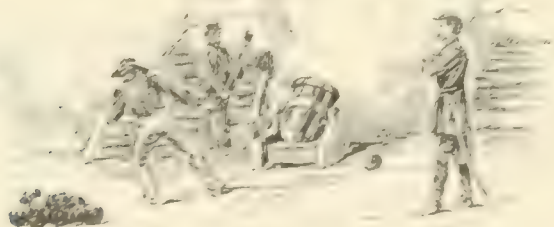
The flag which Casey thus heroically saved is now preserved in Doric Hall, at the State House in Boston. Casey writes:

The fire of the Confederates was delivered at such short range that the powder from their guns burned and blackened my face, while there was a perfect shower of bullets and grape-shot at short range. It seemed a miracle that I should be uninjured, save by a contusion on the head caused by a grape-shot passing through my hat.

At the time Casey performed this service he was nineteen years of age, having enlisted when sixteen. He claims to have been the youngest soldier from the town of Northbridge, and, with one exception, to have served the longest. He reenlisted in December, 1863. He was mustered out July 13, 1865, after three years and nine months duty as a soldier.

After his discharge he returned to his home in Whitinsville to follow the trade of a moulder, and has since resided there.

He was active in the formation of the local G. A. R. Post, now R. R. Clarke Post 167, in which he has served continuously as color-bearer, no one disputing his right to carry the flag he had risked his life to save. In the organization of medal of honor winners as the Medal of Honor Legion at Boston during the G. A. R. Encampment, August, 1890, Casey was elected inspector-general.



CHAPTER XLVII.

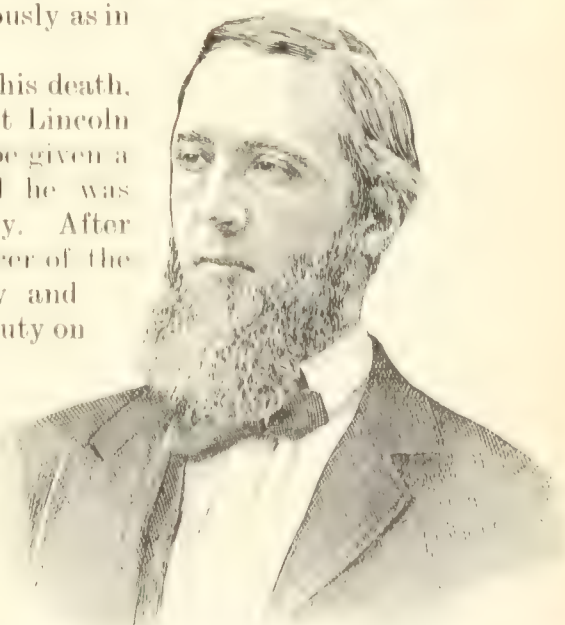
IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG, AND THE Weldon RAILROAD — COLONEL CUTTS, 11th UNITED STATES INFANTRY — RALLYING THE LINE BEFORE PETERSBURG — B. F. YOUNG, 1st MICHIGAN SHARPSHOOTERS — CHAS. E. BROWN, 50th PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY — EATING RAW MACKEREL — CAPTURING A FLAG AND PRISONERS WITH AN EMPTY GUN.

LEUTENANT-COLONEL J. MADISON CUTTS won the medal of honor because his work in the line, field and staff of the army was of great distinction, and his services were of a high order of merit and usefulness. He was the brother of the wife of Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, and enlisted as a private soldier in the 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, when the term of service was but three months, and as a private he did his duty as faithfully and conscientiously as in the higher ranks of the army.

Stephen A. Douglas, shortly before his death, made the personal request of President Lincoln that Private Cutts, his brother-in-law, be given a commission in the regular army, and he was appointed captain in the 11th Infantry. After acting as mustering and disbursing officer of the Rhode Island troops cavalry, artillery and infantry, he was ordered to report for duty on the staff of Major-General Burnside, and served with that general as aide-de-camp, judge advocate, and in other staff capacities in Burnside's successive commands of the department of North Carolina, 9th Army Corps, the right wing of the Army of the Potomac, and the department of Ohio.

During that time he participated in the battles of South Mountain, Antietam and Fredericksburg, receiving on each occasion words of praise from all who observed him.

Afterward he served with his regiment in the Mine Run campaign of General Meade, and in the many battles of General Grant's campaign in the Wilderness. He was acting field officer, and thereafter commanded his



COLONEL J. MADISON CUTTS

regiment at General Grant's headquarters, City Point, Va., at General Meade's headquarters, and in the battle of Fort Steadman, Va.

His final service was in Louisiana as commander of the post of Shreveport, with outposts at Marshall and Jefferson, Tex.

His medal of honor is for triple service and inscribed as follows:

"For gallantry at Wilderness, Spottsylvania and Petersburg, 1864."

In the engagement in front of Petersburg, Va., June 18, 1864, a spherical case-shot burst in front of Colonel Cutt's regiment, killing seven and wounding twenty-three. As a matter of course, the regiment was thrown into the greatest confusion.

Colonel Cutts stepped in front of the line, ordered them to reform, and by his courage and *sang froid* restored the shaken confidence of his men. It was while he was doing this that he was himself severely wounded and carried from the field.

He was twice brevetted for gallant and distinguished services, and recommended for the colonelcy of one of the regiments of General Hancock's Veteran Corps.

House Report No. 3343, Fifty-first Congress, second session states:

"His services as a soldier were very varied, arduous, unremitted, often extremely hazardous, and involving great responsibilities, and he was at all times noted for ability and fidelity and for conspicuous and distinguished acts of gallantry on many battlefields, until after rallying his regiment, which had been broken by a decimating artillery fire in front of Petersburg, Va., June 18, 1864, he himself fell, and was, at the time supposed, mortally wounded while advancing in front of his regiment in the line of battle which he had reformed.

"He then incurred a disability, in the performance of a specific act of great gallantry, sufficient to have entitled him to be at once retired as captain. A little more than two years afterwards he could have been retired under the act of Congress of July 26, 1866, with the rank of his command when wounded — that of a field officer.

"Although often urged and advised to avail himself of the provisions of that act, he had no desire to become a charge upon the country he had helped to save, and remained in the service, although seriously disabled, hoping still to be of service to his country."

FIRST MICHIGAN SHARPSHOOTERS.

BENJAMIN F. YOUNGS.

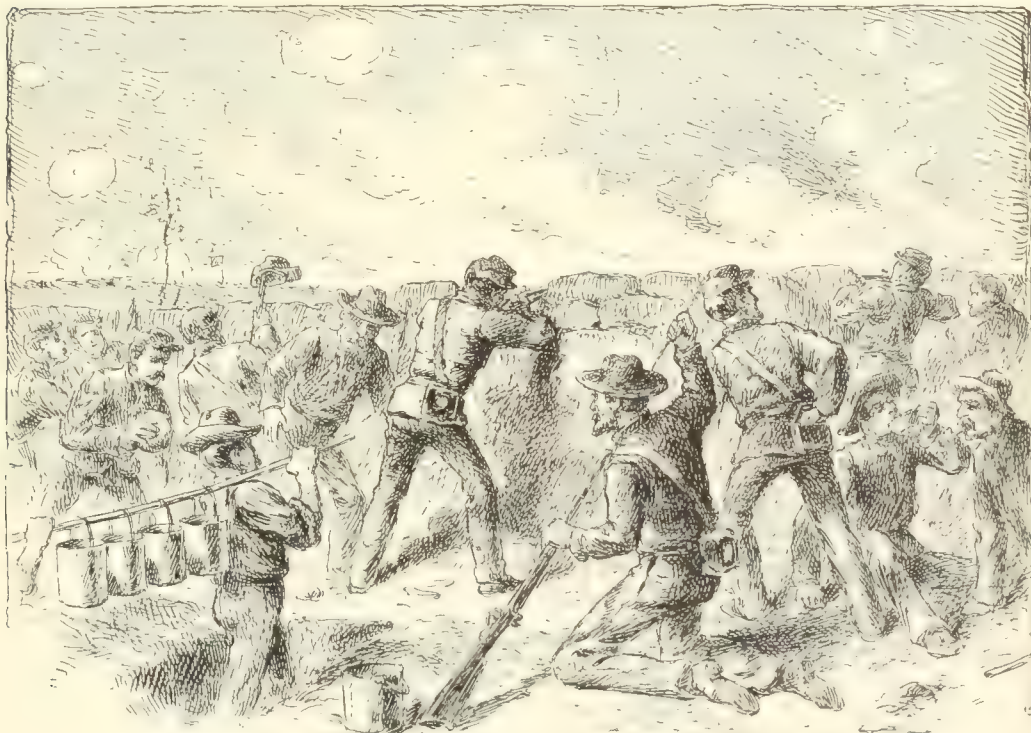
BENJAMIN F. YOUNGS, corporal Company I, 1st Michigan Sharpshooters, was awarded the medal of honor for the capture of the flag of the 35th North Carolina Regiment, in front of Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864.

It has thus far been impossible to learn whether Youngs is alive or dead, and the matter which follows, descriptive of the act of bravery for which he

was decorated, is taken from the history of the 1st Michigan Sharpshooters, as found in the work published by that State, regarding her troops.

“ Passing through Grant’s great campaign on Richmond with much credit, and crossing the James River, it arrived with its division in front of Petersburg, June 16, 1864, and on the next day, while in command of Major Rhines, became so heavily engaged, and so specially distinguished in charging and holding the enemy’s works and repelling his repeated assaults to retake them, that this bloody battle became one of the most prominent events in the history of the regiment.

“ The position of the regiment being on the extreme left of the corps, and the Fifth



THE UNION TRENCHES BEFORE PETERSBURG.

Corps failing to connect the line after the capture of the Confederate works, a large gap was left through which the Confederates poured their troops, and most severe fighting occurred; the regiment gallantly repulsed the enemy in two successive and vigorous charges, taking two officers and eighty-six men prisoners, and the colors of the 35th North Carolina, which were captured by Corporal Benjamin F. Youngs, of Company I, who was promoted for distinguished gallantry on this occasion. During the engagement the left of the regiment became completely enveloped, and was placed in a position compelling it either to surrender, or cut its way through the Confederate lines. The last named resort was determined on, and, having first destroyed the national flag of the regiment to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy, it commenced fighting its way out, finally succeeding in getting through the

Confederate lines. The gallant Major Rhines fell in this desperate struggle, together with thirty-one killed and died of wounds, forty-six wounded, and eighty-four missing, including among the killed Captain George C. Knight, and among the mortally wounded Captain Thomas A. Gaffney and Lieutenant Garrett A. Graveraet."

CAPTAIN CHARLES E. BROWN.

50TH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY

CHARLES E. BROWN was born in Pennsylvania in 1841, and enlisted August 14, 1861, in the 50th Pennsylvania Infantry as sergeant. He was mustered out as captain at the expiration of his term of service.

Captain Brown writes:

While we were lying in the breastworks in front of Petersburg, August 18, 1864, we were warned to be ready to move at a moment's notice in light marching order. At nightfall the colored troops began to come in to relieve us, and as the Confederates heard them moving, they commenced throwing shells, and, for a while, it was about as hot as I ever saw it.

Finally we got out, however, and started. We marched all night as fast as they could drive us, and in the morning, as the sun rose, we turned off the road to the right, where some army wagons stood loaded with raw mackerel. These were thrown out to us as we marched by, and we picked them up, for it was all we had for breakfast, after traveling twelve hours.

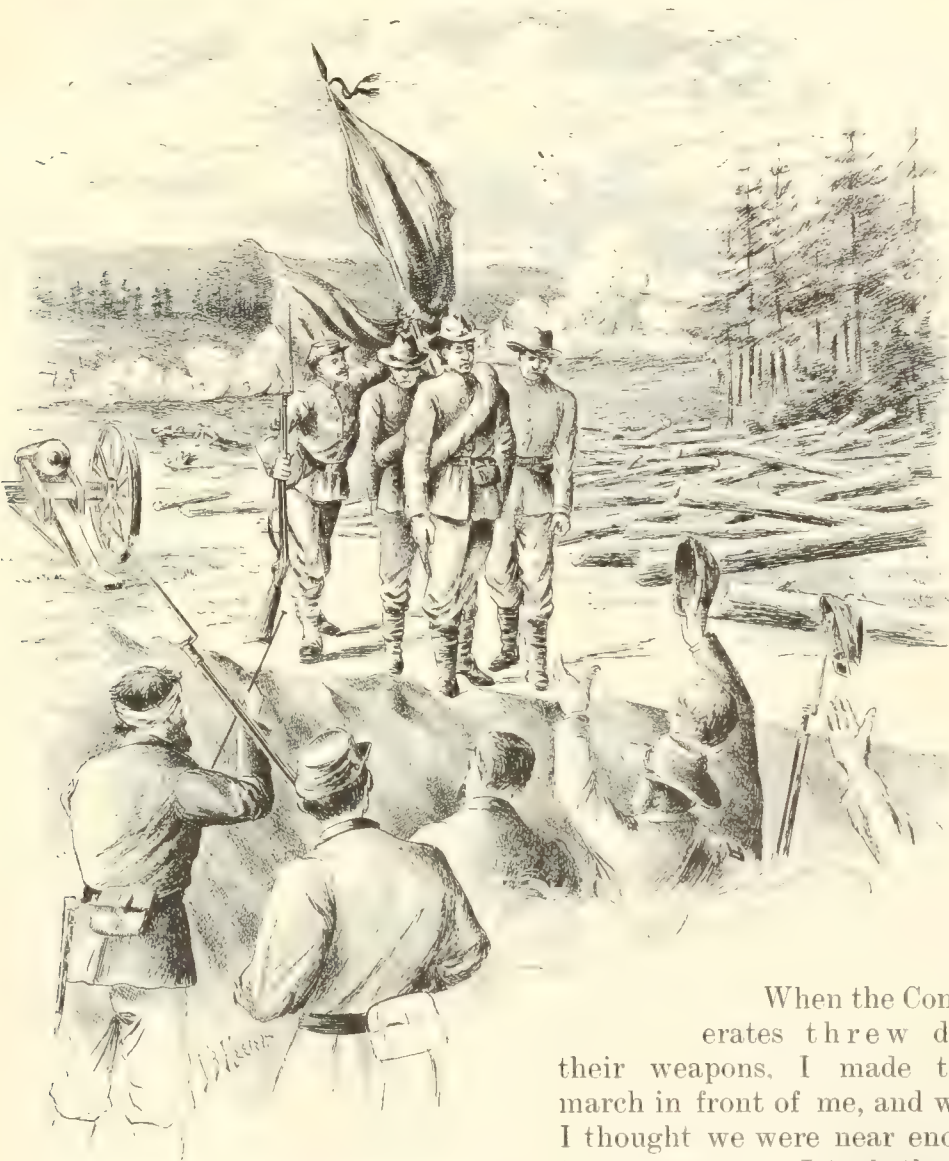
A short distance further on we were drawn up in solid column with our regiment in front, and had hardly begun to chew the raw mackerel when the Confederates charged on the Second Corps, and drove them out of their pits.

Then our artillery got in their work, and we charged on the enemy, driving them back, retaking the pits, and a good many prisoners with them.

Charles, Oswalt and Joseph Long jumped over the pits during the scrimmage and had a hand to hand fight with some of the enemy. I saw this and thought I would take my share of the fun, so I picked up a Belgian rifle and started, but before I could get there, Oswalt and Long had polished off their men. About fifty yards ahead of me I saw two color-guards and a sergeant making their way through the bushes.

When a breastwork is built where there is timber, the trees are cut down so the enemy cannot charge in solid column, and that was the position of affairs here. It was through this fallen timber that the men with the flag were going slowly, and with difficulty. I sneaked up on them before they knew it, leveled the rifle, and ordered them to throw down their guns. They obeyed in short order, and then it was I realized I was only about a hundred and fifty yards from the Confederate works, and at least as far from any

Union soldiers, except Oswald and Long. The last two were just outside the pit we had retaken, and were on their way back when I started out.



AND THE WHOLE DIVISION CHEERED ME.

When the Confederates threw down their weapons, I made them march in front of me, and when I thought we were near enough to our own men, I took the flag from the sergeant, swung it in

the air two or three times, and the whole division cheered me.

The enemy began to fire upon me; they shot the rim off my hat, and sent a good many bullets through my clothing while our boys were cheering.

When I got under cover, I found the flag I had taken was that of the 47th Virginia Infantry, and the prisoners cried bitterly when I stripped it from the staff. They said the ladies of Richmond had presented the flag to their regiment, and the same sergeant had carried it through all the battles until then. I suppose it was rather tough for them, but it made me feel pretty good. I stuck the flagstaff in the ground, and laid down by the side of it to sleep. It seemed as if my eyes had but just closed when I was awakened by General Wilcox, who said to me:

"Sergeant Brown, while you were sleeping, I learned of the capture of that flag and the three Confederates. It was as brave an act as I have heard of during the war. According to regulations I shall have to take the flag from you and send it to Washington with your name attached to it, but I will see that you are rewarded for your brave deed."

Then he took me by the hand, bade me good-bye, and went off with the captured colors.

After he had left I accidentally looked at the Belgian rifle, and found there were no cartridges in it, so I had captured the Confederates and taken the flag, with an empty gun.

December 24, 1864, I was ordered to go to the 9th Army Corps headquarters with my company, and there was told to form the company in line. After this had been done, Major-General A. E. Burnside and his staff came out, presented me with a medal of honor, and spoke very kindly to me. My commission as first lieutenant was dated Harrisburg, November 22, 1864, and my captain's commission December 31, 1864.

Regarding the action referred to above, General Humphreys writes:

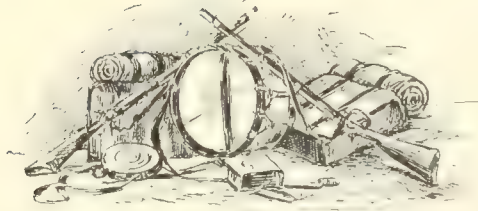
On the morning of the 19th, General Bragg of Cutler's division was sent with his brigade to the right of Crawford, to support him and establish connection by a skirmish line with the pickets of the Ninth Corps. There was great difficulty in doing this, the whole face of the country being covered with dense woods and underbrush, the wood roads or cart tracks through which were unknown to any of our troops.

The line was probably imperfectly formed, but at best would constitute a very imperfect guard against an active enemy, acquainted in detail with the woods, which, at the distance of twenty paces, effectually screened everything from sight.

This will explain why all that Brown knew concerning the work on that 19th day of August, was what happened in the immediate vicinity of the particular rifle pits of which he spoke, and it is not the first case, by many, of

privates who participated in prolonged engagements without knowing what was taking place within a very few yards of them.

To-day the former captain of Company C is captain of a canal boat running between Philadelphia and New York, and by no means the least entertaining of his war reminiscences is that which he repeats over and over with a great deal of zest, regarding his capture of three Confederates with an empty gun,



CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE STORY OF A SCOUT — A. H. ROWAND, 1ST WEST VIRGINIA CAVALRY — THE CAPTURE OF
HARRY GILMOR — SHERIDAN'S MESSAGE TO GRANT, AND HOW IT REACHED
HIM — PRIVATE LETTERS OF THE WAR TIMES — W. H. H
CROSIER, 149TH NEW YORK INFANTRY — WHY
THE FLAG WAS NOT CAPTURED.

ARCHIBALD H. ROWAND, JR., was born in Alleghany, Pa., in 1845, and when the war broke out was residing there, acting as clerk in the auditor's office of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad. On July 17, 1862, he enlisted at Wheeling, W. Va., as private in the 1st West Virginia Cavalry, being then but seventeen years of age.

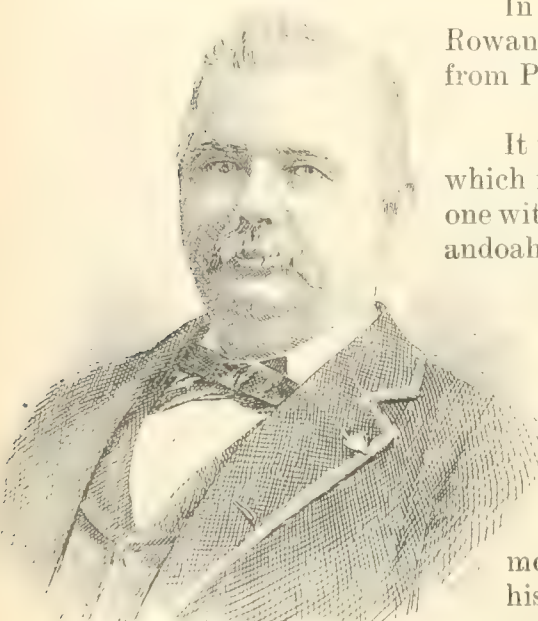
In a letter to the compiler of these records, Rowand writes under date of December 26, 1893, from Pittsburg, Pa.:

It was my duty to be in every engagement in which my regiment participated, and I *was* in every one with Sheridan, from the time he came into Shenandoah Valley until the wind-up at Appomattox.

I was with General Milroy personally at Winchester, where he cut his way through, going in with six thousand men and coming out with one thousand two hundred. In that fight, I believe, I had the closest call of any, the man on the right and the man on the left of me both being killed. General Milroy, who was almost directly in front of me, had the flank of his horse taken off with a grape-shot. Under orders, I gave him mine, rode that three legged horse off the battlefield, and got for the general

his white horse, which was afterward captured at Rich Mountain, and it wasn't a pleasant job, riding through that pitiless shower of bullets.

Fortunately, I contracted no disease while in the army, neither was I at any time badly wounded. As a matter of fact, I was too skinny to stop a

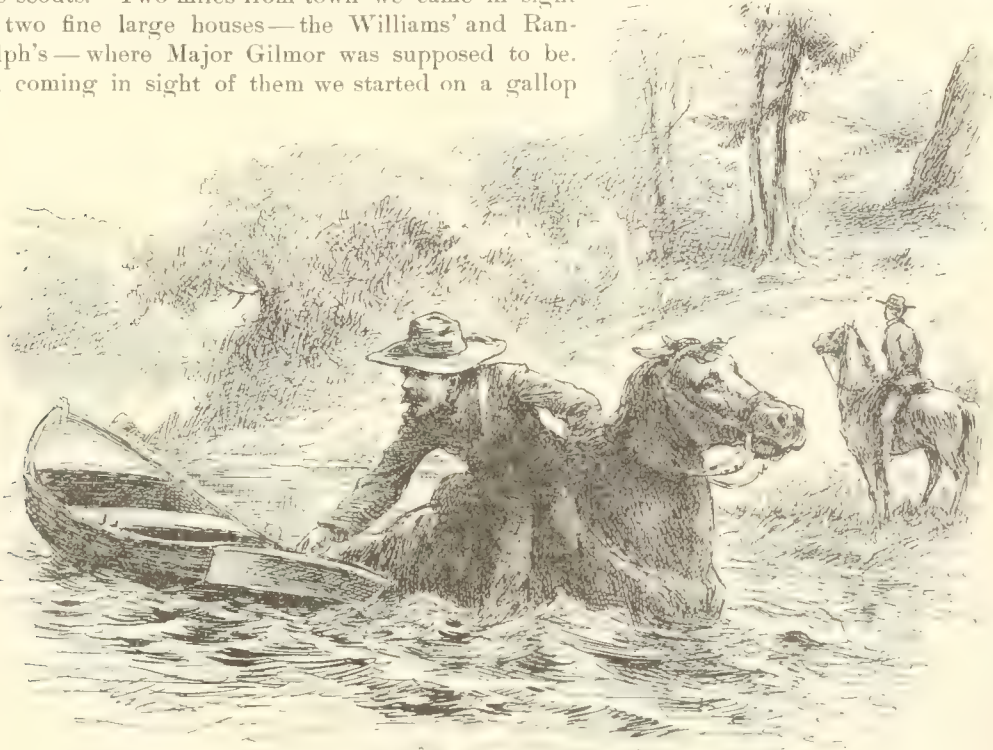


ARCHIBALD H. ROWAND, JR.

bullet. I had holes bored through my hat, and was shot through my clothes several times; had eight horses killed under me during service in action, and escaped with a badly bruised knee, received by the falling of a horse which was shot. I am one of the thankful fellows.

I send you extracts from two letters my parents received from me, relative to the capture of Harry Gilmor, and the trip from Sheridan to Grant.

We arrived at Moorefield on Sunday morning, February 5, 1865, and, leaving the town surrounded by a strong picket, we struck the South Fork River road, I in advance with five scouts. Two miles from town we came in sight of two fine large houses—the Williams' and Randolph's—where Major Gilmor was supposed to be. On coming in sight of them we started on a gallop



ROWAND CATCHING THE DRIFTING BOAT

for Randolph's house, when an order came from Major Young to go to Williams' house. Dashing across the fields we surrounded Williams' house and captured one of Rosser's men. Major Young went on to Randolph's and there caught Harry in bed. He was a little astonished, but took things coolly. You may be sure we gave him no chance to escape. He is now under strong guard in our quarters."

"We rode one hundred and forty-five miles in thirty-six hours, and walked ten miles. We came north of Richmond, and of course we came a roundabout, or rather a zigzag way. Several times we were within ten miles of Richmond, talked to some fifty Rebels, and gained valuable information. We had quite a confab with four of General Lee's scouts, we passing

ourselves off for General Rosser's scouts, and being dressed in gray they never suspected us. They, in fact, never expected to see two Yanks right in the midst of their lines and in broad daylight. We were never suspected until we were within two miles of the long bridges, when suspicion was raised and we were chased for two miles. We were forced to leave our horses at the bridge and paddle across in a small boat to the south side. When we came to the river there was a small boat floating down the river. I swam with my horse to the boat, got off my horse into the boat, and went back for my partner. We left our horses and made double quick time across those swamps, and got into the woods before the Rebs reached the river. They, of course, captured our horses, the two best in the 6th United States Cavalry. The fleetness of our horses alone saved us, as we had time to get across the swamp before the Rebs reached the bank. Although we could see them coming down the road they could not follow us any farther than the bank of the river, as there was no boat for them, and they could not swim their horses across. We walked from there to our pickets, most of the time being in the woods. The compass father gave me has done me good service. I have a military map of Virginia, and with both it is not difficult to go the nearest way to any point. When I swam my horse, I got my clothes wet and my boots full of water. When I got to our picket

I was perfectly dry, but was so crippled in my feet I could scarcely walk. I am all right to-day, quartered with General Grant's scouts."



W. H. H. CROSIER.

W. H. H. CROSIER.

149TH NEW YORK INFANTRY.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON CROSIER, familiarly called "Tip" in Syracuse, where he now lives, was born in Skaneateles, N. Y., in 1843, and enlisted in his native town in Company G, 149th New York Infantry, as color-sergeant.

His own brief account of his record is as follows:

I was wounded in the face, November 24, 1863, at Lookout Mountain.

I received my medal of honor for "distinguished bravery" at the battle of Peach Tree Creek, Ga., July 20, 1864, where I was

wounded in the neck and right shoulder by a sharpshooter after the battle was over; but participated in every engagement my regiment was in during my term of service.

General H. A. Barnum recommended two of the color-bearers of the famous 149th New York Volunteers for the Congressional medal of honor, and regarding Color-Sergeant W. H. H. Crosier he says:

"Crosier's act was one of superb bravery in action and a devotion to the flag in which he held life as nothing to the saving of the starry banner.

"For fuller detail I will state that the field was woods, thick with undergrowth and trailing vines. The troops on the line of battle were suddenly and unexpectedly attacked by superior force and routed.

"Our brigade being in reserve in column of regiments, was ordered forward, each regiment advancing as it became deployed. This brought the regiments into action singly, and each in turn was routed, the attack being in overwhelming numbers.

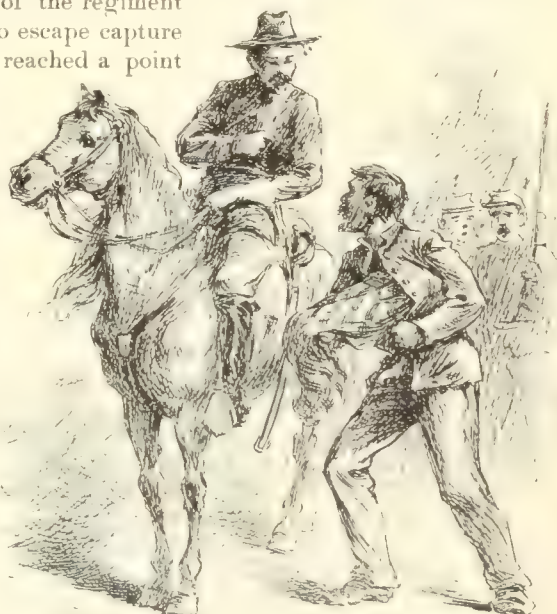
"The 149th Regiment, New York Volunteer Infantry, crossed the enfiladed ravine at the center with the colors, and about seventy-five officers and men, and ascended the woody acclivity, thickly overgrown with brush and vines, only to recoil under a withering fire full in our faces.

"While attempting to reform, the Colonel observed that the enemy was closing in on our right and left rear, and that both wings of the regiment had retired. He ordered a rush to the rear, to escape capture of his force and colors, and most of the men reached a point where a second line was being formed of fresh regiments and the stragglers.

"Crosier came out of the bushes, staggering, covered with blood—and empty handed. 'Where is that flag?' demanded the colonel. With a smile, he unbuttoned his blouse and pulled out the flag saying, 'Here it is, Colonel!' and sank to the ground."

It is almost needless to say that the "colonel" referred to, was the genial General Barnum.

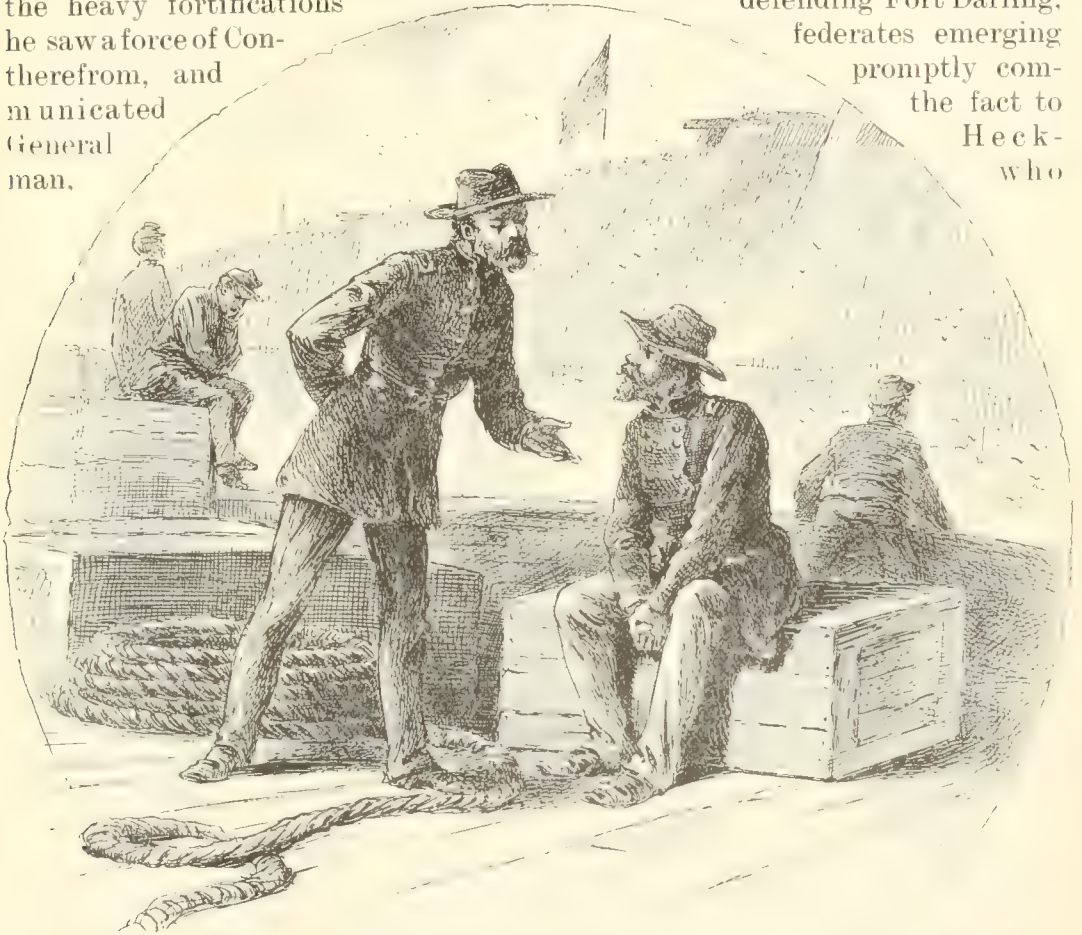
The *Syracuse Herald* in referring to the granting of this particular medal, has the following item:



"WHERE IS THAT FLAG?"

"‘Yes,’ said ‘Tip’ Crosier, when a *Herald* reporter called upon him at his shop this afternoon. ‘I suppose I am the man referred to. The general told the story pretty nearly as it was, only I didn’t have the flag in my blouse; it was under my shirt. It was in the fight before Atlanta on July 20, 1864. We were way ahead of the main line trying to establish an advance position when the fight came on. The regiments were run in one at a time to check the advance of the enemy, and were literally wiped out as they were struck. When I saw the six color-guards all shot down, and myself standing alone unarmed with armed Confederates demanding my flag, I told them to take it. They did take the staff; but I tore off the flag and stuffed it under my shirt. It was there when I met Colonel Barnum. When he saw no flag in my hand he drew his sword to cut me down. I told him I would produce it when we got out of the fight where it would be safe, but he must have it then, and I drew it out. That was the affair the general referred to when he asked for the medal.’”

For ten days the 9th New Jersey had a surfeit of fighting. In the direct advance on Drewry's Bluff, Drake had the advance command, two companies, his movements winning warm praise from his commander, General Heckman, who closely followed Drake's thin line. As the lieutenant neared the heavy fortifications defending Fort Darling, he saw a force of Confederates emerging therefrom, and promptly communicated the fact to General Heckman, who



FOLLOWING HIM TO RICHMOND.

bade him wait the arrival of the brigade, which speedily came up through the swamp.

It was then that Drake, burning with a desire to open on the Confederates, was ordered to charge and drive the enemy behind his works. With a wild cheer his command leaped forward on the run across a small open space and into the intricacies of the abatis fronting the works, the Confederates precipitately retiring. The young lieutenant quickly deployed his command on reaching the abatis, and gained a position very close to the works where

he was enabled to silence the enemy's artillery, the Confederate gunners not daring to work their pieces during the remainder of the day.

At dark Drake was relieved, having been on duty thirty-five hours, and when he rejoined his regiment he was heartily congratulated, and subsequently complimented in orders for the brilliant and successful manner in which he had conducted his movements, in addition to being recommended to the Secretary of War as deserving of the medal of honor, which he subsequently received. On the morning of the 16th, however, Lieutenant Drake, with most of his company, was captured by an overwhelming force of Confederates. Out of sixteen officers in the 9th Regiment, when that desperate and bloody battle opened, but four escaped alive and unhurt, and three of them were in the hands of the enemy.

The following account of his imprisonment and escape is told by General Drake himself:

Captured in the terrible conflict at Drewry's Bluff, Va., at an early hour of May 16, 1864, by a brigade of Alabamians, commanded by General "Archie" Gracie, whom I had known in boyhood, I was promptly escorted to the wharf under the frowning battlements of Fort Darling, which overlooked the water at a height of nearly two hundred feet.

A gunboat ran to the dock, and I was invited with officers of the 23rd, 25th, and 27th Massachusetts Regiments of our brigade, to go on board. On reaching the midship portion of the steamer I was greatly surprised to see my heroic commander—Brigadier-General Charles A. Heckman seated there with his head bowed in grief.

I did not at once disturb his painful revery, but finally cheerily said:

"Well, General, you know I was always anxious to follow you into Richmond."

He looked up, grasped my hand and replied:

"Drake, you are in a—fair way of doing it."

On landing at "Rockett's", we were basely greeted by a mob gathered at that point to witness the debarkation of "Yankee prisoners." The tumultuous crowd had evidently gained courage by hearing the sound of the battle in progress all the morning, seven miles below the city.

A short walk brought us to a large brick building, in the rear of which flowed the James River and the Kanawha Canal. Over a low door on the northwestern corner of this carefully guarded structure I read the ominous sign:

"LIBBY & SON. SHIP CHANDLERS AND GROCERS."

My heart became sorely disquieted within me, as I knew that thousands of patriotic Union men who entered the yawning portal left hope behind

them when the iron-clad door swung to with an alarming clang at their heels. But it is not my purpose to dwell on the wretched condition of prisoners during their captivity. Their sad fate is the theme of story and of song, and none but callous-hearted mortals refuse to drop a tear to their memory.

At an early hour one morning in June, when the music of Grant's guns could be plainly heard, we were rudely awakened by the monster in charge of "Libby," hustled into the street, surrounded by guards, and hurried across the Mayo bridge to Manchester, where we embarked on a long train of cattle cars.

The journey to Macon, Georgia, was long and fatiguing; but soon after my incarceration there plans to escape were formed, the consideration of which relieved us of *ennui*. I can truly say I never lost an opportunity to enlist in any enterprise which had for its object a chance of escape from our thralldom.

At Macon and Savannah, tunneling projects, requiring indomitable resolution and painful labor, were cheerfully entered upon, and tireless efforts put forth to achieve success; but our heroic labors proved futile. Mountains of difficulty were overcome by men whose souls aspired to breathe the air of freedom; but treachery accomplished the ruin of promising projects, and adverse fate paralyzed the strong arms which were ever ready to execute noble purposes. If our keepers failed in their vigilance to detect our enterprising excavations, some detestable "comrade," with a greed for gold and a desire to better his condition, would carry to them an account of our operations. More than once did I work through the night in digging tunnels, and skulked to my quarters just as daybreak came peeping in, with my hands bleeding and my strength exhausted, only to find that a contemptible poltroon had rendered valueless all my endeavors.

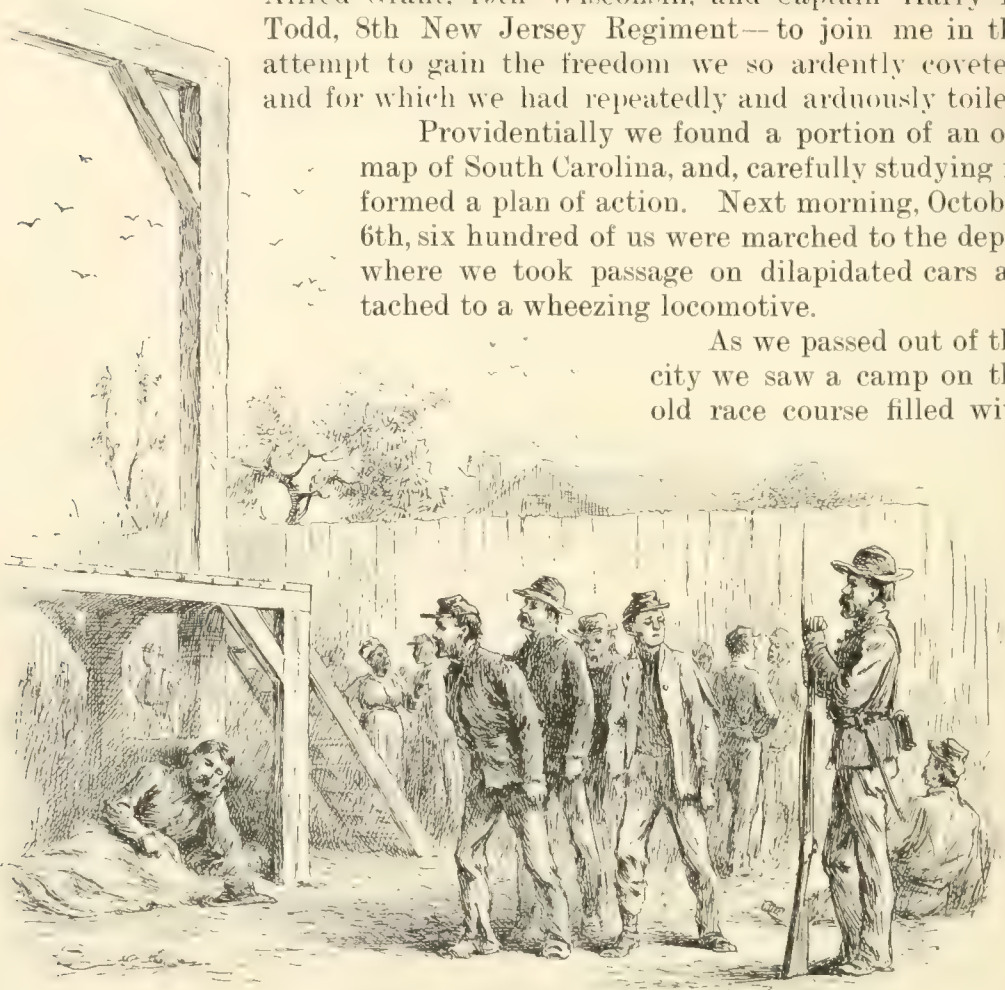
When the yellow fever reached its greatest height, in September, we were transported to Charleston, many of us being thrown into the jail yard among vile criminals of both sexes. I was afforded accommodations directly under the scaffold, a spot of earth three feet by six, and here I was compelled to remain day and night with no covering save the star-spangled firmament, having long since converted my bed blanket into bags with which I carried away dirt from our tunnels in other prison yards.

The Black Hole of Calcutta could not have been a more uninviting place than this jail yard at the time I occupied an almost infinitesimal place in it. The constantly bursting shells, denominated "rotten shot" by the darkies, had some terror for us, but they sank into insignificance when the dangers from "Yellow Jack" were considered.

Early in October rumors prevailed that we were to be removed to some other point, and, believing that an opportunity for escape would present itself, I invited three friends— Captain J. E. Lewis, 11th Connecticut, Captain Alfred Grant, 19th Wisconsin, and Captain Harry H. Todd, 8th New Jersey Regiment—to join me in the attempt to gain the freedom we so ardently coveted, and for which we had repeatedly and arduously toiled.

Providentially we found a portion of an old map of South Carolina, and, carefully studying it, formed a plan of action. Next morning, October 6th, six hundred of us were marched to the depot where we took passage on dilapidated cars attached to a wheezing locomotive.

As we passed out of the city we saw a camp on the old race course filled with



SCENE IN SOUTHERN PRISON.

the most wretched looking beings it was ever my lot to gaze upon. They were Union soldiers—prisoners of war. Their condition was pitiable in the extreme. Although we were greatly distressed, many of us in rags, covered with filth and vermin, and half starved; some sick, others unable to stand or walk on account of scurvy; yet our hearts went out to those brave men who were thus huddled together in the open air, with nothing save the

ground for a bed, and Heaven's canopy for covering. The terrible picture of that camp will ever remain impressed upon my memory.

My chosen companions and myself had matured our plans; all that remained was to put them into execution. During the day I had taken the precaution to remove the percussion caps from the rifles of the seven armed guards who occupied the car with us. I did this to prevent anyone from being injured should a melee be found necessary in order to accomplish our design of jumping from the train.

The shades of night were enveloping the earth as our train reached the long structure which spanned the Congaree River, a short distance above its confluence with the Wateree, and it seemed as if the train would never reach the other side, so great was our anxiety to make a bold stroke for freedom.

It would be useless to affirm that my mind at this critical moment was calm and serene, or that I had no misgivings as to what the result of our frightful leap might be. But the intense excitement into which our minds had been thrown—the resolve to seek liberty, and home, and friends, overcame the sense of peril, and the instant Captain Todd gave the long-expected signal, we each sprang from the car.

We had no time after reaching terra firma to reflect upon the terrors of our new situation. Fortune had so far favored us—that was sufficient. But those rifle flashes (we could scarcely hear the reports, so distant was the train) warned us that if we would have perfect freedom much remained to be done, and done quickly.

It was only when we had gained the cover of a dense swamp which lined the river's bank, that I reflected upon the manifold dangers I had just escaped; upon the many chances of fortune which had turned out favorably to me, and upon the liberty I had for months panted for, and was at last beginning to enjoy. This greatly moved me, and in thankfulness to a merciful Providence I felt suffocated with sensibility, until tears came to my relief.

The swamp we had entered was not such a place as gentlemen of leisure on a pleasure excursion would have selected; on the contrary, it was a very disagreeable refuge, as we could discover no dry ground on which to sit or rest our weary bodies, the water being quite deep. But the fierce baying of the dreaded bloodhounds, and the hoarse cries of our excited pursuers, which we heard throughout the long night, admonished us to submit to every discomfort rather than endanger our highly-prized freedom.

Convinced that the water through which we waded had destroyed our trail, and that so long as we remained in our present position the dogs would be unable to gain a scent, we studiously avoided all conversation during the night and the following day.

A bright, new moon rose to cheer us in our loneliness the next evening, and feeling that our pursuers, finding themselves baffled, had departed, we cautiously made our way to the edge of the swamp, which we found at this point to be bordered by a large plantation.

We held our breath as we listened some time for human sounds, and finding everything as quiet as a graveyard, emerged from our cover, skirting the right bank of the Wateree River, and promptly pushed forward in our flight toward "God's country," as prisoners were in the habit of calling the North.

Before leaving Charleston we had taken the precaution to place pieces of raw onions in our boots, having been advised to do this by an old Tennessee captain, who assured us it would effectually destroy the scent of our footsteps, and thus deprive the dogs of the use of the means by which to hunt human beings.

The moon, which was of tender age, was a great assistance to us in our flight for several hours, enabling us to make rapid headway, and to steer clear of anything which resembled a habitation. But it disappeared before midnight leaving nothing but the stars to guide and steer us in our pilgrimage. Toward daybreak, being weary, we halted for a needed rest, and shortly after resuming our journey reached a broad roadway, where we found a milestone marked "27 to C." The "C" meant Columbia, which we had no desire to visit at this time.

While considering our course, we were astounded by hearing the baying of innumerable dogs, which came bounding toward us. We stood not upon the order of our going, but went at once, and in the liveliest manner imaginable. A long run enabled us to evade the dogs, and while congratulating ourselves upon our escape, we suddenly ran upon three men standing near a sawmill.

Darting into a swamp we again managed to elude our enemies, who, however, continued the pursuit, rendering matters as uncomfortable as possible for us.

Fortunately we discovered a log over a small, though deep, running stream, which had put a stop to our headlong flight, and this enabled three of us to cross to the other side. The log snapped in twain while Captain Grant was crawling over it, and his precipitation into the water followed. Despite our imminent danger, we were compelled to lose valuable time in hauling him out upon the bank, and waiting while he enjoyed the luxury of "changing his stockings."

The jungle which we almost immediately entered, saved us from recapture. We did not emerge therefrom until the following evening, when we found hard ground in the shape of a field where sweet potatoes had recently been dug, enough of which were gathered up to make two or three hearty meals.



ESCAPED PRISONER AMONG FRIENDS.

Before the lapse of a week, however, we met with a terrible misfortune in the loss of our cooking utensils, knives, forks, spoons, towel, several boxes of matches, etc. The rations which had filled our improvised (salt bag) sacks on starting, had given out, compelling us to seek sustenance in the cornfields, swamps, etc. We had found a potato patch which rejoiced our hearts, and were enjoying a banquet in the woods very early one morning, little dreaming of danger in so secluded a spot, when a party of horsemen dashed furiously toward us. Self preservation being the first law of nature, we started headlong in an opposite direction, having no opportunity to save any of the indispensable articles mentioned.

Our loss was irreparable — almost the worst thing that could have happened to us. While greater or less dangers constantly menaced, they were as nothing compared with the question of subsistence, which began to grow unpleasantly urgent. Our situation at length became so desperate that it seemed as if we should be driven to the houses of the planters, something we had solemnly sworn not to do under any circumstances, for we knew we should neither receive food nor mercy from them.

For several days we wandered in deserted fields, diligently seeking corn, and occasionally finding a stray ear, which, spurred by a ravenous appetite, we managed to masticate, the process nearly breaking our teeth. In camp and on marches we had many a time anathematized government "hard tack" and declaimed against contractor's beef, but now, crouching in dismal swamps through the long days, we would have relished the substantial fare which, in hours of plenty, we so execrated. But, with all our troubles, we continued to press on through the dreary days, oftentimes hiding, but determined to reach our homes again, though we had to go through fire to do so.

Often and again when on the verge of starvation were we strongly tempted to visit the cabins of the negroes, whom we had almost absolute faith in, but despite this we beat back the tempter (our stomachs), and refused to jeopardize our situation until certain we should find some one in whom to put our trust — and with it our lives. We did not make a serious attempt to seek assistance from the slaves until we had reached a point two hundred and fifty miles from Charleston, where, one afternoon, we found a number at work in a field.

We experienced no difficulty in persuading them that we were "Yankee officers" escaping from bondage, and as soon as darkness fell they came to our hiding place, and at once took us to the shelter of their humble cabins, displaying great delight at our presence.

There was something almost royal in the cheerfully rendered service of these poor creatures, who seemed to look upon us as in some way suffering for their sakes, and they fairly loaded us with kindness — oftentimes insisting

upon our taking the last pound of their meal. They also gave explicit information as to the best route to the mountains, and, on departing from them, invariably rained down blessings and fervent "God speeds" on our heads. We never, after first meeting the darkies, hesitated to trust them, for we knew they would not betray us, and they never did.

We had a strange adventure one night near Dallas, N. C., when we accidentally halted a white man instead of a negro, as we had supposed him to be. We discovered our mistake the moment he answered our summons, which he did in no uncertain way. We acted boldly, subterfuge being useless, since he was heavily armed, as we plainly saw. Necessarily we resorted to conversational strategy, putting and answering questions with wariness.

It required but a brief time, however, to discover the status of the stranger, and probably he had never been embraced before with the vehement warmth we displayed when we learned that he was loyal to the Union.

He insisted upon our visiting his home, two miles away, which we did by cutting across lots, thus avoiding the mounted patrol who continually scoured the country. His amiable wife speedily prepared an excellent supper to which we did the fullest justice, the smiles and kindly words of our hostess savoring the rich repast. A long time had intervened since I had partaken of such a meal, and being uncertain when or where the next might be obtained, I imagine I ate rather more than Dr. Gillette, our regimental surgeon, would have deemed prudent. I believed at that time that if I had to die it was advisable to do so with a full stomach.

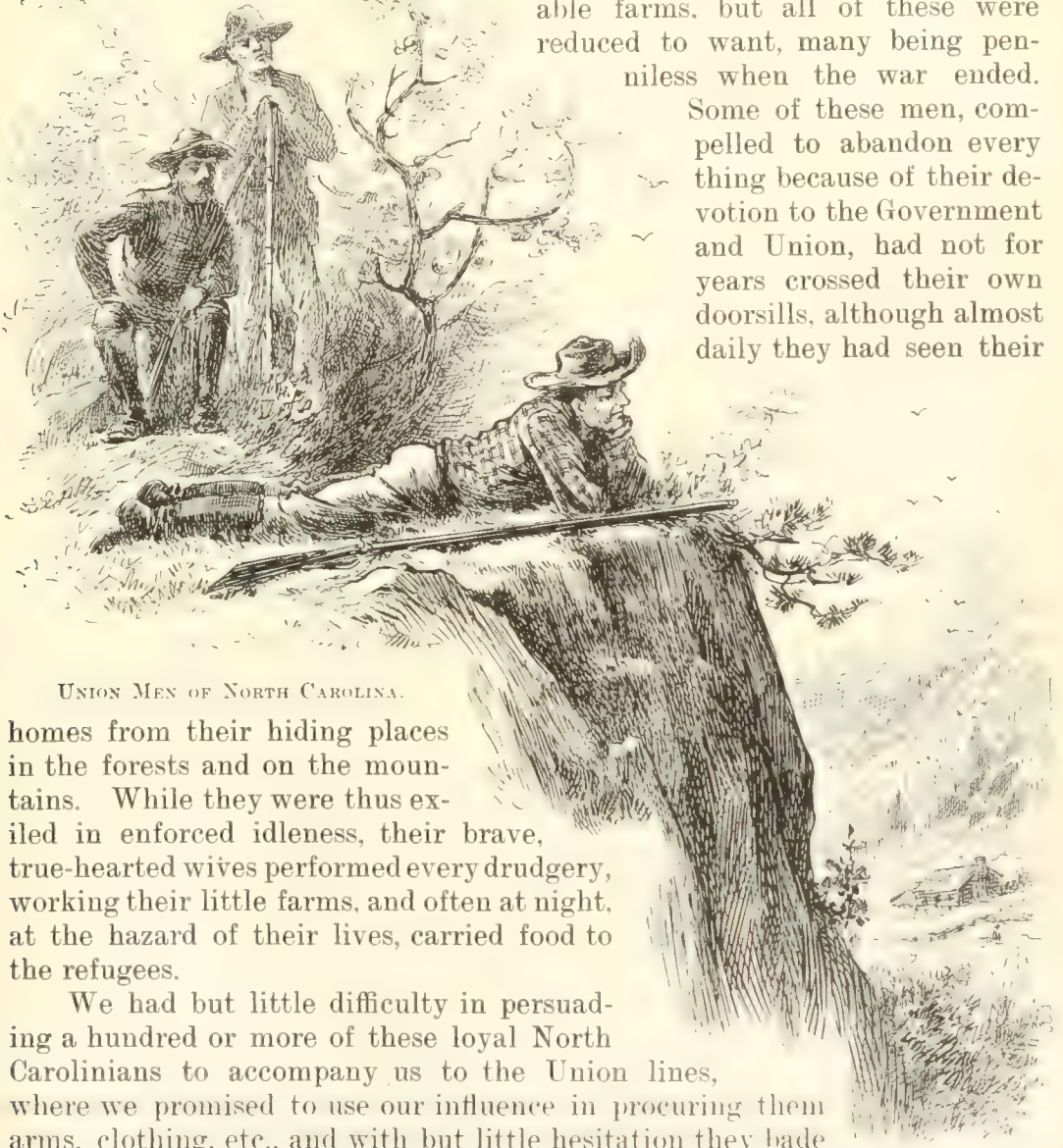
That night, sitting before the cheerful blaze of that noble North Carolinian's great hearth, he told us the story of the loyalty of the people in the western part of the State, proving to us that the Union still had brave defenders among the hardy foresters of the "Old North State."

From that time forward we experienced little trouble in finding Union men. They were everywhere. Soon after crossing the Catawba River, near Lovelady ford—a very difficult and dangerous undertaking—we met many deserters from the Confederate army; men who, impressed or driven into the service, had escaped, and now defied the whole power of the Rebellion. These brave men welcomed us with open arms, for there was a sort of kinship between us which made us at once friends and brothers.

In Caldwell County, particularly, we became associated with hundreds of this class of persons, and had from scores of lips the story of their daily life—a life full of perils and sublime heroism. These men were associated with another class called "lyers-out," who lived in caves and other retreats in the mountains, and who had resisted the conscription through more than two years of vicissitude and suffering. In all my wanderings I never saw a more determined set of men.

Mingling among them I thought of the brave defenders of the Tyrol, of the hardy Waldenses, fighting and dying among the hills for dear liberty's sake. Many of these "lyers-out" were before the war in comfortable circumstances, owning pleasant and profitable farms, but all of these were reduced to want, many being penniless when the war ended.

Some of these men, compelled to abandon every thing because of their devotion to the Government and Union, had not for years crossed their own doorsills, although almost daily they had seen their



UNION MEN OF NORTH CAROLINA.

homes from their hiding places in the forests and on the mountains. While they were thus exiled in enforced idleness, their brave, true-hearted wives performed every drudgery, working their little farms, and often at night, at the hazard of their lives, carried food to the refugees.

We had but little difficulty in persuading a hundred or more of these loyal North Carolinians to accompany us to the Union lines, where we promised to use our influence in procuring them arms, clothing, etc., and with but little hesitation they bade their wives and children farewell and started. Their wives would pray for them they said, and if we could only provide them arms and ammunition,

then they would be able to protect their homes and put an end forever to the atrocities on the mountains. How their weather-beaten faces glowed under the inspiration of that thought! How the little hands of thin-faced children clung around the necks of these brave mountaineers in the solemn parting, and how anxious were their brave wives that we might be successful in obtaining the coveted supplies!

A description of our journey across the Blue Ridge chain and the Great Smoky Mountains, on which we fought a battle with Hart's guerrillas during a terrible snowstorm, would fill a volume. Without covering for my head and feet, with the remnants of a threadbare red flannel shirt, which I had worn for six months and an old tattered blouse, and pants which reached up to the knees, my condition was wretched in the extreme. At times I felt I must perish, so cutting was the blast of winter and so sharp the air at those altitudes. On those dreary and inhospitable wastes our party suffered for days more than tongue can tell or pen describe. Occasionally Major E. A. Davis, 3rd North Carolina mounted infantry, whom we fell in with, succeeded in shooting a bear or wild hog, which would be divided in an equitable manner, but as a general thing most of us were in a famishing condition.

From Crab Orchard, East Tennessee, we moved toward Bull Gap, expecting to find our forces in possession of that important point, but when descending Big Butt Mountain, which overlooked the beautiful valley of the Cumberland, we were surprised to hear the sound of cannon and musketry. We retrograded seeking cover and security in a deep ravine, and anxiously awaited events. During the evening we learned that Breckenridge had defeated General Gillem, who was retreating with precipitancy upon Knoxville.

Hope now almost deserted me. I was very weak and quite ill, and only nerved to continue on by the knowledge that we were near Bull Gap and a portion of the Union army, behind which was safety and rest. Seated upon a log—for sleep was a perfect stranger to me—I was meditating upon the mutability of affairs, when our "camp" was thrown into a state of commotion and confusion. Terrible yells filled the air, while the heavy hoofs of a hundred or two horses and the discharge of as many carbines, made the "surprise" complete.

The guerrillas, whom we had so skilfully evaded for a day or two past, had discovered our retreat, and were now carrying on their hellish work, firing and slashing wildly as they went—sparing neither sex, age nor condition. The air was filled with whizzing bullets, but the demoniac yells of the enemy were more appalling to my bewildered senses. Owing to the intense darkness it was impossible to discover anything but the repeated

flashes from the firearms of the ruffians who had broken in so unceremoniously upon us.

For the time being I must have forgotten my ailments, as I discovered myself running, sometimes falling, intent only on widening the distance between myself and the enemy, from whom, if I was again captured, I could expect no favors. For nearly six weeks I had undergone every fatigue and the most terrible exposure to regain liberty, and I felt that my march of nearly one thousand miles through the Confederate States deserved something better than the fate which I knew those yelping bushwhackers would be only too happy to mete out in case they again succeeded in "gobbling me."

On, on I went, my movements being greatly accelerated by the whizzing of bullets; but by-and-by, when almost exhausted and apparently out of immediate danger, I sat down to extricate a piece of stick which had been forced into the fleshy part of my heel.

The ground was white with frost and the atmosphere very cold. My situation was decidedly unenviable. Daylight came at last and with it I was more strongly impressed with a sense of my wretched condition. What had become of my companions I knew not; neither had I any means of ascertaining. Not a single soul was in sight. Not a sound disturbed the quiet which reigned among those great hills.

I was on the brink of despair when I heard a party approaching, and when they came near enough I was made inexpressibly happy on beholding Major Davis and a number of followers. Captains Todd and Grant were missing. Lewis knew nothing about either of them.

Within a week after this we were safe within the Union lines at Knoxville.

Drake was promoted to a captaincy at once, and remained with the regiment until after Lee surrendered, when he was mustered out.

Upon his return home Captain Drake was breveted brigadier-general by the State of New Jersey for gallant service and meritorious conduct. As General Drake he organized the Veteran Zouaves of Elizabeth, N. J., a command that has a national reputation.

It is doubtful whether any military organization in the world can compare with these Veteran Zouaves of General Drake's, whose members are bound together by ties stronger than steel. There are no contentions among these grim-visaged warriors whose great aim is to care for the distressed and give encouragement to the desponding, as the affinity existing between them had its birthplace on the tented field, at the bivouac, on the march, amid scenes of ruin, desolation, danger and death.

CHAPTER L.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE "MINE" BATTLE—CAPTAIN A. D. WRIGHT—THE DRILL OF THE COLORED SOLDIERS—CHANGES OF PLANS—THE CHARGE—THE DIVIDING OF THE REGIMENT—A SINGULAR CHARGE BY SEVEN MEN—CAPTURING A FLAG—THE RETREAT—A FAILURE THAT REMAINS UNEXPLAINED—THE MINE AT PETERSBURG—GENERAL WM. MAHONE, C. S. A.—AN ACCOUNT OF THE DEFENSE AND RETAKING OF THE LINES.

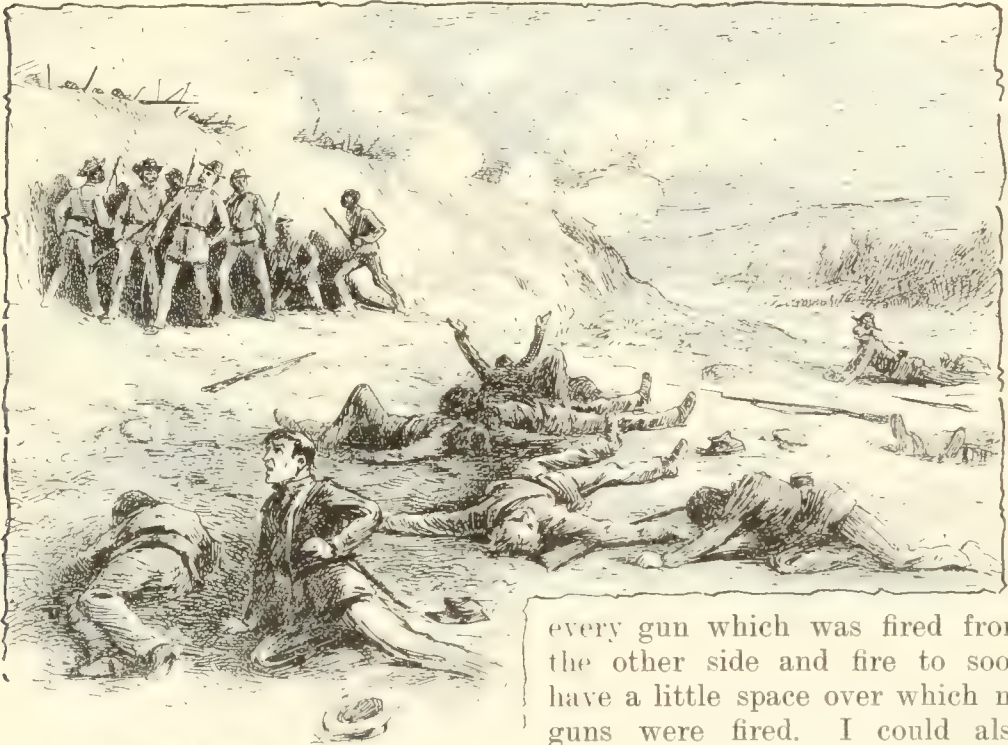
THE BATTLE OF THE MINE.

CAPTAIN A. D. WRIGHT.

FOR several weeks before the "Battle of the Mine" our regiment, the 43rd U. S. C. T., and I believe the other regiments in our division, were thoroughly drilled in a manœuvre known as advancing by center of regiment; this put eight men abreast instead of four. Our instructions were to charge across the space between the two lines, the moment the explosion took place, go through the fort and continue the charge until we reached Petersburg, which was in sight and less than a mile from the Rebel line.

For some reason, not known to us, our division was held in the "covered way" until after the explosion, and a force of white troops made the charge. After quite a lapse of time we were marched to the front and massed in a ravine around the mouth of the tunnel, where the officers were called together for hurried instructions, which were the same as the first, only we were to rush across the space between the lines in column of fours instead of eight, to pass the crater, form column by company and push for Petersburg. It fell to our regiment, the 43rd, to lead. The lines, at this point, were not more than one hundred and fifty yards apart. We learned afterwards that the Rebels had abandoned their lines on each side of the crater at the time of the explosion, fearing other mines; but when we broke over our breastworks the terrific storm of shot and shell, grape and canister, and every conceivable missile which entailed us from both sides of the crater announced that the lines were again fully manned. The first four companies of our regiment crowded through the crater in which was massed all the white troops who had preceded us. This was slow work, and we were being terribly slaughtered. By some means never discovered, our regiment broke in two and the color company, followed by the whole left wing of the regiment, filed to the right

and passed outside of the Rebel breastworks, in front of which were almost impassable lines of *Cheval de frise* and abatis. This breastwork was full of veteran soldiers, and the slaughter of our defenseless line, less than one hundred feet from them and marching parallel to them, can be imagined. Every one knew a mistake had been made, but I saw no sign of panic or retreating, but the companies became completely mixed up. I happened to see a path through the abatis where the Rebels sent sentinels out at night. Instinctively I crawled through this and lay down on the outside of the breastwork, where I was safe, as I only had to place my pistol alongside of



OUTSIDE THE BREASTWORKS.

every gun which was fired from the other side and fire to soon have a little space over which no guns were fired. I could also see our men in their awful predicament

and became nearly frantic. By this time six colored soldiers had crawled through to me. We had a hurried talk, decided we could not go back and that our only chance was to go in. The fellows fixed their bayonets and at a signal from me we all sprang over the works. Being unexpected we created a panic. I think every one of the six bayoneted a man before touching the ground. Taking advantage of the panic we turned to the right, thinking of our fellows out in that awful field, yelling at the top of our voices, and bayoneting every one who could be reached. We kept up the panic until we passed our men in front and came to an angle in the works, where the

Rebels beyond could see how few we were, and, refusing to scare any more, opened fire on us. In throwing a sandbag across the works to protect ourselves I was wounded in the right arm. While rushing down the works I saw a Rebel flag projecting out of a pit, in the rear of the breastwork. This with the whole color guard of six men we captured. After being wounded I returned to the crater and had the satisfaction of seeing our fellows working their way through the abatis and coming into the works. Almost half, however, stayed in the field and were buried in that ghastly pit with nearly a thousand others two days later. From the crater I took my chances across the field again, still swept by the batteries and from the breastwork full of men to the left of the crater. The field was so covered with dead and wounded that I could not make as good time as I wished. I remember seeing a small black and tan dog sitting by the body of its master and jumping into the air snapping at the bullets as they whistled over its head. This seemed to keep me from thinking that the bullets might hit me. I was in a big enough hurry, however, to take a header over our works when I reached them and stay down. I carried my flag to this point, where it was taken by our division commander. In going back I am sure I saw fifteen thousand of the best soldiers in the world massed and ready to charge; I knew a long line of the Rebel breastworks were captured and that there were no troops between this captured line and Petersburg. There was no power on earth that could have kept that army from going into Petersburg if they had been started, but it was not to be.

I shall always regret not getting the names of the six men who were with me. One only, Thomas Showalter, was from my company. He received a slight flesh wound on his arm and died from blood poisoning in the field hospital.

I served nearly two years with the 149th Pennsylvania Volunteers; was with them with the 1st Army Corps from the first to the last shot at Gettysburg. Four hundred and fifty muskets went into that battle, and sixty-two came out. I mention this to add weight to my testimony when I say that colored troops are brave and reliable, and will go as far as they are led, at least. I would ask for no better comrades for such a desperate rush than those I had. I was only a boy at the time and did not have sense enough to keep their names.

THE MINE AT PETERSBURG.

GENERAL WM. MAHONE, C. S. A.

THE mine was exploded, after some delay, about daybreak on the 30th of July, 1864. It embraced what was known as the Elliott salient, which was

occupied by Pegram's battery. General Bushrod Johnston's division occupied that portion of the line in which the salient was situated.

It had been known for some time that the enemy were mining there, and General Beauregard had projected a counter mine, but it was a signal failure.

The night before the explosion General Lee got information that the enemy intended doing something the next morning, and late that night sent round an order for all the troops of his line to be under arms by four in the morning.

My division extended from the Reeves salient to the right. The Virginia and Georgia brigades forming the right of my line which extended about a brigade to the right of the Wilcox house.

When the explosion came, I rode quickly to about the middle of my line and very quickly discovered that the fight was not on my front. Shortly after came along a demoralized soldier who said that he was at the salient when the explosion took place.

A few minutes later Colonel Venable, of General Lee's staff, came up and said to me that General Lee desired that I would send two brigades of the division to the support of General Johnston, and at once I directed the two right brigades—the Virginia and Georgia— to form line in the low ground behind them, and to do so by having the men, one by one, drop back. This was to avoid the disclosure of the denudement of my line to the enemy. I determined to go with the brigades myself, conducting them on the low ground.

We had not gone far before General Hill's aid-de-camp came up and said that General Hill wanted me to command the brigades, which I was doing.

When we reached a covered way which led up to the crater, something less than a half mile long, I turned the head of the column up it, while I returned to General Johnston's headquarters to see General Hill, who I heard was there. On arrival at General Johnston's headquarters, which were on the Petersburg slope of Brandford height, I did not find there General Hill, but General Beauregard, whom I personally knew. I had never seen General Johnston.

Saluting General Beauregard I said to him that I was on my way with two brigades to the support of General Johnston, on the crater, by General Lee's direction. General Beauregard then called up General Johnston who seemed to be preparing to take his breakfast, a mile and more from the point of disaster on his front, and said to General Johnston that he had better turn over his out-lying troops above the crater to my command and leave me to make the attack necessary for the restoration of the line at the crater. To this proposition General Johnston readily assented; but none of his troops

were turned over. I asked General Johnston how much of his line the enemy occupied and his reply was, the retrenched cavalier, he was informed. He had really not himself been to the scene of the disaster on his front, he had just gotten his breakfast which appeared to be of more concern to General Johnston than the disaster. To his answer to my question I rejoined by saying, "How many feet of your front does the enemy occupy? I want to know that in order to determine the frontage of my attacking force." When he responded, "About one hundred yards," I then asked General Johnston if he would show me the way to Pegram's battery. By this name the salient was generally called. General Johnston responded to my request by calling up a lieutenant to whom he said "Show General Mahone the way to Pegram's battery." Off the lieutenant and myself started, and when I reached the front where the old plank road crossed the covered way, up which I had turned the column, the head of it had just reached that point. I dismounted and got into the covered way ahead of the column, and, with the lieutenant, ran on ahead till I came to where the covered way debouched into a kind of gulch. Here the lieutenant said to me "If you will go up on the slope there you will see the Yankees." I never saw anything more of the lieutenant after that. I ran up the slope and quickly found myself in full view of General Johnston's retrenched cavalier. For the moment I could hardly realize the situation. There I was in easy gunshot of the enemy. I could almost see the whites of their eyes. I realized that my safety was in standing still. The enemy now occupied General Johnston's retrenched cavalier and about fifty feet of his line to the right. I counted there four of his flags, and this enabled me to estimate the force he had immediately in my front. I realized, however, that he must be demoralized as the flags were too close together. Immediately I dispatched a courier to go back to my line and bring me the Alabama brigade by the route we had come. Meanwhile the head of the Virginia brigade had reached the gulch and I ordered it to the right up a depression parallel to General Johnston's retrenched cavalier, and directed Captain Girardy, acting on my staff, precisely where to post it and fix bayonets. This he did. I was still standing where I first landed when I ran up the slope and where I could keep one eye on the enemy and the other on my command.

Just as the Georgia brigade had reached the gulch and was coming up the depression to form line on the Virginia brigade, Girardy sang out to me, "General they are coming;" turning my head I saw the Federals jumping out of the retrenched cavalier and making a desultory advance. I said in a tone of voice for the Virginia brigade to hear me, "Tell Wiedeger to forward," and Girardy rushed to the front of the brigade and himself gave the command and the brigade in splendid style advanced. The Federal desultory

line still advanced, but could not stand the resolute and orderly advance of the Virginia brigade. The Federals turned and the Virginia brigade were into General Johnston's retrenched cavalier with the enemy giving him a plunging fire, and in a few minutes he took all of General Johnston's line the enemy occupied save and except the pit or crater proper and some fifty feet of General Johnston's line to the right of the traverse. Four regiments had gone over the first and main cavalier and taken the second or inner cavalier next to the pit. Meanwhile I got the Georgia brigade in position, so as to sustain the Virginia brigade in case it should be driven back, and then I went up to and through the works, captured and disposed the Virginia brigade so as the better to enable it to hold the ground we captured, placing at the same time sharpshooters at work to fire on every Federal who attempted to get out of the pit, as he would reach the crest. I then went back to where I had left the Georgia brigade intending to have it charge the fifty feet of the line on the right of the traverse still occupied by the enemy. There I found General Johnston who wanted to know what he should report to General Lee I had done. I told him he would report nothing on my account, that I was not under his command and that I had received no assistance from him. He wanted to know what he could do. I said: "Have your men on the right to push down and get the enemy out of that fifty feet to the right of the traverse." I had sent up the Georgia brigade to do that and it had failed. General Johnston then agreed that at one o'clock he would make the effort. The Alabama brigade had now arrived and was posted to make the charge, but I waited till one o'clock. Meanwhile Colonel Haskill of the artillery came upon the ground and wanted to know how he could help. There were two mortars in the depression from which the Virginia brigade made its charge, and I told Haskill that I would have them taken up to the outside of the crater if he could work them. During the time we were waiting for one o'clock, they were carried up and Haskill employed them beautifully on the pit. At one o'clock the Alabama brigade made its charge on the fifty feet handsomely and took it. General Johnston did nothing. Thus we had retaken all of General Johnston's line which the enemy occupied, save and except the pit. I called on the Alabama brigade for one hundred men with bayonets to go into the pit, and the trouble was who should not be one of the number. At this moment the enemy put up a white flag in the pit, and they were told to come in. They did—eleven hundred and one—like swallows out of a chimney, and many of them were killed by the fire of their own guns as they passed to our rear.

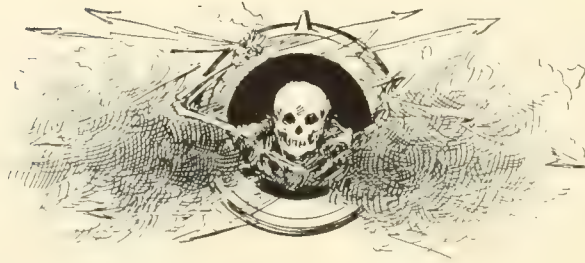
We killed and captured over five thousand of the enemy in the affair.

The charge of the Virginia brigade was never surpassed in any war, and that of the Alabama brigade was splendid, too. General Beauregard threw

up his hat when he saw the Virginia brigade make its charge. Both he and General R. E. Lee were upon the ground. General Lee sent down to me a note in his own hand, in words thanking me and the brave troops under my command for saving his army, and it is true that their work did save the army of Northern Virginia that day.

We had to march about two miles from where the brigades were in the trenches to the crater.

The charge of the Virginia brigade was made about nine A. M., and that of the Alabama brigade at one o'clock. My commission as major-general was made that day.



CHAPTER LI.

THE STORY OF THE MINE AT PETERSBURG—THE ORIGIN OF THE MINE IDEA—THE WORK—HOW IT WAS DONE AND WHO DID IT—A CHANGE OF PLAN—THE EXPLOSION AND FIRST CHARGE—THE MONUMENTS OF THE COLORED SOLDIERS—IN THE CRATER—THE SURRENDER—PRISONERS AND THEIR TREATMENT AT PETERSBURG—LOSSES—THE FIELD REVISITED.

By **LIEUTENANT FREEMAN S. BOWLEY.**

30TH UNITED STATES COLORED TROOPS.

* **T**HE Battle of the Mine, at Petersburg, Va., July 30, 1864, was one of the most desperate, disastrous and bloody of the many attempts made to break the Confederate lines at that historic town. It has been often referred to by writers as a gigantic fiasco, a huge blunder, and a tragedy. The officers have been charged with incompetency, and the troops with cowardice.

It was my fortune to witness the explosion of the mine; to participate in the charge with the 4th Division of the 9th Army Corps; to be one of those who rallied at the crater, and to be one of the one hundred and thirty who were left alive in that terrible hole when the Confederates recaptured it.

In the long imprisonment with my comrades that followed, we discussed the battle from every point of view and related every incident that we had noted, and in this way many of the events made a deeper impression on my memory than those of any previous battle. I shall endeavor to describe this as I saw it. The statistics are taken from the official reports; much information has been received from ex-Confederates who participated in the battle; and an extended visit to the battle ground in October, 1888, gave me an opportunity to establish and verify many of my estimates.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Pleasants, 48th Pennsylvania Infantry, suggested the idea, obtained the permission, selected the ground and, with his regiment, did most of the work. A point a short distance west of the Norfolk and Petersburg Railroad was selected for the location of the mine. The Union breastworks in this vicinity were on the crest of a ravine, and to the uninitiated eye presented the appearance of an irregular line of earth

* This chapter is a paper read by Lieutenant Bowley before the California Commandery of the Loyal Legion, November 6, 1889.

banks thrown up without any definite design as to where they were going or what they were intended to protect. Prominent among them was a horse-shoe shaped redoubt that bulged forward to within one hundred yards of the Confederate battery that was known as Elliot's salient.

On the left of this redoubt the tunnel for the mine was commenced. Its exact length was five hundred and ten and eight-tenths feet; the galleries that branched to the right and left, under the enemy's works, were thirty-eight and thirty-seven feet, respectively; eight cross-cuts were made, and a charge of eight thousand pounds of powder was placed in the magazines. Work was begun on the 25th of June, and on the 23rd of July the mine was ready for the powder.

During all this time an unremitting sharpshooting fire had been kept up along the whole of the Ninth Corps front. The Northern newspapers published the report that the enemy kept up the fire on the Ninth Corps because there were colored troops in it. As a matter of fact, the men in the front trenches of the whole Ninth Corps line had orders to expend one hundred rounds of ammunition per man each day. The colored troops were sandwiched along at different parts of the line to give probability to the story, and the appearance of the wooly heads never failed to draw a lively fire from the vigilant Johnnies.

It was General Burnside's plan to put the colored division in the lead as soon as the mine was exploded. For this purpose they were drilled in the movement of deploying into line of battle from double column at half distance. The 1st Brigade was to execute "Right companies, right into line wheel; left companies, on right into line," and go down the rebel works to the right. The 2nd Brigade was to execute "Left companies left into line wheel; right companies, on left into line," and go down the rebel works to the left. The three white divisions of the Ninth Corps were to charge through the gateway thus opened, and seize Cemetery Hill, half a mile in the rear of the Confederate line. Other troops were to be put in as they were needed.

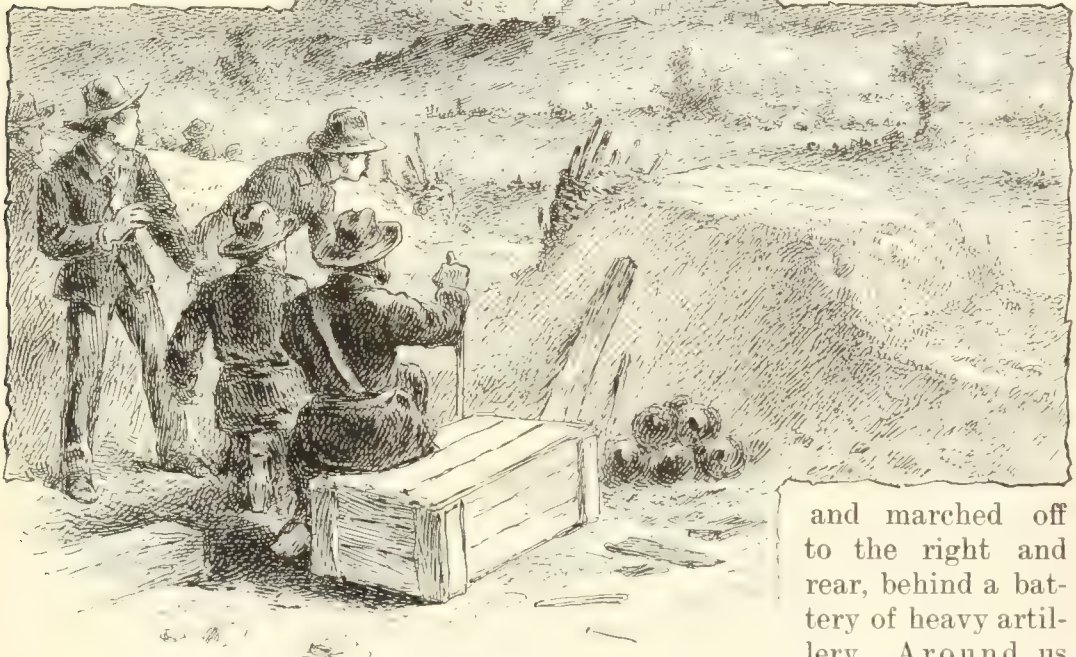
As a diversion the 2nd Army Corps and two divisions of the cavalry corps were sent to the north side of the James River, arriving at Deep Bottom early on the morning of the 27th of July, and a smart engagement ensued. General Lee at once sent a large force of infantry and cavalry to check this movement. The mining had been suspected by the enemy and several counter-shafts were sunk but none succeeded in striking the location.

On the afternoon of the 29th General Meade interfered with General Burnside's plans, and objected to the colored troops being placed in the lead. A change became necessary, and as there were no particular reasons why one white division should lead more than another it was decided by lot, and

the lot fell upon the 1st Division, commanded by General Ledlie. Instead of going to the right and left, as first planned, General Meade directed that the leading division should charge at once for Cemetery Hill.

At that time I was in my regiment, the Colored Troops, Colonel Delevan's line of entrenchment a mile to the left were the extreme left of the Fifth Corps. At that time we were relieved

by white troops was on duty with the 30th United States commanded by Bates, in the front trenches, about half a mile to the left of the railroad. We met with the two A. M., July 30, by white troops



EXPLOSION OF THE MINE.

the shuffling tread of troops, but it was so dark nothing could be seen. Down on the picket line the rifles were flashing, and overhead the bullets hummed with that peculiar droning sound of the nearly spent bullet. Most of us went to sleep as soon as we halted.

At daybreak we were roused by an order for the men to pile their knapsacks in heaps. The officers who knew of the mine gathered near the battery and watched for the explosion. Long we waited, and while we were wondering

and marched off to the right and rear, behind a battery of heavy artillery. Around us could be heard the

what caused the delay, there came, at 4:40 o'clock, a jar of the earth under our feet, a terrible rumbling, that lengthened into a muffled roar and, as we looked toward the Confederate line, we saw a great black cloud of smoke and dust rise high in the air. Huge blocks of clay were flying upward, and some thought they could see men and cannon.

As the mass settled down all the artillery of the Union line, nearly two hundred pieces, opened, and it seemed to us that the Rebel rifle pits were plowed through and through. In a few moments more there were flashes, and the Confederate guns replied to our batteries. Ten minutes passed, our artillery firing all the time, and then we heard the yells of our charging column and saw the Union troops go swarming over the works in a scrambling disorderly mass. As they reached the enemy's line a sharp musketry fire greeted them. In a few minutes they were followed by another division, and these were met by a still sharper fire of musketry and artillery. Fifteen minutes later the 3rd Division followed, and the conflict was still more stubborn. Anxiously we waited, but after our men went over the works they disappeared from our sight, and only a sputtering fire of musketry denoted their locality.

It is proper to note here the remarkable bravery shown by those Confederate veterans who were opposing our advance. When the mine was exploded it overwhelmed all of the 18th and most of the 23rd South Carolina regiments of infantry, nearly four hundred men in all, causing the greatest consternation among the troops there, and they hastily abandoned the entrenchments for nearly two hundred yards on each side of the explosion. A second explosion was feared by them, but seeing our troops crowding into the crater, they hastily ran back and took position within fifty yards of the right of our line, a covered way being selected as a rallying point.

When our advance attempted to pass beyond the crater these Confederates, Ramseur's North Carolinians, paying no attention whatever to the terrific artillery and musketry fire that was sweeping their front line of entrenchments, faced to the rear and poured volley after volley into the rear and flank of our advancing party. At this short distance every shot from these men told, and our advance hastily fell back to the shelter of the crater. It was not until our 2nd and 3rd Divisions had come up and after the sharp conflicts already noted, that the Confederates were driven back, and our lines were extended about one hundred and fifty yards on each side of the crater.

In the meantime a battery of six guns had been placed in position by the enemy in a partially finished earthwork on Cemetery Hill, half a mile distant, and Wright's Confederate Battery No. 7 in the ravine, on our right and front, opened fire. The crest of the crater and the sloping ground

in the direction of the enemy was swept by the fire of these guns. This was the position up to six A. M., when the 4th Division received orders to advance.

We were crowded down into the covered ways, passed through the railroad embankment, halted, and remained there for an hour or more. Many wounded were brought through our ranks, and about fifty prisoners. The latter were terribly frightened at the sight of the colored soldiers, and besought their white guards not to let the niggers bayonet them. They could not be pacified until the colored corporal gave a severely wounded prisoner a drink of water from his canteen, and this little act seemed to restore confidence among them. At 7:30 A. M., we moved forward and halted at the outer line of our breastworks, the men crouching low to avoid the grape and bullets that were whistling overhead.

Among the sergeants of my company was one, John H. Offer, by name, who had been a preacher on the eastern shore of Maryland. He exerted great influence over the men, and deemed the occasion a fitting one to offer some remarks; assuming his "Sunday voice," he began:

"Now men, dis am gwin to be a gret fight, de grettest we seen yet; gret things is pending on dis fight; if we takes Petersburg, mos' likely we'll take Richmond, and 'stroy Lee's army, an' close de war. Eb'ry man had orter liff up his soul in pra'r for a strong heart. Oh, 'member de pore colored people ober dere in bondage; Oh, 'member dat Ginerel Grant, and Ginerel Burnside, and Ginerel Meade, an' all de gret ginerals is right ober yander a 'watchin' ye, and 'member de white soldiers is a watching ye, an' 'member dat I'se a watching ye, and any skulker is a gwine to get prod ob dis bayonet; you heah me!"

The sharp command of "Fix, bayonets!" was heard, and before the rattling of steel ceased the order came, "Trail, arms! Forward, double quick, march!" and as we moved over the breastworks by the right flank, our young colonel, Delevan Bates, was the first man to go over.

We were the leading regiment of the division, and my company was H, the sixth in line, immediately on the left of the regimental colors. A few sandbags had been placed for steps to assist in climbing over, but not enough for the purpose, and the ranks were much disordered before the open field between the lines was reached. As we commenced to move across this space a regiment of dismounted cavalry that were guarding our trenches, rose up in a body and opened a heavy fire to assist us in "keeping down" the enemy, while our artillery belched out in full force.

But the enemy were not to be kept down, as the fierce zip of the bullets about our ears abundantly testified. The appearance of our regiment's colors was a signal for a battery on our left and the one on Cemetery Hill to open on us. Then came the rushing, hurtling sound of grape-shot in close

proximity; I heard a smashing sound, and a file of four men were swept away from my very side. A yell to the men, and the gap was instantly closed. A few steps farther and a battery on our right opened, sending a charge of grape through the color guard, killing and wounding half of them. Down went the stars and stripes, the color sergeant spattering them with his blood and brains, a grape-shot having torn his head in pieces. A color corporal caught them up so quickly that they scarcely touched the ground. A grape shot took off the top of the color lance, throwing him down, but he clung fast to his colors, and rising, rushed forward again. The cry now was: "Forward, 30th, forward, boys, forward, forward!"

Half way across, the infantry in the works on our left sent a volley at us, but their aim was high, and the bullets went over. The crater was reached, we tumbled down into it and were in comparative safety; but our warmest sympathies were enlisted for those following us, for we knew by the fearful rolling of musketry and roar of cannon that they were exposed to a most furious fire.

In spite of the heat and excitement of battle, I gazed curiously around, and beheld a sight that I can never forget. The explosion had torn out a chasm in the earth about one hundred and sixty feet long, sixty feet wide, and in places thirty feet deep. Huge blocks of clay, weighing tons, were scattered around. Torn, blackened and crushed, lay many dead Confederates, and mixed among them were many of our dead and wounded. On a stretcher lay Colonel Gould, 59th Massachusetts Volunteers, mortally wounded. Brigadier-General William F. Bartlett and his brigade were guarding the three sides of the crater, toward the enemy. Closely following us were the other regiments of our brigade, viz: the 43d, 39th and 27th Regiments, United States Colored Troops, in the order named.

As we came crowding into the crater General Bartlett and his staff made frantic efforts to keep us out. Colonel Bates immediately led us off down a traverse to the right, but, finding it crowded with the white soldiers, we climbed over the breastwork toward our line, and ran along just outside the abatis until our line lapped the enemy's line a hundred yards or more. Here we were exposed to a pitiless musketry fire, and Wright's battery speeded up their enfilading fire to six discharges per minute to the gun.

The 43d took position to support us; our colonel was seen gesticulating, and with his hat on the point of his sword, started on a run for the enemy's works. There was no need to cry, "by the left flank!" for the men saw him, and yelling wildly, faced to the left, toward the breastworks where the enemy lay, and followed him. As the line turned I had a good view of the faces of my men, and the sight was indelibly photographed on my memory. Their usually black faces were of an ashy color; their eyes were set and

glaring; the lips tightly drawn, showing the gleaming white teeth, and the expression of every face showed a determination to do or die.

Fortunately for us, most of our opponents had emptied their guns before we made the final rush for their works. A few who had loaded guns fired, and were instantly shot or bayoneted, and most of them threw down their guns and begged for mercy. Their commander, a major, calling on his men "to die, but never surrender to niggers," with a few men, took refuge in a bombproof and defied us to do our worst. A volley, a dash, and the bombproof was quickly filled with blacks and our defiant foes were ruthlessly bayoneted, but not until they had sold their lives dearly, and caused some of their assailants to bite the dust. Two hundred prisoners and a color were captured by the brigade in this encounter. The enemy's works on this part of the line was a perfect honeycomb of bombproofs, trenches, covered ways, sleeping holes and little alleys, running in every direction. A knoll gave them an elevation of about twenty feet above the crater.

We heard the yells of a charging column on our left, and looking, we saw the 2nd Brigade going in fine shape over the line of the First Division, over the bombproofs out into the open field on our left and their front. Instantly the batteries on Cemetery Hill and Wright's battery turned on them, and a sharp infantry fire reached them from the ravine in their front. We could see the great gaps made in their lines as the grape tore its way through. They reached the covered way that ran diagonally across the ravine, jumped into it and stayed there.

Our prisoners had been sent off to our lines, and the officers were doing their best to get the men into some sort of shape, for the regiments of the brigade were most terribly mixed up. Bullets came through all the little alleyways, and found victims in the most unexpected place. The right flank were having a lively fight with the enemy not a dozen yards away from them. Mortar shells came dropping down among us. About twenty minutes after our charge an officer from General Ferrero, our division commander, brought this order to Colonel Bates:

"The general commanding directs that you at once charge the battery in front of you."

Without a moment's hesitation, Colonel Bates commanded, "Forward, men!" and at once led the way to the open field himself. As he sprang out of the ditch he swung his sword from left to right, to indicate the movement he wished the line to execute. He was followed promptly by all the men of all the regiments in that immediate vicinity. But the men of the left wing of the regiment could not see him, it was impossible to hear any thing, and probably not more than two hundred men, in all, went forward with him.

This movement had been anticipated by the enemy, and they had ordered one of their numerous covered ways full of infantry on our front and right. Colonel Bates had not taken ten steps forward when this line rose up, and at less than fifty yards range poured a volley that almost annihilated the charging party. Colonel Bates fell, shot through the head; a severe, but not fatal wound. Our gallant little major, Robert Leake, fell, mortally wounded. Other officers fell, and nearly all the enlisted men went down. Those who survived went back into the trenches, bringing many of their wounded comrades with them. Of course this threw our lines into great confusion, but the officers made great efforts to hold the men up, and they pluckily faced the enemy and showed no signs of breaking.

The commander of the 2nd Brigade had received an order similar to the one given us, and endeavored to make a rush forward just after our party were driven back. Here it was that Lieutenant Pennell, made famous by Colonel H. G. Thomas' article in the *Century Magazine*, was killed. Colonel Thomas says of him:

"With his sword uplifted in his right hand, the banner in his left, he sought to call out the men along the whole line of the parapet. In a moment a musketry fire was focused upon him, whirling him around several times before he fell."

From the higher ground that I was on I saw him start out, and knew he was doomed. The 2nd Brigade had hardly raised their heads when the cry broke out from our men, "The Rebels are charging! Here they come!" Looking to the front I saw a splendid line of gray coming up the ravine on the run. Their left was nearly up to the bombproofs, and their line extended off into the smoke as far as we could see. They were coming, and coming with a rush. We all saw that they were going straight for the 2nd Brigade. We opened an oblique fire on them, and had the satisfaction of seeing their left break off and seek shelter in the cut-up ground. But the North Carolinians on our right and front were not idle, and pressed us hard. I have ever believed that we would have held them back had not the cry been raised: "The white troops are breaking; close in to the left!" and we could see our whole line on the left going back. For a moment the men moved backward to the left, firing as they retreated; then the enemy charged with a yell, and poured a volley into their very faces. Instantly the whole body broke, went over the breastworks toward the Union line, or ran down the traverse toward the crater.

The blacks were brave in their charge, but, as a body, wholly unmanageable, and totally demoralized in their defeat. Even outside of the abatis officers made an attempt to rally them, and some did stand for a short time, but were compelled to give way.

Of the many gallant acts of the officers of my regiment, I note the following:

Captain (afterwards Major) Arthur J. Smith, being hard pressed, emptied his revolver into a crowd of the enemy, threw his pistol in the face of one who was attacking him with the bayonet, and successfully made his escape.

Captain William H. Seagrave of Company K had a leg shattered by a bullet while in the Confederate trenches; unable to retreat, refusing to surrender, he fought with pistol and sword, killing and wounding six of the enemy, until he was shot and bayoneted in seven different places. Some of his faithful men who endeavored to save him were killed to the last man. A Confederate officer who saw his gallant fight (when the charge was over) sent two Yankee prisoners to carry him to the rear. Lieutenant Van Alin, 43d Pennsylvania Infantry, was one who helped carry him off. Captain Seagrave was exchanged three months afterwards, and died at his home, in Uxbridge, Mass., November, 1865.

Lieutenant Charles B. Sanders, commanding Company A, the right flank company of the regiment, was making a gallant fight when he found himself cut off, and was compelled to surrender. This company went into the fight with sixty-six men, and but eighteen escaped, forty-eight being killed, wounded and missing, and of the missing none were ever heard from.

With a dozen of my company I went down the traverse to the crater. We were the last to reach it, and the rifles of the Union soldiers were flashing in our faces when we jumped down in there, while the Johnnies were not twenty yards behind us. A full line around the crest of the crater were loading and firing as fast as they could, and the men were dropping thick and fast, most of them shot through the head. Every man that was shot rolled down the steep sides to the bottom, and in places they were piled up four and five deep. For a few minutes the fire was fearfully sharp. Then the enemy sought shelter.

The cries of the wounded, pressed under the dead, were piteous in the extreme. An enfilading fire was coming through the traverse down which we had retreated. General Bartlett ordered the colored troops to build breastworks across it. They commenced the work by throwing up lumps of clay, but it was slow work; some one called out: "Put in the dead men," and acting on this suggestion, a large number of dead, white and black, Union and Confederate, were piled into the trench. This made a partial shelter, and enabled the working party to strengthen their breastwork. Cartridges were running low, and we searched the boxes of all the dead and wounded.

The day was fearfully hot; the wounded were crying for water, and the canteens were empty. A few of our troops held a ditch a few feet in front of the crater, and were keeping up a brisk fire. In the little calm that followed,

we loaded a large number of muskets and placed them in readiness for instant use. Another movement was soon attempted by the enemy, but our fire was so sharp that they hastily sought cover. The artillery on Cemetery Hill, and Wright's battery, kept up a constant fire of grape and kept the dirt flying about us. A mortar battery also opened on us, and, after a few shots they got our range so well that the shells fell directly among us. Many of them did not explode until after they were buried in the earth, and did but little real damage, although the dead men were thrown high in the air; some did not explode at all, but a few burst directly over us, and cut the men down most cruelly.

Many of the troops now attempted to make our lines, but to leave they had to run up a slope in full view of the enemy, that now surrounded us on three sides; nearly every man who tried it fell back riddled with bullets. At eleven o'clock a determined charge was made by the enemy; we repulsed it, but when the fire slackened the ammunition was fearfully low. About this time two men, each carrying all the cartridges he could manage in a piece of shelter tent, reached us.

The white troops were now exhausted and discouraged. Leaving the line, they sat down, facing inwards, and neither threats nor entreaties could get them up into line again. In vain was the cry raised that all would be killed if captured with negro soldiers; they would not stand up. From this time on the fire was kept up, mainly by the colored troops, many officers handling muskets. A few Indians, of the 1st Michigan Sharpshooters, did splendid work. Some of them were mortally wounded, and drawing their blouses over their faces, they chanted a death song and died four of them in a group.

An attempt had been made to dig a trench through the side of the crater toward the Union line, but the Confederates got the range of that hole, and plugged the bullets into it so thick and fast that no one would work in it. Of the men in my company who had rallied with me, all but one, a sergeant, lay dead or dying. The troops seemed utterly apathetic and indifferent. The killing of a comrade by their very sides would not rouse them in the least.

Between one and two o'clock in the afternoon our men in the ditch, outside the crater, had expended all their ammunition, and were quickly captured. Then the enemy planted his battle flags on the edge of the crater, front and both flanks, not six feet from our men. They quickly pulled them back, but we knew that they were there, just on the other side of the clay bank. Muskets and bayonets were pitched back and forth, harpoon style. In this last movement the Confederates exposed themselves most fearlessly, and had all our men stood up at that time, the rebel loss would have been

much more severe. I have good reason to believe that my own revolver did some effective work at this time.

For a few moments they rested, then I heard their officers' orders: "Every man get his gun loaded, give one spring and go right over; they are out of ammunition, they won't fight;" then, "Forward, 41st!" and the major, who led the charge was the first to show himself. General Bartlett had ordered a surrender when he heard the order to charge, but some of the negroes kept up a resistance and were shot down, among them my brave sergeant.

As the Rebels came rushing into the crater, calling to their companions in the rear, "The Yanks have surrendered," some of the foremost ones plunged



INDIAN SOLDIERS DYING IN BATTLE.

their bayonets into the colored wounded. Instantly a lot of blacks picked up the arms they had thrown down, dashed at the enemy, shot, bayoneted, clubbed their guns, and, for a moment, drove everything before them.

The Confederate major hastily ordered his men back, and called to the negroes that if they surrendered they should all be spared, but if they resisted, they would all be killed. He assured them that they should be treated as prisoners of war, and at his request some of our officers advised

the men to lay down their arms, which they did slowly and reluctantly. When the bayoneting commenced a number of men—white and black—crowded into the hole that had been cut into the slope, and went wild with terror. A Confederate sergeant advised me to "Take off them thar' equipments," and as his musket was at full cock and his hand very nervous, the advice was taken. Then he kindly told me to go to the right, where I would find a covered way, and not go across the open field, "as you 'uns people is shelling right smart." I was among the last to leave. All the colored prisoners who could walk were sent to the rear. None of the severely wounded black soldiers were ever brought back. General Mahone states in his report that one hundred and thirty prisoners were captured in the crater. Four hundred and eighty-five dead bodies were taken from there.

I may be pardoned for relating a little personal experience. I started for the rear, toward the covered way, so kindly designated by the Confederate sergeant, but found it full of troops—South Carolinians. A lieutenant grabbed my haversack, pulling it off, and hit me with the flat of his saber, saying, "Git across that-a-way, you damned Yank," sending myself and others over the field where our men were shelling. Before I got across, a black soldier was killed within four feet of me by one of our own shells. A little farther back, out of the range of our fire, two Johnnies went for my watch, and got it; another wanted my cap, but, after a wrangle, I retained it. A third line of battle was lying in a ditch across the ravine, and General Mahone, riding a little sorrel horse, was close behind them. A mile in the rear I found a lot of our comrades, who had been captured in the morning; among them Lieutenants Sanders and Smith, of my own regiment. We numbered 79 officers and 1,101 enlisted men. When they took the names of the officers many officers of colored regiments gave the name of a white regiment, but Lieutenant Sanders and myself decided to face the music, and gave our regiment "30th United States Colored Infantry," and saw the words "Negro Officer" written opposite our names.

The next day we were taken through Petersburg. It was Sunday, and our captors proposed to make a grand spectacle of us for the benefit of Petersburg citizens. First came General Bartlett—his cork leg was broken, and he was mounted on a sorry-looking nag, without saddle; then four wounded negroes, stripped of everything but shirt and drawers; then four officers, viz.: Colonel E. G. Marshall, 14th New York Heavy Artillery; Colonel Steven Weld, 56th Massachusetts Infantry; Colonel Daniel White, 31st Maine; Lieutenant-Colonel Buffam, 4th Rhode Island Volunteers; then four more wounded blacks, then four officers, and so on, alternating the whites and blacks. I was in the third file of officers, and as the head of the column reached the streets of Petersburg, we were assailed by a volley of abuse from men,

women and children, that exceeded anything of the kind that I ever heard. It was seven months before I saw the old flag again, and my first impression of the Confederacy did not improve with a more intimate acquaintance.

The losses of the Ninth Corps in this battle were: 419 killed, 1,670 wounded, 1,901 missing. Of these the colored division lost 176 killed, 688 wounded, 801 missing; total, 1,665. As there were less than 400 colored prisoners, it is clear to my mind that the discrepancy between this number and the 801 missing, gives the number of wounded and disarmed who perished by the bayonet. The official Confederate reports make their loss about 1,500,



THE PROCESSION THROUGH PETERSBURG.

but reliable, intelligent Confederate veterans have informed me that Mahone's division alone lost more than that on that day, and that their total loss would certainly exceed 2,500. No reports were ever made out for the regiments that were overwhelmed, and the 41st Virginia was almost annihilated.

In October, 1888, I visited the battlefield. The rifle pits are leveled; the crater is nearly filled up. The tunnel to the mine is caved in, and a depression marks its location. Bullets are still plentiful in the soil, and by scraping

the dirt, old musket caps are easily collected. The owner of the ground, an old Confederate soldier, explains, in a clear and concise manner, the incidents of the battle. In a little museum building is a collection of battlefield curiosities, among them a blood-stained, broken musket butt, of Enfield pattern, the rifle with which my regiment were armed. Near the rim of the crater stands a little white board, with this inscription:

"This board marks the advanced position of the 58th Massachusetts Infantry, July 30, 1864. Killed, 10; wounded, 33; prisoners, 91; total, 134 - leaving 28 for duty. The colors also were lost."

If, in this imperfectly written article, I have shown (although many things were left undone that might have been done), that so far as the officers, field and line, were concerned, they led their men, on that day, with the greatest gallantry, and that the men in the ranks followed them with equal bravery, my work has not been done in vain.

At the Petersburg mine the following named soldiers won recognition for bravery and one was promoted from colonel to general.

Delevan Bates, Colonel, 30th United States Colored Troops, whose personal story is told elsewhere.

Leander A. Wilkins, Sergeant Company H, 9th New Hampshire Infantry, recaptured the colors of the 21st Massachusetts Infantry.

Franklin Hogan, Corporal Company A, 45th Pennsylvania Infantry, captured a flag from the 6th Virginia Infantry.

James Hill, Sergeant Company C, 14th New York Heavy Artillery, captured a flag.

Decatur Dorsey, Sergeant Company B, 39th United States Colored Troops. Bravery while acting as color-sergeant.



CHAPTER LII.

ACTIONS AGAINST PETERSBURG WITH ACCOUNTS OF SOME OF THE MEDAL WINNERS—COLONEL ROBERT L. ORR, 61ST PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY—JOHN C. MATTHEWS, SAME REGIMENT—JOHN C. EWING, 211TH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY—LESTER G. HACK, 5TH VERMONT INFANTRY—JOHN LILLEY, 265TH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY—THE RETAKING OF THE LINES—COLONEL R. O. WHITEHEAD, C. S. A.

ACTIONS AGAINST PETERSBURG.

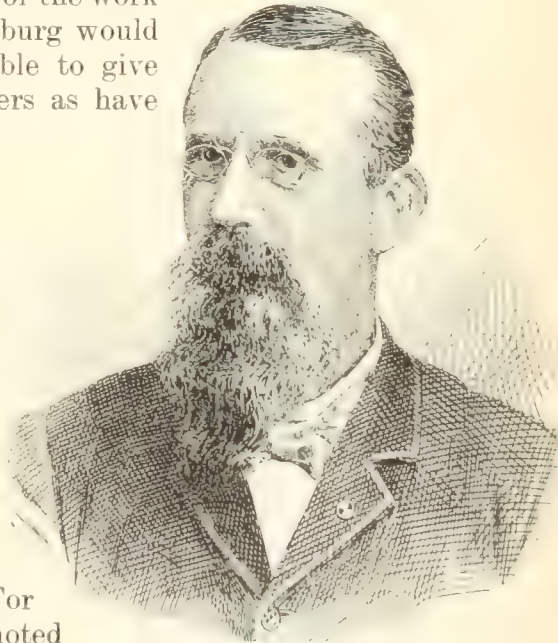
IN addition to the five medal winners at the explosion of the mine, there were forty-three others, so far as can be learned, who distinguished themselves before Petersburg at various times, from June of 1864 until April 3, 1865, the last date on which a medal was awarded for these particular operations. These names are all found in the official list.

To attempt even so much as a summary of the work done by the boys in blue in front of Petersburg would require much more space than it is possible to give in this work; therefore such personal letters as have been received from them, must suffice.

COLONEL ROBERT LEVAN ORR.

COLONEL ROBERT LEVAN ORR of the 61st Pennsylvania Infantry was born in Philadelphia, in 1836, and enlisted in the same city April 13, 1861, in Company I, 17th Pennsylvania Volunteers (a three months' organization), as first lieutenant. August 4, 1861, at the expiration of his first term of service he reënlisted in Company H, 61st Pennsylvania Infantry, for a term of three years, and was commissioned as captain. For meritorious services rendered, he was promoted successively to major, lieutenant-colonel and colonel of the same regiment, serving four years and two months in all, being mustered out, June 29, 1865.

He participated in twenty engagements of the Army of the Potomac, ending with Appomattox.



COLONEL ROBERT L. ORR.

Writing in reply to the question as to how he won his medal of honor, he says:

At the assault on the enemy's entrenched line at Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865, the Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, to which my regiment was attached, made its historical "wedged-shaped attack." I was in command of my regiment, which was at the point of the wedge; two battle flags were taken by my men, and five medals of honor awarded, including my own.

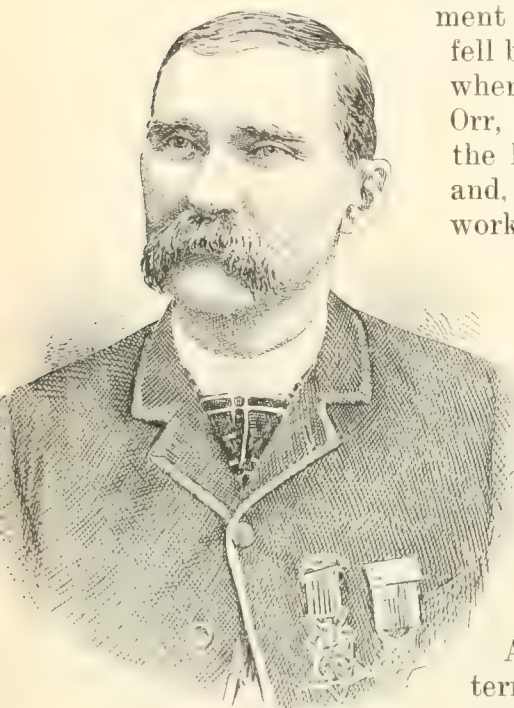
JOHN C. MATTHEWS.

JOHN C. MATTHEWS, writing from Pittsburg, Pa., says:

The 61st Pennsylvania led the storming column of the Sixth Corps on the works of Petersburg, April 2, 1865. At the first fire of the enemy the color-sergeant fell, and I was wounded. The regiment was thrown into momentary confusion, and fell back a short distance behind an old breastwork, where they were rallied by our colonel, Robert L. Orr, who also received a medal for bravery. I had the honor to pick up a flag, carry it off the field, and, a few moments later, to plant it on the enemy's works for which service my colonel promoted me on the field to color-sergeant, and recommended me for a medal. My medal is inscribed as follows:

"The Congress to John C. Matthews, color-sergeant 61st Pennsylvania Volunteers, for bravery at Petersburg, Va., April 1, 1865, and for bearing the colors of the regiment all day after being wounded."

Mr. Matthews was born in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, in 1846. He enlisted in Indiana, Pa., as private in the 135th Infantry, August 1, 1862, and at the expiration of his term of service, reenlisted as sergeant in Company A, 61st Pennsylvania Infantry.



JOHN C. MATTHEWS.

JOHN C. EWING.

JOHN C. EWING was born in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, in 1843, and enlisted at Latrobe in the same State, August, 1864, in the 211th Pennsylvania Infantry.

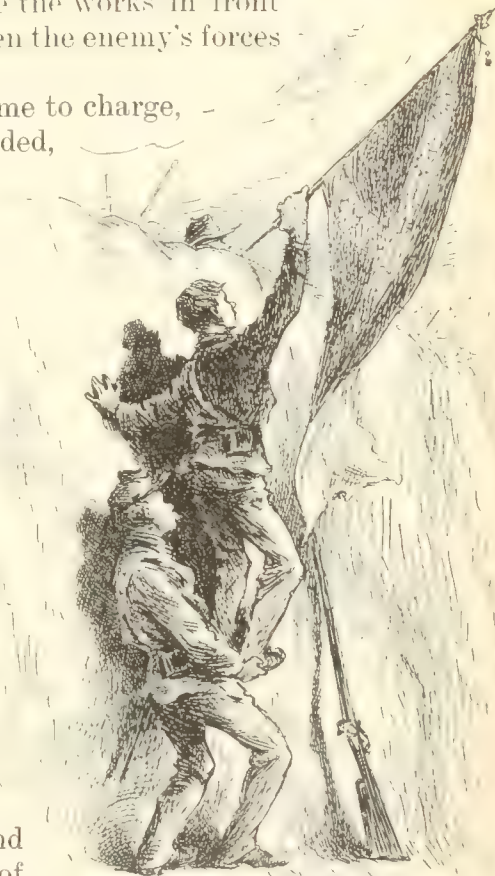
He writes under date of January 3, 1894, from Philadelphia :

I was discharged in June, 1865, having been in three engagements — Bermuda Front, Fort Steadman and Petersburg. It was at the latter place that the event occurred which won for me my medal of honor. It was the most thrilling experience of my life, and I feel now that only by the interposition of a higher power am I here to record the episode. On the 2nd of April, 1865, we were called out to charge the works in front of Petersburg, and formed lines of battle between the enemy's forces and the Union lines, being sixteen deep.

Between four and five o'clock the order came to charge, and although losing heavily in killed and wounded, we drove the Confederates out of their fortifications to the right of where we made the charge, but they still held the left, and there was where I captured the flag.

When we beat the enemy back from the right of their line, they retreated to the redoubt, some distance in the rear. I was in the front line, and reached this redoubt with but one companion; we discharged our muskets into the mass of Confederates, and just as my comrade fired, he fell off the fort, dead, leaving me alone. I rolled myself from the fortification as best I could, and fell back to where our men were. On the way I saw a Confederate flag flying at the rear of the fort, on the left of the line we had not taken, and made up my mind it would have to come down.

Getting a comrade to take hold of my foot and help me up I grasped the flagstaff, and at the same instant jumped into the fort full of Confederates. The prod of a bayonet quickly caused the color-bearer to release his hold, and, turning on the crowd, I clubbed my gun, forcing my way out with six prisoners, together with the flag. It was for this I received the medal of honor.



CLIMBING AFTER THE FLAG.

LESTER G. HACK.

J. S. CHANDLER, late private of Company B, 5th Vermont Veteran Volunteers, and now adjutant of J. J. Hale Post No. 66, of Ripton, Vt.,

sends the following regarding Lester G. Hack, private Company F, 5th Vermont Infantry, who now resides in Ticonderoga, N. Y.

Hack enlisted September 16, 1861, and from Yorktown, Va., April, 1862, until the close of the war, he was with the Army of the Potomac, participating in all the engagements of his regiment. Mr. Chandler writes:

At the storming of Petersburg, April 2, 1865, after the main line was broken, a squad of Confederates gathered about a stand of colors near Fort Mahone, and undertook to rally their comrades there, when Hack remarked to some of his companions:

"I am going after that flag."

They tried to dissuade him because of the disparity of numbers, our lines being broken in the defense, but he would go. He called to the Confederate sergeant for the flag. But Johnny refused to deliver it up, when Mr. Hack promptly knocked him down with his fist, picked up the flag, and presenting his empty musket, ordered the squad to surrender.

They did so very quickly, probably fearing to share the fate of their leader, and in less than five minutes Hack had captured one stand of colors, two sergeants, eleven privates and won his medal.

JOHN LILLEY.

JOHN LILLEY was born in Lewiston, Pa., in 1826, and enlisted in that town August 27, 1864, as private in the 265th Pennsylvania Infantry.

Writing from Lewiston in 1891, Mr. Lilley says:

The particular service by which I gained my medal from Congress was rendered in about the following manner:

It was at the final breaking up of the Confederate lines in front of Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865. The place where my regiment charged across was alongside the Jerusalem plank road, at which point is also situated "Fort Hell."

It was hardly daylight when we began the movement toward Petersburg. We broke through at Fort Mahone, and then turned and made a flank movement toward the right, capturing some prisoners, as well as driving more of the Confederates before us. We had flanked to the right until three forts had fallen into our hands, and then a comrade said:

"Hold on! There are no officers with us!"

I looked at the next fort and saw the Confederate flag waving defiantly. I determined to have it, and so I told my comrade that it must come down.

I did not stop to think of the danger, nor did I look particularly to see if I was alone. As I went into the fort I found three men there, one of whom

held the flag. I called to them to surrender, and it is likely I made my remarks emphatic. They surrendered, and gave up the flag, when I took them back into our lines as prisoners.

When I had got a short distance on my way some lieutenant wanted me to give him the flag, but I very obstinately refused, and called his attention to the fact that there were plenty more where I got mine.

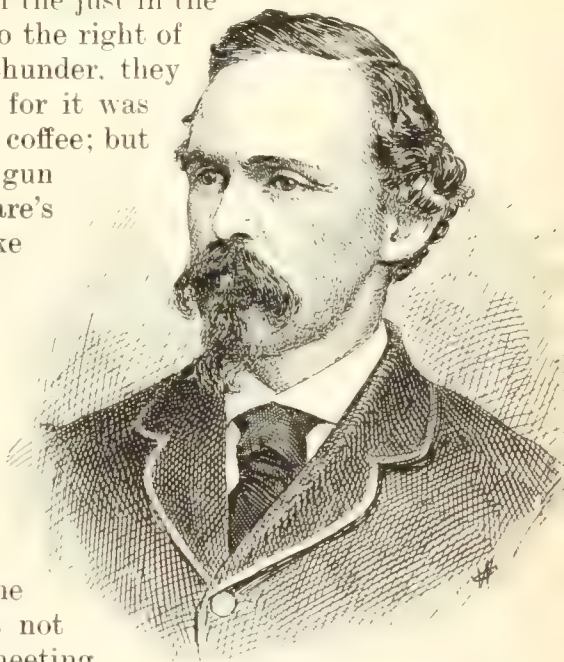
THE RETAKING OF THE LINES.

COLONEL R. O. WHITEHEAD, C. S. A.

WHEN the artificial earthquake caused by the explosion of General Grant's mine awakened Petersburg in the early morning of July 30, 1864, the 16th Virginia were sleeping the sleep of the just in the trenches at Wilcox's barn, about a mile to the right of the explosion. If the 16th heard the thunder, they probably turned over and went to sleep, for it was too early to fry fat pork and get peanut coffee; but if they thought that it was only a bigger gun than usual firing from Fort Hell, or Hare's Hill upon the doomed city, the wide awake pickets soon undeceived them.

It might have been an hour or more after the explosion when we received orders to get under arms as quietly as possible, and proceed by the ravines and covered way towards the mine. Just before reaching it, the regiment was halted and ordered to unsling knapsacks, fix bayonets and leave everything behind except arms and ammunition. The 16th knew what that meant, for it was not their first bayonet charge. We had been meeting a number of demoralized troops retreating, or crowded, from the mine, who gave the most discouraging reports that everything was lost; but I never saw the 16th more cheerful or determined, than it was when it faced the crater.

We had been in Mahone's command from the beginning of the war, and in many battles had learned to expect victory and never question an order. We had implicit confidence in our general and as we filed out into the little valley between Paine's house and the crater, General Mahone met us as cheerfully as if he were inviting us to breakfast, and placed the regiment in line with



COLONEL R. O. WHITEHEAD.

as much coolness and precision as if he were laying out a railroad. As far as we could see, up and down our works, they were occupied by Union troops, and scores of Union flags waved proudly in defiance. It was a magnificent sight; the head of General Grant's army about to pour into Petersburg, and our worn and depleted lines were ordered to drive them back. But oh! What confusion in those magnificent ranks—apparently without a leader. General Mahone had told us that both generals, R. E. Lee and Beauregard, were in the fight, watching our movements from Paine's house, only a few rods away. The enemy seemed about to charge us as we formed; then, hesitated and retired to meet us in our works. That was where they lost the battle.

The Confederates all along the line rose without an order as far as I have ever learned and charged up the slight slope towards the Union forces. Of course there was heavy slaughter along our lines, but the advance continued, as far as I could see, as steadily as if the troops were on dress parade. The Confederates were upon the Union troops with fixed bayonets and loaded muskets, almost before they knew we were coming. They had either to kill us all or surrender and they laid down their arms.

Many were killed who would not surrender, in trying to escape back to the Union lines. Hundreds sought shelter in the crater and were either killed or captured a few moments later. General Mahone came up, though the firing was exceedingly dangerous and joined the right of the 16th to the left of 3d Georgia, I believe, so as to cover the gap made by the crater. My regiment stretched across the front of the crater and beyond it on each side, and had orders to reform our torn and broken line of defense. So great had been the power of the explosion, it was said to have killed three hundred men outright and a thousand men could have been buried in the mine. A twelve pound brass cannon was blown from its carriage, which was located just over the powder of the mine, and was hurled through the air, falling twenty yards in front of General Lee's lines. It was recovered with great difficulty by the Confederates, and belonged I think to a Petersburg battery.

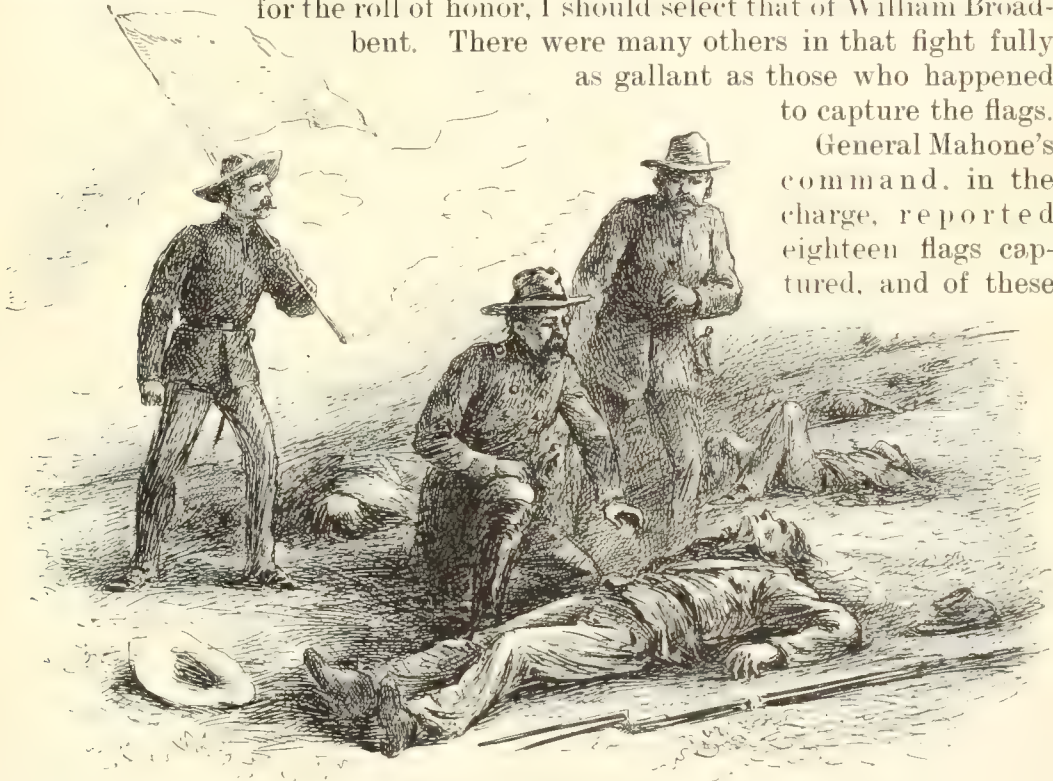
Lieutenant Thomas Smith, of Company A—now Colonel Thomas Smith of Suffolk, Va., who has raised a magnificent monument at Suffolk, at his sole expense, to the memory of dead companions in arms, took charge of the burial of the dead in the crater, and as well as I remember, detailed Sergeant John Sheppard of his company to keep an accurate account of the number buried. He reported one hundred and seventy-seven buried by his detail; about an equal number of Union and Confederate soldiers, and about twenty per cent. of the Union troops were colored soldiers. There probably were two hundred buried in the mine, for many were covered by the explosion that we never saw. About a thousand lay dead around the crater beyond

our reach who were buried a few days after the fight under flag of truce sent in from the Union lines.

In our immediate front, I think the charge on the crater was lead by Captain William Broadbent, of the 16th, with his small band of devoted sharpshooters. I believe they were nearly all killed or wounded, and Captain Broadbent was found in the trenches where the fight had been hardest, dead, with nearly every conceivable kind of wound upon him that a soldier can receive in battle. If only one name from the 16th Virginia could be selected

for the roll of honor, I should select that of William Broadbent. There were many others in that fight fully as gallant as those who happened to capture the flags.

General Mahone's command, in the charge, reported eighteen flags captured, and of these



ENEMIES AND FRIENDS.

the 16th Virginia Infantry captured seven. Three good companies early in the war, were detached from the 16th, to do artillery service and were never replaced in the regiments. They were the Petersburg Grays, Captain Banks; the Smithfield Blues, Captain Chambers; and the Norfolk Blues, Captain Grandy. All three made splendid records in the war.

We carried less than three hundred muskets into the charge and captured a flag for every company.

In justice to my brave companions of the 16th Virginia, I challenge history to name a regiment, in all the wars of England, France, Germany, or the United

States, that ever made a more brilliant record against such odds in a single battle. And I know that when that regiment is found, every old soldier of the 16th will bow to do it honor.

I would like as a simple incident of war to mention that I met General Henry G. Thomas, of the Union Army, under flag of truce at the crater. We have been friends ever since, notwithstanding the general, as far as I am aware, organized the first colored troop that fought against the South. I tried to help the general recover the body of a brave young lieutenant of his command, a friend from Portland, Maine, who had fallen carrying the Maine colors. We unfortunately failed. The poor fellow was probably sleeping peacefully with the nameless dead in the crater.

An hour or two after the flag of truce I received a note from General Thomas. He was a prisoner at General Bushrod Johnson's headquarters, detained under suspicion of being a spy. I immediately set to work to correct the mistake, but fortunately my effort was unnecessary. The authorities corrected it, and next morning sent General Thomas back to his friends under an escort of honor.

When I was returning home as a paroled prisoner from Appomattox, an officer stepped up to me on the steamer between Richmond and Old Point Comfort. He proved to be the same General Henry G. Thomas, of Maine. I did not know him. He made himself known, and just before we reached Old Point he made the following proposition: "You are sick," he said. "The battle has gone against you. Come, go with me to Portland. Here are my fine horses, we can ride around the city; I have a nice yacht, we can sail around the bay. Then, I have a beautiful little farm near Saccarappi -- plenty of cows, milk, sugar and brandy -- go with me and get well, and when you are well, if you need me I will be glad to try and help you build up your fortunes."

I have known since that day that "Southern hospitality" in excellent form is found also north of Mason and Dixon's line, and though I have never been able to accept the general's offer I have never ceased to feel grateful.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE BATTLES OF THE WELDON RAILROAD — S. J. HOTTENSTEIN, 107TH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY — THE CAPTORS CAPTURED — RICHARD SMITH, 95TH NEW YORK INFANTRY — A SUCCESSFUL BLUEF — EDWIN M. TRUELL, 12TH WISCONSIN INFANTRY — R. B. MURPHY, 127TH ILLINOIS INFANTRY — A SOLDIER AT THIRTEEN — OVILA CAYER, 14TH UNITED STATES INFANTRY — SENDING THE FLAG TO THE REAR.

SOLOMON J. HOTTENSTEIN is a medal winner who has a most enviable war record. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1844; enlisted February 17, 1862, three months before his eighteenth birthday. He reenlisted February 28, 1864, at Mitchell Station, Va., and on July 13, 1865, was mustered out, being one of eight out of the original one hundred and three men who entered the service in 1862, in Company C, 107th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.

He participated in all the engagements which his regiment entered, and it was at the Weldon Railroad that he won his medal of honor.

As will be remembered General Grant had determined to destroy this road, which connected Petersburg and Weldon, N. C., in order to shut off such source of supplies to the city he was so eager to capture.

Bates, in his "History of the Pennsylvania Troops," gives the following regarding the movements of the 107th during this engagement:

"On August 18, 1864, the corps made a descent on the Weldon Railroad at Yellow House. The enemy's pickets were driven in; but he soon made his appearance in force, and the regiment was thrown forward as skirmishers to meet him, the fighting becoming general and lasting into the night. The road was held, and under cover of the darkness breastworks were thrown up. At two p. m. on the following day an attack was made by the enemy on the right of the corps with partial success. Again at four he made another attack, in which he succeeded in flanking Crawford's division right and left, compelling it to fall back, and in the confusion taking many prisoners, the 107th losing six officers and one hundred and fifty-five men. Colonel McCoy, Major Sheaffer, Captain Hemphill and Lieutenant Stair succeeded in making their escape through the enemy's lines."

It was useless for the Pennsylvania boys to resist the overpowering force which had made them prisoners, and as they were taken to the rear there came into the minds of each a mental picture of the Southern prisons such as had been described by those of their comrades in arms who had tasted the sorrows which had fallen to the lot of the captured.

There were three hundred and eight of the Federal troops who were taken to the rear, disarmed, and ranged in front of a hundred Confederates, each of whom stood ready to shoot the first who should try to escape.

Hottenstein was more eager to avoid the horrors of the prison-pen than the majority of his companions, or, at least, so it seemed from the apathy displayed by them during the first few moments after capture.

"We are three to one," he said to those nearest him, "and with such odds in our favor it ought to make matters about equal, even if they have got muskets while we are unarmed."

"Remember Captain Newbury," the man on his left said, referring to a gallant soldier who had been killed while trying to escape from his captor.

"Yes, I remember him, and I also remember what Douglass told us after he came out of Libby," Hottenstein replied. "I am not sure but that Captain Newbury got the best end of that trade, even if he was killed."

Hottenstein continued to argue in favor of attempting to capture their captors, while the horrible din of war resounded everywhere around them, insisting that it would be possible, owing to the ignorance of the Confederates as to the general movements of the troops, to deceive them into the belief that a large Federal force was approaching.

"Even if half of the prisoners are afraid, the remainder ought to be enough to do the work," he continued earnestly. "Let those who do not dare to make the rush, turn around at a given signal, and shout as if they saw our men approaching. That will distract the attention of the Johnnies, and render our work so much the easier."

It was a long while before he could persuade a sufficient number of his fellow prisoners to attempt the plan suggested; but finally, when it seemed as if they were almost entirely surrounded by combatants who were hidden by the foliage, it was decided to make a trial.

The color-sergeant, who was the largest man of the Confederates, Hottenstein selected as his adversary, and it was agreed that while the more timorous of the party shouted as if they saw the Federal forces approaching, Hottenstein should begin the affray.

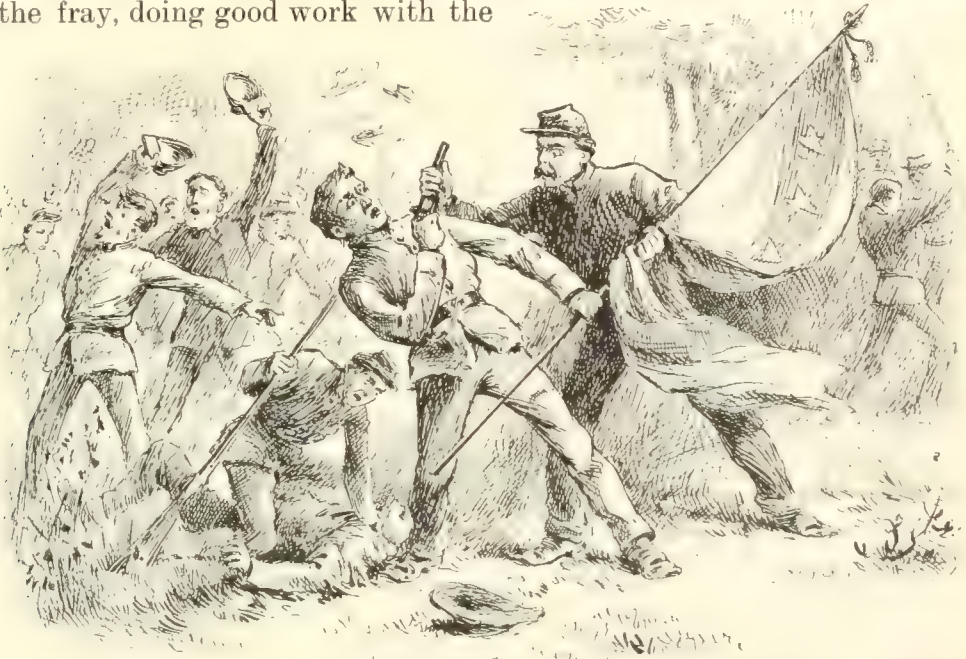
It seemed as if once the plan had been agreed upon, the entire party grew braver, and, judging that the proper moment had come, he who devised the scheme put it in motion by signaling to those in the rear that everything was in readiness for their portion of the work.

As a shout went up from a certain number of the prisoners, who danced about in glee as if seeing their friends close at hand, Hottenstein launched himself like an arrow from a bow full upon the Confederate color-bearer, seizing the latter's revolver in his sudden onslaught.

At the same instant the remainder of those selected for the assault

darted forward, and during the next five minutes it was a hand to hand struggle where one side was fully armed, and the other without weapons, unless they had succeeded, as in the case of Hottenstein, in wresting arms from their captors.

The color-bearer was wise enough to surrender when the tables were so completely turned that the muzzle of his own revolver was presented at his breast, and, with the flag in his hand, Hottenstein rushed into the thickest of the fray, doing good work with the



THE CAPTORS CAPTURED.

borrowed revolver, for it was comparatively easy to persuade a man to yield up his arms when the cold barrel of the weapon was pressed against his head.

In less than ten minutes the captors were captured, and the late prisoners escorted the squad of Confederates back to the Federal lines, reaching there only after considerable difficulty, and guided by their young leader with his captured stand of colors.

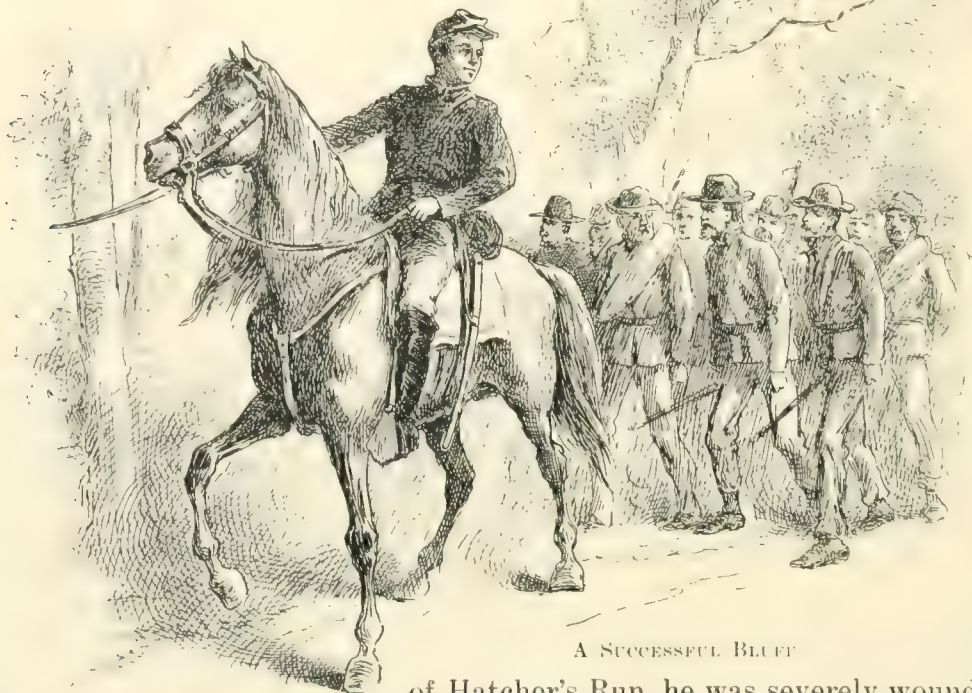
Concerning this turning of the tables, the following paragraph appears in Bates' history:

"Private Solomon Hottenstein, with three hundred of his division, while prisoners under guard of part of a North Carolina regiment, suddenly rose, demanded surrender of the guard, seized their colors, and forced them all to yield, bringing them all into the Union lines. For this act of gallantry Hottenstein received a furlough of thirty days, and a medal of honor from the Secretary of War."

Hottenstein was less positive of being able to gain the Federal lines than

he had been of making the capture, for he tore from the flag one of the stars as a souvenir, in case they should be retaken before they had extricated themselves from the tangle of Confederate soldiers everywhere around.

Under the order issued by General Grant in the winter of 1865, giving a furlough of twenty-eight days to one man out of every thousand, Hottenstein was selected by his colonel and the brigade commander as the fortunate soldier from the 107th to receive the favor; but the chances of war were against him, for on the 6th of February, at the battle



A SUCCESSFUL BLUFF

of Hatcher's Run, he was severely wounded, and instead of visiting his loved ones at home, spent the time in a hospital, remaining there until June 1, 1865. With that exception he was never absent from his regiment.

RICHARD SMITH.

95TH NEW YORK INFANTRY

THE capture of twenty privates and two officers is the credit given to Richard Smith, private Company B, 95th New York Volunteer Infantry, and if every private in the army had done as well as Mr. Smith, the war would have speedily been brought to a close.

Richard Smith was born in Haverstraw, N. Y., in 1840; enlisted in his native town November 14, 1861, and served a full term of three years in the 95th, which at the time of the operations in and around the Weldon Railroad, Va., was a portion of the 3rd Brigade, 3rd Division, 5th Army Corps.

Smith himself is particularly modest regarding the work which he did and the following report and orders are the only authentic accounts which can be given of his exploit:

HEADQUARTERS 3RD BRIGADE, 3RD DIVISION, 5TH ARMY CORPS, ()
November 25, 1864. A

TO BRIGADIER-GENERAL L. THOMAS, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, UNITED STATES ARMY:

GENERAL: I have the honor to report that a medal of honor be awarded to Private Richard Smith, Company B, 95th Regiment, New York Volunteers, a mounted orderly at these headquarters, for distinguished gallantry in the action of August 21, 1864, on the Weldon Railroad, Virginia.

When the enemy, after having charged on the left flank of the division, turned to retreat, Private Smith rode out alone, and, riding around a body of the enemy, ordered them to face about and follow him. His courage on this occasion so intimidated them that he brought within our lines as prisoners, two commissioned officers and twenty men. For this gallantry Private Smith was mentioned in my official report of the action on the Weldon Railroad, to which I have the honor to refer you.

I am, general, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

J. W. HOFFMAN, Colonel Commanding Brigade.

Following this, Smith was given a medal of honor.

CAPTAIN EDWIN M. TRUELL.

12TH WISCONSIN VETERAN VOLUNTEERS.

EDWIN MORTIMER TRUELL was born in Lowell, Mass., in 1841. He enlisted August 30, 1862 as a private in Company E, 12th Wisconsin Infantry, and served until September, 1864, when he was discharged as disabled, his right leg having been amputated.

A comrade of Captain Truell's writes:

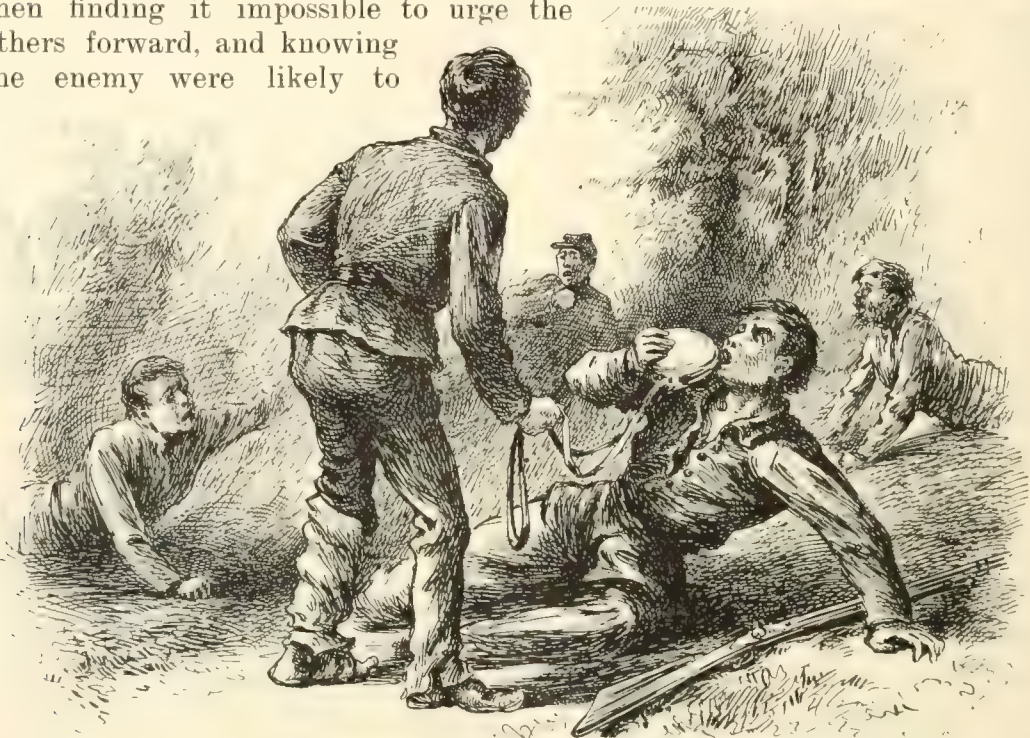
At the battle of Bald Hill, near Atlanta, Ga., when an assault by General Force's brigade was made on the enemy's works, Comrade Truell was severely wounded in the right foot by a minie rifle ball, early in the action, which had opened with a bayonet charge.

This wound, however, did not prevent his remaining with his company, although it inflicted great pain and caused him to travel with a distressing limp. Such a sight the captain of the company afterward described to a friend as something he would never forget—a badly wounded man remaining in line, eager to stay with his comrades during the fight.

Later in the day the regiment captured, on its left wing, three lines of breastworks and many prisoners, and after the last line was ours, Comrade Truell crossed a wide road, stationing himself behind a pine tree where he tried to rally his disheartened companions. The order to retreat had been given, however, because the breastworks on the right were pouring in an irresistible enfilading fire.

It was probably at this point that the captain of the company was wounded and captured.

During several moments Captain Truell maintained his position, and then finding it impossible to urge the others forward, and knowing the enemy were likely to



TRUELL AT THE BATTLE OF BALD HILL.

charge in an effort to retake their works, he fell back across the road among his comrades.

Here, a short time later, while awaiting the attack momentarily expected and afterward made, he received a second shot, also from a minie rifle, which struck very near the first wound. This brought him to the ground. Offers were made to assist him to the rear lest he should be taken prisoner, but he refused them all. Binding up his foot, which was bleeding freely, he crawled on his hands and knees to the little creek at the foot of the hill up which he had to climb that morning during the bayonet charge.



"IF YOU KNOW WHERE THEY ARE NEEDED, SHOW 'EM IN."

His journey was slow and tedious and accomplished with much pain and amid great danger, for the missiles were flying thickly around him. But he finally succeeded in making his way through the wood, across a field, and down the hill. After dressing his own wounds he crawled with a canteen of water to those who were so badly wounded as to be unable to move, alleviating their sufferings and quenching their thirst as best he could.

Not until sunset was he taken to the field hospital, and there, owing to insufficient accommodations and the great number of men more dangerously wounded than himself, he failed to receive any surgical attention. On the following morning the hospital was broken up by the advance of Hood's army, and not until three days had elapsed were his wounds properly dressed. Then they were in such a condition that little or nothing could be done toward saving the injured limb. After seven weeks of the most intense suffering his leg was amputated at the Marietta Hospital near Kenesaw Mountain, twenty miles from Atlanta.

ROBINSON B. MURPHY.

127TH ILLINOIS INFANTRY.

ROBINSON B. MURPHY was born in Oswego, Ill., in 1849.

In 1861, at the breaking out of the war, when "Bob" was only twelve years of age, he ran away from home, walking eighteen miles across the country to Joliet, Ill., where he got the consent of the officers of the 20th Illinois to let him go along with them. But the day before the regiment started south, his father, having heard where he was, sent a friend to Joliet and had him brought home.

Soon after a recruiting officer from Chicago by the name of Lieutenant Boyle told Bob he would take him with him to Chicago and get him into the army as a drummer, but his father stopped him again.

Finally, in 1862, after he himself had enlisted, and knowing that Bob was determined to go to the war, his father gave his consent. On the 6th day of August, 1862, he was enrolled in Company A, 127th Illinois Infantry, at the age of thirteen, height being four feet six inches, by occupation school boy, as taken from his descriptive list at the time of his enlistment.

The boy served with his regiment until 1863, when he was made private orderly to General J. A. Lightburn, who commanded a brigade, and afterward commanded the 2nd Division, 15th Army Corps, composed of several Ohio regiments, which Bob said he was proud of, from the fact that it was the Ohio men who won for him on July 28, 1864, the medal of honor which Congress has lately presented him with.

When asked, "In what way do you owe this to the Ohio boys?" he replied, "Well, our division was on the extreme right of the army. The Confederates flanked us, and were driving our right wing. I rode to General Logan, and reporting, asked him for reinforcements. He ordered up two Ohio regiments and said, 'Now, Bob, if you know where they are needed, show 'em in,' which I did. The colonel commanding had his men give a yell, and, charging the rebels, drove them back over the hill toward Atlanta, when my horse was shot from under me. Therefore it was the Ohio boys who won for me that day the recognition I have since received from Congress."

OVILA CAYER.

14TH UNITED STATES INFANTRY.

OVILA CAYER was born in Malone, N. Y., February 9, 1844. He enlisted August 6, 1861, as 1st sergeant of Company A, 1st Battalion 14th United States Infantry, and at the close of his first term of service re-enlisted February 20, 1864, serving until

his discharge at Fort Yuma, Arizona, February 20, 1867.

He writes from Salinas City, Cal., as follows:

I was in the following general engagements: Gaines Mills, Savage Station, Malvern Hill, Harrison Landing, Second Bull Run.

At the last named battle I picked up the flag of our battalion, and carried it through the engagements at Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wilderness, and the Weldon Railroad, where I was taken prisoner; but I saved the flag by putting it under the shirt of a private and sending him to the rear. When this happened all of the officers of our battalion were killed or wounded, and I had been ordered by General Ayers, commanding brigade, to take command of what men were left.

We were all made prisoners, and were confined in Libby, Belle Isle, or Salisbury, N. C., until March of 1865.

My medal was awarded for gallantry in action during the engagement at the Weldon Railroad.



SENDING THE FLAG TO THE REAR.

CHAPTER LIV.

REAM'S STATION OPEQUAN CREEK, WINCHESTER — PATRICK GINLEY 69TH NEW YORK INFANTRY —
 THE EXPLOIT WITH THE ABANDONED GUN — A WILD IRISHMAN — GABRIEL COLE 5TH
 MICHIGAN CAVALRY — SOME OF CUSTER'S CHARGES WITH THE CAVALRY —
 CAPTURING A FLAG — TO WASHINGTON WITH THE TRO-
 PHIES — HENRY M. FOX 5TH MICHIGAN CAVALRY.

PATRICK GINLEY was born in Ireland, in 1822. In 1860 he was a private in Company K, of the 69th Regiment New York National Guards, and went with that, the "fighting 69th," to the front, remaining in the service from April, 1861, until finally mustered out in 1865, during which time he was present in forty-four engagements of the Army of the Potomac, ending with Appomattox.

This record Mr. Ginley gives himself, under a late date, in a letter to the compiler of these records, but for the incident of action in which he won the medal of honor, he refers to the following extract from the *New York Tribune*.

"Private Ginley," said General Grant, several days after the battle of Ream's Station, laying his hand on the young soldier's shoulder, "it is not to-day nor to-morrow that you and every man undergoing the hardships of this war will be remembered by the country for his services. But every hero sooner or later receives his just reward. In this day of history making, when the deeds of individual valor are taking their places in the record of the War of the Rebellion, when the records are in the hands of those at Washington who helped to make them, each individual act of heroism of which there is a record will be recognized."

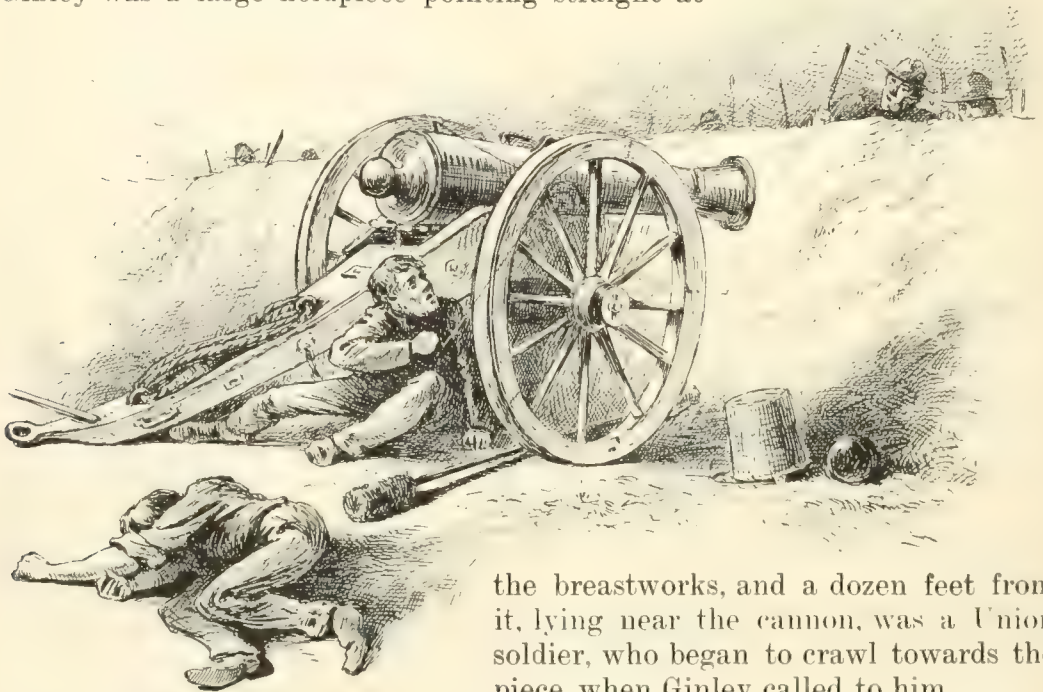
At Ream's Station, Ginley was detailed for orderly service, and while the fight was raging hot his captain ordered him to mount and bear a message to General Hancock. He rode through a cut, and as he was handing the message to General Miles, a bullet struck the latter.

Ginley returned to his captain and was ordered to go with Colonel Walker to the front and find out what Confederate troops were stationed opposite General Barlow's wing. This would compel them to run through a raking fire, but the colonel and orderly jumped on their horses and started through the cut which Ginley had just traversed.

But in the meantime a large detachment of Confederates had outflanked the Union troops and forced them out of their breastworks. Colonel Walker and Ginley did not know this, and cantered toward the cut.

Walker entered first, and Ginley saw him suddenly pull up his horse and dismount. The Irishman quickly understood that he was among the enemy, and wheeled his animal around. It was too late however. He was under the breastworks, and a volley from the ramparts sent his horse reeling to the ground with himself under it. At first Ginley thought his leg was broken, but, concealed under the horse, with the smoke of the guns overhead, he managed to cut himself away from the animal and found that he had escaped injury.

Looking around the field, Ginley saw that the breastworks were held by hundreds of Confederates, while several hundred yards across the cut were some disorganized and retreating troops. Near Ginley was a large fieldpiece pointing straight at



GINLEY AND THE GUN.

the breastworks, and a dozen feet from it, lying near the cannon, was a Union soldier, who began to crawl towards the piece, when Ginley called to him.

Under cover of the smoke the two brave men charged the cannon, without being seen by the enemy behind the rampart. Ginley told his companion to put his thumb on the vent, and as he did so a Confederate popped up from behind the breastworks and saw the two men.

"Come out of that, you blarsted Yankee," he shouted to Ginley's comrade, and shot him dead.

Ginley crouched behind the cannon, and seizing the lanyard, pulled for life. There was a fearful explosion, and the gun mowed a wide swath

through the men in the breastworks, throwing them into the wildest confusion.

Ginley took to his heels, and under cover of the smoke from the fieldpiece fled nearly across the field before he was discovered.

Yells of rage and bullet shots followed him from behind the ramparts, and cheers greeted him from the Union soldiers, who had seen his sally. But Ginley's work was not yet done, in fact, it was just begun, for he had his blood up, and was the "wild Irishman broken loose."

Seizing in one hand the flag which was in the grip of a dead color-sergeant, and a sabre in the other, he ran to and fro over the field, now rallying the troops, and again carrying canister to the fieldpieces, oftentimes discharging them himself.

He was the personification of the wild Irishman, and his example steadied the troops and brought them together, with himself at their head, leading them on a wild and daring charge across the field and into the teeth of the enemy.

A volley from the advancing Massachusetts boys turned the enemy, and Ginley, with a whoop and a cheer, planted the flag in the ramparts as the boys in blue swarmed around it and over the breastworks.

"Ginley," said General Hancock after the battle was over, "you are the hero of the day."

CORPORAL GABRIEL COLE.

5TH MICHIGAN CAVALRY

GABRIEL COLE was born in Chemung County, New York, in 1831, and lived in Salem Township, Michigan, when the war broke out. He enlisted at Allegan, Mich., August 19, 1862, as private in Company I, of the 5th Michigan Cavalry. September 19, 1862, on the day when he won his medal of honor, he was promoted corporal of the same company.

Writing from Sherman Township, Michigan, Mr. Cole gives the following interesting account of how he won the medal:

In giving you my story I am obliged to depend entirely upon memory, for I have no notes to which I can refer.

Our regiment was in the 1st Division, commanded by General Wesley Merritt, 1st Brigade, under General Custer.

Some time during the early part of the evening of September 18, 1864, our officers awakened us with orders to saddle, stand to horse, and be as quiet as possible. We were then somewhere in the vicinity of Opequan Creek.

It was about two o'clock on the morning of the 19th when we took up our line of march very quietly. Just at daybreak the band, which was in

front, began to play "Hail Columbia," and as the sun rose they struck up "Yankee Doodle" but did not play it more than half through before they went suddenly to the rear, and we to the front, where we had a sharp fight at the creek, charging by fours across the water-way, up a sort of ditch to where a ravine crossed it. We were forced to turn a sharp corner half way up the hill, and at this point had three or four men wounded and four horses killed.

On arriving at the top we formed in platoons, unslung carbines and went to work pumping lead as lively as we knew how. All the shelter I had was a small oak tree, about the size of a stovepipe, which was slivered from top to bottom by bullets. French Lewe, of Company C, who stood within a few feet of me, was shot through the head, and when the bullet struck him the sound was similar to that of running a knife through pasteboard.

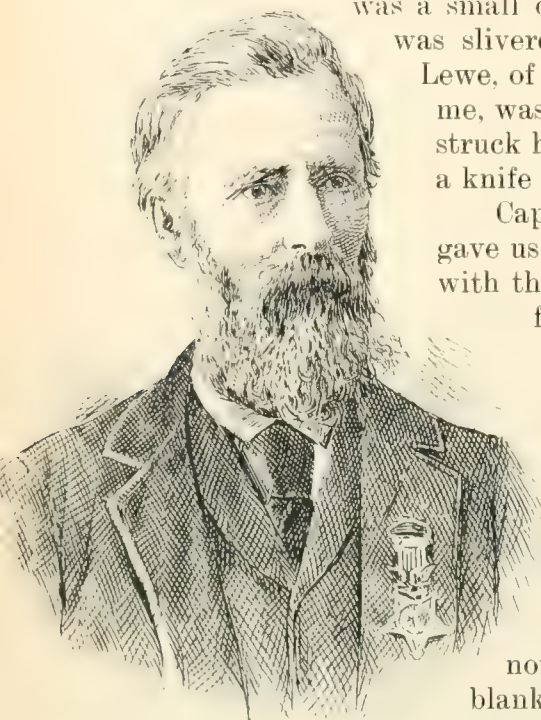
Captain North commanded our battalion, and gave us orders to retire to the creek. General Averill with the 2nd Division was on our right, and we were forced to wait until he formed line with us.

One of the boys from the 1st Michigan was shot through the body, and Captain North called upon some of us to help carry the poor fellow to the rear. I turned my horse and carbine over to the captain's orderly, and, with Captain North a sergeant of Company C, and one other comrade, picked him up and carried him about ten rods, with the bullets flying like hail, and making all kinds of noises.

Then we found a dead horse, took the blankets from his saddle, and made a stretcher on which we conveyed the wounded man to the creek.

On reporting after this service, we found our command lying down in a ravine, while the Confederates kept the air full of bullets. Captain Charles Safford had his cap split open, and the missile just grazed his head. He thought it was a close shave, and we all agreed with him.

We were halted in that ravine about an hour, I think, when General Custer received orders to advance, and we went over the same ground once more. When we came to the spot where French Lewe was lying, we found that his body had been nearly stripped of clothing. The bugle sounded "Trot, march, gallop, charge," and away we went through the woods, over fences and ditches, every man apparently trying to get at the enemy first.



GABRIEL COLE.

We drove them to the vicinity of Stevens' depot, where they made a stand; we charged, but they formed a hollow square, and we were obliged to go to the rear. Then the artillery knocked the hollow square into a cocked hat, and we charged again. General Custer led. His color-bearer's horse was shot and fell on the poor fellow. Sergeant Bachelor of my company, Ed Hasting of Company D, and I were riding close alongside of the general, when he cried: "Boys, give them h—l," and we did.

We emptied our weapons into the mass of enemy in front of us, and looking around, discovered that the command had fallen back. By that time we had learned this much: Ed Hastings and I were alone. We decided it was not healthy to stay there much longer, and so we galloped toward the rear and over a knoll, which was literally being plowed by the shots and shells.

We got across all right, however, and then came the question as to where our command was. Ed Hastings thought it was down the pike, and I felt positive it was in the other direction. So I went up until I met the provost guard. Ed went the other way, and told me afterward that he found Captain North mortally wounded, and saw him die.

I joined our brigade after a while, and then we were formed into two ranks, the sharpshooters in front lying close to the ground. General Custer gave the command, "Front rank lower sabres!" "Rear rank raise sabres!" Looking to the right as far as we could see was the unbroken line of cavalry, and to the left, infantry and artillery.

General Custer sent a message to the infantry saying: "When we charge, yell. I don't give a d— whether you fight or not; but yell loud!" Then the general straightened up in his saddle, and shouted: "Come on, boys!" and we went. The Confederates could not stop us this time; we had taken a good many prisoners, when one tall, six-footer objected to surrender to me. He clubbed his gun and came for me with his eyes shining like a cat's in the dark; but, thanks to my trusty sabre at head parry, missed his calculations. I then showed him the beauty of *carte point*, and he jumped backward about ten feet; but made up his mind to try it again, when Comrade Wheeler of Company G, gave him a left cut which sliced off his hat, and the last I saw of him he was lying on the ground trying to hold his head up with one hand. Wheeler intended to kill him, but I told him to let him go. I thought he had had enough for one spell, and advised Ed to come with me for some flags which we could see just ahead. The poor fellow was badly wounded even then, and a few days afterward died.

I didn't think at the time he was hurt very much, so left him and went for the colors. I rode at full speed, my sabre at front cut, my left hand free to catch the flag. The Southerner understood what was coming, and sprang

forward. A moment later I had the flag, and he had the staff. At that instant my horse went down, struck with two bullets. I helped him up, and was trying to discover where he was wounded, when I saw under his neck a glimpse of something which caused me to right dress mighty quick. As it was I received a severe flesh wound in the left leg just above the knee, from a bayonet. I raised my carbine, and the Johnny flew for cover. He needn't have run so fast though, for I had used up all my cartridges, and the carbine wasn't half as good as my sabre.

The wound he gave me smarted and burned so that it made me mad, and if I could have got hold of him just then I believe he would have been hurt.

I stuffed the flag under my blouse; but it was so big that some of the tassels hung out. As I started to the rear I found a little sorrel horse from which a sergeant of Company K had been shot, the saddle being covered with his blood.

While mounting, a lieutenant of Company B rode up and asked me what I had. I told him, and he said: "Bully for you, boy! Let me carry it to Custer." I gave it to him, and joined my company.

This was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and the enemy was in full retreat toward Fisher's Hill. We followed until nearly midnight, then

went into camp, made some coffee, and slept about two hours.

The next morning my wound pained me so badly that I could hardly move, and our surgeon was at Winchester attending to the wounded. I went to the 7th Michigan, where I got fixed up. General Custer sent for me while I was there. I reported as soon as possible, and he asked for the particulars concerning the capture of the colors. After I told him, he cut one of the stars out of the flag, and an officer asked him what he was going to do with it. He said he intended to get enough stars, taking one from each captured color, to make a whole flag. The standard I took was the regimental flag of the 46th Virginia, with two red stripes, one white one, and a blue field, on which were eleven stars.

Sergeant Henry Fox of Company M of the 5th Michigan also got a flag.

General Custer ordered us to report to General Torbert, chief of cavalry, and when we arrived at his headquarters we met several others from different



THE UNSEEN ANTAGONIST.

regiments. I remember only one, and he was Chester Bowen. I think of the 2nd New York Dragoons.

A lieutenant in the Regular Army took charge of those who had captured flags, and a company of the 4th New York Cavalry escorted us to Pleasant Valley, where we turned our horses over to the quartermaster, and took the train to Washington, arriving there about dark.

The lieutenant said: "Boys, go where you please, but report at Willard's Hotel to-morrow morning at nine o'clock sharp."

We reported as ordered, and went from there to the Secretary of War, to whom we presented our flags. He shook each fellow by the hand, and thanked him in the name of the people and Congress; gave us the liberty of the city for five days and nights, after which we were to report to him and receive our medals of honor.

When we saw him the second time, we got, in addition to our medals, a recommendation for a thirty days' furlough.

When I reported to my regiment, Surgeon St. Clare told me I was foolish to come to the front with such a wound; but I said I could not bear to be left behind while the other boys were fighting. He replied: "All right. Report to me every morning, and I will soon have you fixed up."

I remained with the regiment from that time until April 6, 1865, at the battle of Sailor's Creek, when I was terribly wounded by a minie ball in the left side, and my horse was killed at the same time.

I was discharged from the hospital at Annapolis, June 27, 1865.

A. H.—28



CHAPTER LV.

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER OF THE CONFEDERACY—A UNIQUE FIGURE IN HISTORY—THE EXTENT OF
 THE PERSONAL INTEREST IN SLAVERY—THE CONTRASTS OF THE PICKET LINE—CONFEDERATE
 MONEY—AMERICANS—THE FEW NAMES ON THE CONFEDERATE ROLL OF HONOR—
 THE IMAGINARY LINE—ASHBY—JACKSON—INDIVIDUAL INSTANCES—NEW
 MARKET HEIGHTS, WINCHESTER, CEDAR CREEK—LIEUTENANT H.
 F. W. LITTLE, 7TH NEW HAMPSHIRE INFANTRY—HOLDING THE
 LINE AT NEW MARKET HEIGHTS—THE EFFECTS IN
 BATTLE OF THE FIRST MAGAZINE GUNS—W.
 G. HILLS, 9TH NEW YORK CAVALRY—
 FIGHTING AFTER MUSTER OUT
 —NORTH FORK.

By GENERAL BRADLEY T. JOHNSON, C. S. A.

THE farther off the war between the States recedes, the more distant the time of those heroic actions, the larger the private soldier of the Confederacy looms up. He is a unique figure in history. Not one man in a hundred had any property interest in the institution of slavery. The slave owners of the South contributed their full share to the fighting population. Many of the sons went into the ranks— all went into the army, but their own merit and intelligence, backed by family influence, soon transferred them and conferred commissions on the staff. Commissions in the line could only be won by the choice of the private, and that was never given except for personal gallantry in the field.

But the private soldier was the uncrowned hero of the Confederacy. Without the slightest pecuniary interest in the struggle, with no personal ambition to gratify, with the chance for reputation or distinction so remote, without pay, half clad, and not a quarter fed, the private soldier served faithfully until all hope or chance of success was gone.

The privates were in the main country boys. Their fathers and mothers gave them their blessings, and sent them to defend their country from invasion and their homes from desecration and desolation.

For four years, in snow and sleet, in rain and dark, half naked, hungry, these boys stood on the picket line, when ten minutes' walk would have secured them comfort and safety.

In the summer of 1864, Confederate money got to be worth seventy or eighty for one, and it took eighty dollars of Confederate money to buy one gold

dollar. The private soldier got eleven to fifteen dollars a month, so his pay for a year was from one to two dollars. Boots cost \$750. The gold lace for an officer's uniform cost \$1.250. The private was spared that expense, for he had no lace on his uniform, and no uniform either. Wheat was \$70 to \$150 per bushel, and flour in the same ratio.

The Confederate private was not picturesque, on the contrary he was long, lean, ragged, and indescribably dirty. On the march from year's end to year's end, under fire as Jackson's men had been when they went into Maryland in September, 1862, every day from May 24 to September 10 - they were of necessity lean, haggard, and wan; but these same privates held South Mountain Pass against odds of ten to one, and stood off in the open field at Sharpsburg, thirty-one thousand with Lee, against McClellan's ninety-three thousand.

And McClellan's army in that fight, was the gamest army that ever marched under the stars and stripes. With the exception of one battalion of Irish in the service of Virginia, a regiment of Irish from Louisiana, and two battalions of French and Italian from New Orleans, the Confederate privates were Americans; without exception they were descended from Revolutionary stock. Many were the sons or descendants of those who fought Tarleton at the Cowpens or Ferguson at King's Mountain, or under Marion or Sumter, Carrington or Howard, faced the British at Eutaw or Camden, or Guilford Court House. They were of the purest strains of Americans on this continent.

Since the Revolution there has been no immigration to the Southern States, and the men who filled the Confederate ranks were all of the blood of men who fought the British in the Revolution or at New Orleans, Baltimore, Chalmette or North Point in the war of 1812-14. Therefore, there were few displays of exceptional gallantry among the Confederate privates. When all were doing their best, there could be little difference between them.

An act of the Confederate Congress required the names of privates who particularly distinguished themselves in battle to be reported by their commanding officers, and their names to be transmitted to the adjutant-general's office, when they were to be inscribed on a "Roll of Honor," but few names were ever transmitted. When every man did his best to be first, nobody could be very far ahead, and the foremost was indebted to luck more than to merit.

There was hardly any distinguished personal gallantry, for all were first, but the fortitude of the private soldier, his Spartan endurance has never been excelled by any man who in any age has borne arms. Time and again, on marches or in campaigns, in Russia or over the sands of Asia or Africa, men have died of hunger or thirst or suffering or exhaustion, when nature could

hold out no longer. But their trials have been endured because there was no escape. The Frenchman falling out of ranks on the retreat from Moscow, met certain death from the cold or the Cossack; or the Englishman escaping from Clyde's column, or Havelock's rescuing lines exchanged the chance for the certainty of death from the native or the tiger. But the Confederate private was confronted by no such alternative. On the one side was hunger and starvation, nakedness and cold. They were certain if he remained in the Confederacy. An imaginary line, at night, separated him from food, clothing, comfort and pay. There was absolutely no risk in an outlying picket of being caught if he deserted his post. He generally knew where the Union post was, and a few minutes would have brought him within the protection of the Union line. His fidelity to his faith, and his loyalty to his friends are wonders in the history of the human mind. His fathers had seceded from Great Britain, and dissolved that Union, and he had drawn in with his mother's milk, the opinion, the belief, the conviction that his people and his State had the same right to change their form of government, and establish such a one as their tastes or their wants or their necessities called for as their ancestors had done in 1775-83; and no promise of reward or fear of punishment could make him waver from that faith. The most conspicuous, noted, brilliant man of his day was Turner Ashby, captain, colonel and brigadier-general of cavalry in the Army of the Valley under "Stonewall" Jackson. Jackson was my first, and Ashby my second acquaintance in the Confederate army. On May 7, 1861, I had a company of volunteers at Frederick, Md., of which I was captain, and I went to Harper's Ferry to see Colonel Jackson, then in command of the Virginia troops at that point. I wanted permission to establish myself on the Virginia side of the Potomac, at the Point of Rocks, where I could rendezvous, and organize such recruits as I could draw to my command. Colonel Jackson promptly issued the order that I should be rationed, and the next day I occupied the position on the right bank of the Potomac. There I found Captain Turner Ashby and we remained together for a month, full of enterprises, and the vain imaginings of young soldiers.

The Governor and Legislature of Maryland, were then in session at Frederick, and Ashby and I arranged an enterprise for his troopers to mount my men behind them and make a dash into Frederick at night, capture the Governor and break up the State government and get back to Virginia by daylight. It was only a twenty miles' ride there and back, and we could have done it easily. But my friends in the legislature to whom the scheme had been imparted, begged us to desist, because they said it would do no good, and would certainly result in placing the State under martial law.



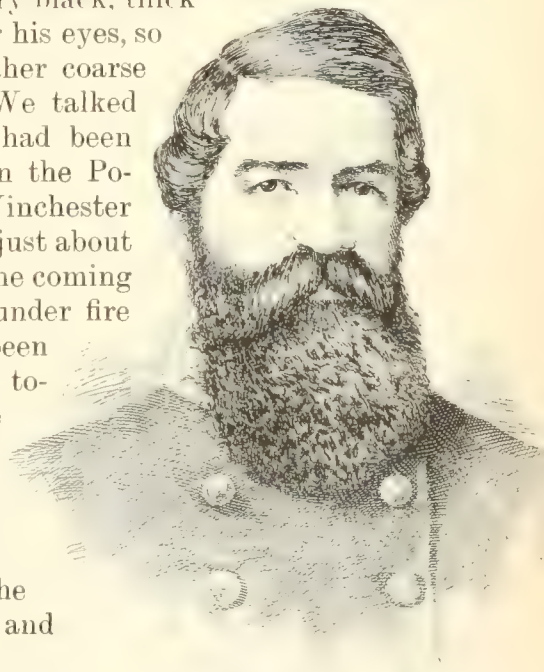
THE IMAGINARY LINE.

We agreed to give our raid up, but we warned them they would get martial law anyhow. Before Christmas the legislature had been dispersed by the Union troops, and its leading members withdrawn from further plots or proceedings by being incarcerated in Fort Warren. When Johnston abandoned the line of the Potomac and joined Beauregard at Manassas, Ashby was left to guard the valley with his cavalry, and it was not until May, 1862, our line of life joined again.

During the winter and spring Ashby had been dazzling the Confederates with such dashing, brilliant, gallant exploits as thrilled the hearts of the Virginians and fired the ranks of the army with a divine enthusiasm.

The day after Ewell's division from east of the Blue Ridge had joined Jackson in the valley, I rode ten miles to see Ashby, whom I had not met since the preceding June.

He was one of the picturesque characters of the war. Five feet seven or eight inches, weighed about a hundred pounds, his complexion was as swarthy as an Arab's, his hair and beard very black, thick and strong. The latter grew close up under his eyes, so his face was covered by a thick, strong, rather coarse hair, not very long, but very abundant. We talked over our adventures since we last met. I had been through Manassas and constant fighting on the Potomac; he had been with Jackson about Winchester and Romney. I had become colonel; he was just about to be promoted brigadier. We discussed the coming campaign. He told me that he had been under fire for sixty consecutive days. That he had been frequently without regular meals for days together. But he found no inconvenience from it. "I eat a few apples, drink some spring water, and draw up my swordbelt a hole or two tighter, and I'm all right. It's just as good as eating." Jackson, guided by Ashby, as is well known, swept down the valley and drove Banks across the Potomac and scared Washington into fits.



GENERAL TURNER ASHBY.

Finding that Shields was approaching from the east in his rear and Fremont from the west, he whirled about, and in that magnificent campaign of thirteen days from May 24 to June 9, defeated three separate armies, took four thousand prisoners, and over one thousand wagons and four horse and mule teams, and then leaped on McClellan's right and rear at Cold Harbor, two hundred miles away.

During that famous retreat we were always Jackson's rear guard, I commanding the infantry and Ashby, the cavalry. On the afternoon of June 6, Fremont pushed his advance - a New Jersey cavalry regiment under Colonel Sir Percy Windom, and a crack battalion of Pennsylvania Bucktails, Colonel Kane commanding - ahead of his column until he got in contact with the rear guard. One incautious charge by the Union cavalry disposed of Sir Percy and he was soon riding to the rear mounted behind a Virginia trooper.

This only stimulated Ashby, and Ewell gave him a brigade of infantry to try and capture Fremont's advance of the Bucktails.

In moving to the rear to make the attack, the 58th Virginia and the 1st Maryland got to moving in parallel columns fifty yards apart, as they entered the woods when the Bucktails were flanking them. The latter struck the Virginians first and drove them back in disorder, when Ewell ordered the Marylanders to charge. They did so promptly and with enthusiasm, and soon found themselves exposed to a fierce fire in flank and rear.

They charged front forward on the first company. Just as the color company came into line, a volley from the Bucktails swept down twenty-eight men of the color company, all the color-guard except one with Joe Doyle the color-sergeant; color-corporal Dan Shanks seized the color before it touched the ground and carried it through the action. Ashby's horse was killed, he leaped to his feet and was instantly killed. The colonel of the 1st Maryland had his horse killed the same instant; jumping up he led his regiment in a charge on the Bucktails, broke them and substantially annihilated that command.

Corporal Shank's gallant exploit was reported by the colonel of his regiment, by Major-General Ewell and by Major-General "Stonewall" Jackson.

The only case I ever knew of a man's being promoted from the ranks to the rank of major occurred in Virginia in the spring of 1864. The advance of Stuart's cavalry became engaged with the rear guard of Sheridan at the village of Ashland, in Hanover County. The Union troops were too firm to be broken, and no impression could be made on them, when a private in a Virginia regiment seized the regimental flag, and led a charge which routed and drove the enemy back on his main body. He was reported next morning, recommended for promotion, was made major and served the rest of the war as chief of staff for Major-General Marion L. Rosser.

His name was, and is, Holmes Conrad, from Winchester, Virginia, and he is now one of the assistant attorneys-general of the United States at Washington.

In 1863, when Ewell made his movement on Milroy at Winchester, Virginia, Ewell being desirous of concealing his force, only permitted a part of Early's division to make the attack on the forts at Winchester.

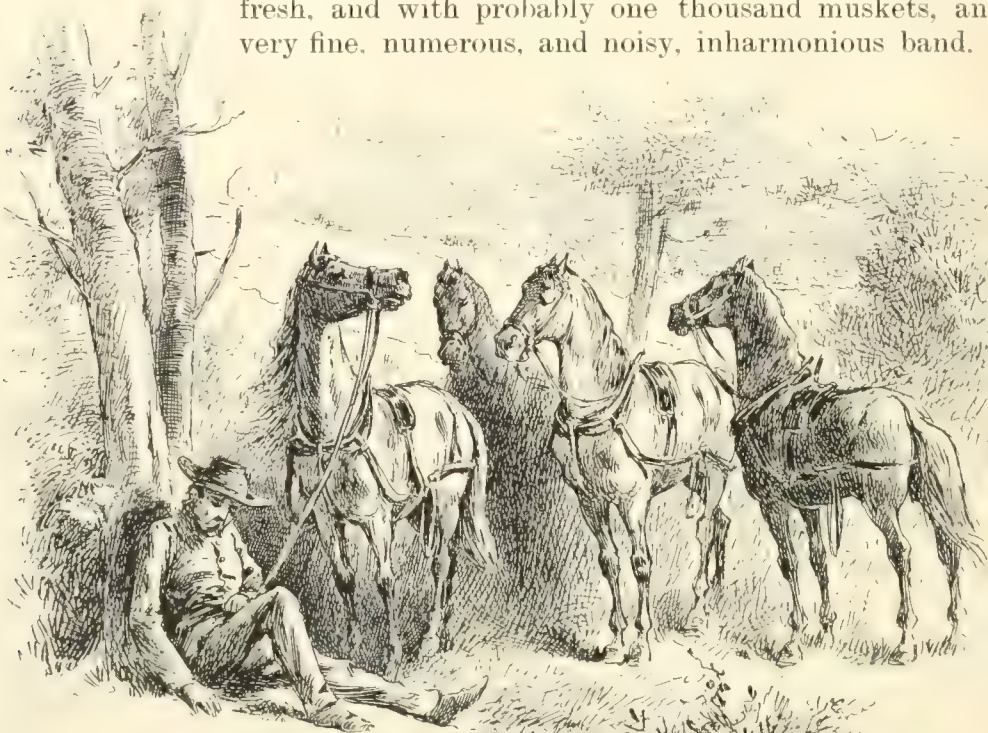
It was the first move in Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania, and it was very important to him that his plans should not be exposed by the display of a great force at Winchester. Major-General Edward Johnson was sent around Milroy's left flank during the night to occupy the roads leading to Harper's Ferry. Before Johnson had accomplished the movement, Milroy evacuated Winchester leaving his artillery and wagons behind, and made the very movement Johnson had been sent to checkmate. The latter seized the bridge which carries the turnpike over the railroad to Harper's Ferry at Stevenson's Depot, about six miles north of Winchester, with a part of the Stonewall brigade, 1,720 muskets and Lieutenant Charles Snowden Contee's section of the 1st Maryland Artillery. Lieutenant-Colonel R. Snowden Andrews, Colonel Andrews posted one gun on the bridge with Lieutenant Contee in charge, telling him it was the key of the position and that he must hold it while he had a man left. He gave him sixteen men for the two guns; the other was in the rear. In a short time, just before daybreak, a dark column came tramping down the turnpike; Contee opened on it and fought until after daylight when his men surrendered. They had made a good fight, though without artillery, and had pushed up from tree to tree close to the Maryland guards and had shot down thirteen of Contee's men, shot Contee himself and very badly wounded Andrews. A. I. Albert, now a prosperous merchant of Baltimore, lost his arm there. The only survivors of the sixteen were William Compton, James Owens and Robert Chew—the last named lost his thumb at the touch-hole of the piece. Contee and Andrews were both terribly wounded.

Stribling's battery from Fauquier County, Virginia, as to the rank and file, was largely recruited from the "Free State of Fauquier," which means the mountain section. In a hot fight on the Chickahominy, one of the boys was being carried to the rear, badly wounded. As he went along he saw that the horses of his battery were being held by sound and well men. "Put me down," said he, "I can hold horses; send the well men to the front." They laid him down by the road side, and gave him the reins of four bridles, and when the fight was over and they went to get the horses to hitch them to the guns, he was lying there dead and stiff, his stout fingers still grasping the bridle reins he had volunteered to hold.

Mike Quinn, Joe Smith—"Schmitty"—had been drummers in the 1st Maryland, and Mike became chief musician of the 2d Maryland. His father carried a musket in the 4th Maryland Union.

Quinn and Schmitty both lost their drums at Gettysburg, and were obliged to carry muskets all that summer and the next winter.

But the indignity became unbearable and the muskets heavier and heavier, and besides Quinn was liable at any time to shoot his own father, which was not to be heard of at all. In Archer's brigade, in which was the 2nd Maryland, there was a Tennessee regiment, which had just come to Virginia to replace the old battle-battered 3rd Tennessee, which had been sent home for repairs. It was large, very fresh, and with probably one thousand muskets, and a very fine, numerous, and noisy, inharmonious band. Its



principal and most terrifying instrument was a very big and very loud bass drum. On this drum were two terrible Confed-

erate battle flags, about the size of a frying pan each, or of a pair of skillets. This drum awoke the echoes in all the surrounding camps, and announced in unmistakable tones its presence to Quinn and his comrade in misfortune. They were both little fellows, short and sturdy, under eighteen, and as full of mischief as Irish boys and drummers can be. Quinn made a reconnoissance, located the drum in a certain tent, where it

DEATH HOLDING THE BATTERY HORSES.

stood sentinel by the head of its owner, and that night the two drummers stole into the camp and took the drum. "Not a sound was heard—not a funeral note," as the drum by the camp guard they hurried; they took the head off, cut out a large slice round the body of the drum, erased the flags, put the parts together, and made a slim, thin drum instead of the corpulent and distended instrument of noise of the Tennessee Band. Next morning of course there was a row. All the regiments were turned out for inspection, and the camps searched, but the Tennesseans repudiated the emaciated drum of Quinn, and they were never found out. They got back into the drum corps, and Quinn never shot his father. Father and son had an interview between the pickets under a soldiers' flag of truce, and they swapped experiences, and I suspect Quinn's father gave him a drink and some coffee. After the war the Union father sent the Secesh son a hundred dollars to come home on, which he did, and the reunited family lived for years very happily.

One of the most quiet, well-behaved boys in Mosby's battalion was Harry Sweeting. One day riding up to a certain mill in Fauquier County, Virginia, with five or six comrades, they ran into a camp of Union cavalymen, concealed behind the mill. The Union soldiers were on a scout and had seen the Confederate detachment riding leisurely toward them. They opened fire so suddenly that Sweeting's comrades broke and took for the woods. Sweeting's horse, however, was killed by the fire, and he couldn't get off, so he stood in the road and emptied three revolvers into the crowd until he made two ambulance loads of them, killed and wounded, as the contemporaneous account had it. He stood on his feet fighting over a dozen men, until they surrounded him and punched him as full of sabre and revolver holes as a colander. When at last he fell dead, as they thought, they left him and told the blacksmith, "There is a dead Johnny down the road. You'd better go down and bury him." The blacksmith gathered Sweeting up. He had over twenty wounds, but he soon got well and was in the saddle for service.

There was a Union cavalry picket at Warrenton Junction, and the boys wanted their horses and overcoats. So one morning about eight they bounced the camp and got between the "Yanks" and their horses. The latter, instead of surrendering, took refuge in the house, barricaded it, and opened such a hot fire that the Johnnies were forced to back, or do something. Harry Sweeting ran up to the door of the house, put his revolver to it and fired a half dozen shots through it, bursting a hole through it which cleared away the people holding it. Then forced the door open, and jumped alone into the room filled with Union soldiers. He was at once supported and the place taken, but he was unscratched.

At the second battle of Cold Harbor, June, 1864, between Grant and Lee, in the terrific attack which Hancock's corps made on Breckenridge's lines, the 2nd Maryland Infantry, C. S. A., held a salient of the earthworks thrown up by the Confederates.

Assault after assault had been delivered by the Army of the Potomac and repulsed with extraordinary loss by the Army of Northern Virginia, until human nature was utterly exhausted and the tired men sank to rest in line of battle.

Swinton, in his history of the Army of the Potomac, tells this remarkable story. After these bloody assaults had ceased, the slaughter having exhausted the spirit as well as the mere physical endurance of the assailants, General Grant sent an order down that the attack must be renewed with vigor and the line carried. The order was regularly transmitted to corps headquarters and thence through the major-generals to the brigadiers, by them to the colonels of regiments and they promptly gave the order to the troops who were lying in line. "Attention! Forward! March! Double quick charge!" The troops stood stark still. "As you were," is the order and position when a wrong order is given, and the sagacity of the rank and file was such that they instinctively knew that the order for another assault was wrong — was pure and simple murder, and they stood "as you were" without order. The next morning a column of assault was formed, and thrown against the salient behind which the 2nd Maryland was sleeping in line, just before daylight. The morning was thick and misty and the pickets on top and just behind the earthworks did not see the Union troops until they were on them, and they all went over the works together, Confederate sentinels and Union soldiers.

A few scattered shot aroused the Marylanders, who turned sleepily to see what was going on. Their field officers were absent, wounded, and their line officers lying in their proper places, when all at once the torrent came pouring down from the low parapet of the earthworks, and their astonished eyes saw the "Yankee" flag blazing right over them. The battalion sprang to its feet, every man in place. There was a gasp for an instant, when "Buck" Weems (Charles H. Weems) Company A, yelled out, "It's the Yankees, boys, by God, charge 'em!" He had an old straw hat with no rim in front, and seizing it by the piece of hind rim, he swung it over his head, with his musket in the other hand, and led the headlong rush at the enemy not ten yards off. They, utterly astonished at the unexpected apparition out of the dark, were stopped and driven back, and Finnegan's Florida brigade coming on the instant, recovered the works and reestablished the line.

But Buck Weem's charge with his old straw hat for a standard, saved Lee's army that morning from a grave disaster.

Buck Weems is now and has been for some years, a constable in the city of Baltimore.

Probably the most remarkable incident and greatest exhibition of fidelity occurred just after the war in Charles County, Maryland.

Thomas A. Jones, a farmer living near the village of Port Tobacco, had been an agent of the Confederate Government in transmitting the secret mail to and from the Confederates and their friends in the North. He had a poor little farm, but not a negro, and had no pecuniary interest in the institution of slavery direct or remote. The Confederacy owed Jones about \$3,000 pay in greenbacks for three years' risk, danger and labor, so when the Confederacy was conquered that was lost. On the Sunday morning after President Lincoln was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth, a neighbor of Jones' sent for him and told him that Booth was concealed in a swamp near by, and that Jones must put him across the Potomac as soon as possible. The neighborhood was then full of detectives hunting for Booth, who it was known had ridden from Washington down into the lower counties of Maryland with the manifest intention of escaping into Virginia.

Booth had broken his leg in his leap from the theater box to the stage of Ford's theater when he had fired the fatal shot, and was suffering greatly from lack of proper attention to the wounded limb.

Jones concealed him and his companion, Herold, in the swamp, and fed them for a week from his own house, paying them daily visits to carry them food and the newspapers, both of which Booth devoured with great avidity. Jones had a boat with which he was accustomed to cross the Potomac. It was the only means by which Booth could be transferred to Virginia, and the greatest care and circumspection was necessary to prevent the detectives from getting this boat.

The country was packed with detectives and officers, searching every nook and corner. It was known by that time that Booth was accompanied in his flight by a companion, and he had been traced to Port Tobacco.

On Tuesday morning after the murder of Lincoln, after feeding the fugitives for the day, Jones rode up to Port Tobacco to hear the news.

Tuesday was "county day" of the court, and everybody in the county was there. The village was thronged with cavalymen, spies, detectives, farmers and countrymen, all eager to hear and tell news.

Jones' occupation as Confederate agent and blockade runner was notorious and as he moved through the crowd it may be well imagined that every motion was watched and every word anxiously listened to. Hundreds who saw him there, *knew* that if any one knew anything about Booth's hiding place, Tom Jones was that man.

He was soon introduced to Captain Williams, the chief of the detectives who was directing the search. Williams knew all about his man and he asked him to drink. Jones accepted the proffered hospitality and then Williams drawing aside said: "Jones I will give one hundred thousand dollars in gold to the man who will give me the information that will lead to Booth's capture." The Government had offered that reward for that result and it was afterwards divided among the soldiers who captured Booth. Jones replied, "That's a large sum of money, *and ought to get him if money can do it.*" Williams did not notice the equivocal in the speech, and the conversation stopped there. But money could not buy the faith of this humble man. With the savings of his life swept away by the result of the war, with a wife and three children to care for, and a life of labor and penury and privation for himself, and wife and children, on the one side, or wealth, luxury, comfort for the rest of his and their lives on the other. On the one hand disinterested fidelity, on the other betrayal of trust, Jones never drew a second breath, the idea could not enter his mind of betraying trust for one hundred thousand dollars, or one thousand millions of dollars, for to him one hundred thousand and one thousand millions were the same thing. For some years, during the first Cleveland administration, he was employed as a laborer in the Navy Yard at Washington. He is now in the most humble circumstances at the hamlet of LaPlata in Charles County, Maryland.

A very remarkable feat was accomplished in September, 1862, by William H. Dorsey, private in Company K, 1st Virginia Cavalry.

When McClellan's army was advancing from Washington, Lee was camped about Frederick, and on the approach of the Union forces, the Confederates withdrew northward toward Hagerstown, the Confederate cavalry moving in a parallel line along the right flank of the infantry at a distance of from five to ten miles. Private Dorsey was a native of Frederick County, and his family lived near New Market, eight miles south of the town. As the head of the Union column entered Frederick, he moved off from his command north of the town and by himself, solitary and alone, struck off to ride down the turnpike to get as near to the town as possible.

Five miles out he met a farmer and his boys, driving a clump of forty fat cattle toward Baltimore. "Where are you driving those cattle?" said Dorsey.

"To get out of the way of the Rebels," said the farmer. "Well," said Dorsey, "turn 'em round I want 'em."

Naturally the owner demurred and kicked, but Dorsey convinced him with the sight of an army revolver. If Dorsey went too far out he was in danger from his own cavalry who were moving with Stuart toward the North Mountain.

So he made his friend drive his cattle to within two and a half miles of Frederick, and then impressing another farmer as guide he turned them north and drove them between the Union column of McClellan then pouring up the national pike toward Hagerstown, and the Confederate cavalry stretched out along the Union right flank. Dorsey selected the space between these two columns and drove his cattle along it, until he got up to Jackson's headquarters at Boonsboro where he turned his drove of cattle and prisoners over to the commissioner and the provost. He would impress a guide whenever it was necessary and make all the rest keep up. He was by himself with no aid or assistance and he marched the gang of cattle and men twenty miles in broad day between the two armies.

At the terrific struggle of the crater July 30, 1864, when Grant's mine blew up one of the forts of the Confederates, with a regiment of infantry and several batteries, there were more killed and wounded than, in the same time, within the same space on any field of the war. The Confederates were blown up and as they fell were buried under the earth and breast-works thrown skyward by the explosion.

The Union troops poured into the crater thus made, and were held there by the Confederates on the other side, and the crater became a mass of dead and dying, struggling and wounded men eight or ten deep. Into this the Confederates poured a torrent of musketry fire, and shot and shell from field artillery. While over their heads their mortars dropped a continual rain of bombs, which, exploding in the mass in the pit, tore heads and arms and legs and bodies apart and threw them everywhere.

While the Otey battery of Lynchburgh was busily engaged throwing its fire into the crater, the mortar fire, from the line in rear, began to fall short and to fall among the Otey battery, killing men and horses, and endangering caissons. George Savage, private in the battery, was ordered by his captain to make his way to the mortar batteries, show them that they were killing their own friends, and make them elevate their pieces. The field was swept by small arms, field artillery, and heavy guns from the fortifications on both sides. Nobody expected Savage to live ten yards. But he started, and sure enough, within ten yards he fell, and everyone drew a long breath for his death made it necessary to withdraw the battery. In a second he was on his feet again, one of his toes had been shot off, and through fire and smoke and whizzing shot and bursting shell, he darted back to the mortar batteries and delivered his orders, and changed their fire.

He still lives an able and distinguished member of the Baltimore bar, and has filled responsible positions in the city government.

The fortitude of the privates was wonderful at Gettysburg. The 26th North Carolina, Pettigrew's brigade, Ramseur's division — the division under

Tremble's command, went into Pickett's charge on the third day with eight hundred men—lost five hundred and eighty-eight killed and wounded, one hundred and twenty missing, most of whom were killed or wounded; a total of seven hundred and eight out of eight hundred.

Captain Tuttle's company, of that regiment carried in three officers and eighty-four men. All the officers and eighty-three men were killed or wounded. On the day before, Company C, 11th North Carolina, took in three officers and thirty-eight men, and had two officers and thirty-four men killed and wounded.

The captain of the company, Captain Bird, carried into Pickett's charge the four survivors. They were all killed or wounded, and Captain Bird brought out his flag himself.

This is a very brief and insufficient story of the Confederate private soldier.

After the war his career was more honorable if possible, than his military service. Returning to his home he generally found it destroyed, the house burned and the family dispersed. Without a week's loss, he set to work with his old cavalry horse, if he had one, with his hands if he had not, to prepare for a crop. All stock, swine, cattle, horses, mules and poultry had been killed, eaten, or driven off, and there was literally nothing but the naked land. The farm implements had been destroyed by use, or the enemy. Sherman burnt every farm plow and hoe from Atlanta to the Virginia line.

But the Confederate private never lost heart or courage. He went to work. He has restored his fallen fortunes. He has made the wilderness to blossom as the rose. The census of 1890 shows that he has recovered the losses of the war, and that the aggregate of property in the South without slaves, is as great as it was in 1860 with slaves.

He made in 1893, a larger crop of cotton, corn, and meat, than was ever made by negro labor, and he is now happy, contented, independent, and is rearing his children into the same character of fortitude, fidelity, and chivalry that he and his comrades displayed at the pass of the South Mountain, or at the railroad cut at Second Manassas, or on a thousand stricken fields over the land he loves so well.

And he will transmit to his posterity that love of God and country, honor and duty, right, justice, and liberty, to the last syllable of recorded time, which comforted and directed him during those "times that try men's souls."

LIEUTENANT HENRY F. W. LITTLE.

7TH NEW HAMPSHIRE INFANTRY.

HENRY F. W. LITTLE was born in Manchester, N. H., in 1842. He enlisted in his native city, September 17, 1861, as private in the 7th New

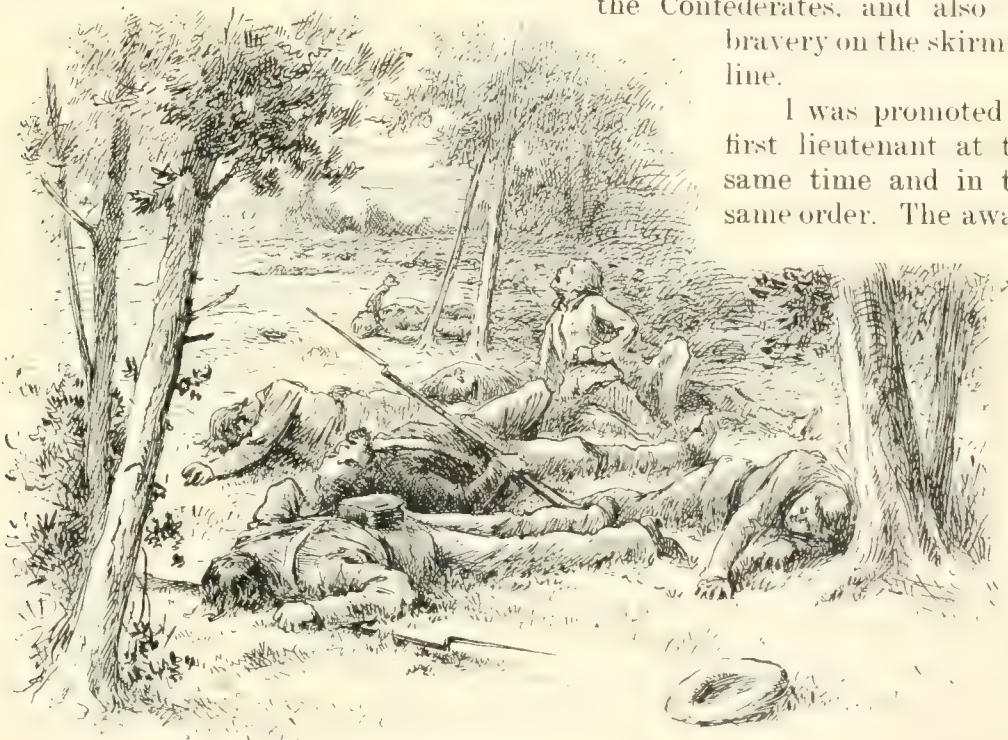
Hampshire Infantry, and, the first term of service having expired, he reenlisted February 28, 1864.

He participated in the engagements at Morris Island, first and second assault on Fort Wagner, siege of Morris Island, Olustee, Bermuda Hundreds, New Market Heights, Petersburg, Laurel Hill, Deep Bottom, Darbytown Road, Charles City Road, Malvern Hill.

Writing from Manchester, N. H., regarding the winning of his medal of honor, Mr. Little says:

It was awarded for keeping up the line at New Market Heights, thereby preventing the falling back of the men during a heavy charge made by the Confederates, and also for bravery on the skirmish line.

I was promoted to first lieutenant at the same time and in the same order. The award



SCENE OF CONFEDERATE CHARGE AT NEW MARKET HEIGHTS.

was also made for meritorious conduct during a desperate charge on our lines by Field's division, Longstreet's corps, against the 1st Division of the tenth Corps.

The Union line was without breastworks or fortifications of any kind, and the Confederates had pushed up to within a few rods of us. Our force was not large, and the lines extended so far that we were without support; a wavering brigade or even the falling back of a single regiment on that line

would probably have given the enemy an opportunity of taking everything before them on the north side of the James River.

The Confederate dead in our front, after the charge, lay in long lines only a few rods away, showing where their battalions had stood at the moment they found it impossible to break through the Union lines. The charge was desperately and handsomely made, and beautifully repulsed by the 2nd Brigade (Hawley's), 1st Division (Terry's), of the Tenth Corps. This brigade, which bore the brunt of the assault of the enemy, and whose line seemed to be the objective point of the Confederate division, which came on by column of brigades, was armed with Spencer repeating carbines, or seven-shooters, and deliberately and accurately delivered so destructive a fire that it was impossible for the enemy to withstand its effects. Many of the Confederates found it as much impossible to retreat as it was to advance, and were captured as soon as their supporting brigade retreated or fell back.

It was a beautiful fight, lasting perhaps a half hour, and fully demonstrated that a bayonet charge, however bravely and desperately made, is of no account, and can be easily repulsed by inferior numbers armed with repeating carbines handled in a cool and deliberate manner.

WILLIAM G. HILLS.

9TH NEW YORK CAVALRY.

WILLIAM GILES HILLS was born in the town of Conewango, County of Cattaraugus, State of New York, in 1841. On the 14th of September, 1861, he enrolled his name, and on the 27th of October, 1861, was mustered in as private of Company E, 9th Regiment, New York Cavalry, for a term of three years.

He left his State with the regiment November 26, served with his company on detached service from May 9 to May 22 under McClellan, and was engaged in the siege of Yorktown, the battles of Williamsburg, and West Point on the Peninsula.

The regiment early in June was mounted as cavalry, the branch of service for which the men enlisted. Hills was never absent from his regiment nor excused from duty from the time they received horses until his discharge from the service, except while on detached duty, when serving as courier on the staff of General John W. Geary, commanding 2nd Division, 12th Army Corps, which service included the Chancellorsville campaign, by Hills considered the most distinguished service that he performed during the war.

He was one of fifty picked men from his regiment to go on the Kilpatrick raid on Richmond, leaving camp near Culpeper, February 26, returning

via Alexandria. March 15, 1864, seventeen days and nights of severe weather and extreme hardships, which ended in bitter disappointment.

Hills fought his last battle at Cedar Creek, after he was mustered out, being in the saddle from five o'clock in the morning until eleven o'clock at night, assisting the brigade in the capture of twenty-two guns and caissons, three hundred and thirty-five prisoners, twenty-nine wagons, six hundred and twenty horses and mules, thirty-three ambulances filled with wounded Confederates, two battle flags, besides thousands of muskets that were mostly destroyed. He fought in eighty-two battles and skirmishes, ending with Cedar Creek, Sheridan's crowning victory.

At the battle of North Fork (sometimes called Port Republic), he won a



HILL RESCUING HIS SERGEANT.

medal of honor, which was awarded him by Congress for distinguished gallantry on that field, September 26, 1864.

Hill's heroic conduct is described in the following letter from Sergeant J. H. Lyman to Major Cheney, historian of the 9th New York Cavalry:

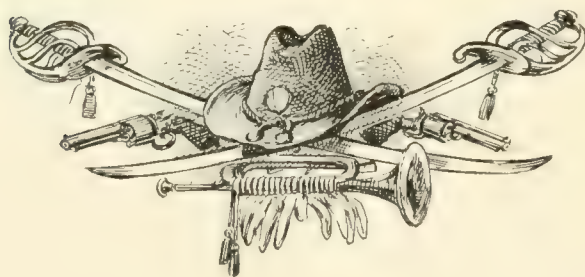
MAJOR NEWEL CHENEY, Poland Center, N. Y.

DEAR SIR AND COMRADE: An act of heroism and comradeship came under my observation, which I believe was unsurpassed during the late war, and should be on record in our history.

You will remember that during our campaign of the Shenandoah Valley in 1864 under General Sheridan, we reached Harrisonburg the evening of September 25th, and on the

morning of the 26th were ordered forward; we encountered the enemy's cavalry about two miles toward Port Republic; we drove them before us rapidly to the north fork of the Shenandoah. On arriving at the brow of the hill overlooking the river and flat country beyond, we could see Early's trains moving rapidly away, being protected by a brigade of infantry drawn up in line on the farther bank of the river, which at this time of the year is quite narrow and fordable.

I had supposed that the idea of advancing that morning was to capture the train; so I kept on down the slope, firing at the enemy's line across the river; when about twenty-five rods down the slope, and about midway between the two lines, I was shot from my horse by a musket ball from the Confederate line; upon looking about for help, I found that the regiment had been ordered to halt at the brow of the hill, and that I was entirely alone. The Confederates seemed to think that I was not hit hard enough, and kept up a hot fire at me while I was on the ground and trying to get up, their bullets plowing up the ground and throwing the dirt all over me. Just then was performed the act of cool heroism of which I wish to speak. Comrade W. G. Hills of Company E drove the spurs into his horse, and, without orders, dashed down the slope where I lay, coolly dismounted, helped me onto my horse, and held me on while we galloped back over the ridge. When we were going back it seemed as if the whole Confederate line concentrated their fire upon us; I never before nor since heard bullets singing so lively, and to this day it seems a direct interposition of Providence that both of us escaped. For genuine pluck and comradeship, nothing passed under my observation, during more than three years of active service, which compared with this brave deed of "Billie Hills."



CHAPTER LVI.

THE STORY OF A PRISONER—UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS—RIDING INTO CAPTIVITY IN A FOG—LIBBY PRISON—EXPERIENCES THERE—GORN GROUND WITH THE COB—THE JOURNEY TO CHARLESTON—QUARTERING THE PRISONERS UNDER FIRE—THE EXCHANGE.

By GENERAL C. A. HECKMAN.

AFTER three years' service at the front in "My Maryland," West Virginia, and the Carolinas, and while in command of the Red Star Brigade, 2nd Division, 18th Army Corps, Army of the James, it was my lot to face the enemy in a series of battles on the right bank of the James River, Virginia, in the month of May, 1864, where, in a day of gloom and disaster for the Union cause, I was taken prisoner.

With the gallant Colonel Lee and other officers, I passed a few days in Libby prison, and was successively introduced to other impressive scenes in the then Confederate States. But to men thoroughly in earnest to serve their imperiled country, the attractions offered for our gratification by Rebel officials, failed to make life happy in the sunny South; in point of fact, the captives with whom I mingled, despised such hospitalities as were tendered.

On the morning of May 16, the Army of the James was facing north and operating against Fort Darling, a strong position on Drewry's Bluff. The Johnnies' line extended from the James River on our right to the Appomattox on our left.

The Red Star Brigade held the extreme right of the Union line of battle, with an unoccupied space of about one mile between it and the river. This was the most important part of our line, as it covered the shortest route to our base of supplies on the James, and should have been held by a brigade with artillery. Instead, a line of "gopherholes," four riflemen in each, extended from the right of our picket line to the Willett house, about a quarter of a mile on my right front, where Company H, 9th New Jersey, Captain Lawrence, was placed. At midnight the Johnnies' skirmishers advanced and were soon hotly engaged with our pickets, but after a desperate struggle were forced back by Captain Lawrence.

Shortly after this a dense fog suddenly enveloped us, completely concealing the enemy from view, and four picked brigades in column, debouched from their works, rapidly advancing on my lines, and forcing the gallant Lawrence

before them. When only five paces intervened between our inflexible line and the rebel bayonets, a simultaneous and scorching volley swept into the faces of the advancing foe, smiting hundreds to the earth and hurling the whole column backward in confusion.

Five times encouraged and rallied by their officers, that magnificent Confederate infantry advanced to the attack, but only to meet and be driven back by those relentless volleys of musketry. At length the Johnnies, greatly outnumbering us, lapped the right flank and rear of the Star Brigade, and for the first time during the war it was compelled to take ground to the rear and reform its line. "But its stubborn resistance frustrated Beauregard's scheme, and saved the Army of the James."

While this movement was being executed—the 9th New Jersey already in position—my aids being engaged in other parts of the field, I passed along to the left of the Ninth, in the fog, and through a break in our line, and was captured by the enemy, who was advancing in column of brigade.

On the way to Richmond I had an animated discussion with General Gracie's adjutant on the result of the war, without agreement, and at nine A. M. was a guest at Hotel de Libby.

Entering and turning into a small room on the ground floor, we were requested to register, after which Dick Turner escorted us to another apartment, where we were peremptorily bidden to hand over to him any and all valuables we might happen to have about our persons. During this pleasant operation I became incensed by Turner's uncalled for and brutal treatment of my fellow captives, and in response to his assertion that our money and other valuables would be returned on our being exchanged, told him that he need not add lying to his long list of crimes; that he was known to every boy in blue; that a fearful retribution was near at hand, and that he had better seek some foreign clime before his Confederacy expired. He said he would put me in quarters where my talk would not reach his ears, and I attributed the nonfulfilment of his threat to a handshake with an official of the prison to whom I was introduced by Colonel Lee later in the day.

During our stay in Libby we suffered many indignities, which galled us more than the actual privations to which we were systematically subjected. Turner and his ready tools embraced every opportunity to annoy us, even directing the sentinels in and around the building to shoot any "Yank" who showed his face at the window. For forty-eight hours we were without anything to satisfy our hunger.

During the evening of the 18th, we were served with a little corn ground with the cob. This with an occasional piece of lively bacon the size of one's middle finger, and alternately a few perforated black beans, a delectable

change, made up the *cuisine* during our stay in Libby. I was in a semi-starved condition until taken in hand by a good Samaritan at Augusta, Ga.

May 31st, long before the break of day, we heard heavy and continued firing in a northwesterly direction, and soon after noticed unusual activity among the citizens and soldiers on Carey Street. An unusual and liberal supply of bread was sent up to us, immediately after which we were ordered to fall in. In a very few minutes thereafter we were marching through the street. At Castle Thunder several hundred of our enlisted men joined us. Then we were hurried across the Mayo bridge to Manchester, where a train of fifty cattle cars stood in waiting.

With sixty officers I was packed into an eight-ton box car, with one door opened about six inches as the only means for ventilation. The intensely hot weather added to our discomfort, and increased the stench beyond the power of words to express. After a delay of some two hours the train started, making slow progress however. We crossed the river Dan just as the sun rose on the first day of June, and a few minutes later disembarked at Danville, where we changed cars.

We reached Greensboro, N. C., about noon, and rested there until midnight, greatly enjoying the change from close, sweltering cars to the pure air and refreshing shade afforded by the luxuriant foliage of a really beautiful grove.

An opportunity offered while here of talking with some of our enlisted men, whose harrowing stories of cruel treatment were heartrending. Some of them had come from Belle Isle, where they had endured everything but death—and that would have been a blessing to many. During the evening Drake and I kept up a constant watching for any chance that might present itself for escape, but the guards were unusually vigilant, maintaining a double line, which we finally but very reluctantly concluded could not be safely or successfully eluded.

A tedious and disagreeable ride of ninety miles brought us to Charlotte at a late hour next day. Here it was discovered that while the train halted at Salisbury, several East Tennesseans had succeeded in making their escape.

Just before leaving Charlotte, an officer wearing the Confederate uniform told our custodians to treat us kindly. He said he had been a prisoner at Camp Douglass and that the Yankees had treated him "like a man." This officer's kindness was the only redeeming feature of our trip thus far.

Without adventure we reached Columbia, S. C., just before dark, and were transferred to other cars. Augusta, Ga., was reached about the middle of the forenoon; the train stopped at an empty cotton shed, which we occupied during our short stay at Augusta. I conversed with some of the citizens, and of them there were several who seemed to be well disposed toward us.

Captain Bradford, son of Governor Bradford of Maryland, provost marshal of the place, was very attentive to our wants, and did what in his power lay to ameliorate our condition. He provided us with an abundance of edibles, among which were fresh crackers and excellent ham. We passed the night pleasantly, and felt greatly refreshed by uninterrupted sleep. In the forenoon we were visited by many citizens, among whom were a goodly number of ladies. Our stay here was most agreeable, and when we marched out of the city in the afternoon, many of us felt that we were leaving kind-hearted friends, whose generous deeds shall always have a warm place in our memory.



CHARLESTON DURING THE BOMBARDMENT.

After a tedious ride, via Millen, we arrived at Macon shortly after daylight on June 6th. The officers having left the train, it moved further southward with our enlisted men, destined for the death pen at Andersonville. A short march brought us to Camp Oglethorpe, an enclosure formerly used for county fair purposes. Entering the yard, we were saluted with loud cries of "Fresh fish," "Give them air," "Keep your hands on your pocket books," etc.

I was conducted to a room in the end of a frame building, the main part of which was used as a hospital. Here I met Generals Scamman, Wessels,

Seymour, and Shaler. I had hardly become settled in my new quarters before being waited upon by Colonel La Grange and other officers, who submitted several plans for escaping to liberty, and asking me to take charge of a party with that object in view. I consented with the condition that they agree on a plan (one plan) that I could approve. Before any plan was adopted the rebel authorities became alarmed, fearing that an attempt would be made to overpower the guards. Consequently the fifty-one ranking officers were hustled into cars and sent to Charleston.

On our arrival at Charleston, S. C., we soon found that we were to undergo the novel experience of being placed under the fire of our own guns, the only instance of the kind, I believe, in modern civilized warfare.

On June 13, 1864, Major-General Samuel Jones, commanding the department of South Carolina and Florida, wrote to Major-General John G. Foster, in command of the Union forces besieging Charleston, that five generals and forty-six field officers, all of them prisoners of war, would be assigned "quarters in that part of the city occupied by noncombatants, chiefly women and children: a part of the city which had been exposed night and day many months to the fire of your guns."

For months the long range Parrotts in the Union batteries at Inlet Point and on Long and Morris Islands had been throwing large shells into the city doing an immense amount of damage. This message from the Confederate commander was intended to silence these destructive guns, which his own ordinance had been quite powerless to do.

General Foster vigorously protested against it as an indefensible act of cruelty, and pointed out that ample notice had been given and the Confederates had promised to remove the women and children, but General Jones was acting under orders, and the officers were brought, as the *Charleston Mercury* exultingly put it, to share in the pleasures of the bombardment.

There were five generals in the party, Scamman, Wessel, Seymour, Shaler, and myself, and of the forty-six others none were below the rank of major. We had all been captured in different places and at various times, and were gathered from prisons and prison pens and mobilized to do an unwilling service for the Confederacy, by saving the original hotbed of secession from the fire of our own guns.

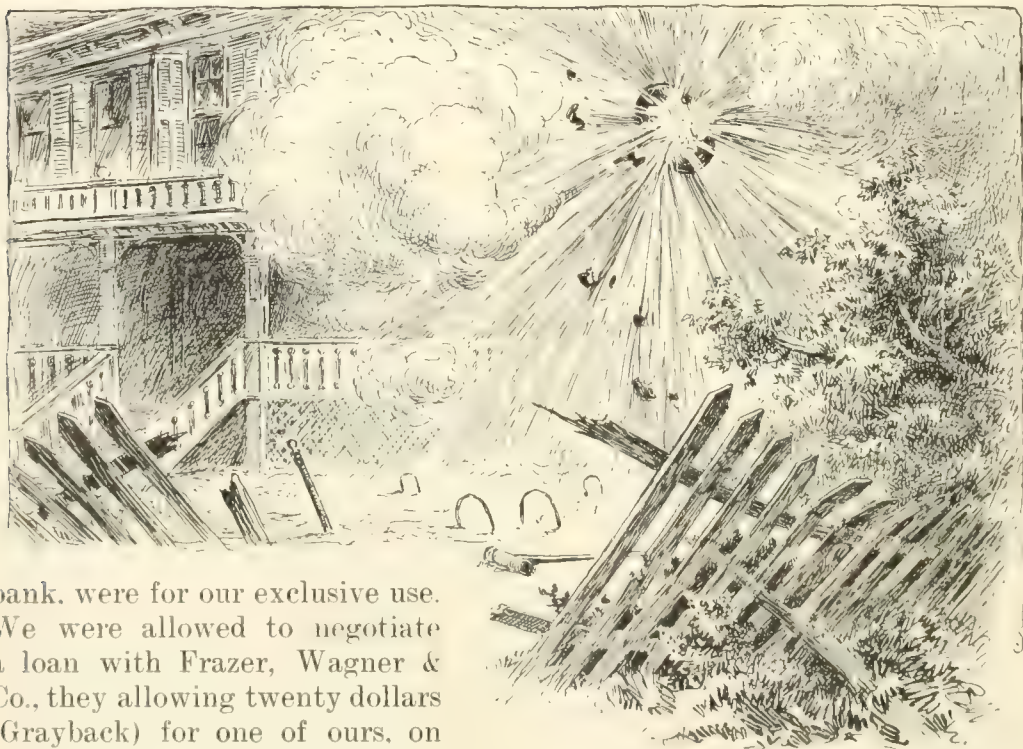
But it didn't work. The firing went on, the prisoners sending word to General Foster not to stop for a moment. We wanted no interference with our operations even if we had to be destroyed by their means.

On leaving the cars we were formed in column of fours and moved through the deserted and dirty streets of the city and halted before the frowning walls of the jail. Entering through a double gate we found ourselves in a most wretched place. A lot of convict negroes had been taken

out to make way for us, and we were thrust two and two into the vermin-infested cells they had been occupying. More noisome quarters it would be hard to imagine.

I remember that while we were chafing and indignant at such treatment of officers and gentlemen, our cell door was flung open and General Ripley, the commandant of the city, was announced. I had known Ripley during Scott's campaign in Mexico, and I was too angry to renew the acquaintance now and both I and my roommate, General Shaler, turned on our heels and with folded arms stood with our backs to the door until he moved away.

A marvelous and welcome change is now wrought. General Jones visits Charleston, and Ripley is left to nurse his brutal propensities for future use. We are assigned to comfortable quarters in an unoccupied dwelling, with a large lot adjoining for a playground. Bathhouses, erected on the river



BOMBARDING THE PLAYGROUND.

bank, were for our exclusive use. We were allowed to negotiate a loan with Frazer, Wagner & Co., they allowing twenty dollars (Grayback) for one of ours, on bill of exchange on New York. We received change of raiment from our friends at Chilton Head. The officers and guard (old veterans), treated us as prisoners of war. We were so elated by the change that we could have forgiven even a Ripley, if it had been necessary.

About August 10 we received notice that we were to be exchanged the next day, and immediately all were busy putting our personal affairs in order and exchanging autographs with comrades and the Confederate officials with whom we had friendly intercourse.

This, of course, kept us from our daily game of wicket, and it was a most fortunate circumstance. A shell from one of General Foster's large guns struck in the center of our playground just at the time we were usually engaged in a game, and exploded with terrific force, scattering tons of dirt, but without injury to any person. This was the sole invader of our enforced habitation by the many projectiles that hissed over and around us, dealing death and destruction in the city during two months of our exposure to a daily bombardment.

In the afternoon of the next day we steamed down the bay and came to anchor just east of Fort Sumter. Soon after a steamer, with her deck crowded with Confederate officers, and our glorious star-spangled banner waving aloft, ran alongside and was made fast to us. An exchange of congratulations with "our friends the enemy," who were of equal rank and numbers with ourselves, followed, and then an exchange of boats.

Among the many packages (the gifts of Union officers) that were transferred to the Confederate steamer, I noticed some familiar looking ones, whose contents we supposed to be not necessarily dangerous. The Johnnies seemed to be as pleased as ourselves with their trade, and we knew that we had made the best swap of the season.

After a banquet on General Daniel E. Sickles' flag ship, we steamed for Hilton Head, and from thence to New York.

On the expiration of my thirty days' leave of absence, I was assigned to the command of the 2nd Division, 18th Army Corps, Army of the James.



CHAPTER LVII.

SOME COLORED MEDAL WINNERS — CHAFFIN'S FARM, AND THE HONORS WON THERE — MILTON M. HOLLAND, 5TH U. S. C. T. — THE CHARGE AT PETERSBURG — NEW MARKET HEIGHTS — GENERAL BUTLER ON THE COLORED SOLDIERS — N. A. MCKOWN, SAME REGIMENT — FINDING THE LOST CONFEDERATE FLAG — THEODORE KRAMER, 188TH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY — TWICE UNDER FIRE BEFORE REGULAR ENLISTMENT — C. A. FLEETWOOD, 4TH U. S. C. T. — JAMES BRADBURY, 1ST NEW YORK INFANTRY.

MILTON M. HOLLAND, 5th United States Colored Troops, who is now chief of the collection division of the Sixth Auditor's office in Washington, was one of the few colored men in the army to receive a medal of honor.

Mr. Holland distinguished himself before Petersburg, being in command of the skirmish line when the outer works of the enemy were carried, June 16, 1864, and was present at the mine explosion July 30.

At New Market Heights September 29, 1864, all his ranking officers being shot down, Sergeant Holland commanded the company, carrying one of the outer works.

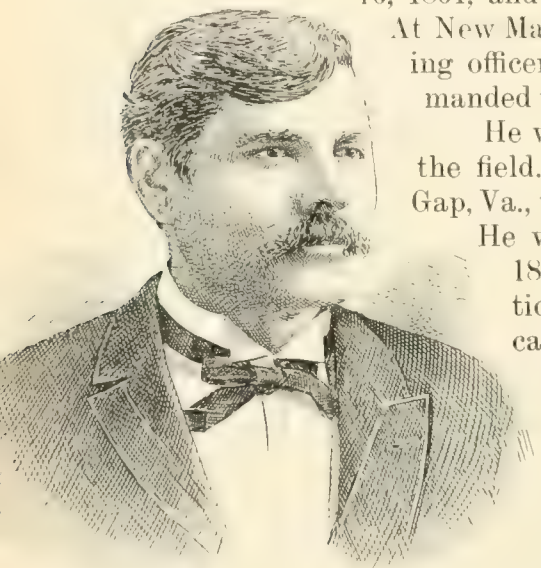
He was wounded in this battle; but did not leave the field. He served with his regiment near Dutch Gap, Va., until October 4, when they went to Fair Oaks.

He was under Butler at Fort Fisher in January, 1865. In the second dash on the same fortification, under General Terry, Holland's company captured Fort Lamb, together with the colonel in whose honor the fortification was named.

Sergeant Holland's story is here told by one of his race, and we quote almost verbatim from the manuscript before us:

He was born in Texas in 1844. In 1861 he was attending school in Athens County, Ohio, and there volunteered, together with many of the pupils.

At this first enlistment he was rejected because of his age; but nothing daunted, he immediately sought employment in the quartermaster's office.



MILTON M. HOLLAND.

and served under Colonel Nelson H. Van Vorhis. Not until June, 1863, was he mustered into the United States service and assigned to the 5th United States Colored Troops, a regiment raised in, and accredited to, Ohio.

The 5th was engaged in the campaigns in Virginia and North Carolina under General B. F. Butler, and in the winter of 1863 took part in a raid into North Carolina by the way of the Dismal Swamp, capturing forage and emancipating slaves under the then recent Emancipation Proclamation. In the early winter and spring of 1864, Holland was with his regiment in the two raids from Yorktown to Bottom's Bridge, the first being made for the



THE COLORED TROOPS IN THE MOVEMENT ON RICHMOND

purpose of liberating prisoners confined in Libby, and the second to assist General Kilpatrick in his manœuvres near Richmond. When the James River fleet advanced on Richmond the 5th Regiment was among the troops, and Company C, of which Holland was then 1st sergeant, was ordered to make an attack. Without waiting for boats to be lowered, the colored men leaped into the water from the guard of the steamer, wading waist deep to the land, where they captured one flag, the signal station, and the signal officers.

Afterward the Fifth formed a portion of the famous "Black Brigade" which General Smith led in the charge on Petersburg, June 15, 1864.

For the courage and daring displayed by the colored troops in that bloody and victorious fight, General Smith remarked that he "would lead men like that into any fight, and rely upon their pluck."

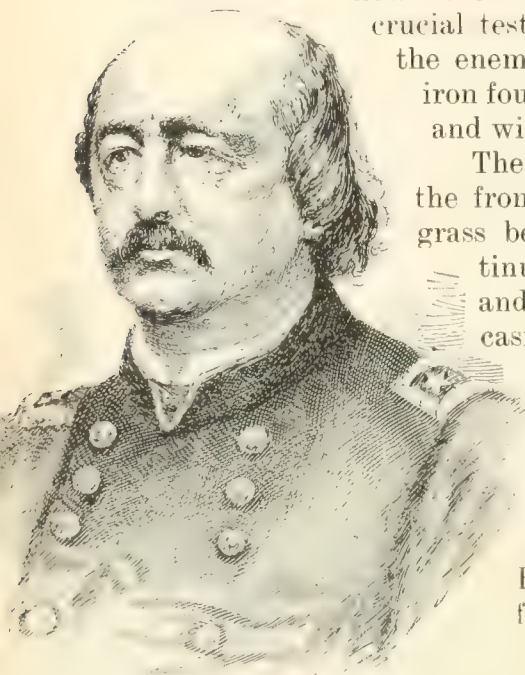
The Fifth was at the mine explosion on July 30, and had orders to make the charge at a given signal, but another brigade of colored troops was by accident substituted, and thus this honor was lost to the body of men who had already covered themselves with glory.

In the latter part of August, 1864, the Fifth moved to the right in front of Richmond at Deep Bottom, and it was at this point that the regiment made its brilliant and famous charge on New Market Heights, September 29, 1864. Brilliant as had been its past record, and courageous as the men had shown themselves on other fields, this seemed to be the

crucial test of their fighting qualities. When they met the enemy face to face, the black men with arms of iron fought the Southern white soldiers hand to hand, and with a desperate valor that beggars description.

The shot and shell of the enemy mowed down the front ranks of the colored troops like blades of grass beneath the sickle's touch, but the men continued on their victorious way, routing the enemy and capturing the breastworks. This was the occasion which called forth the highest praise from General Grant when he rode over the battlefield in company with Generals Butler and Draper.

In after days, when the war had ended and the negroes' rights were assailed in the House of Representatives, General B. F. Butler in his great civil rights' speech, referred to this battle in these words:



GENERAL B. F. BUTLER.

"As I rode over that battlefield, and steered my faithful charger here and there for fear of treading on what appeared to me to be the sacred dead, with their faces upturned to heaven as if in mute appeal for vengeance, I then and there took a solemn oath that if I should ever prove false to my black comrades whom I and my country had wronged, my right hand should forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

Holland was wounded in this battle, but did not leave the field. Later in the day the regiment made a charge on Fort Harrison to relieve the brigade of white troops that were unable to get back to the Federal lines.

Immediately after the charge at New Market Heights, Holland was examined on the field by order of General Butler, and passed as captain, but was, on account of his color, refused a commission by the War Department.

In addition to the Congressional medal of honor, received for gallantry in action, he was presented by General Butler, with a silver medal for "bravery."

He served with his regiment at Dutch Gap until October 4, when the Fifth was sent to Fair Oaks. In December, 1864, it accompanied the great naval fleet under General Butler, to Fort Fisher, at the mouth of Cape Fear River, in the attempt to break up the blockade running at that point, and although the colored men landed, they were compelled to withdraw on account of the insufficiency of the naval support. They returned, however, in January, 1865, under the command of General Terry, when this fortification was captured, the Fifth taking unaided Fort Lamb, an interior fort, and making Colonel Lamb prisoner.

Holland was with his regiment on its marches through Wilmington, Bentonville, Goldboro, and Raleigh. He was present when General Joseph E. Johnston surrendered to General W. T. Sherman, and was mustered out at Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio, October 5th, 1865.

LIEUTENANT MCKOWN.

NATHANIEL A. MCKOWN writing from Tunkhannock, Pa., gives the following account of how he won his medal in this engagement:

I was born in Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, in 1838, and enlisted at Philadelphia as private in the 58th Pennsylvania Infantry, September 5, 1861. At the expiration of my first term of service I reenlisted in Company B, of the same regiment, January 1, 1864, and was made sergeant. In the following year I was commissioned first lieutenant.

McKown was one of the gallant eleven who held Hoke's brigade and Pickett's entire division at bay several hours at Bachelor's Creek, thereby saving Newbern, N. C., from capture.

Answering the question as to how he won the medal, Mr. McKown gives the following account:

The Confederates tried to recapture Fort Harrison from our boys, and made two unsuccessful charges. Just after the second one I told my comrades

of Company B. that I saw a Confederate flag go down about forty rods from where we were. They thought I was mistaken; but I felt certain, and, as I had charge of the company, went out with the pickets. I passed through our lines, telling the boys to watch for me as I came back, for I needed that flag badly. I crawled over the dead and wounded until I thought I was lost, and then asked one of the living Confederates the whereabouts of the fallen flag. He wanted to know who I was and I told him plainly; he insisted that I would get killed if I went for it, but I replied that wounded men had no



LOOKING FOR THE FALLEN FLAG.

fight in them, and after some discussion he pointed to the spot where the colors were.

I got the flag, rolled it up, and started toward our lines, my friend, the Confederate, and two or three others who were not wounded so badly but that they could crawl, following me in order to put themselves under the care of our surgeon.

The flag was taken to General Butler's headquarters, and the following paragraph appeared in the Army and Navy Journal under date of August 29, 1864.

.. Sergeant Nathaniel A. McKown of Company B, 58th Pennsylvania Infantry, advanced in front of our lines after the repulse of the enemy, capturing a Confederate battle flag

under a severe picket fire. He is recommended to the Secretary of War for a medal for gallantry. Sergeant McKown is promoted for good conduct to lieutenant in the 6th United States Colored Troops."

McKown states, in addition, that he did not accept the commission in the colored troops, but remained with the 58th until mustered out in 1866.

THEODORE KRAMER.

THEODORE KRAMER was born in Pennsylvania in 1846. He writes regarding his service:

I was in the Pennsylvania Militia, September, 1862, at Antietam, and under fire at Gettysburg as a member of the militia, or, as they were called, emergency troops. Early in 1862, I enlisted in the 8th United States Infantry, and again in the 4th Iowa Cavalry, but was taken away each time by my father before I got to the front, because I was too young.

I was more successful February 1, 1864, when I enlisted in the 188th Pennsylvania Infantry, where I remained until December 14, 1865 when we were finally mustered out of service.

I won my medal for being the first Union soldier on Fort Harrison; also for the encounter with and capture of, a Confederate major, who fired at me when I was about ten feet from him, but his nerves must have been unstrung, for he only put a ball through my blouse, and then I had him.

LIEUTENANT SKELLIE.

EBENEZER SKELLIE, now residing in Findley's Lake, N. Y., was born in that town in 1842. He enlisted in his native village August 29, 1862, as private in Company D, 112th New York Infantry, and was afterward promoted corporal; October 27, 1863, he was made a member of the color-guard.

Mr. Skellie writes very briefly in regard to the service in which he won his decoration:

It was at the battle of Chaffin's Farm, September 29, 1864. I was carrying the colors and lost my right leg. The medal was given to me for gallantry in action, and I was promoted to 2nd lieutenant.

CHRISTIAN A. FLEETWOOD.

CHRISTIAN A. FLEETWOOD gives the following brief information regarding himself:

I was born in Baltimore, 1840; enlisted in that city August 2, 1863, as sergeant-major in the 4th United States Colored Troops. I was given the medal for saving the regimental colors after eleven out of twelve color-guards had been shot around me.

The *Washington Star* has the following regarding Mr. Fleetwood's bravery on that day:

"The battle was opened early in the morning of September 29, 1864, by the 4th and 6th United States Colored Troops, commanded by Brigadier-General S. A. Duncan. Out of a color-guard of two sergeants and ten corporals in the 4th United States Colored Troops, but one, Corporal Veal, came off the field. He saved the battle flag. Sergeant-Major C. A. Fleetwood caught up the national colors after the sergeant was shot down and bore them with him from the field. He rallied eighty-five men of his regiment, reformed them, and had them lying down immediately behind the line of reserves before a commissioned officer of the regiment reached them. In addition to the medal of honor awarded by the Congress of the United States, he received a medal of honor from General B. F. Butler, commanding Department of Virginia and North Carolina."

JAMES BRADBURY.

WRITING from the Soldiers' Home at Tilton, N. H., James Bradbury says:

I was born in 1843 and enlisted in New York city in July, 1861, as private in Company C, 1st New York Infantry. The first battle I participated in was Roanoke Island; then Newbern, White Sulphur Springs, Second Bull Run, Chantilly, South Mountain, Antietam and Fredericksburg.

During this last engagement I was wounded in the knee and sent to the hospital in Washington, where I was finally discharged. In the summer of 1863 I was feeling pretty well, and enlisted in Company F, 10th New York Infantry, with which organization I participated in the siege of Petersburg, was at Drewry's Bluff, Cold Harbor, the cutting of the railroad between Petersburg and Richmond, the explosion of the mine in front of Petersburg, and helped charge a fort at Chaffin's farm, where I captured a Confederate flag.

After the close of the war I shipped in the navy, and was assigned to the U. S. S. *Sacramento*, on which vessel I served a full term.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE STORY OF A FLAG—GENERAL LEW WALLACE—DESCRIPTION OF THE CONFEDERATE BANNER—
 KNOCKING AT THE GATES OF WASHINGTON—GUARDING THE BRIDGE—LISTENING FOR THE
 GUNS—THE COMING OF COLONEL HENRY—THE INTERVIEW WITH RICKETTS—HOW THE
 FLAG WAS CAPTURED—FROM THE WILDERNESS TO SPOTTSYLVANIA AND THE
 DEATH OF GENERAL SEDGWICK—G. NORTON GALLOWAY—IN SILENCE
 —GETTING OUT OF THE WILDERNESS—THE FOREST OF
 FIRE—BETWEEN RICHMOND AND GRANT BY CHANCE
 —FIRST EXPERIENCE AS A SHARPSHOOTER—
 DEATH OF GENERAL SEDGWICK.

THE STORY OF A FLAG.

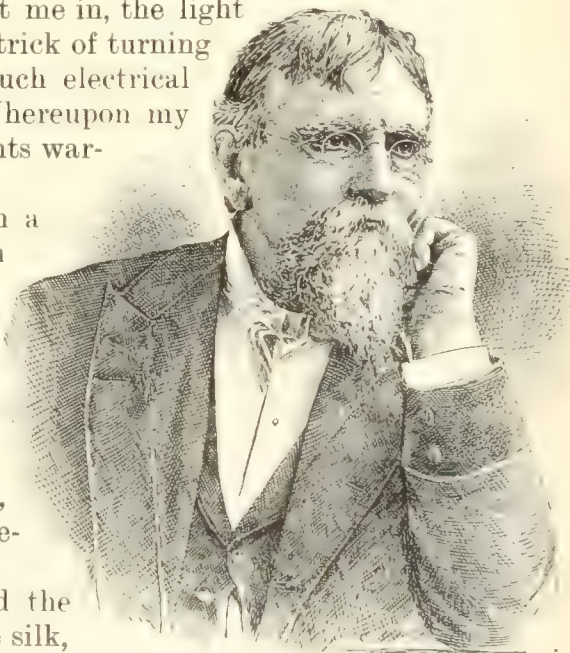
BY GENERAL LEW WALLACE.

THERE is a flag in my house which has a story well worth both the writing and the reading. It hangs in my lower hall where, always that the front door is opened to let me in, the light breaking over my shoulders has a trick of turning the starred symbol into a red flash of such electrical effect that I must stop and look at it. Whereupon my memory begins to unload itself of incidents war-like and exciting.

So, with a desire to tell this tale in a simple way, it seems best to me to begin by describing the flag. There are multitudes of American folk grown and growing who beyond the vaguest hearsay know so nearly nothing of the banners of the late Confederate States of America that it may be a real service to help them to some exact knowledge. Here, accordingly, is a drawing, with measurements and colors.

The ground is in hue light red, and the material woolen; the bordering is of white silk, the cross of light blue silk, the stars on the cross, thirteen in number, are of white silk. Against the staff, it is thirty-seven inches, and in length forty-two inches. On the right face is the name of the regiment—NIGHT-HAWK RANGERS—

A. H.—30



GENERAL LEW WALLACE.

and on the left face the motto— LIBERTY OR DEATH—all in tracery of flat white cording. The motto, it should be observed, is not "regulation," but significant merely of the sentiment and devotion—possibly *passion* would be a better word—of the corps who acknowledged it. The lettering is roman. Doubtless some may smile at the entitlement, Night-Hawk Rangers, thinking it smacks of dime novels, or is a parody on Sims' "Black Riders of the Congaree;" if they will follow me to the end, however, enough will be presented them to work a change of mind.

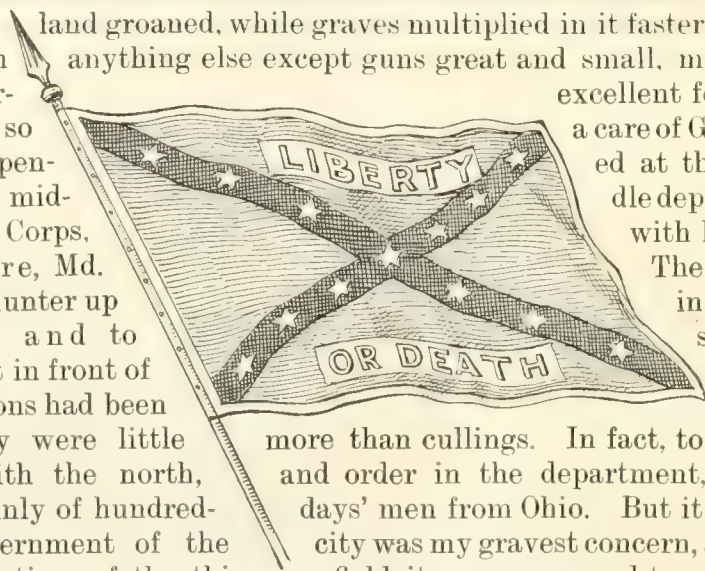
This bit of red cloth with emblazonments, was the battle flag of the 17th Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A.

It was in the month of July, 1864. How well I remember it!

The war had been a continuous condition for more than three years, and the whole land groaned, while graves multiplied in it faster than cornfields, faster than anything else except guns great and small, much faster than the super-said to be so excellent food for powder, a care of God's called men.

I happened to command the mid-8th Army Corps, Baltimore, Md.

General Hunter up region, and to General Grant in front of my garrisons had been until they were little communication with the north, consisted mainly of hundred-good government of the thin from operations of the thin enemy would come knocking at our gates.



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de department and the
with headquarters at
The corps was with
in the Kanawha
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more than cullings. In fact, to keep communi-
and order in the department, my force con-
days' men from Ohio. But it sufficed, for the
city was my gravest concern, and far removed
field, it never occurred to any of us that the

In the midst of this tranquillity, I received a telegram from General Sigel, in observation at Winchester, Va., announcing Jubal Early in the valley threatening him with a following of thirty thousand veterans. The telegram was a duplicate of the one sent by the same officer to General Halleck in Washington. Unlike my superior, I believed Sigel, and was startled; for knowing the defenseless condition of the capital, it instantly flashed upon me that the doughty Confederate was moving with that city in his mind's eye. I spent two days working the wires to get further news; nothing reliable came to me except that Sigel and Early were both north of the Potomac, having crossed at Williamsport. Later word came that Sigel was in refuge on Maryland Heights at Harper's Ferry. But where

was Early? His cavalry were reported here and there, up even in Pennsylvania driving off cattle and horses. But his infantry, of which there must be great columns, with artillery and ammunition trains in sandwich—where was his infantry, and whither was it bound? To Baltimore or Washington? Halleck declared the operation a raid. Thirty thousand men—the number was popularly set at that figure—started to loot a lot of unprotected farmers! There certainly was something much more serious in the Potomac winds. So at least it appeared to me. The Monocacy River was the western boundary of my department. At the junction of that name, guarding the iron bridge of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, I had two companies and two guns. In the night of the 5th of July, if my memory serves me rightly, I took a locomotive and ran out of the junction. My uneasiness was growing hourly; so in the morning betimes, I busied myself despatching scouts toward the Catoc-tin Mountain, only ten miles away. High pay was offered anyone who would bring me reliable information of the enemy. All who made the attempt returned with reports that the paths, passes and roads over the summit were held by cavalry men in Confederate uniform.

On the strength of this news, my adjutant-general in Baltimore was ordered to forward, without loss of time, every available man he could glean in the department.

They began coming, companies, half companies, and two regiments, one of which had seen service. In the night of the 7th a battery of six rifled guns arrived. Meanwhile the enemy remained behind the mountain in curtaining off his cavalry. Getting no news of him, I was in a very disgruntled state.

That night, however, I heard by chance that Lieutenant-Colonel D. R. Clendenin was on the Potomac River looking after Mosby, and that he had with him five companies of his regiment, the 8th Illinois Cavalry. A messenger, hurriedly despatched, overtook him with a request to come to me in haste as I had bigger game for him than the adroit guerrilla. Colonel Clendenin rode all night, and reported at daybreak of the 8th of July. The situation was explained to him; that is, he was told I believed Early and his army were on the western slope of the Catoc-tin Mountain, coming east; that I must have information at all hazards, as the safety of Washington depended upon getting it. If he would undertake the reconnoissance, he should have the two guns in the block house, and the artillery men.

It should be said here that Colonel Clendenin belonged to the department of Washington, General Augur commanding. Hence my *requests* to him. He was not bound by my orders, but he accepted them, and stopping only to bait his horses and get the guns out, was on the road shortly after sunrise, under a general direction to cross the mountain, and keep going until he found the enemy—if enemy there was.

The valley in which Frederick City nestles is from the Monocacy River, about ten miles wide, teeming with farms and farmhouses, and very beautiful at all times, but especially so then because literally golden with the just ripened harvest. In places reapers could be seen at work in the fields, unconscious apparently of the cloud of war gathering on the mountain.

The impression was strong in me that Clendenin would strike the enemy on the crest of the heights. So, about ten o'clock, I went out and took seat on the bluff by the block house. Two hours and a half ought to take him to the summit, and his guns might then be heard any moment. While waiting, I was impressed with the excellence of the position, did it become necessary to make a stand against Early's superior force. The bluff was steep and high; at its foot ran the river sluggish and rocky; the opposite shore was the commencement of the valley, every foot of which was under eye. A few hundred yards below the railroad bridge there was a wooden bridge over which the pike conducted from Frederick City to Washington. Its loss would detain Early ten or twelve hours. Small as my command was, I judged he could not lift it out of his way in a week of direct attack. Three miles off was the city, bright but quiet in the yellow tinted July sunlight. A haze, like an infinitely delicate grayish curtain, lay along the extending face of the historic mountain. I remember how more than Acadian the view appeared, and how like profanation it would be to spoil it with a battle; none the less, I determined if the fighting had to take place, it should be there. Then I turned to Clendenin again. I ought to be hearing from him. Presently a muffled boom crossed the valley. It was the expected gun, or rather it was Clendenin telling me, "I have found them. Here they are!"

There is a difference between thinking you may have to fight, and knowing you must. I sprang to my feet. My cap seemed to be lifting itself on my head, and from the crawling along my spinal column, I might have been sitting on an ant nest to the annoyance of the colony. Still the gun might have been experimental; if there was an answer—Boom! This time the sound was more muffled because farther down the mountain side. It was the answer. The foe was there. No mistake. Then I knew that I must fight. That two things were devolved on me inexorably—the enemy had to show me how many men he had, and where he was going; if to Washington, he must be delayed to the last minute. So only could Grant get a defending force from City Point. I went into a hasty mental computation. After notice given, forty-eight hours were required from City Point by steamer to Washington. On the otherside, with an unobstructed road Early would require two days of forced marching from Frederick City. Two thousand men were in camp at the junction; by night five hundred more would arrive; beyond that I could not promise myself a man unless from

Sigel. Two thousand five hundred against—how many? Well, that must be determined by fighting. The greater the hostile army the greater the necessity on me. Washington must be saved at all costs. Grant must have his forty-eight hours. If they were to be paid for in lives, he must have them. The idea of a victory never entered my thought.

The firing meantime quickened; and hearing it, my men crowded the bluff, most of them realizing for the first time the unlikeness between exchanges of artillery in deadly duel, and the sonorous salute of a gladsome Fourth of July. At length one clear report of a gun flying undeflected across the valley announced that Clendinen was on the summit of the mountain coming back outnumbered. In great anxiety for him, I went down to the little house serving me as headquarters, and waited for a courier. The suspense was broken by the arrival of a train from Baltimore. Shortly an officer came in, stalwart, bronzed, and plainly a veteran. The eagles on his shoulder straps were in a moulding state, and the gilt of his buttons had been worn down to a dingy brass. "Oh, a refugee from Sigel!" I said to myself.

He preferred a complaint against the officer of my staff who was keeping the railroad bridge.

"Who are you?" I asked.

He replied, "I am Colonel Henry of the 10th Vermont, at present in command of the 3rd Brigade of the 6th Army Corps."

"Oh, the 6th Army Corps? Where are you going?"

"General Ricketts, commanding the brigade, is ordered to Harper's Ferry. He will be up about one o'clock to-night with the second troop train bringing the second brigade."

"How many brigades are there?"

"Three."

"What is their strength?"

He declined to answer, but demanded to know why I stopped him. His orders were to proceed.

The demand was fair, though put with some heat.

"Come with me, Colonel, and I will explain."

I led him to the block house. After an interval a gun was heard from the other side of the valley.

"Is that a gun?" the colonel asked, with a sudden interest.

"Yes."

"What does it mean?"

"It means that Jubal Early holds the road to Harper's Ferry, and that to get there you must ask a pass from him."

"Jubal Early! I thought him at Richmond."

"No, he is yonder coming over the mountain."

The colonel then inquired what he had better do. I advised him to keep his men on the train, and wait for General Ricketts. Not improbably he would have a chance of action before the day was done. He took my advice.

This coming seemed providential. There is no telling how much it relieved me. There ought to have been at least three thousand veterans in the division. Instantly I saw a way of making the fight, with a chance of getting out when it was done. Accepting as a fact that Early was marching on Washington, his main attack would be to get possession of the pike



"IS THAT A GUN?"

to that city. If Ricketts would stay with me, I could put him across the pike behind the county bridge, and shift my twenty-odd hundred raw men to the stone bridge of the Baltimore pike two miles above the junction. If Early turned my right, I might get to Washington; if he turned my left, then the road to Baltimore might receive those of us who survived. The scheme really elated me.

By and by a courier presented himself from Clendenin. The note he brought was in pencil on the leaf of a pocket memorandum book. It was to the effect - "I have found the enemy in all arms. They are trying to flank me, but you need have no uneasiness. I understand myself. I will send a messenger every fifteen minutes."

Messengers kept coming; at last one brought me notice: "If you care to defend Frederick City, you will have scant time to get your men there, and put them in position." Half an hour afterwards, my whole force was in line west of the town. A railroad is a wonderfully useful military adjunct. I invited Colonel Henry to assist in the affair, and he did so with fine spirit. "When you get there," I said to him, "maneuvre so as to make the enemy believe your brigade is a full division." He indulged in much eccentric marching—so much indeed, that his men thought him crazy.

On Clendenin's heels came the enemy. There was a fight, not long, but sharp, ending in the repulse of the Confederates, who were mostly cavalry dismounted. General Tyler, commanding, won quite a success over them.

In the afternoon great clouds of dust overhung the mountain. My scouts reported an army descending. I hastened to the city to take care of my little force. Perceiving a design upon my left flank, a retirement was ordered by the Baltimore pike. The movement was beautifully done. Passing through the streets, the loyal people lined the curbing with tubs and barrels of water. It looked like desertion to leave them; but it was not a time for Quixotic sentiment. Washington was of greater importance than Frederick City, and the advantages of the position at the junction were too valuable to be lost.

At dusk we crossed the stone bridge over the Monocacy, and, leaving my hundred-day men, and Gilpin's 3rd Maryland, under General Tyler, to hold the bridge and keep the Baltimore pike for retreat, I turned column right and pushed on to the junction with Henry's brigade and the battery. It was important that I should be there when Ricketts arrived. About one o'clock in the night his train rolled in. Colonel Henry brought him to headquarters. We were strangers, in the society sense of the word. The interview between us was interesting.*

"Well," said the general, after introduction, "Colonel Henry tells me Jubal Early is here with an army."

"Yes, there is little doubt he succeeded us in Frederick City."

"I think that will surprise Grant down at City Point."

"Then you were not ordered up to meet Early?"

"We knew nothing of him when I left the point. From Baltimore Halleck ordered me to Washington, but I think Garrett (president of the B. & O.) got Stanton to change the destination to you, if you needed me; if you did not, I was to go on and relieve Sigel. What is Early's force?"

"Sigel put it in the neighborhood of twenty-five thousand. It may be thirty."

The conversation here detailed is given almost, if not quite, as it actually occurred.

Ricketts whistled; whether it was a note of surprise or incredulity I do not know.

"What are you going to do?" he next asked.

"I shall stay here."

"And fight?"

"If nothing else will do — yes."

"How many men have you?"

"Some detachments came up this afternoon, giving me twenty-five hundred."

The old soldier smiled.

"It is heavy odds," he said. "What is your object in fighting?"

"I have several objects. Nobody seems to know where Early is going, nor what his strength is. The pike from Frederick to Washington crosses the Monocacy here. If he is bent on Washington, this is the place to make him show it, and in compelling that disclosure, I hope to learn if he is in numbers to make his movement more than a menace. If he is out for Washington, I further propose getting as much time from him as I can. That will help Grant by enabling him to despatch troops from City Point."

"How much time do you want?"

"Thirty-six hours will do. They are to be added to the two days required of Early from Frederick City."

"Where are your men?"

"Up at the stone bridge, two miles from this."

"Why there?"

"Early, if he is going to Washington, will do his heavy fighting for this pike, and when it comes time to go, I will try a retreat to Baltimore."

"You need me here, then?"

"Under the present arrangement I cannot get along without you."

Then, be it said to his lasting credit, Ricketts did not hesitate a moment.

"I will stay with you. Give me a man to show me my position."

Here were patriotism, intelligence, and courage. I turned to the table at my back, and taking a paper, held it out to him, saying: "I knew you would stay with me. Here is an order for you."

He took it, merely remarking, "Let a man go with me."*

We shook hands, and he went out. He disembarked his men — the third brigade had not arrived — and was established on a line behind the wooden bridge parallel with the river.†

Next morning, Early delivered a double attack; one at the stone bridge of the Baltimore pike, the other at the wooden bridge of the Washington

* The officer sent with Ricketts was Major James R. Ross, of my staff.

† The third brigade never came up. Its chief stopped at a little town seven or eight miles from the junction, and stayed there all day listening to the battle.

pike. His main effort was to dislodge Ricketts. The battle lasted nine hours, beginning at eight o'clock. The results were thirty-six hours gained on Early, and Washington saved. The value of those hours is to be estimated by the fact that when the Confederates were halting in front of the city, Grant's reinforcements from City Point were marching through the streets, just disembarked from the transports.

So I think it not saying too much that the troops engaged against such great odds that 9th July, 1864, may call Washington their standing trophy. For my part, I am content with the battle flag of the 17th Virginia Cavalry.

But how did I get that flag? It has been said I had no fear of being driven from my position across the Washington pike so long as the enemy



FIGHT AT THE STONE BRIDGE.

confined himself to a direct attack from the west bank of the river; once on the east bank, however, his superior force could be made available, and then my dislodgment was inevitable.

There were several fords, some above, and some below the bridge, within the radius I was attempting to defend; but not having time or men to put them all in safe keeping, I sent Colonel Clendenin to the first one below the county bridge, with orders to hold it as long as possible. To pass a column thither, and force the ford, and cross it, and then deploy lines of attack, would require four or five hours, every minute of which could be set down in my account as precious gain.

In forethought of retreat, Colonel Clendenin was advised that if the Confederates made it manifest that they were going to Washington, the retirement would be tried by way of the pike to Baltimore; in which case the danger was of being cut off by cavalry sent at speed across country to New Market, or some other point on the Baltimore pike, in advance of us. He was accordingly instructed to look out, and, when compelled to give up the ford, prevent or delay the enemy until we were safely beyond those points.

About nine o'clock in the forenoon of the engagement, I ordered the county bridge fired and destroyed. Near ten o'clock, General John B. Gordon, commanding the wing of Early's army assaulting by the Washington pike, discovered the strength of Rickett's position, and abandoning the direct front attack, with excellent judgment, moved down to Clendenin's ford. Driving the colonel off with artillery, he seized the ford, crossed it, and sent two regiments of cavalry in pursuit of him.

Let us now see what became of Clendenin.

His men had been covering the ford dismounted. Taking to their horses, they began a retreat which was a marvel of cavalry maneuvering.

The road was by the Washington pike to Urbana, a village of near three hundred inhabitants, with one main street and intersections. The country on either hand was cultivated. In the meadows the grass was advancing to readiness for the mower; much of the wheat had been cut; the corn was about waist high. Occasionally the rail fencing was broken by a stretch of open. The farmhouses were unpretentious; and so accustomed had the people in the vicinity become to the going and coming of troops, that many of them, notified of the battle by the guns, now stood about their doorways calm, curious, and apparently impartial spectators of the passage at arms so obligingly brought to them by fortune.

Past the open places Clendenin carried his men at full speed. Coming to stretches where his flanks were secured by the fencing, he formed his rear company into sections or platoons, as the width of the road permitted; so with equalized front, the carbine fire he opened upon the enemy checked his advance; then when the latter, dismounted, had thrown down the rails right and left, he resumed the retreat. Where the dusty roadway crept up a height, he presented a line on the summit, and held the advantage until a flank was again menaced. His command, it is to be observed, was finely mounted, and composed of veterans tactically perfect and used to combat; so a tyro can understand how, in the absence of artillery, the game he played was easy enough, and as he too was fighting for time, that is, to keep the Baltimore pike free for the passage of my column, the progress of his pursuers was necessarily slow and laborious.



CAPTURE OF THE FLAG.

At last Clendenin reached Urbana, and tore through it hard as his horses could go. On a slight elevation beyond the last straggling house, he halted and faced his troops to the rear in column of sections. The village lay fair to view, and to appearances deserted. There was no obstruction in the main street, not so much as a wagon. The day was hot; his horses were jaded, and the men suffering with thirst. He knew that what was true of his own people must be true of the enemy. Nobody was pursuing them. They could stop if it suited them. Would they stop? Would they break ranks, and scatter in search of water and something to eat? The presence of the Yankees was nothing. Had they not been hunting them all day? He saw them come in. Presently they filled the street; then they broke ranks, and sauntered off among the houses. This was what Clendenin wanted, and waiting coolly until the opportunity was fully ripe, he led his eager squadrons, sabers drawn, back into the town. From the walk to the trot, from trot to gallop, then at full speed, and cheering, they charged down upon the gray and butternut medley.

One Confederate officer sat his horse in the middle of the street. He was the first to see the coming storm. A bugle at his signal sounded the assembly, and snatching a flag from a man near by, the officer waved it shouting lustily. The rush to the banner was general, but formation was impossible. There was not time. Into the paralyzed mob the Federals burst, knocking outriders and men afoot, overturning horses, yelling like mad, and cleaving with vengeful fury. Clendenin spurred toward the gallant fellow with the flag. A pistol ball outflew him. His opponent reeled in the saddle, and the flagstaff in his dying hand fell forward, its iron point lodging in the flank of a horse. A moment after he measured his length in the dust; in another moment, Clendenin, regardless of the press, dismounted and secured the trophy.

The blow administered was so unlooked for and severe that the Confederates gave over the pursuit, and picking up their dead and wounded, and disposing of them, pushed on to Washington, leaving me to retreat unmolested.

The officer slain while making good the motto on his flag was Major Boggs, of the 17th Virginia Cavalry.

A few days after the battle Colonel Clendenin brought the flag to me. I declined it saying he had won it in combat against odds, and that he must keep it. He persisted on the ground that as I had made the fight in the first instance the trophies belonged to me of right, and that I must take and keep it as a lasting souvenir from him. He is now dead. In his memoirs General Grant has been pleased to say that the engagement at Monocacy saved Washington City from capture, by enabling him to get troops into the defenses. He also speaks of the Federal forces there engaged as a "forlorn

hope." Be that as it may, certainly there was not a more fearless spirit in the action than Lieutenant-Colonel D. R. Clendenin, of the 8th Illinois Cavalry.

There have been a number of requests from surviving officers of the 17th Virginia Cavalry for the flag, and from others as well, and it would have been returned long since but for the circumstances under which it came to me.

FROM THE WILDERNESS TO SPOTTSYLVANIA AND THE DEATH OF GENERAL SEDGWICK.

G. NORTON GALLOWAY.

A curious stillness pervaded the atmosphere of the Wilderness on the night of the 7th of May, 1864. The first move in the great left flank movement, inaugurated at that time by General Grant to work General Lee out of the fastness into which both armies had accidentally fallen three days before, was to be begun. The march for Spottsylvania Court House, where it was first intended to fight, began early in the evening of May 7 in double silence.

In leaving the entrenchments in the very presence of the enemy the silence of death prevailed. The forest in our front swarmed with the enemy, and his sharpshooters had selected good and high positions during the day, picking out victims at too frequent intervals all day long.

The order for marching was issued by General Grant at 6:30 A. M. on the 7th, and it was ordered that "all vehicles should go out of hearing of the enemy," and the order said "It is more than probable that the enemy concentrate for a heavy attack on Hancock this afternoon; such a result would necessarily modify these instructions." Early in the day we received orders to "be ready to move at a moment's notice."

About seven o'clock in the evening we abandoned our entrenchments, and, without a sound, or scarcely a command that was heard by anyone, we took up the line of march in true Indian file and heroically worked our way through the vegetation until we reached the dirt road and soon afterwards struck the Chancellorsville plank road.

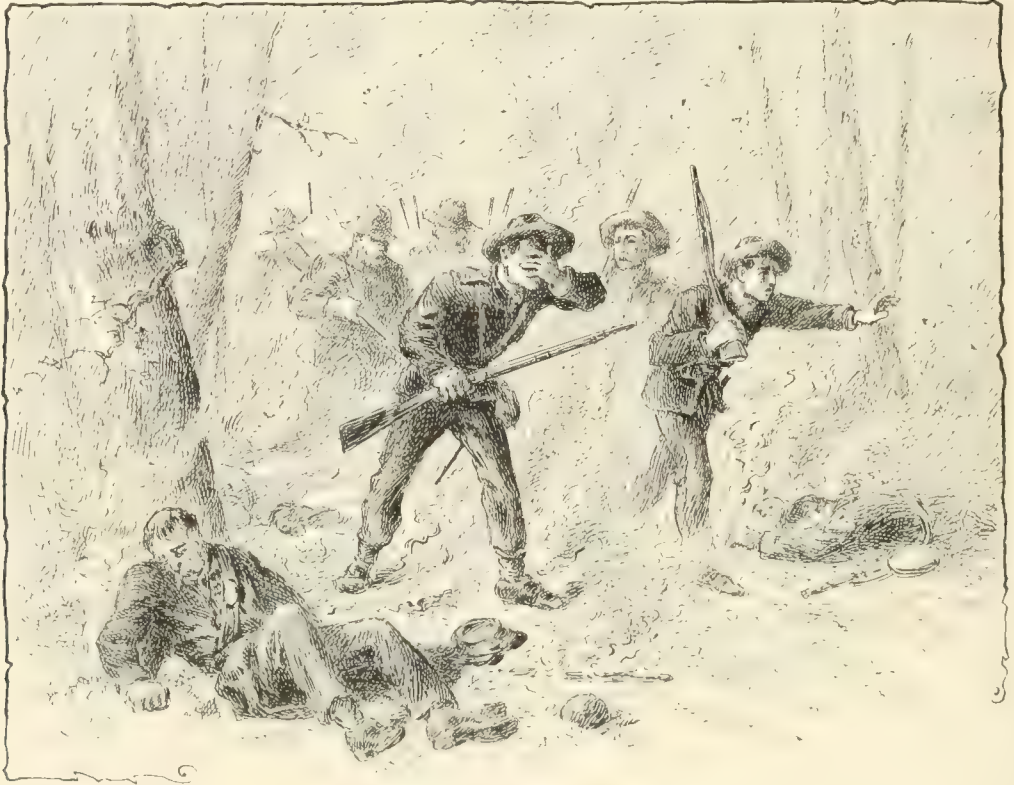
Not fully aware of Grant's intention, Lee had sent but one corps Anderson's of his army to Spottsylvania Court House and had mistaken Grant's flank movement for a retreat to Fredericksburg, and later in the day, ordered the balance of his army to march over the same road taken by our troops.

To facilitate the movement, the road was given up entirely to the trains and horsemen, and our march, in consequence, was the most toilsome we ever knew, and many were overcome with sleep ere midnight. The march was one of painful silence. If some team, with its sleeping driver, struck

suddenly against a root or got into a rut, if the driver was able to pick himself up, having been thrown from the pole horse, or if the team of mules passed on, their passing was all the noise made. The otherwise cannon-mouthed, cursing, boisterous teamster was silent; there was a pleasant absence of his usual damnation, he did not dare profane the scene on this occasion. For once in a campaign he was dumb. If a team became balky and impeded progress, that team owned the road, and would have held up Grant and the whole army—as on former occasions other generals and their commands were made subservient to the balking of teams. When this occurred, however, the team would be lifted bodily and laid to one side of the road by a detail made in silence, and who, taking in the situation at a glance, did the work of removal in true pantomimic fashion. The entire team would be thrown aside, followed by the disposal of the wagon in the same way. We were getting out of the wilderness. As day began to break on the 5th (May), we thanked God we were out of it. In the gray dawn of the early morning, the scene was one of sublimity. Every tree and bush, every piece of shrubbery, every man and beast bore a coating of whitish dust that completely metamorphosed the scene into one of supernatural splendor and wonderment.

A portion of Anderson's men had marched over the same road used by us during the night. The use of it was tendered to the Confederates by us in some sort of unexplained act of courtesy, during one of the numerous halts, and was afterwards explained by a member of General Grant's staff, who by the merest accident, discovered that both armies were using, or were about to use the same road. Thus Lee was again across Grant's path, a menace to his chosen ground. General Warren, with the Fifth Corps, and who led the movement, had by this time reached the vicinity of Todd's tavern, and, moving on towards the bridge, crossing the Po River and the Brock road to Spottsylvania Court House, had come in contact with Anderson's corps, Sedgwick now being at Piney Branch church. We made our first general halt for rest here, and our ears were greeted by the booming of cannon. We had intended to breakfast, but a flurry and a buzz among some of the aids-de-camp and our officers resulted in our missing the breakfast, and quickly forming in line of battle. A strong line of skirmishers was at once thrown out and advanced on the left flank of our column, and as flankers we soon found ourselves moving through a forest of fire, near Todd's tavern, where Sheridan had fought and defeated the Confederate cavalry on the seventh. The dead were literally roasting at our feet as they would burst from the confines of their burned-up uniforms, ghastly and sickening. It was necessary we should go through this forest in order to reach a certain point on the new line. The earth was like the bed of a furnace, and showers of sparks fell upon us like

rain. Blinding smoke caused our eyes to smart and weep, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could move on. Once we were halted and "closed up" and a foolish order given to "stack arms," which resulted in the butts of our guns igniting, and we, to our consternation, discovered that the soles were being drawn from our shoes, by the hot ashes upon which we were standing. All about us was a seething and charred scene, as forbidding and as suggestive as Doré or Nast could pencil it. Huge trees blasted by cannon balls, and saplings which had escaped the flames, were gouged and stripped of their bark. Tall pines smoked and smouldered, and their fatty knots

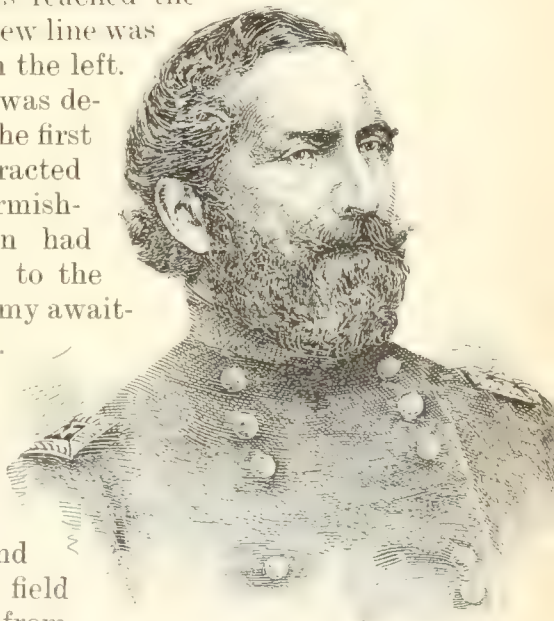


MARCHING THROUGH FIRE.

blazed up taper-like, and here and there bullets which had imbedded themselves in the timber, were melting away and running down the blackened trunks as melteth a candle away. Streaming with perspiration and well nigh robbed of our eyesight, we emerged from the smoke and flames and soon found relief in the open country as we neared Alsop's farm, where General Warren was engaging the enemy under Anderson.

It was the burning of this woods that lost to Grant the possession of Spottsylvania Court House, for General Anderson, now commanding Longstreet's

corps, had been ordered by General Lee to Spottsylvania Court House, but finding the woods ablaze in the neighborhood of Todds' tavern, where he intended to bivouac, continued his march, and by this accident reached Spottsylvania Court House in advance of our army, thus again placing the Confederate army between Richmond and Grant's forces, a position Grant had hoped to gain by this move. We were hurriedly thrown into position on the right of Warren. The sun was well up and the day was to be a hot one. Our new line was quickly formed and skirmishers pushed forward to meet the advance of a part of Anderson's corps already here, and who proposed to check our further advance. Our new position was among the ploughed fields of Alsop's farm, and the open country was wooded nicely in the enemy's direction and suitable to the requirements of his sharpshooters, who were already making themselves felt. The new line taken up by Upton's brigade was in the midst of a ploughed field and was frightfully exposed. A second detail was made for the skirmish line soon after the original line had been established, and in its advance across this field it at once became the pet target of the enemy's sharpshooters. As soon as our skirmishers reached the place designated for them to halt, and the new line was formed, it was found that a "gap" existed on the left. One man was wanted to fill that gap and I was detailed for that dangerous duty. As soon as the first line began advancing across the field it attracted considerable attention from the enemy's skirmishers and sharpshooters, but after the men had reached their destination and had dropped to the ground, the firing became desultory, the enemy awaiting another opportunity for a fresh fusilade. It was well understood that whoever attempted to cross that field now might just as well leave hope behind. I was allowed to refill my canteen with fresh water, and started forward. My captain and some of my comrades gave me their sympathy, and as anticipated, my attempt to cross the field brought a protest—bang! bang!! bang!!! from the sharpshooters. As soon as I reached the ploughed field I dropped down flat, and began worming myself through the furrows whilst the enemy's bullets searched for me on either side of the little ridges formed by clods of sun-baked earth. Fortunately for me I reached the gap unharmed and at once set to work with the feeble means at my control—bayonet, tin cup and plate—to make a shelter, and by piling



GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK.

up the clods of earth with my hands had my head and part of my body soon under cover. It was my first experience as a sharpshooter, and the most trying ordeal I had ever passed through. Night brought us only relief from the sun's rays, but no relief from the sharpshooters, whose deadly aim the darkness seemed to assist. Our suffering all day was intense, the water in our canteens was actually hot as the sun poured down its relentless rays. Once or twice some friendly clouds rode over the sky and spared us a moment's scorching. We should have bribed them to stand still were such a thing possible.

The engagement here was known as the battle of Alsop's farm, and this gap during the morning of the 9th of May proved to be a very paradise of sharpshooters and the most dangerous point on our whole line. It was from this point that our dear old General Sedgwick was killed by a sharpshooter whilst superintending the posting of a section of artillery belonging to the 1st Massachusetts Battery, and on the line with the 6th Maryland Regiment, and just as the writer was being relieved from the gap, and was running the gauntlet of bullets. In passing the bower of evergreens, a short time afterward, where temporarily reposed the body of our dead general, we raised our caps in a last salute.



CHAPTER LIX.

THE CAPTURE OF GENERALS CROOK AND KELLEY — A SKETCH OF PARTISAN WARFARE — GENERAL J. B. IMBODEN, U. S. A. — MCNEILL AND HIS FOLLOWERS — THE GUERRILLAS OF THE REVOLUTION — CAPTURING A TRAIN — THE RAID INTO CUMBERLAND, AND THE CAPTURE OF THE GENERALS.

By GENERAL JOHN B. IMBODEN, U. S. A.

THE sensational war incident here related has probably never been written about by anyone else who has collected all the important facts of its history from the leading actors in the drama on both sides. The public mind, North and South, at that late period in the national life and death struggle was so absorbed with the war in its grander features that this little episode was only a "nine days' wonder," and was then forgotten, save by a few who knew and felt a personal interest in the actors. Having had that interest in the captors, for reasons that will appear further on, I propose even at this late day to record the facts as obtained on our side from some of the leading participants in the bold enterprise, and as gathered from General Kelley, one of the captives, with whom I had the good fortune in 1866 to become personally acquainted in Philadelphia, where we occupied the same room, with two beds, at the Continental Hotel for three days and nights, when, as was natural, we discussed our war experiences, and he, with the utmost good humor, told me all about his capture, interspersing it with many ludicrous details, some of which I hope the reader will enjoy as much as I did their dramatic recital by the genial and good-natured general.

The daring coolness, self-possession and audacity of the Confederate leader, Jesse C. McNeill, and his sixty-four followers, that cold, icy night, all of whom except ten or twelve adventurous volunteers, without leave, from General T. L. Rosser's cavalry brigade, were McNeill's own "Partizan Rangers," cannot be fully appreciated without a brief history of the origin and make up of that noted *quasi* independent company, organized somewhat, and of similar material, as were "Mosby's Men" east of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia, for the harassment of the enemy in every way recognized by the written and unwritten laws of civilized warfare.

The historic services of General Francis Marion during the Revolutionary War against the British and Tories in South Carolina with a mere handful of bold spirits and rough riders who could live on roasted sweet

potatoes, camp and sleep under the trees on the naked ground, and move on a few minutes' notice, day or night, rain or shine, without baggage, stores or other *impedimenta* indispensable to large bodies of more regular troops, suggested to the Confederate Congress the passage of an act in the spring of 1862 for the organization of small bodies of mounted "Partizan Rangers;" and offering to them as an incentive to the utmost activity and most daring enterprise, in addition to the meagre pay of other troops, that they might turn over to the nearest quartermaster, commissary or ordnance officer, all property they might capture from the enemy, and receive its full appraised value in Confederate money.

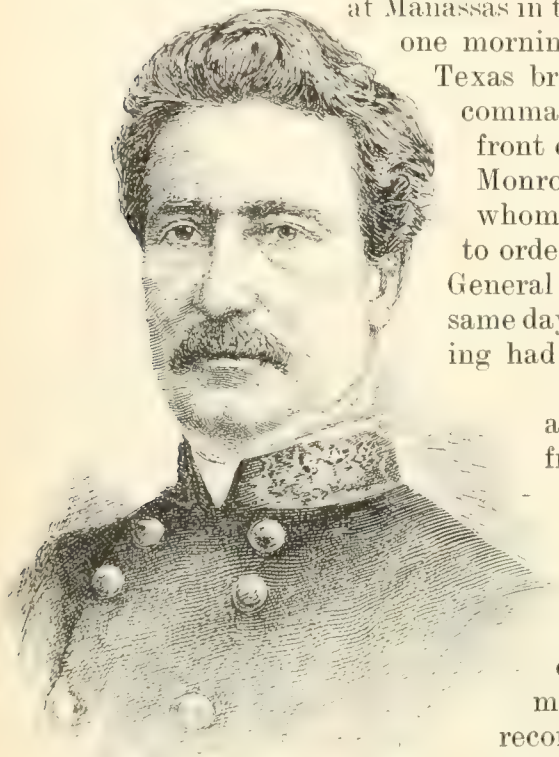
Shortly after the passage of this act, being at Yorktown in command of the Staunton artillery, a field battery that had received its "baptism of fire"

at Manassas in the first battle of Bull Run, I was informed one morning by General Louis T. Wigfall, to whose Texas brigade we were then attached in the army commanded by General Joseph E. Johnston in front of General McClellan, who was at Fortress Monroe, that he was directed by President Davis, whom he had seen the day before in Richmond, to order me to report to him at once in person. General Johnston approved the order, and that same day I went to Richmond, and early next morning had an hour's interview with the President.

He informed me that Senators Caperton and Hunter, and four of the Congressmen from the mountain districts of Virginia had represented to him in writing, that there were hundreds of men in their districts anxious to volunteer for the war, provided some Virginian known to them, and from that section of the State was commissioned to enlist, organize and command them; and that they had united in recommending me for that service under the Partizan Ranger Act of Congress.

GENERAL J. B. IMBODEN.

I liked the artillery, and had a right to expect promotion in that arm of the service in due time, but the President was so emphatic in urging that, as a native of the Shenandoah Valley, Augusta County, and extensively known to the public men of all the northwest part of the State, I could be more useful in the field indicated than by remaining with the army in the east, that I decided to accept a colonel's commission



which he tendered me under the Partizan Act. Proceeding at once to Staunton, my home, I established a temporary camp there, and arranged for arms as needed. Several young men immediately enlisted under me, whom I sent with hundreds of printed copies of a "Proclamation" into the adjoining mountain counties, calling for recruits.

The armies of Generals Fremont and Banks were then in possession of most of my proposed territory of operations. However, in a few days over two hundred men escaped the vigilance of the enemy and joined me. These I organized into two companies, and under authority given me, nominated and had their captains commissioned, the men electing their lieutenants. Just then "Stonewall" Jackson suddenly appeared from east of the Blue Ridge, and in thirty-three days he persuaded Fremont, Banks, Schenck, Milroy and Shields that it would be more comfortable for them on the north side of the Potomac. My two companies took a hand, under Captain "Charley" McCoy of Pendleton County, in convincing General Fremont's advance cavalry that the short cut he proposed to take from Franklin to Harrisonburg through a rocky gorge in Pendleton to get in Jackson's rear was so hard a road to travel, that he changed his route to a much longer one through Hardy County and was thus several days too late for the welfare of General Banks in his disastrous journey towards and across the Potomac. At the end of these thirty-three days of "old Stonewall's" rough treatment of our uninvited guests in the Shenandoah Valley, I actively resumed recruiting my partisans, having removed my rendezvous some forty miles northwest of Staunton to the headwaters of the north branch of the Potomac in the midst of the mountains, where for a time we "sat under our own vine and fig tree with none to make us afraid," and prospered.

The morning of the day I left Staunton a medium sized man of spare build, modest demeanor, but lithe, restless and active, though his hair and flowing beard were iron gray, called upon me and introduced himself as "Captain John H. McNeill, late of Missouri;" and, as his dark eyes fairly sparkled, told me he had seen service under General Ben McCulloch of that State, whom I had met and known; but being satisfied that the hardest fighting was to be in his native State, and along the Maryland border, where he was born and grew to manhood, and having seen a copy of my proclamation he had come on to join me together with a grown son, and that if I would get him a captain's commission he would go to Hardy and Hampshire Counties, where he was widely connected, and in ten days would join me with not less than one hundred men, the flower of the young manhood of those rich counties, all well mounted, and would only need arms, preferring double barreled shotguns, and Colt revolvers.

After an hour's conversation I knew I had "drawn a trump" in Captain John H. McNeill. That day he started to get his men, and I wrote for his commission and arms. He not only raised his quota, but at least an additional two hundred men from those counties, and some from Maryland, came with, or followed him to my camp to volunteer and be organized into companies. Their action was contagious farther west, so that by the 1st of October, I had twenty-one full companies, organized into two regiments and a battery. This was too large a body of the sort of troops contemplated by the Partizan Ranger's Act of Congress, and under General Lee's advice, but by a vote of the command, we entered the regular service as other troops, except Captain McNeill's company, who preferred a separate and independent organization as "Partizan Rangers," for the arduous and peculiar duties of such troops, but subject to my command. By the 1st of January, 1863, my volunteers reached the dimensions of a full brigade, when I was promoted to command it; and after the battle of Gettysburg I was assigned to the command of "The Valley District" (Shenandoah), and kept McNeill with his Rangers, Major Harry Gilmor, and Major Sturgis Davis, both of Maryland, and each with a small battalion from their State, always on the go scouting, capturing trains of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, assailing and breaking up foraging parties of the enemy, capturing horses beyond our established lines, and in a general way harassing the enemy, and keeping our side well informed of all movements of the enemy in our front. They soon knew every road and path, and almost every family in the Virginia counties between the Allegheny and the Blue Ridge Mountains, and within sixty miles of the Maryland line. Indeed so many young men over the border, in that State, joined one or the other of these Partizan bodies that they often crossed the Potomac at night to procure horses and cattle for Confederate use from people they knew in Maryland as sympathizers with the South.

On one occasion Captain McNeill learned that General Milroy, as I now remember it was, would move ten or twelve thousand men from Cumberland and New Creek on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to Moorefield to occupy the beautiful and fertile valley in which the town is located, and consume its supplies. Knowing he would have a train at least two miles long, and that in passing on the South Branch through the open plantation, the somewhat narrow lane would probably cause Milroy to place half his troops in advance and the other half in the rear of the train, with few if any guards in or beside the wagons, McNeill concealed his company in the brush at the foot of the mountain a quarter of a mile to the west, and partially laid down fences so they could be leaped. About two P. M. the troops, several thousand, came quietly and carelessly marching along. Then the long wagon train followed with more troops in the rear. When

its center was opposite the ambuscade, and the rear guard just in sight, the Rangers with a wild war whoop like Comanches of the western plains, swept down upon the affrighted wagoners, who took to their heels at the first pistol volley. The Partizans, leaving every fourth man to hold horses, jumped over the fence, each cutting out a team and firing a wagon, till they had as much live stock and harness as they could handle, and had the whole road for several hundred yards in a blaze, like a prairie on fire, when they remounted and swept back to the mountain at a gallop, the astonished guards at each distant end of the train not realizing exactly what had happened till the bold riders were well up the mountain side, and soon beyond its crest, safe. Two days later Captain McNeill came to my camp in Rockingham County to report, and waited there till his men had turned into the nearest quartermaster, at a fair price, a most valuable lot of "U. S." branded mules. The Federals, so summarily halted on their march, did not reach Moorefield till the next day.

Once again twenty-seven of his men fell upon a forage train in the same valley, captured ninety-six infantry guards, who were "off their guard," at the moment, and could not fire a shot before they were prisoners, and the forage train had changed ownership.

General Early in July, 1864, invaded Maryland and appeared before Washington. On reaching the Potomac in Hampshire County I was stricken down with typhoid fever for eight weeks, and late in the fall when slowly convalescing, was ordered to light duty in South Carolina and Georgia till fully recovered, and never got back to my command.

Sometime in the fall of 1864, and after I had gone South, Captain McNeill was killed accidentally by one of his own men in a night attack on a picket post at Mount Jackson, and was succeeded in command of his Rangers by his son, Jesse C. McNeill, 1st lieutenant under the old captain, and "a chip of the old block," although beardless and barely a man grown. It thus fell to Jesse's lot to carry out successfully a daring conception of his father's, that he had confided confidentially to a few friends in his lifetime, which was to disguise himself and a few of his most resolute and best-mounted men as Federal cavalry, and enter Cumberland some night, and make General B. F. Kelley, who had commanded so long there, a prisoner, and send him to Richmond to be exchanged for General W. H. F. Lee, a son of General R. E. Lee, and who was wounded and in captivity, held as a hostage for Colonel Straight, a prisoner at Richmond, reported in the North to be under sentence of death for some alleged illegal military offense. That Jesse knew of his father's purpose there can be no doubt, when in February, 1865, he resolved to attempt to carry it out, and succeeded as we shall presently see. The enterprise was so bold and so dangerous, that none but men who had had

such a training as I have outlined above, would have ventured upon it, or if they had, the chances are as a thousand to one that they would have failed, been captured and legally shot under the Articles of War, for assuming the uniform of the enemy to deceive him and enter his lines with hostile intent.

General Kelley had his headquarters at the Barnum Hotel and General Crook slept at the Rever House nearby in the heart of the city of Cumberland, then with a population of about eight thousand and there were eight to ten thousand Federal troops in winter quarters in and around the city. Jesse McNeill had amongst his followers several young men who had lived in Cumberland. One of these, Jacob Gassman, had been a clerk in the hotel where General Crook slept, and another, Sergeant James Daily, was a son of the landlord and brother of Miss Mary Daily, afterwards the wife of General Crook, and who was then probably engaged to him; and still another of his trusted followers was John B. Fay, a native of Cumberland, and so familiar with all its approaches and streets, that McNeill had sent him a few days before the expedition, with a comrade, C. R. Haller, a mere boy from Missouri, to ascertain and report the exact position of the troops quartered there, the locality of their outposts and pickets; and in short get all the information useful in carrying out such an enterprise. Fay performed this duty admirably and reported to McNeill *en route* on the night of February 21, 1865. Lieutenant Isaac S. Welton, fully the equal of McNeill in courage, ability and intelligence, was second in command, and also entirely familiar with all the country round about, and enjoying the entire confidence of the men.

There was snow on the ground and the night was cold. McNeill had set out to cross the river far enough west of Cumberland to make his way into the old National road and enter the city from the north, not likely to be closely guarded in that direction, but as they approached the river the night had been so far spent that there would be no time left to accomplish so great a detour before daybreak. Finding this to be the case, McNeill called a halt and hastily consulted with Lieutenants Isaac B. Welton and Isaac Parsons, Sergeants Daily, Vandiver, and Cunningham and Fay, and several privates, amongst them R. G. Lobb, Charles Nicholls, and J. W. Kuykendall (Parsons and Kuykendall were volunteers from Rosser's brigade), when it was decided to take the shortest route across and down the river to the city, and when challenged to answer "Friends from New Creek," where a garrison was in quarters a few miles west of Cumberland, and then to ride rapidly upon the pickets and capture them, and upon a threat of instant death to extort the countersign. This scheme was successful and the countersign ("Bull Run" for the night) was obtained, and two or three successive outposts were passed, and the party rode into the city along its principal streets singing Yankee

airs and songs and chaffing a few belated stragglers. Separating, a squad of ten went to each hotel. It lacking then only an hour and a half till day-break, no time could be lost. Passing themselves off as a company of Ohio cavalry with "important information for the general," each squad had no difficulty in imposing on the sleepy guard in front of the hotels, and making right for each general's room, roused him from his slumbers, and as he opened his door it was to look into the muzzles of several cocked pistols, and to receive the information, "General, you are a prisoner! Dress quickly and keep quiet if you value your life. Any attempt to give an alarm will compel us to kill you instantly. Keep quiet and go with us, and you will not be harmed." Whilst this was going on at the hotels, Sergeant Fay with a squad



THE MCNEILL RAID.

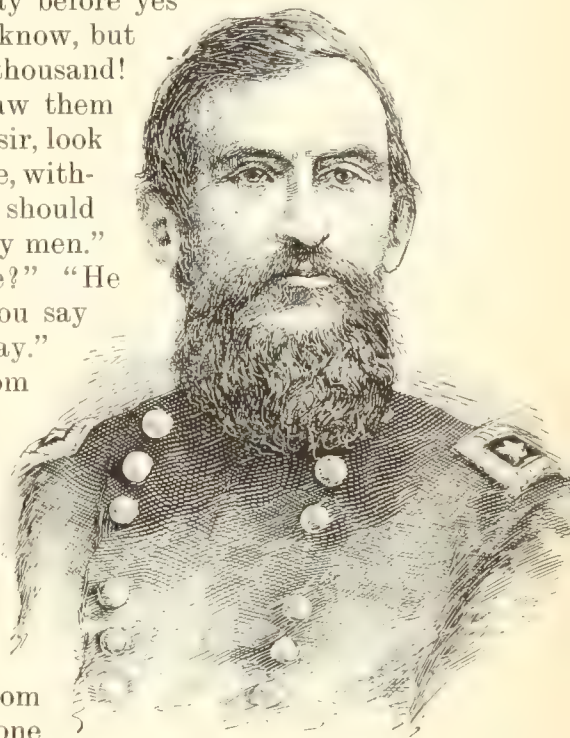
of men was playing havoc with the telegraph instruments and wires. Along with General Kelley his adjutant-general, Captain Melvin, was captured. In detailing the circumstances of his capture and abduction, General Kelley told me in Philadelphia that he and General Crook were ordered to send to the stables for their best horses by an orderly or sergeant, as if nothing more serious had happened than that they wished in person to make an early visit to the outposts to see that officers and men were doing their duty. He said when he and Crook first met in the street they looked at each other with such

an expression of bewildered astonishment, that finally both almost simultaneously smiled, and would have laughed aloud, but for a hint to keep quiet, and ride "side and side" together, with a Ranger on their flanks, and a squad in front and rear all with drawn pistols in their hands.

They went down the river, passing on the outskirts of a part of their army then sound asleep, and soon to a camp guard and were challenged with "Who comes there?" To which McNeill replied, "Company B, 3rd Ohio Cavalry with the countersign, and we are in a hurry." Instead of requiring the countersign, the officer on duty inquired "What's up?" McNeill responded: "Oh! old granny Kelley had a nightmare or bad dream that the Rebs are about to come down on him, and he is sending us out this bitter weather to scout the other side of the river. I sometimes wish they would catch him. Don't you think he's a regular old granny in his nervousness, whenever he hears there are a few Johnnies across the river?" "Yes I do! every time I am put on outpost duty such weather as this." "Well, let us pass; we want to get back as soon as possible," and away they went at a gallop. General Kelley told me that during this colloquy, Crook, who was at his side, kept nudging him with his knee, and chuckling at his expense. A similar chat occurred at the last outpost they had to pass, where McNeill, still personating the Ohio captain, said, "I wish that General Grant would remove granny Kelley from Cumberland, and put Crook in command," and in this wish the outpost officer concurred, when Crook laughed audibly and again punched Kelley's leg next to him; and from that time till they got to Richmond, Crook lost no opportunity to poke fun at him. But after they had crossed into Virginia, he said McNeill and all his followers treated them with the utmost courtesy and consideration, but compelled them to ride at breakneck speed to escape apprehended pursuit. When they halted at a farmhouse for an early dinner, McNeill and his men had ridden over sixty miles since supper the night before. And after a hasty meal and horse feed, they remounted and rapidly made for the mountains toward General Early's quarters in the Shenandoah Valley, and eluded all pursuit. The total distance ridden by the Rangers, from starting on the evening of February 20, till camped in the mountains on the night of the 21st, was ninety miles, in about thirty hours.

Great was the consternation in Cumberland that day, and furiously rode pursuing cavalry, doomed to disappointment, and frequently thrown off the track by civilian friends of the young Confederate rangers. As for instance, at the farmhouse where they dined and fed, not far from Moorefield, two hundred pursuers arrived not twenty minutes after they left, and the commanding officer inquired of the farmer, "How long since these men left your house?" "Only about an hour and a half ago." "Do you know how far it is to any Rebel forces?" The farmer replied that he had heard that there were

a good many about Petersburg (a village only a few miles distant). "Who is in command of them?" "A Mr. Smith was down with them at my place." (Colonel George H. Smith then commanded my brigade.) "When did you see them?" "They were down this way day before yesterday." "How many of them?" "I don't know, but I would think about a thousand." "A thousand! Did you count them?" "Oh, no. I just saw them riding along and guessed at them." "Well, sir, look at my line and tell me how many men I have, without counting." "Well," said the farmer, "I should think you have about one hundred and fifty men." "How often does Mr. Smith come down here?" "He comes every other day." "And when do you say he was here last?" "Day before yesterday." "What time of day does he come?" "From one to two o'clock in the evening." (It was now after twelve o'clock.) This interview seemed to convince the colonel that he was needed at New Creek or Cumberland, and he turned back thither. "Mister" Smith had but a handful of men anywhere near Moorefield, the rest of my old brigade being many miles further south wintering. This interview is given in a recent letter from Lieutenant L. N. Potts, acting adjutant of one of my old regiments, who vouches for its truth.



GENERAL GEORGE CROOK.

It is a graphic illustration of the shrewdness under the guise of rural simplicity, often shown by our noncombatant sympathizers during the war.

The only official reports of the affair on record are the following, which I give verbatim:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, February 24, 1865.

HON. JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, SECRETARY OF WAR:

General Early reports that Lieutenant McNeill with thirty men on the morning of the 21st, entered Cumberland, captured and brought out Generals Crook and Kelley, the adjutant-general of the department, two privates and the headquarter's flags without firing a gun though a considerable force is stationed in the vicinity. Lieutenant McNeill and party deserve much credit for this bold exploit. Their prisoners will reach Staunton to-day.

R. E. LEE.

CUMBERLAND, MD., February 21, 1865.

MAJOR-GENERAL SHERIDAN, WINCHESTER, VA.:

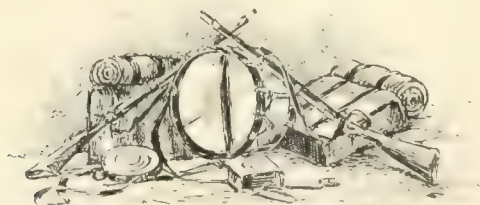
This morning about three o'clock a party of Rebel horsemen came up on the New Creek road, about sixty in number. They captured the picket and quietly rode into town, went

directly to the headquarters of Generals Crook and Kelley, sending a couple of men to each place to overpower the headquarter's guard, when they went directly to the room of General Crook, and without disturbing anybody else in the house, ordered him to dress and took him down stairs, and placed him upon a horse ready saddled and waiting. The same was done to General Kelley. Captain Melvin, A. A.-G. to General Kelley, was also taken. While this was being done a few of them without creating any disturbance opened one or two stores, but they left without waiting to take anything. It was done so quietly that others of us who were sleeping in adjoining rooms to General Crook were not disturbed. The alarm was given within ten minutes by a darky watchman at the hotel, who escaped from them, and within an hour we had a party of fifty cavalry after them. They tore up the telegraph lines and it required almost an hour to get them in working order. As soon as New Creek could be called I ordered a force to be sent to Romney, and it started without any unnecessary delay. A second force has gone from New Creek to Moorefield, and a regiment of infantry has gone to New Creek to supply the place of the cavalry. They rode good horses and left at a very rapid rate, evidently fearful of being overtaken. They did not remain in Cumberland over ten minutes. From all information I am inclined to believe that instead of Rosser, it is McNeill's company. Most of the men of that company are from this place. I will telegraph you fully any other information.

ROBERT P. KENNEDY, Major and A. A.-G.

But for the limits, already exceeded, imposed upon this contribution to your book, much more of interest as to the characteristic personality of McNeill and his men might be added. I have confined myself strictly to the authentic historic incidents of this unparalleled feat.

After the death of Captain John H. McNeill, General Early hesitated, on account of his youth, to recommend 1st Lieutenant Jesse C. McNeill for promotion to the captaincy of the Rangers, but this exploit won the commission.



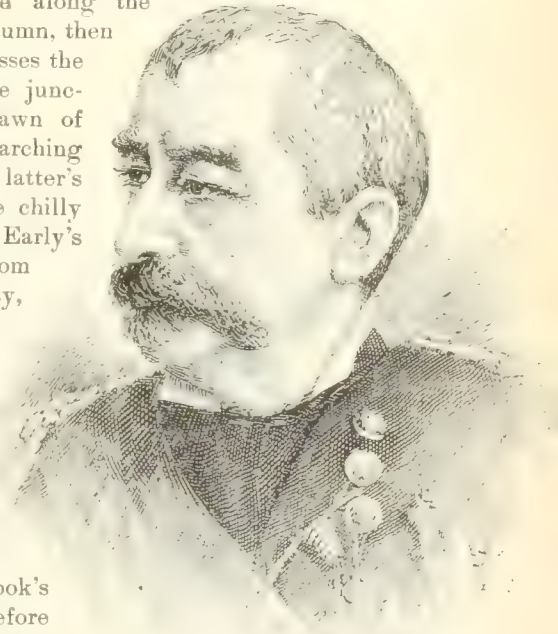
CHAPTER LX.

THE BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK—THE DEFEAT THAT WAS CHANGED INTO A VICTORY—THE SURPRISE,
THE ROUT, AND THE ARRIVAL OF SHERIDAN—THE RESULT OF SHERIDAN'S RIDE
—ERI D. WOODBURY, 1ST VERMONT CAVALRY—CAPTURING
A FLAG, AND ESCAPING WHEN CAPTURED.

THE battle of Cedar Creek was begun by Early's surprising the Federal troops, and had it not been for General Sheridan that which proved a glorious victory would have been a most disastrous defeat. The following is taken from the "National Records" regarding this engagement :

" Soon after midnight of Tuesday, October 18, 1864, Early, having arranged his troops unperceived at Fisher's Hill, just beyond Strasburg, moved forward to the attack. Marching southeasterly from Strasburg a short distance along the Manassas Gap Railroad, Kershaw, with a selected column, then turned northerly again on the small road which crosses the North Fork by a ford about a mile to the east of the junction of Cedar Creek with that river. Before dawn of Wednesday, the 19th, he was across the ford and marching past the left flank of Cook's corps, directly in the latter's rear, the whole manœuvre being accomplished in the chilly and foggy morning. Meanwhile, the remainder of Early's command had marched straight down the turnpike from Strasburg to Cedar Creek with equal silence and celerity, and, like the flanking column, without alarming the pickets or officers of the day.

" His position being gained close upon the picket line, the enemy, just before daybreak, rushed to the attack. So well protected was this flank with earthworks carrying artillery, that little fear had been entertained for it. But the enemy's noiseless advance and successful surprise counterbalanced the strength of the defenses. Advancing in columns of regiments he swept in upon Crook's picket line, and captured the greater part of it. Before the noise of the skirmishing aroused the camp from its slumbers, the enemy's flanking column was fairly within the intrenchments of the 8th Corps, and was capturing prisoners in large numbers, among his captures being the 2nd Battalion 5th New York Heavy Artillery, which was on the picket line. Once inside the camp the enemy rushed to seize the batteries, and succeeded in cutting off and capturing many pieces of artillery



GENERAL P. H. SHERIDAN.

before the latter could exchange a shot. The left division of Crook's corps was now thoroughly broken up, and Kitching's provisional division of New York Heavy Artillery, which lay in Crook's rear, suffered a similar calamity. General Crook and Colonel Kitching endeavored to rally their commands, but the bewilderment of the troops in the unexpected attack, the large force of the enemy, and his success in turning their flank unperceived, showed that he could not be checked at this point.

"Meanwhile, also, Early had emerged from behind the hills west of Cedar Creek, where he lay concealed, and, simultaneously with the attack in flank, rushed across the creek at the ford, and drove back Thorburn's division, which lay on the right of Crook's line, in front of the ford and against the turnpike. This combined movement sufficed to complete the disaster."

The left flank of the army was turned; the entire corps routed. The enemy's artillery was in position on a high ridge, greatly to the disadvantage of the Eighth and Nineteenth Corps.

He gained and passed the turnpike, charging the Nineteenth Corps successfully. Day had dawned. The enemy had nineteen pieces of captured artillery, and was steadily advancing. That the Federals would soon be completely routed seemed inevitable, when, at about half-past ten o'clock there was a sudden and decided change.

"Sheridan rode upon the field from Winchester, where news of the battle had reached him. He had come in at great speed, being well assured by the sight that met him on the road that his presence was needed at the earliest moment. His arrival created great enthusiasm among both officers and men, to whom, in general gloom, this was a ray of hope. He rode along the ranks, and was received everywhere with cheers."

The enemy paused temporarily, giving the Federal commanders an opportunity to reform the troops, and at one o'clock charged again, this time unsuccessfully. General Bidwell was killed, and General Grover wounded. Until three o'clock the battle waged fiercely. Then it was that Sheridan made a grand effort to turn the tide.

"The Sixth Corps was drawn up in the center, along the pike, with Getty's 2nd Division in advance. The other divisions supported. The Eighth Corps was reformed on the left of the Sixth, and the Nineteenth came up on its right, under cover of the woods. Merritt's 1st cavalry division was thrown out of the left flank, with Lowell's brigade in advance, and Devin following closely. Custer was on the right flank. Between three and four o'clock Getty dashed forward on the charge, and the remainder of the line followed. A tremendous fire of artillery and musketry greeted the troops as they burst out of the woods. For a time it seemed impossible to withstand it. The lines once surged back, broken, but were again reformed, and, while such of the batteries as remained answered the enemy with vigor and effect, the gallant troops again pressed on. Despite determined and bloody resistance, they carried the town, and drove the discomfited enemy through it. This was the crisis of the day, and from that moment victory was Sheridan's. The enemy at once began his retreat, and it was only a question how far the men would have strength enough to pursue him, and what spoil he would leave.

"The Sixth and Nineteenth Corps and the cavalry now pressed the enemy from Middletown to Cedar Creek. In his haste he threw away guns, haversacks, clothing, and



SHERIDAN AT CEDAR CREEK.

other *debris* of a routed enemy. No time was given him to pause. The infantry were thrown rapidly into column for the pursuit, and the cavalry charged across the open fields. At Cedar Creek the enemy stopped, and planted his batteries on the opposite bank to hold the bridge and fords. But the forces pressed on, carried the fords and bridge, and drove him from the creek through Strasburg to Fisher's Hill. The cavalry distinguished itself in getting across the creek under fire. The briskness of the pursuit caused the enemy to abandon large quantities of cannon, caissons and wagons, and threw his whole rear into confusion. In fact, the Union troops had now a fair offset for their own defeat in the morning, and the enemy was put to flight with quite as much rapidity and disorganization as he had visited upon them at daybreak, and with greater loss of material."

In this engagement thirteen medals were won. The names of the winners appear in the official list.

CAPTAIN ERI D. WOODBURY.

1ST VERMONT CAVALRY.

ERI D. WOODBURY, who was a professor in Dartmouth College prior to his enlistment, and who now is engaged in orange culture at Duke, Florida, sends an account of how he won his medal in this particular engagement.

Mr. Woodbury was born in Francistown, N. H., in 1837. He enlisted at St. Johnsbury, Vt., December, 1863, as a private in Company E, 1st Vermont Cavalry. July 4, 1864, he was promoted to sergeant; October 19, 1864 (at Cedar Creek), he was made 2nd lieutenant of Company E; February 9, 1865, he was promoted to 1st lieutenant of Company B, and to captain, June 6, 1867.

Mr. Woodbury writes:

At the time of the battle of Cedar Creek I was acting 1st sergeant of Company E, and in command of the company, no commissioned officer being on duty. After Sheridan's arrival on the field, and when the line was formed, General G. A. Custer's division (3d Cavalry Division, in which was my regiment), was formed on the extreme right. In due time we went in with Custer leading, as he always did, and soon had the enemy in full retreat.

Crossing the creek the Confederate battery got into position and gave us a shot or two; but those guns were soon ours. Continuing the pursuit I saw a squad of four infantrymen running across the field at the left of the road on which I was. Dashing after them, and calling upon them to surrender, I discovered that one carried, instead of a musket, a stand of colors. Very reluctantly he gave them to me, and I soon took the prisoners over to the guard, having a few moments previously served two others in the same way.

My captured colors proved to be the battle flag of the 12th North Carolina Infantry. Two days later I was ordered to report with the colors to

General Custer, who took all those soldiers who had captured flags to Washington, that the trophies might be turned over to the War Department. We were introduced to Edwin M. Stanton; record was made of the incidents of the capture, and we were given a furlough of twenty days with free transportation, in addition to the bronze medal.

Upon my return to the regiment at the expiration of the furlough, I was presented with a 2nd lieutenant's commission in Company E, from Governor Smith of Vermont, as a further mark of encouragement and appreciation.

March 2, 1865, at the battle of Waynesborough, Va., I was struck by a fragment of a shell on the inside of the thigh; but, singularly enough, did not receive serious injury.

April 1, of the same year, at Five Forks at the beginning of a charge by Custer's division, my horse was shot under me. Mounting another we became decidedly mixed up with the Confederate Infantry, and

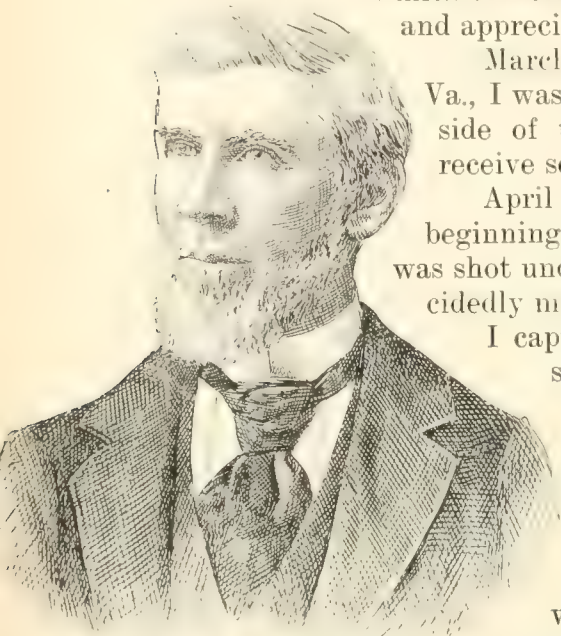
I captured a man. While trying to get the obstinate fellow to the rear, one of the enemy

came up on my right and another on my left, with their bayonets at my breast. The man I had captured slipped around behind me, and the three began marching me off as a prisoner. After going a few rods I struck the spurs into my horse, and

was fairly started for the rear by the time they understood my purpose. "Stop him! Stop him! Shoot the d—d Yank!" they

shouted as all three blazed away at me. The distance was not more than twenty feet; my horse was killed, and fell on my left leg, holding me down. My captors evidently thought both horse and man were dead, and passed on. It took but a few moments to free myself, catch a horse and rejoin the command.

April 8, 1865, at Appomattox, as it was growing dark, Custer's division charged and captured a lot of guns—about thirty, it was said. This ended the conflict for the night, and before fighting was resumed next morning, Lee surrendered; but I was not there to see it, for in that last charge I had been struck by a fragment of shell, which carried away the first and second fingers of my right hand with the metacarpal bones of the same, passed across my breast cutting open jacket and shirt, and went through my left arm near the shoulder. Thus, after working until the end, I lost the opportunity of being in at the death, and of participating in the great parade at Washington.



CAPTAIN E. D. WOODBURY.

CHAPTER LXI.

INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT PRICE RAID, 1864—SERGEANT C. M. YOUNG, 3RD IOWA CAVALRY—THE PURSUIT ACROSS THE PRAIRIE—JAMES DUNLAVY, SAME REGIMENT—FROM MARIAS DES CYGNES TO LITTLE OSAGE—A CONTINUOUS RUNNING FIGHT—CAPTURE OF GENERAL MARMADUKE—ALONZO C. SMITH, 7TH MICHIGAN CAVALRY—THE LAST LETTER—SAVING THE FLAG BY TEARING IT INTO PIECES

CALVARY MORRIS YOUNG was born in Athens County, Ohio, in 1840, and enlisted at Bloomfield, Iowa, August 15, 1861, as sergeant in the 3rd Iowa Cavalry. His first term of service having expired, he reenlisted as a veteran, January 1, 1864, at Little Rock, Ark.

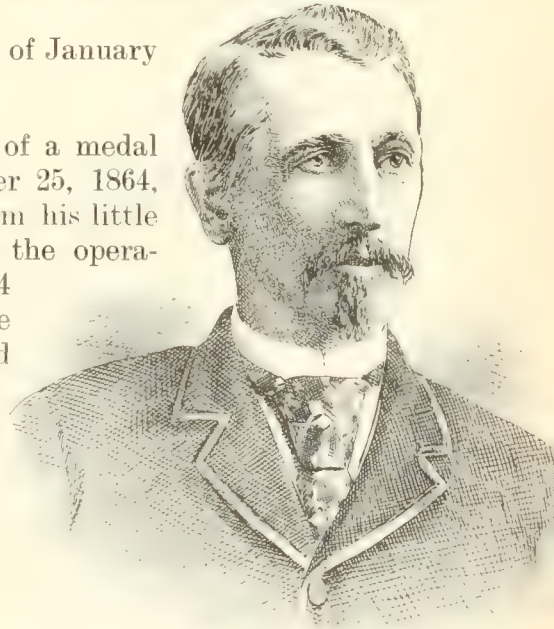
During his service he participated in the following battles: Osage, Little Rock, Guntown, Ebenezer Church, Bayou Metoe, Big Blue, Tupelo, Selma, Six Mile Creek, Columbus, Montevallo.

Writing from Ludlow, Ky., under date of January 29, 1894, Mr. Young says:

I have the honor to be the possessor of a medal awarded me for services rendered October 25, 1864, when General Sterling Price undertook to form his little Confederacy in Missouri. The history of the operations against that general in the fall of 1864 is of great interest, and the part which the 3rd Iowa Cavalry, with its brigade, sustained in it, I give simply as a rough sketch.

Colonel Winslow's brigade had but just returned from its second expedition under General Smith, against Forrest, when it was ordered to the pursuit of Price; indeed, if I mistake not, it was recalled from Oxford, Miss., for this express purpose.

The brigade left camp near Memphis at two o'clock on the morning of September 2, 1864, and, crossing the Mississippi River, marched to Brownsville, Ark., arriving there on the 9th. Here the command rested until the morning of



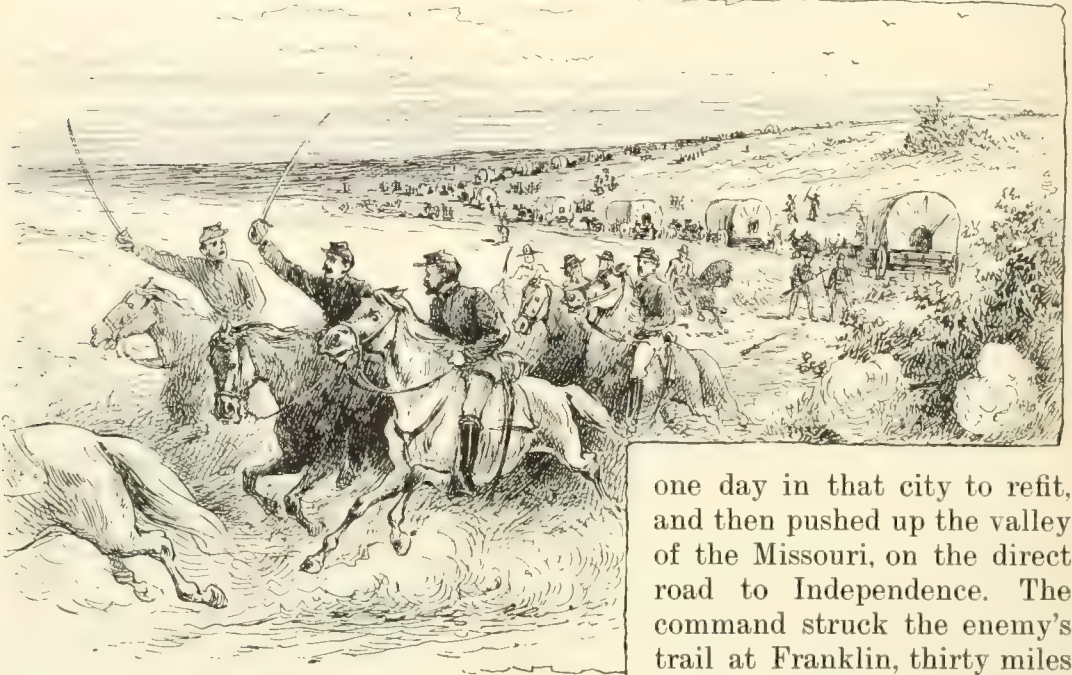
CALVARY M. YOUNG.

the 18th, awaiting the arrival and organization of the infantry, under command of Major-General Mower.

On the 18th the march was resumed northward, passing through Austin, Searcy, and crossing the White River fifteen miles below Batesville, and the Black River at Elgin, it entered Missouri at Poplar Bluffs.

Price was living generously in the State, and offering every inducement to recruits. In this section, as well as in southern Iowa and eastern Kansas, the inhabitants were greatly alarmed; the militia of both States was being organized and disciplined to meet the invasion.

From Poplar Bluffs, Winslow's brigade marched to Cape Girardeau, and proceeded thence by boat to St. Louis, where it arrived October 10. It rested



THE RETREAT OF GENERAL PRICE.

one day in that city to refit, and then pushed up the valley of the Missouri, on the direct road to Independence. The command struck the enemy's trail at Franklin, thirty miles west of the Mississippi, and at that time Price was in Lex-

ington. On the 22nd Winslow's brigade reached Independence, where it formed a junction with the cavalry command under General Pleasanton. On that evening it was sent to the front, and encountered the enemy's rear guard, for Price was only a few miles distant.

Our regiment was dismounted, sent to the front, and immediately engaged the enemy on the Kansas City road, fighting and driving Clark's brigade a distance of five miles in four hours and a half, when we were relieved. We rested on the field during the night, in the face of the enemy, having

marched since twelve o'clock on the night of the 21st, without water or forage for our animals.

On the morning of the 23rd, the 3rd Iowa Cavalry was in the saddle at four o'clock, and pressing the enemy. It will be remembered that as early as the 20th, General Blunt, under orders from General Curtis, had moved out of Kansas City to Lexington, and engaged Price's advance.

Pleasanton with his cavalry soon after struck him in the rear, and from that time until the 22nd (the date of the battle of the Big Blue), the Confederate general was between two fires. But it was destined to be on Big Blue that the invading army should be defeated and disorganized.

In this splendid victory Colonel Winslow's brigade contributed not a little. Early in the day, Company A, of the 3rd Iowa, charged the enemy in a strong position, capturing a stand of colors and several prisoners. A few hours later the entire regiment, with the brigade, formed in a gallant mounted charge against the enemy in column of regiments, which was continued through the farms and over the prairie for five or six miles.

The loss of Price was extremely severe, and, as I have stated, his army was demoralized. Major Jones, of the 3rd Iowa, gives the following account of the pursuit during the two subsequent days:

"Having at daylight (24th) joined the Army of the Border, under General Curtis, we marched early, constantly and rapidly in a southern direction, after the retreating enemy, down the line dividing Missouri and Kansas, over extensive prairies dotted with devastated farms and lonely chimneys, which marked the ravages of war. We marched without halting until three A. M. of the 25th, when we reached Trader's Post, on the Osage River; there we found the enemy, and waited eagerly for morning. The enemy, having been routed from his position on the river, was followed up at a gallop for several miles by Winslow's brigade in the following order: 10th Missouri, 4th Iowa, 3rd Iowa, 4th Missouri, and 7th Indiana Cavalry. When he attempted to make a stand, we formed on the prairie in two lines of battle supported by eight pieces of artillery. My command was formed in line of battle with the brigade in column of regiments in their order of march, and constituted the left center of our line. We charged the enemy, breaking his right and center, and capturing many of his men.

"Among the captured, were Generals Marmaduke and Cabell, the former taken by James Dunlavy, of Company D, and the latter by Calvary M. Young, of Company L, both of the 3rd Iowa Cavalry. Companies C, D, and E, captured three pieces of the enemy's artillery. The whole of my command did nobly on that field, as also on all others, and the highest commendations are due to the men and officers.

"The remainder of the day was one of continued charge upon the enemy, resulting in his complete rout. We rested on the prairie over night, near Fort Scott, Ark. The charge was brilliant in the extreme; it was at the foot of a gentle slope, in front of a small creek skirted with brush, and under the withering fire of the enemy's muskets and artillery, belching forth grape and canister, shell and smoke. The sight cannot be pictured in its reality, as it was on the naked prairie for miles around."

It was in this battle and charge that I took General Cabell prisoner. I had charged through what was left of their lines, and was fully three quarters of a mile in advance of the spot where they made a stand. I was at the time in command of the company, since there was but one commissioned officer with us when leaving Memphis (Captain J. D. Brown), who was wounded at Big Blue. There were two of Company L who went through with me, Thomas Goin and Thomas Regan. If I remember correctly they were leading some horses we had captured, and guarding a prisoner or two. I went out and took Cabell from among his body guard, as I suppose they were—at least there were about twenty-five or thirty of them—and the comical part of the whole transaction is that I could not have fired a shot, for my carbine was out of order, and I had not a single cartridge for my revolver.

I turned General Cabell over to General Pleasanton after we got out from the rabble of Confederates.

JAMES DUNLAVY.

3RD IOWA CAVALRY.

JAMES DUNLAVY, private of Company C, 3rd Iowa Cavalry, captured General Marmaduke, one of the Price raiders, October 25, 1864, at Little Osage Crossing.

Dunlavy was but nineteen years of age. He had enlisted in 1863.

Colonel Benteen charged the Confederate right, capturing their artillery and throwing into confusion Marmaduke's men.

It was about this time that Dunlavy was wounded in the arm by a fragment of shell, and in the momentary confusion had fallen to the rear of his brigade. He attempted to rejoin his comrades just as Marmaduke's men had begun their retreat.

An officer in Confederate uniform rode by him,

and Dunlavy discharged his revolver, but missed the target. Then, before the Confederate had any idea of what was going on, the young cavalryman



THE CAPTURE OF GENERAL MARMADUKE.

was by his side, demanding his surrender, and General Marmaduke gave up his revolver with an air of surprise, for he had not fancied the Federals were so near at hand.

As a matter of course Dunlavy did not know the rank of his prisoner, and, in order to oblige a comrade, he confiscated the general's horse, forcing that gentleman to walk to the rear.

He was not kept long in ignorance as to whom he had trotting at his saddle-girth, for General Blair recognized the prisoner, and at once took him to General Curtis.

Then Dunlavy had no time to think of the possible honor which was his in having made the capture, for his wound began to be troublesome, and it was necessary it should be attended to at once. Therefore he returned to Fort Scott, and before many months was awarded a medal of honor.

In addition to the bit of bronze a complimentary resolution was passed by the board of supervisors of Davis County, Iowa, forming an appendage to the medal such as few of the boys in blue can boast of.

A SAD FAREWELL.

THE 7th Michigan was in all particulars a fighting regiment. From the State records it is shown that they mustered in eight hundred and twenty-



THE LAST LETTER.

four strong, and that during the first half of the year 1862 they were in nine battles. At Antietam more than one-half of the entire force engaged were disabled, and there it was that one of the army pathetic incidents of the war

occurred in the death of Captain Allen H. Zacharias. He was found dead on that hardly-contested field holding in one hand an envelope stained with blood, on which was written:

TO PETER K. ZACHARIAS, MONROE, MICH.:

DEAR PARENTS, BROTHERS AND SISTERS:—I am mortally wounded, I think. The fight rages round me. I have done my duty; that is my consolation. I hope to meet you all again. I left not the line until nearly all had fallen and the colors gone. I am getting weak; my arms are free, but below my chest all is numb. The enemy trotting over me, the numbness up to my heart. Good-bye to all.
Your son, ALLEN.

There were many brave men in the Seventh, but this young captain, who at the supreme moment when he lay on the battlefield, trampled upon by the enemy's horses and bleeding to death, must have been one of the bravest, that he could think of sending some loving word to those at home whom he should never in this life see again.

ALONZO SMITH.

7TH MICHIGAN INFANTRY.

ALONZO SMITH was born in the State of New York, August 9, 1842, and enlisted August 9, 1861, in Company C, 7th Michigan, as private. He was promoted through the successive grades to acting adjutant, and reenlisted December 18, 1863, with the regiment as a veteran organization.

Mr. Smith writes as follows:

The 2nd Division, 2nd Army Corps, moved from its works at Petersburg out to the Boydton road, where they formed in line of battle, the right of the division resting at or near the road, and extending to the left on a high elevation, facing toward the south and west in a semicircle, my regiment being the left flanking regiment of the division, with its left extending into the woods in the rear of the right division.

While in this position the Confederates attacked the right of our division, and in the evening the 26th North Carolina were cut off from their command and came strolling through the woods in our rear.

I saw men moving around behind us, and, calling to Thomas Smith, sergeant Company F, I asked him if he did not think they were Confederates. He decided that they were not, and went to report to Colonel LaPointe. I was not entirely satisfied in regard to the matter, and ventured into the woods to investigate for myself, discovering before I had gone more than fifteen or twenty rods that they were a Confederate command, coming directly toward me. Fearing that they would see, and, perhaps, pop me over if I attempted to regain my command, I concluded to hold my ground and demand a surrender.

Stepping behind a large elm tree, I awaited their approach with loaded musket and fixed bayonet, stepping out when they were within a rod or so. In as bold a voice as I could assume, I demanded their surrender, and at first they paid no attention to me. I made the second demand, when their officers came up and said they would surrender if I would take them out of there all right. At the same time he asked if we had any troops in the vicinity.

I informed him that there was a division a short distance away, and they wanted to know in what direction I was going to take them. When I pointed toward the road, they said that would be toward their lines, and seemed to be perfectly satisfied. As the men came up, they were ordered by their officers to throw down their weapons, which they did.

Stepping back a few paces I called to Alfred Bordine and John Craymer, they being the first I saw, to come to me with a guard, as I had some prisoners. Being excited over my good fortune, I had forgotten all about the flag until the boys were nearly there, when I stepped up to the color-bearer and told him I would relieve him and act as color-bearer myself.

He handed me the flag in a very genteel manner, saying the staff belonged to the 9th New York Heavy Artillery, captured at Ream's Station. Just then Colonel LaPointe came up and wanted to know what I had been doing. I replied that I had only been taking a few prisoners, and had turned color-bearer.

He then told me to go with the guard out to the road and find General Hancock, to whom I should report what I had done; not to come back to the regiment that night, but stay with the provost marshal and keep the flag.

Finding General Hancock, I reported to him, and he ordered me to take the prisoners across the field to a covered wagon that stood in the edge of the woods, and there turn them over to the provost marshal.

That night the army fell back to the run, and through some mistake my regiment and the 59th New York were left in the woods. At daylight I saw Colonel Rug of the 59th New York, then in command of the brigade, sitting on his horse beside the road, and I asked where the 7th Michigan was. He said he did not know, and inquired what flag I had. I told him, and he requested me to turn it over to him, saying he would send it to division headquarters, where it would be safe, he receipting to me for it.

At Sunrise Colonel LaPointe discovered that the army had fallen back. Starting for the rear, the 7th Michigan was charged by the Confederate cavalry before they had crossed the first field. They gave them a volley and ran to the next woods, where James Donaldson, who carried the State colors, stripped them from the staff, took off his shirt, wrapped the flag round his body, and replaced the garment. The United States flag was torn to pieces, each man taking a piece, and I have my share now as a relic. I also have a

fragment of the 26th North Carolina, which I tore off in Colonel Hardee's office at the War Department, when I turned over the flag to Secretary Stanton and General Townsend, in company with Daniel J. Murphy, 19th Massachusetts, who captured the flag of the 47th North Carolina in the same engagement.

My regiment and the 59th New York, after wandering in the wilds of Virginia for two days, returned to camp by the aid of an old negro, who piloted them through the Confederate lines, and I was then granted a furlough of fifteen days to go to Washington with the captured flag.



DISTRIBUTING THE FLAG.

The night I started Colonel LaPointe handed me a warrant as 1st sergeant of Company C, and recommended me for promotion as 1st lieutenant, to Governor Blair of Michigan, which commission I received shortly after my return to the front. I was in all the battles in which my regiment participated except the first Fredericksburg, I being then in the hospital with a wound in the left thigh, received at Antietam, September 17, 1862, and I was absent from the third day's fight at Gettysburg because of a wound in the left wrist received on the 2nd of July.

CHAPTER LXII.

THE STORY OF A SKIRMISH—CAPTAIN W. AVERILL, U. S. A.—THE PURSUIT OF McCausland's RAIDERS—A MIDNIGHT MEETING—THE RAID UPON THE RAIDERS—THE ADVENTURE OF CAPTAIN KERR—STANDISH'S BLUFF AT STRAWBERRY PLAINS—GENERAL L. S. TROWERIDGE—STANDISH AND HIS GARRISON—STANDING OFF WHEELER'S COMMAND—THE BATTLE AT THE FORD—INTERVIEWING THE PRISONERS.

THE STORY OF A SKIRMISH.

CAPTAIN W. AVERILL.

ON the evening of August 6, 1864, the Confederate General, McCausland, was resting his division at Moorefield, after an incursion into Maryland, during which he had burned the village of Chambersburg. His division consisted of his own and General Bradley Johnson's brigades of cavalry, Gilmor's mounted battalion and the Baltimore battery; in all about thirty-two hundred strong.

At dark on the same evening, I had arrived within eight miles of Moorefield, with seventeen hundred and sixty men of my division, after a weary pursuit of one hundred and fifty miles. My division had been engaged since the spring of the year, in long and toilsome expeditions, twice to the Tennessee Railway, and to Lynchburg, and in many combats and skirmishes, so that it was in bad condition for active movements, on the march or in battle. It was therefore absolutely essential to a successful attack of McCausland, that he should be surprised and fought with the utmost energy. Vigilant scouts guarded my front and prevented any intelligence of my command reaching the enemy, and at the same time ascertained his position.

McCausland's brigade, with Gilmor's battalion and two guns of the battery, were encamped on the right bank of the South Branch of the Potomac toward Moorefield, and Johnson's brigade with two guns on the north side of that stream nearly a mile from the other brigade. After dark I sent a detachment of one hundred and sixty men by a mountain road around to the eastward of Moorefield to reach the road leading from that little village to Winchester, to blockade it and prevent the escape of the enemy in that direction to rejoin General Early.

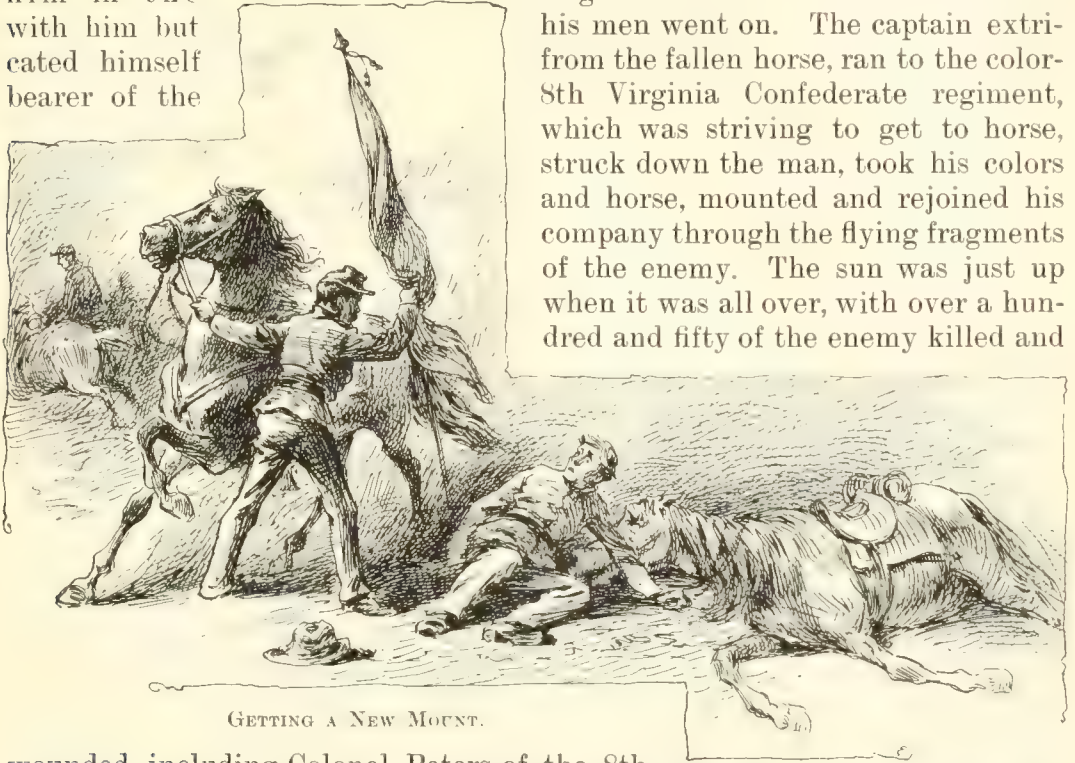
At midnight I assembled my officers and explained the situation of the enemy and my plans for the attack and gave them orders to so inform their

men, and the command was saddled and placed in column on the road leading toward the enemy.

Taking Captain Kerr and a few chosen men, I went forward on foot in the darkness, which was deepened by a dense fog, and captured the enemy's mounted vedettes from whom I learned the position of the enemy's picket of fifteen men under Confederate Lieutenant Carter. I sent back Captain Kerr, who, taking fifteen mounted men, made a wide *detour* through the fields, struck the road beyond the picket and returning was challenged by it and answered "Relief," whereupon he drew near, dismounted and in a minute had the picket disarmed and corralled in the fence corner under guard. From some unguarded remarks of the picket officer I learned the distance to Johnson's brigade and that a patrol from it had been expected.

Mounting Captain Kerr and his detachment I directed him to go forward, meet the expected patrol and capture it, and sent back for my column to move forward. Captain Kerr met the mounted patrol over a mile farther on, was challenged and answered "Picket coming in" and immediately and quietly surrounded the patrol and compelled its surrender. The officer in charge of the patrol broke away in an effort to escape, but Captain Kerr sprang after him and quickly subdued him with his sabre. The road was now clear to the enemy and not a shot had been fired. When the head of my column reached a point within five hundred yards of the enemy, it was not yet light enough to see clearly ten yards, and two Confederate troopers met me in the road who had been sent to recall the patrol and pickets and who informed me that their brigade was saddled and ready to move. My dispositions for the attack were quickly made, with one column in the road and one in the fields on each side all following a line deployed in sets of fours, Captain Kerr with his company in advance of center column, only one squadron could be left in rear to take charge of prisoners. My orders were to ride over Johnson's brigade, using only the sabre, and to continue steadily on the river regulating gait by center column led by myself—Captain Kerr to strike the enemy's line, which I expected would be found on the opposite side of the river—break through it and capture General McCausland himself and to acquaint all his men with his orders. The first part of the plan was executed, but the one squadron left behind could not hold all the prisoners taken of Johnson's brigade, and a large number of them escaped through the cornfields to the hills. There was but one ford at the river crossing and in the slight delay which ensued, the enemy had a little opportunity to form on the opposite side. Captain Kerr was at once across and closely followed by my troops. The early morning light was not yet clear enough to distinguish individuals above a hundred yards and Captain Kerr challenged by the first troops he met answered "Gilmer's battalion," but as that particular force happened to

be the challenging party, a hot fire was opened on Kerr's company as it charged, and a bullet struck Captain Kerr's face to the right of his nose and came out of the right side of his neck below the ear; another bullet wounded him in the thigh and his horse was killed and fell with him but he extricated himself and became the bearer of the



GETTING A NEW MOUNT.

wounded, including Colonel Peters of the 8th Virginia, three colors and their battery captured and nearly five hundred officers and men prisoners with nearly a thousand horses and more of small arms captured. The enemy was dispersed to the mountains, and General Early in his memoirs says he had no cavalry of that division afterward. My loss was only thirty-six officers and men killed. Captain Kerr's only distress after the action seemed to be that he had not caught McCausland.

STANDISH'S BLUFF AT STRAWBERRY PLAINS.

GENERAL L. S. TROWBRIDGE.

DURING the summer of 1864 the 10th Michigan Cavalry was stationed at Strawberry Plains in East Tennessee. In August I was ordered to report with my regiment to General Gillem, and with all the men fit for active duty in the regiment, I had gone up the country toward Virginia. There were

left behind about one hundred and twenty-five men, convalescents, special duty men, horse farriers, blacksmiths, teamsters, etc., under the command of Major John H. Standish, himself on the sick list, but convalescent and able to do light camp duty. There was also under his command a section of a field battery (I think Colvin's of Illinois) in a redoubt which we had built there during the summer for the protection of an important railroad bridge. In addition to the redoubt quite an extensive line of rifle pits had been constructed, which furnished good protection to the men, and imparted to them a sense of security, which otherwise they would not have felt.

While the regiment was away with General Gillem, and the post was defended by the small force of convalescents just mentioned, General Wheeler, with his large corps of cavalry, and a full complement of field artillery numbering not less than six thousand men, was attempting to make his way to Middle Tennessee to break up Sherman's railroad communications. He was obliged to go north of Knoxville, I suppose to avail himself of the fords of the Holston and Clinch Rivers to enable him to get north of the Tennessee River. He appeared at Strawberry Plains on the 24th or 25th of August, when a brisk artillery duel took place between the section in the redoubt and some of Wheeler's artillery. There was no severe fighting, but the cool air of confidence displayed by Major Standish saved the day and his little command. General Williams, known in the old army as "Cerro Gordo Williams," afterwards United States Senator from Kentucky, commanded one of Wheeler's divisions, and it is said that he was informed by some of the citizens of Southern sympathies that there was no Yankee force there to speak of, and that the entire force of able bodied troops had gone up the country. The old general smiled, and slowly shaking his head remarked: "You can't fool me. These Yankees are full of tricks. You can't make me believe that they haven't a good force there. Those officers would not be working about there so coolly if they did not have plenty of force to back them up."

While there was no desperate fighting at Strawberry Plains, there was a little piece of fighting in immediate connection with it, which may, I think, challenge comparison with anything of the kind in the history of the war. Major Standish sent a corporal and seven men to guard McMillan's ford, a couple of miles from the camp. One of the men had been reduced to the ranks from the grade of corporal, and, feeling ugly about it, he left the command and went off for himself, leaving seven men to hold the ford. These men held that ford against a brigade of Confederate cavalry for three hours and a half by their pluck and sharpshooting. They were armed with the Spencer repeating carbine, and, being well concealed behind trees and rocks, were able to do very effective work. It was reported that they killed and wounded a large number. After trying for a long time to force a crossing, the enemy

swam the river above and below the ford, out of sight of those gallant men, surrounded them, and made them prisoners, one of them, a horse farrier, by the name of Griggs, being badly wounded.

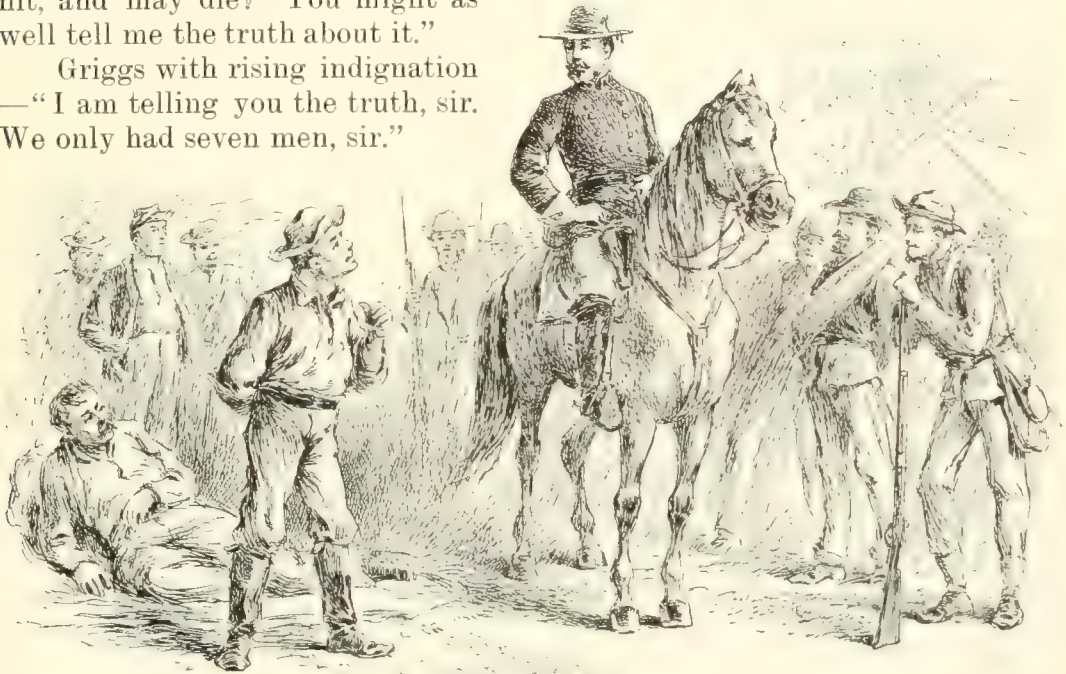
General Wheeler was present at that crossing, and the following conversation is said to have occurred. I do not vouch for the literal verbal accuracy of this statement, but I do not doubt that it is substantially correct:

Going up to the wounded man, General Wheeler said, "Well, my man, how many men did you have at that ford?"

"We had seven, sir."

"Now see here, my good fellow, don't you know that you are pretty badly hit, and may die? You might as well tell me the truth about it."

Griggs with rising indignation — "I am telling you the truth, sir. We only had seven men, sir."



"WE ARE THE POOREST OF THE LOT."

At this General Wheeler seemed amused, and laughingly said: "Seven men? Why, what did you expect to do with seven men?"

"Why, we expected to keep you from crossing that ford, sir."

This greatly amused the general, and bursting into a laugh, he said:

"Well, why didn't you do it?"

To which Griggs replied: "Why, you see, we did until you hit me, and that weakened our forces so much that you made out to cross."

General Wheeler was so pleased and impressed with his wounded prisoner, that he at once paroled him, and turning to another prisoner, he said: "I

want you to stay and take care of this man, and don't you let him die. He is too good and brave a man to be allowed to die." Then turning to another prisoner, who also happened to be a horse farrier, he said: "To what command do you fellows belong?"

"The 10th Michigan Cavalry, sir."

"Is the whole regiment made up of such men as you?"

"Oh, no. We are the poorest of the lot. You see we are not regular fighting men, we are horse farriers, blacksmiths, teamsters, and such like."

"Well, if I could have three hundred such men, I'd be willing to charge straight through hell."

I have not told this story of Standish's bluff as a story of desperate fighting, but as illustrating what can be accomplished by coolness and courage.

Certainly the standing off of six thousand veteran troops with a full complement of artillery, by one hundred and twenty-five convalescents with a section of a full battery, can take high rank as a magnificent game of bluff.

Standish was brevetted lieutenant-colonel for his part in it.



CHAPTER LXIII.

THE STORY OF TWO YOUNG SOLDIERS—CAPTAIN MARION T. ANDERSON 51ST INDIANA INFANTRY—THE FIRST ENGAGEMENT OF THE WAR—THE ADVENTURES OF A SCOUTING COMMAND—DRAWING LOTS AT LIBBY—THE ESCAPE—THE BATTLE OF NASHVILLE AND THE MEDAL—O. W. BENNETT 1ST IOWA INFANTRY—ADVENTURES OF A BOY SOLDIER IN MISSOURI—WINNING THE MEDAL AT HONEY HILL.

CAPTAIN MARION T. ANDERSON is a native of Indiana, and when Sumter was fired upon had but just passed his twenty-first birthday. He was a student in the U. W. C. (now Butler) University of Indianapolis, when the news of the surrender was flashed across the wires on that memorable Sunday, April 14, 1861.

The next morning he bade adieu to his alma mater and teachers, closed up his affairs, and returned to his former home on Tuesday.

He enlisted April 17, 1861, and, as the company from his native town—Kokomo, in Howard County—was full, he went into camp at Indianapolis Thursday, the 18th, where he soon found an opportunity to enter active service, being mustered into Company C, 7th Regiment of Indiana Infantry, April 22, 1861.

His regiment was the first to leave the State, going by rail to Grafton, Va., June 1. The 7th, together with the other troops there, went to Philippi, Va., where, on Monday morning, June 3, the 7th Indiana in the advance, the command charged into the encampment of the Confederate forces under Garnett, driving them in wild confusion.

This was the first battle of the war, and the 7th Indiana captured there the first Confederate flag taken in action.

Not long after this engagement young Anderson was specially detailed as a scout, and being a daring rider, he did most excellent service in and around Philippi, Laurel Hill, Carricks Ford and Bealton. He was frequently



CAPTAIN MARION T. ANDERSON.

sent on long and dangerous expeditions around the Confederate camps, where he passed through many hair-breadth escapes, and hand to hand encounters with the enemy.

At the close of the three months' service he was honorably mustered out about August 8. October 1, 1861, he again enlisted as private in Company D, 51st Indiana Infantry. The following December he was promoted to orderly sergeant, and was later detailed to act as sergeant-major of the regiment, in addition to his other duties.

After the battle of Shiloh, April 30, 1862, he was commissioned 2nd lieutenant of his company. While at Stevenson, Ala., the entire command of



THE FIRST FLAG CAPTURED IN THE WAR.

the company devolved upon Anderson. Then came the long retreat to Louisville, Ky.; the march to Perryville; the battle there, and the march to Nashville.

Anderson was later promoted to captain, receiving his commission a few days prior to the battle of Stone River, Tenn.

While leading his company in the desperate fighting of the 31st, his brigade having been thrown to the extreme right flank, he was desperately wounded. His sound constitution, however, was in his favor, and he recovered sufficiently to rejoin his regiment in time to participate in the famous raid made by General A. D. Streight far to the rear of the Confederate Army.



DRAWING LOTS AT LIBBY PRISON

Young Anderson had the confidence of his brigade commander, and was ordered out on hazardous scouts with his company. He captured, under orders from General Rosecrans, two hundred and fifty head of horses and mules, with which to mount the force. With but a single sergeant as a companion he captured one evening in a mountain pass fifty-three fine mules.

On the night of May 2, 1862, he was sent in command of fifty picked men from his regiment, and second in command of an expedition of two hundred picked men of the brigade, to try to reach Rome, Ga. During the ride of seventy-five or eighty miles, which was made in seven and a half hours, this little detachment destroyed munitions of war to the value of \$2,500,000, belonging to the enemy. He, with his entire command, was taken prisoner, May 3, 1862, and on May 11 entered the dismal walls of Libby Prison, Richmond, Va.

Shortly after arriving there he was one of the seventy-five captains who were forced to draw lots to ascertain which two of their number should be executed next morning.

It was not his fate to be killed, but one of the captains of his own regiment drew a fatal slip, and Anderson's feelings can be faintly imagined when he realized that a dear friend and a brave comrade was to be the victim of alleged general justice.

From this moment Anderson put forth every effort to escape from the prison. It was not believed possible this could be done; but the daring young officer determined to accomplish the purpose or die in the attempt.

During every waking hour for weeks and months he planned, watched, and worked for liberty; but not until after two hundred and forty wretched days did he succeed.

December 11, 1863, with a comrade, he cut down a door, bribed one of the sentinels, and then, at greatest peril of life, the two succeeded in eluding eight of the guards who were stationed within a hundred and fifty feet of where they went out, thus making what is said to be the first daring escape from that Southern stronghold. They were soon beyond sight of the hated walls, and then began the hardships of the escape. After many adventures, much privation, and bitter suffering, they gained the union lines at Williamsburg, Va., December 16. No words can describe the joy and rapture of Anderson and his companion as, with tears of happiness streaming down their cheeks, ragged, bleeding with many scratches and cuts, half starved, their eyes first gazed upon the bright folds of the starry flag.

On arriving at Washington, Secretary Stanton gave Captain Anderson a short leave of absence, at the expiration of which he joined his former comrades at Chattanooga, Tenn. There, his first term of service having expired,

he reenlisted with the other members of his regiment, and all were given a veteran furlough.

At Indianapolis he was tendered the lieutenant-colonelcy of a regiment nearly ready for the field; but, his old command being short of officers, he deemed it his duty to remain with them, and refused the promotion.

On the return to the front, Captain Anderson was detailed at regimental headquarters as second in command, and from January, 1864, until the close of the war, led his regiment in many engagements, the most memorable being the two days' battle at Nashville, Tenn. In this battle General George H. Thomas was a distinguished commander of the Union forces.

It was here that Captain Anderson won his medal of honor.

During the first day's fight the 51st Indiana, Anderson in command, was in the front line of the brigade.

The charge was ordered, and like a whirlwind did the boys in blue go on and up until the works were scaled and carried. The second line was taken, and, in the afternoon, the third line of works was charged successfully.

It was during this last charge that the 51st captured six pieces of artillery.

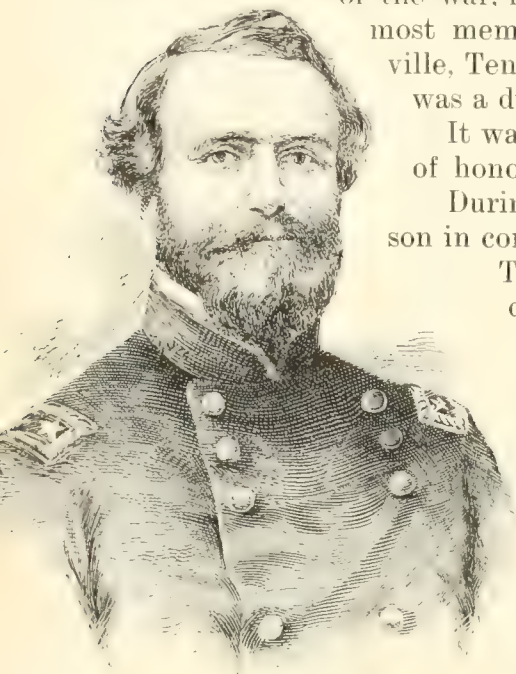
At the second day's battle the 51st was in the rear of the brigade. During the afternoon General Thomas J. Wood, commanding the Fourth Corps, rode up to General Beatty, then in command of the 3rd Division, and ordered him to charge and carry the Overton Hills at all hazards.

The division was massed in nine lines of battle, the 51st being the sixth line. The advance was ordered, and on they went, but a most terrible fire met them. General Post, commanding the brigade in the advance, was shot within about four hundred yards of the enemy's works, and his men, believing him dead, laid down to shelter themselves from the murderous hail.

The two lines of Streight's brigade, in advance of the 51st Indiana, also laid down when they reached the prostrate soldiers.

At that time young Anderson was in sole command of his regiment, and he called to the officer in his immediate front to learn why the men had halted, instead of going on and up the hill.

"My force is lying down because they found those in advance doing so," the officer replied.



GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS.

"Why don't you order them up and on!" Anderson cried.

"I have; but they won't go."

"I shall take my men on according to orders."

At this time Anderson was only twenty-five years of age, and had eight hundred men under him, with but seven officers on the line; three companies were commanded by their orderly sergeants.

"If you can you'll be doing more than I can," the officer in advance replied to Anderson's announcement of his intention.

Sinking the spurs into his horse's sides, the young captain ordered his men to charge with bayonets at double quick, and on he rode over the five lines in his front.

The gallant regiment, with about four hundred veterans, and the same number of drafted men and substitutes in the ranks, swept over the five lines of prostrate men, responding nobly to the orders, and without wavering, as they followed their intrepid young captain through a most murderous fire.

The ranks showed great gaps here and there, as one brave soul after another succumbed to the leaden rain; but the survivors pressed forward close behind the daring leader, heeding not the cries of the wounded, or the shrieks of the dying, in their thirst for victory.

The enemy shows signs of retreating; the ten pieces of artillery are being abandoned, and victory seems within the grasp of the 51st, when, within thirty feet of the works, and about three times that distance in advance of his own line, while riding at full speed from the left toward the center and right, a sharpshooter's bullet strikes the young officer, who falls at the edge of the abatis, almost in the very trenches of the enemy, shot through the hip and spine by a one and three quarter ounce slug.

When it was possible to take the young captain from the field, his wound was pronounced mortal, and believing he must surely and speedily die, the surgeons gave him no attention for twenty-four hours; but he rallied, thanks to his pluck and vitality, and so far recovered as to be able to rejoin his command in the spring of 1865, remaining in the service until sweet peace once more reigned over the land.

The Congress presented Captain Marion T. Anderson a medal of honor for his conspicuous gallantry at the battle of Nashville, Tenn., December 16, 1865, in leading his regiment over five lines of battle that had lain down under a galling fire.

Captain Anderson rose from the ranks to a captaincy, and the command of his regiment. He was wounded three times, and participated in fifty-three different engagements.

He is now compelled to wear a steel body support to enable him to walk, even with two canes or crutches, and requires an assistant to dress and undress him.

His military history from first to last is one of thrilling interest. He is past commander of Lincoln Post, No. 3, Department of the Potomac. He has served twice as an aide-de-camp on the staff of the department commander; twice as an aide-de-camp on the staff of the commander-in-chief; once as assistant quartermaster-general of his department, and as assistant inspector-general G. A. R. He is a member of the Loyal Legion, and past national president of the Union Ex-Prisoners of War; also a member of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland.

CAPTAIN ORSON W. BENNETT.

COMPANY I, 1ST IOWA INFANTRY.

IN Dubuque, Ia., April 23, 1861, among the high school pupils was a boy by the name of Orson W. Bennett, who was most eager to enlist in the regiment which was then being raised in that city, and he struggled a long time with the recruiting officer before the latter would allow him to sign the rolls.

He did finally succeed, however, and together with such of his comrades as are yet alive claims that Iowa was the first State to offer a regiment to the Secretary of War.

Of the enlisted men in the barracks not one believed young Bennett could survive the hardships of a soldier's life, and the older of them were not backward in advising the boy to "beg off" before the regiment was mustered into service.

The lad had not signed the rolls for the purpose of "backing out," and when a few days later, the 1st Iowa made forced marches, to the surprise of all, the sickly-looking youth bore his share of the hardships and fatigue better than the more robust men.

On the forced march when Company I was sent to the support of General Sigel, Bennett was one of the twenty-nine out of one hundred who marched forty-seven miles in a single day.

On August 2 he was at the battle of Dug Springs and on the 10th his left leg was broken by a bullet, and he fell, lying among the dead and wounded when the Federal forces retreated.

Then it was that this lad proved the stuff of which he was made. Realizing that to lie there would mean a Confederate prison, he crawled nearly two miles on his hands and one knee, dragging the shattered limb after him, every moment causing the most exquisite pain.

That a boy nineteen years old would endure so much suffering rather than fall into the enemy's hands seems almost incredible at this late day, when peace reigns over the land.

This he did, however, and his boyish face excited the compassion of the farmer to whom he appealed to such an extent that he gave him a crippled horse. On this sorry steed's back Bennett rode one hundred and twenty-five miles, with no other attention being paid to his wound than what he himself gave it by binding it tightly with such bandages as he could strip from his own clothing.

The 1st Infantry Iowa Volunteers had enlisted for a hundred days, and when Bennett, the broken bone having knitted so that he considered himself as strong as ever, found himself out of service, he lost no time in getting into it again.

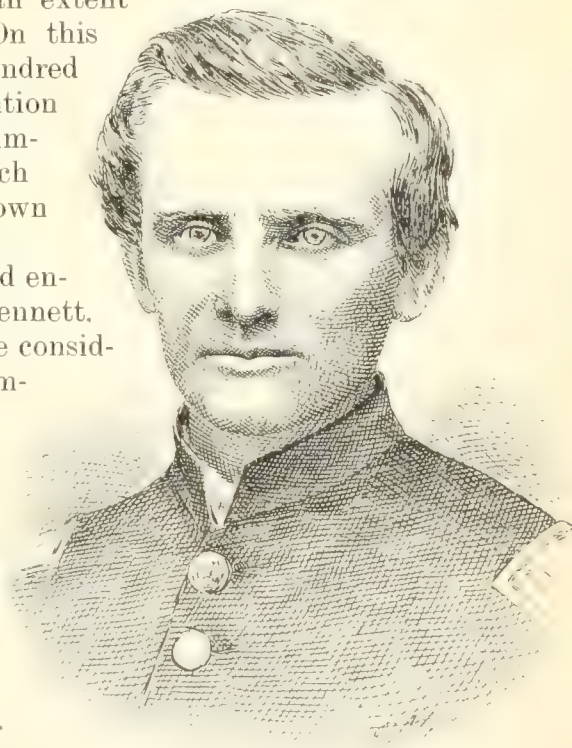
Now he could call himself a veteran, although a beardless boy, and he experienced no difficulty in signing the rolls of Company G, 12th Wisconsin Volunteers, agreeing to remain for three years, unless death gave him his discharge sooner.

In January, 1864, he received an order to report at Cincinnati, and there, much to his surprise, was examined as to his fitness for a commissioned officer.

On the 6th of the same month he was discharged by special order from his old regiment, and mustered in as 1st lieutenant of Company A, Michigan Colored Infantry.

After receiving his commission Bennett saw quite as much active service as any young officer could wish for. It was immediately after the battle of Honey Hill, S. C., that he won his medal of honor.

The Federal troops had been repulsed, November 30, 1863, and next morning, near Grahamville, when the skirmishers were actively engaged, Bennett was ordered to deploy his company among the timber at the left flank of the army. At two o'clock that afternoon while the young lieutenant was doing all he could to animate his colored soldiers, a horseman approached at full speed, and in him Bennett recognized his brother General W. T. Bennett.



CAPTAIN ORSON W. BENNETT.

Stepping forward, filled with delight at this unexpected meeting, he was about to give words to his joy when, to his great surprise, he was received with a formal salute, as the general said curtly:

"Lieutenant, about one hundred yards in advance of our lines, on an elevation near the road, and within a hundred and fifty yards of the enemy's guns, are three pieces of artillery which have been abandoned. You will bring them in. Fix bayonets, and impress upon your men the fact that they must pay no attention to the Confederates, not even to the extent of discharging a weapon, unless it becomes necessary in order to save their own lives."

The man who gave these orders to the boy knew that one officer had been killed and another seriously wounded in attempting to perform the same duty; but it was the "fortune of war" that the elder should send the younger to what seemed his death, and, this sad duty having been performed, there was a hearty grasp of the hand, a fervent "God bless you, boy," and the general had parted, as he believed forever, with the lad whom he loved.

Bennett himself writes:

I selected thirty men, ordered them to fix bayonets, trail arms, and then forward on the double quick. The slight elevation of the country at this point prevented us from seeing the enemy until we were directly opposite the abandoned guns, and partially screened by a fringe of bushes. Between the two lines surrounded by dead and mangled soldiers and horses, and all that serves to make up the wordless story of a desperate struggle, were the pieces we must bring away or die in the attempt.

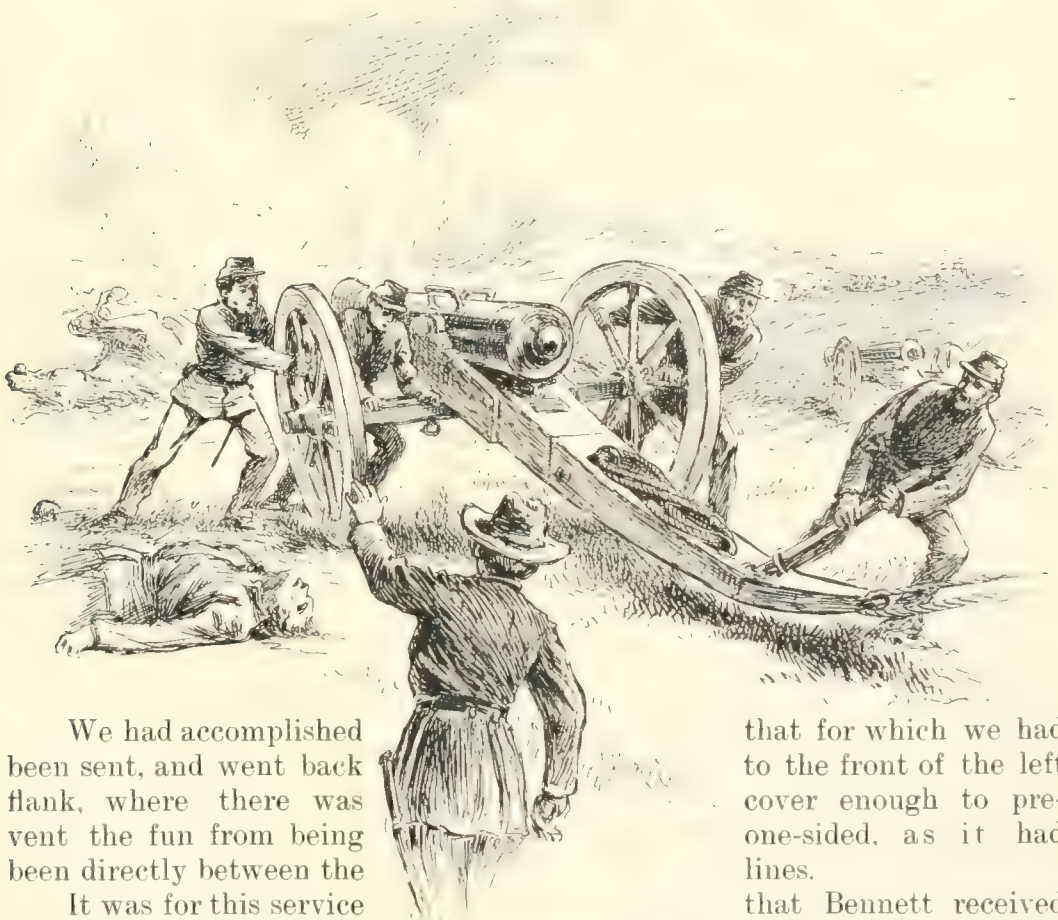
It was worse than useless to delay. My men had been well drilled in skirmish tactics, and as we advanced at full speed I saw that one of the enemy's heaviest guns was trained directly on us. A dozen seconds before it could be discharged I gave orders to lie down, and you can fancy how quickly they were obeyed.

The iron missiles screamed ominously as they went hurtling over our heads, and in another instant we were using our legs the best we knew how. To drag the first gun beyond the line of fire probably required but a very short time; yet it seemed almost endless, and then, stopping only long enough to get our wind, we went into the thicket of bullets and shells once more.

Again the same piece was made ready to receive us, and, as on the previous occasion, we dropped the instant before it was discharged; but the majority of the men did not rise as quickly as when the first order had been given. It was necessary to make some pretty strong threats before the work was continued, and we got under cover with the second gun just in the nick of time to avoid another dose of shrapnel from the parapet.

It was not pleasant to venture into that hot place a third time, because

we knew the enemy was on the alert, and would send us a very strong invitation to remain where we were: but the orders had been given, and there was nothing left save to obey. Pursuing the same tactics as before, we finally succeeded, and, strange to say, the only injury done my command was the loss of a finger by one of the privates.



We had accomplished been sent, and went back flank, where there was vent the fun from being been directly between the

It was for this service the medal of honor, was company, and brevetted to major of volunteers: but not until the war was closed did he leave the service, and then it was with the record of having participated in seventeen engagements.

To-day, in Philadelphia, he shows to his son honorable discharges from three regiments, each of which was credited to different States, and the latest dated a few days after he was twenty-three years of age.

that for which we had to the front of the left cover enough to pre-one-sided, as it had lines.

that Bennett received made captain of the

BRINGING OFF THE GUNS.

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END—WAYNESBORO—ANDREW KUDER, 8TH NEW YORK CAVALRY—THE CAPTURE OF GENERAL EARLY'S COMMAND—ROBERT NIVEN, SAME REGIMENT—CAPTURING GENERAL EARLY'S FLAG—H. B. COMPTON, SAME REGIMENT—A CHARGE OF CAVALRY OVER ARTILLERY—DANIEL CALDWELL, 13TH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY—CARRYING THE DISPATCH—JOINING ANOTHER REGIMENT TO CHARGE—SOME SOLDIERS' STORIES OF THE BATTLES THAT CAME NEAR THE END—CHARLES OLIVER, 100TH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY—THE ATTACK ON FORT STEADMAN—A. E. FERNALD, 20TH MAINE INFANTRY—AT FIVE FORKS—JACOB R. TUCKER, 4TH MARYLAND INFANTRY—THE FINAL ASSAULT ON PETERSBURG—THE ONLY LETTER WRITTEN BY A COMMANDING GENERAL TO A PRIVATE.

ON the 2nd day of March, 1865, General Sheridan was doing his full share toward bringing about the scene which was enacted on April 9.

The following is taken from a newspaper account written at the time of the occurrences in regard to the operations in the vicinity of Waynesboro, where fifteen men won medals of honor.

March 2, the rain, which had begun the previous night, came down heavily. The column, however, moved through Staunton toward Waynesboro, thirteen miles distant. At Fisherville, eight miles from Staunton and five from Waynesboro on the direct road, Custer's division in advance encountered the enemy's vedettes, and drove them back to Waynesboro. Pressing on to the latter point Custer halted, and in the reconnoissance discovered the enemy was in a position on some ridges along South River, with five guns. He placed Pennington's brigade on the right and Wells' on the left, with Capehart in reserve. The two advance regiments of the first named brigades deployed as skirmishers and advanced, firing briskly. To the astonishment of everybody the entire line of the enemy broke after firing a single volley. Custer's men quickly rushed upon and surrounded them, cutting off nearly the whole of Early's command, and capturing eighty-seven officers, eleven hundred and sixty-five enlisted men, thirteen flags, five cannon, over a hundred horses and mules, and about a hundred wagons and ambulances of various sorts. Among the captured were Colonel Orr, chief of artillery on Early's staff, and Colonel Vosburg, commanding brigade. Early

escaped to Charlottesville, and thus avoided the fate he had once visited on Crook and Kelley. His personal baggage was captured.

The fifteen medals given on this occasion were in each instance for the capture of flags, and the fortunate ones who at this beginning of the end were able to win for themselves the coveted distinction are found in the official list.

CAPTAIN ANDREW KUDER.

8TH NEW YORK CAVALRY.

CAPTAIN ANDREW KUDER, writing from South Lavenia, N. Y., says:

I was born in 1838, enlisted as private August 25, 1862, at Groveland, N. Y., in the 8th New York Cavalry, and was mustered out of service June 25, 1865, as captain of Company B, same regiment.

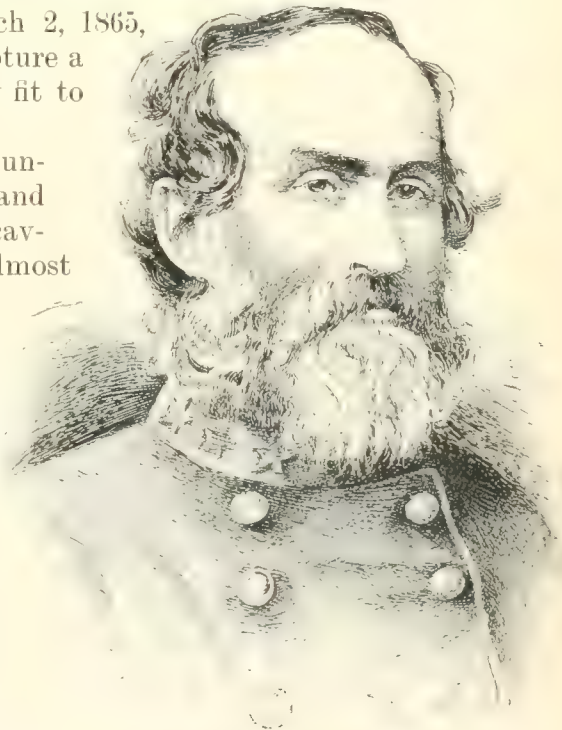
The engagement at Waynesboro, March 2, 1865, was where I had the good fortune to capture a Confederate flag, for which Congress saw fit to give me a medal of honor.

General Early was at this gap in the mountain, with about twenty-five hundred stand of arms, and four pieces of artillery. Our cavalry, under General Sheridan, captured almost his entire command. A portion of the cavalry dismounted and pushed around on both sides of Early's flanks, while my regiment, mounted, charged the road, going directly to their artillery, which was placed behind earthworks and supported by infantry.

Our mounted charge was made at the same time the dismounted cavalry swung in on the enemy's flanks, which surprised and put to flight the entire force. We had them surrounded, and, therefore, made prisoners of all.

Myself and several others of the 8th Regiment, found it convenient to demand an unconditional surrender of flags which confronted us, and the Confederates thought best to accede to our demands.

I am proud to say that I was one of seventeen from the 8th Cavalry, who were sent to Washington by General Sheridan the next day but one, each



GENERAL JUBAL A. EARLY

bearing a captured flag, which we presented to Secretary of War E. M. Stanton, who gave each of us a thirty days' furlough, which, as a matter of course, was quite acceptable then.

After General Lee's surrender we were ordered to assist in capturing the army of General Johnston, but, when entering North Carolina, word came that Johnston's army had already surrendered, and we countermarched to Alexandria, Va., where we lay in camp until the order was given that we should be sent to Rochester, N. Y., to be mustered out of service.

CAPTAIN ROBERT NIVEN.

CAPTAIN ROBERT NIVEN in a late letter says:

I dislike to extol my own deeds, therefore will give you as brief an account as possible.

In regard to the affair at Waynesboro, it is only necessary to say that



SHOWING A BOLD FRONT.

after gathering together what was left of our regiment (many had gone to the rear with prisoners), I was ordered to select five men, and with them go ahead as an advance guard for the regiment. While acting in that capacity, two of the men were sent back with prisoners, the other three

followed slowly. when, suddenly, I was greatly frightened to find myself alone in the midst of General Early's wagon train.

I managed to show a pretty bold front, however, and have no doubt the teamsters were fully convinced I would carry out the threat made to shoot the first one who tried to escape, therefore they remained quiet. In General Early's headquarter's wagon was his headquarter's flag, which I secured and carried to Washington, for which I was given the medal of honor. Our company turned over to the War Department the largest number of captured flags that had been taken in one engagement up to that time.

I enlisted at Rochester, N. Y., in the 8th Regiment New York Volunteers, was made captain and participated in all the battles with the Army of the Potomac, without being wounded, taken prisoner, or suffering from sickness. During nearly three years I reported for duty every day, and was absent from my company once fifteen days on leave of absence, and thirty days during the trip to Washington, when we carried the flags.

I was with General Sheridan in all the battles of the Shenandoah Valley and in camp at Winchester in the winter of 1864 and 1865.

COLONEL HARTWELL B. COMPSON.

8TH NEW YORK CAVALRY.

HARTWELL B. COMPSON was born in Tyre, Seneca County, N. Y., in 1844. He enlisted at Seneca Falls September 28, 1861, as private of Company G, 8th New York Cavalry, and was promoted successively to corporal, sergeant, 2nd lieutenant, 1st lieutenant, captain, major and brevet-colonel. He served in the same regiment throughout the war, participating in forty-five engagements.

Compson was but seventeen years of age, when, failing to get his parents' consent to enlist, he ran away and joined Captain B. F. Sisson's company (Company G, 8th New York Cavalry). That he made a good soldier was shown by the fact that he was successively appointed corporal, sergeant, first sergeant, lieutenant, captain; commissioned major December 7, 1864; brevetted lieutenant-colonel February 28, 1865, and colonel, March 2.

He was in command of his regiment during Sheridan's raid from Winchester to White House Landing. He was twice wounded, and had two horses shot under him.

He was with Colonel Davis' command, under General Miles, at Harper's Ferry, which made its way out of that town when surrounded by Confederates, and on this occasion he assisted in capturing ninety-seven wagons loaded with ammunition, many horses and mules, and one hundred and fifty prisoners.

At the battle of Waynesboro, March 2, 1865, Compson was in command of the 8th New York, and the youngest officer in the division.

A brief account of this engagement has been given, therefore it is only necessary here to say that the 8th was ordered by General Custer to charge the enemy, and in order to do so it was necessary to advance against the hot fire of six pieces of artillery which had been planted in the highway. For gallantry in leading his troops up this avenue of death, Colonel Compson was awarded a medal of honor.

Riding at the head of his men with his color-bearer by his side, the young colonel led the company down the road, on either side of which were the enemy's earthworks, saying to his color-bearer as they started :

"Sergeant, we will lose our flag or bring back others with us."

And they did bring back others. Eight battle flags, six pieces of artillery, thirteen hundred and fifty prisoners, two hundred and fifty wagons, fifteen hundred stands of arms and twelve hundred horses was the result of this charge. It was a service which brought Colonel Compson the praise of both Sheridan and Custer.

In reply to the question as to how he won his medal of honor, Colonel Compson writes :

I was with Sheridan's cavalry corps on its way from Winchester to join General Grant near Petersburg, when we found General Early at Waynesboro. General Custer's division, to which I belonged, was ordered by General Sheridan to feel of Early's forces, and if they were found to be too strongly entrenched, to take another route without molesting them. After looking the situation over General Custer decided to attack Early, although he was strongly posted in front of the town with his infantry and artillery. Calling his officers together, General Custer assigned them to their several duties. I was ordered to charge the highway leading to the town. When the signal was given I called upon the regiment to follow me. The six pieces of artillery were placed in position to sweep the road. Their deadly missiles did not stop the progress of the boys who were following me. We dashed over the guns, breaking the line of infantry, and charged through the town, while General Custer was still fighting on the enemy's left.

Soon it was a hand to hand conflict, where sabres clashed against bayonets, where the roar and din of battle drowned all other sounds, and, for the time, it was each man for himself. I saw a Confederate flag a short distance in front of me, around which the officers were trying to rally their men. With such of the boys of the 8th as were in my immediate vicinity, we rode up to the party, when I ordered the color-bearer to surrender. He refused, and a stubborn fight between us ensued. I grasped the flag in one hand,

using my sabre with the other, until the brave defender of the colors dropped from his horse, never to carry a standard again.

Giving the captured flag to one of my men, we dashed on after prisoners, wagons, guns and flags, until all in front of us was in our possession. General Sheridan and General Custer were pleased to compliment me on the field; I was appointed bearer of dispatches to the Secretary of War, and also commissioned to turn over to him the seventeen flags which were taken in the fight.



CHARGE OF CUSTER'S MEN AT WAYNESBORO

In addition to being awarded the medal of honor, I was given a thirty days' leave of absence, with free transportation to any part of the country, and enjoyed my stay in Washington and the subsequent visit to my home, as only a soldier can who has seen long and arduous service in the field.

LIEUTENANT DANIEL CALDWELL.

13TH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY.

DANIEL CALDWELL was born at Marble Hall, Pa., in 1842, and enlisted at Philadelphia as private in the 13th Pennsylvania Cavalry, August 26,

1862. On New Year's day of 1863, the 13th left Baltimore for Point of Rocks.

Caldwell writes regarding his duties as a soldier, from the night of this first march:

The battalion forded the Potomac River into Virginia, and we rode all night with wet clothes, or until they had frozen. We had a skirmish near Leesburg, going the next day into camp at Point of Rocks. Until February we were alternately scouting and doing picket duty, and on the 26th of that month I was taken prisoner, together with several of my comrades, at Strasburg, Va.

We were marched to Mount Jackson, where we remained over night, then to Harrisonburg, and from there to Staunton, arriving at night.

We were encamped in the open field, our captors giving us only green gum wood with which to build a fire, and anyone who has attempted to keep warm by means of such fuel knows how we must have suffered from the cold.

From Staunton we were taken in the cars to Richmond, Va., and lodged in Libby Prison, of which experience it is not necessary I should write, since so many harrowing tales have been told of that horrible place.

Fortunately I did not have as bitter an experience as many, for on the 7th of March, nine days after my capture, I, with several hundred others, was paroled to remain in camp at Annapolis, Md., until duly exchanged May 7th.

I rejoined my regiment at Winchester, June 11, 1863, and received a soldier's welcome from the boys. Next morning I borrowed a horse and arms from Lew Preston of my company, and went on a scout with the battalion, which resulted in a severe skirmish, and ended in the battle and the evacuation of Winchester, Va.

On the 20th of the same month I was detailed as General Elliott's orderly, remaining with him until the evacuation of Maryland Heights, when I was sent in command of the detail of four orderlies across the Potomac into Virginia with a dispatch.

It was intended this dispatch should be seized by the enemy in order that they might be deceived as to the movements of General Elliott, who was sending his troops and ordnance down the Potomac Canal.

We were ordered to proceed to the tollgate of the Charleston pike, and did so, returning to the Maryland side hotly pursued by a squad of Confederate cavalry. When we reported to General Elliott, he remarked, "I am surprised you got back safely."

I was one of twenty-five men picked from my regiment to go with a like number from three other regiments, making in all a hundred, to destroy the pontoon bridge at Falling Waters on the morning of July 4th. We drove in

the Confederate pickets, and after a short but decisive engagement put them to flight, destroying the boats and capturing a general's headquarters wagon, from which we threw into the Potomac ten thousand rounds of ammunition. We returned to our camp without loss of men.

At the engagement at Deep Bottom, Va., July 10, 1864, my horse was killed, and I left my comrades to join the 1st Maine Cavalry, which was dismounted in a charge, during which I captured two of the enemy's horses. I remounted and joined my command, for which I was promoted to sergeant.

I was one of fifteen who charged mounted, with drawn sabres into the



DESTROYING PONTOONS AND AMMUNITION AT FALLING WATERS.

Confederate line of battle on February 6, 1865, at Gravelly Run, capturing thirty-six prisoners, three of whom were officers. During the engagement I succeeded in getting the colors of the 33rd North Carolina Infantry, and for this service received the medal of honor from Congress, and a 1st lieutenant's commission.

General Meade issued Special Order, No. 43, commending my bravery, and gave me a furlough of twenty-five days.

I was detailed to place the Union flag on the capitol of Raleigh, N. C., while we were expecting to capture the city, and this I did on the morning

of April 15, having remained on the skirmish line from the 12th until the town surrendered.

I had the honor, and Pennsylvania the glory, of planting the stars and stripes on the last State capitol of the Southern Confederacy.

In June, 1865, Lieutenant Glassmire Smith of Company H, and I in command of E, with both companies, went to Carthage, N. C., where we organized a local police force of a hundred men to protect the people from the marauding bands of guerrillas.

I was honorably discharged July 14, 1865.

My medal was presented to me in the field by Major Q. A. Burns, April 13, 1865. I was called in from the skirmish line to receive it, and after it was delivered to me I returned to the skirmish line again.

I was in thirty-three actions, while in the Army of the Potomac.

CAPTAIN CHARLES OLIVER.

100TH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY.

CAPTAIN CHARLES OLIVER, of the 100th Pennsylvania Infantry, who was awarded a medal of honor writes:

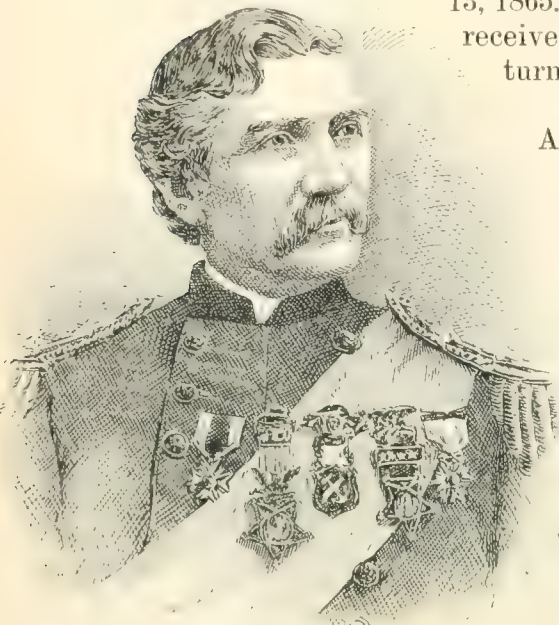
I was born in East Elizabeth, Pa., in 1842, and worked with my father at the trade of blacksmith until April 15, 1861, when I enlisted in Company G, 12th Pennsylvania Infantry.

We were mustered into service April 25, 1861. I served three months and was mustered out July 25, 1861. I again en-

listed September 25, 1861, in the 100th Pennsylvania Infantry, better known as the "Round Heads," for a term of three years or more. We were among the first Union soldiers to enter the strongholds of the South at Hilton Head.

I served until January 4, 1864, when, my term of service having expired, I reenlisted in the same organization, for three years more, or during the war, and participated in eighteen engagements.

At the attack on Fort Steadman, in front of Petersburg, on the morning of March 25, 1865, my regiment was lying on the left of the fortification with its right resting near the fort, when the Confederate troops charged, and we Round Heads were driven back to the rear and forced out of position. When all was confusion our adjutant came to me and said:



GENERAL HARTRANFT.

"Charlie, the colonel is dead, and the regiment is badly cut up. You and I must try to rally the boys, get what we can out of them, and go into Fort Haskell."

I was color-sergeant at that time. After remaining in Fort Haskell a short time the adjutant proposed that we take Fort Steadman from the Confederates, and asked me to lead the charge with what men we could muster.

I started with my colors flying, and we made a dash with the fire of Hartranft's men on us, for we were charging in front and on the left of Fort Steadman at the same time. I was the first man to enter the fort, and got inside the works before front. Of these seven two were a body of men as I ever knew.

During that engagement I captured three stands of colors and two Confederate colonels, for which service I received a 1st lieutenant's commission from the State, a brevet-captain's commission from the President of the United States, and a medal of honor from Congress, with fifteen day's leave of absence.

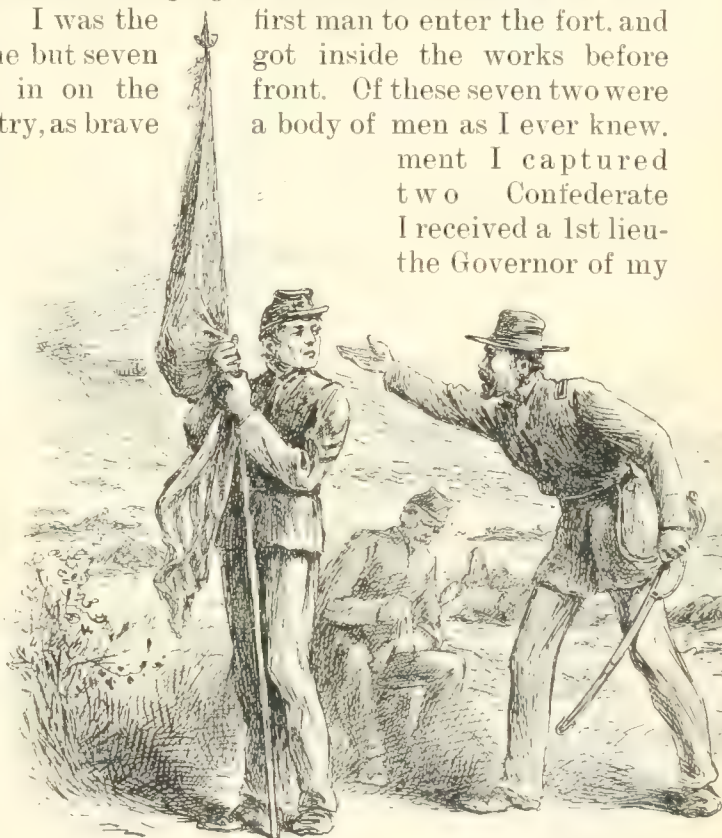
**CAPTAIN ALBERT E.
FERNALD.**

20TH MAINE INFANTRY

ALBERT E. FERNALD was born in Hampden, Me. in 1838, and enlisted July 23, 1862, in Company K, 20th Maine Infantry.

He was made sergeant, 1st sergeant, commissioned 1st lieutenant commanding company, and brevetted captain for "gallant services at the battle of Peeble's Farm, Va., September 30, 1864." He was afterwards commissioned in Company F, which company he commanded until the close of the war, and did good service in seventeen engagements.

The compiler of these records is personally acquainted with this particular medal winner, and it would be a labor of love on his part to give in detail the many acts of bravery by which Sergeant Fernald won his captaincy; but in



PLANNING TO TAKE FORT STEADMAN

order to get the military record it has been necessary to promise that no "blowing of horns" shall be done. Therefore, in honor, only the following letter, dated December 27, 1893, can be given:

On the afternoon of April 1, 1865, our corps (the 5th) was formed in several lines of battle to assault the Confederate position at Five Forks, Va.

As we were called to attention to be ready to move, General Griffin, the division commander, rode by our regiment and I heard him say as he passed: "Boys, carry this position and the South Side Railroad is ours." My regiment, the 20th Maine, was in the last line, and I was congratulating myself on our good luck in the position we had, for I felt positive that, under Sheridan's leadership, we should win the battle, and I said to myself: "Now the front line will carry the position, and we will get off without much loss."

We moved to the front, but were shortly ordered to march by the left flank, and when we again moved forward we were in the front line.

The outlook then did not seem so pleasant to me. The regiment was the left of the brigade, my company (F) was the left company of the regi-

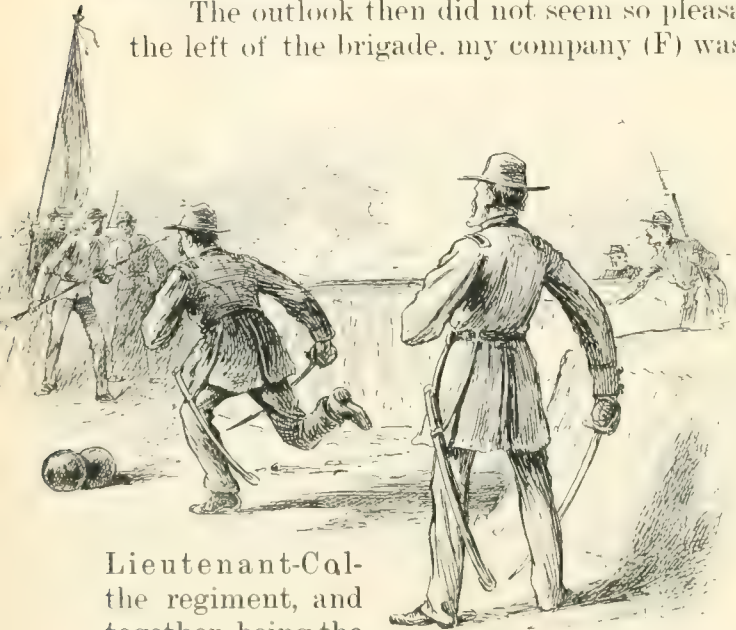
ment and as we advanced on the Confederate position, the line of battle making somewhat of a wheel to the left, we struck the breastworks in reverse, making my company the first to reach the works. The enemy was evidently taken by surprise, for the left of the regiment came out of a small growth of woods and got into his breastworks before he had hardly fired a shot at us. One Morrill, commanding myself, went over the works first to get there.

I took a sword from an officer,

Lieutenant-Colonel Morrill, the regiment, and together, being the

Seeing him

it struck me that I would like to get one too. Taking a hasty glance around, I saw none, but on looking along the breastworks a few rods to the right, I saw a body of Confederates and ran towards them. Seeing their colors, I rushed into the crowd, seized the flag and got out as quickly as my legs would carry me—not a moment too soon, for the Confederates, seeing so few of us there (the right had not then got up to the works), cried out:



LOOKING FOR THE FLAG.

"We can lick them now," and proceeded to do so, opening a vigorous fire on us, and, it must be confessed, succeeded admirably for a short time, driving us over the other side of the breastworks.

I began to think I had drawn an elephant when the colonel said to me:

"Captain, take those colors to General Bartlett (the brigade commander) and tell him to send me reinforcements."

As might be supposed under the circumstances, I didn't wait to have the order repeated.

On going a short distance to the rear I met General Bartlett, delivered the orders and flag to him, and returned to find the Confederates in full retreat. On the 22nd day of May following, while encamped near Washington, I received the medal of honor, on the back of which was inscribed:

"The Congress to Capt. A. E. Fernald, 20th Maine Vols."

I never considered it any great feat to capture the flag. There were hundreds in our regiment who would have done the same under like circumstances. Fortune favored me and I happened to get there first.

JACOB R. TUCKER.

4TH MARYLAND VOLUNTEERS.

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES, /
WASHINGTON, July 22, 1865. /

TO CORPORAL JACOB R. TUCKER, Company G, 4th Regiment, Maryland Volunteers.

The sum of four hundred and sixty dollars was sent to me by patriotic citizens to be presented as a reward for gallantry to the soldier who should raise our flag over Richmond. As Richmond was not taken by assault, I have concluded that the donors' wishes will be best carried out by dividing the same between the three soldiers* most conspicuous for gallantry in the final and successful assault on Petersburg.

You have been selected by Major General Charles Griffin, commanding the 5th Army Corps, as entitled to this honor on behalf of that command; and I herewith present to you one hundred and fifty-three dollars, thirty-three cents, as one-third of the original sum.

It affords me great satisfaction to receive from your commanding general such unqualified testimony of your gallantry and heroism in battle, and to be the medium of transmitting to you this recognition of the worth of your services in defense of our common country.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

So far as has been possible to ascertain, the above letter is the only one of the kind ever sent by a commanding general to a private soldier during the war.

*We have been unable to learn who the other two men were that shared this reward with Tucker. From the letter it would seem that General Grant's purpose was to select one man from each of three corps during this final assault; but the army records fail to specify this particular act, except in the above case, where the reason for the award is set down as "gallantry in the final and successful assault."—Ed.

It is not necessary to go into the details of this assault at Five Forks on the 1st of April, 1865, when "Fighting Phil" with the Fifth Corps, in addition to his own cavalry, fought what has been termed "the most interesting, technical battle of the war, almost perfect in conception, brilliant in execution, strikingly dramatic in its incidents, and productive of immensely important results."

It was the beginning of the end, and from the time Sheridan's report was sent to Grant, news of victory after victory was flashed from every portion of the line, until once more peace reigned over the land, and the North and the South were no longer divided.

When the 4th Maryland Infantry was ordered to charge upon the earthworks that first day of April, 1865, young Tucker was color-bearer. It was his twentieth birthday, and, perhaps, mindful of this fact - although in battle the day of one's death is more to be speculated upon by the soldier than that on which he came into this world - full of that enthusiasm which no other general could arouse so well as Sheridan, Tucker pressed on with the flag. Thinking only of the goal before, and not of the support in the rear, he far outstripped his comrades, and was absolutely the first to leap upon the hastily constructed fortification, where he stood waving the "stars and stripes" above the "stars and bars."

It was a sight well calculated to animate his companions, and with a ringing cheer they joined the color-bearer as they swarmed over the barricade.

That it was an act which in itself produced results is shown by the fact that Major-General Griffin selected the gallant boy from the entire Fifth Corps as one entitled to just a shade more honor in this honorable victory than any one else, and because of the fact that it was on this memorable day, when every man looked forward eagerly for an opportunity to grasp the laurels which a succession of victories had placed almost within reach.

CHAPTER LXV.

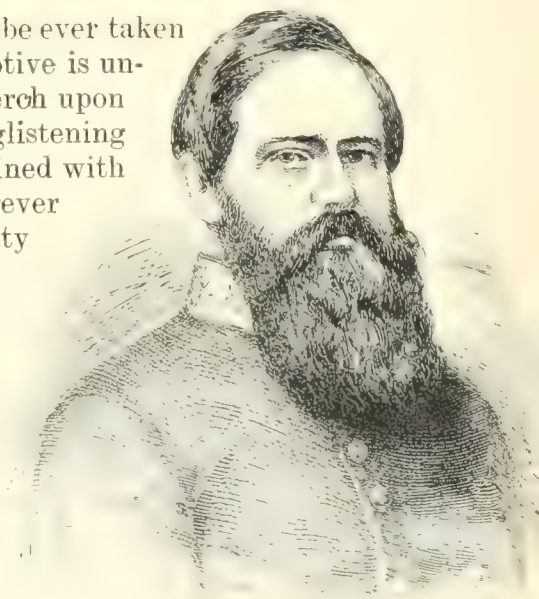
A BRIEF REVIEW OF THE WAR—GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, C. S. A.—THE FLAW IN THE CONSTITUTION—
THE RELATIVE POSITIONS OF NORTH AND SOUTH—THE NECESSITY FOR CHARITABLE
VIEWS—THE WAR WAS UNIQUE—THE MILITARY STATUS OF 1860—THE
RAPIDITY OF AMERICAN MILITARY ORGANIZATION—WHAT THE
WAR ILLUSTRATED FOR FUTURE GENERALS.

By GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, C. S. A.

THE flow of human blood and the vast expenditure of treasure might have been saved, the moans of the wounded and groans of the dying might have been spared, and the power of the agony of battle never felt, had the framers of the Constitution of the United States inserted into that instrument a clause prohibiting the secession of a State from the Union of States.

The right of revolution cannot, it is true, be ever taken away. If the rebellion is successful, the motive is unquestioned; but if final victory does not perch upon the bayonets of the revolutionists, their glistening points, in the opinion of the victors, are stained with treason. But States indisputably bound forever together by a written acknowledged authority might have had less tendency to sever such connection, because their citizens would have been educated from the formation of the government, that the Union was indissoluble, and would therefore correct wrongs, fancied or real, within, rather than without it.

Our forefathers were wise, and no censure should be thrown upon their work. With conflicting opinions, no results can be reached save by adjustment; no sentence at that hour interdicting secession could have passed the convention; the Constitution was a compromise, and gave no utterance on that most important subject. The States which then ratified that instrument as well as those afterwards admitted to their fellowship, construed it, in the absence of instructions, to suit themselves.



GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.

The American Republic rapidly grew great in territory and population: while its sections grew apart because of two constructions of the Constitution, where, if possible, there should have only been one, until men rushed to war in defense of their respective governmental theories.

"I propose to be independent again, free to confederate with other States or not," said the Southern State, "and there is no line in our common Constitution inhibitory." "You shall not," said the Northern sister, "you are under a contract to remain by my side forever." "You have taken advantage of having a large number of votes in our national legislative halls to infringe my rights," the South replied, "and I am going to leave you."

"In that case," said the North, "I will go after you, and forcibly, if I must, compel you to recognize your star on our spangled banner, which I contend you have no right to remove."

Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis were both born not far apart within the limits of Kentucky. Lincoln, when very young, was removed by his parents to Illinois, because the future, in their opinion, was brighter there. Davis, when a child, was carried to Mississippi. Each absorbed, as he grew to manhood, the opposing opinions of Constitutional construction. One became President of the United States, the other, of those States who were struggling to erect another republic on this continent.

Reverse the picture: had Lincoln become a Mississippian, and Davis a citizen of Illinois, both courageous and intellectual, the former might have been embalmed in the hearts of his people from Maryland to Texas, the latter from Maine to Maryland.

Each side of the great contest from '61 to '65, should be charitable in construing the motives of the other. To fight for the preservation of the Union, from the Northern standpoint, was a grand inspiration. To contend for the sovereignty of the State and her rights, and to struggle to drive an invader from her limits, was most heroic from the Southern view.

The true story of the Terry brothers is interesting and illustrative. One fell upon the Northern, the other upon the Southern side. The father brought the remains of both home, buried them side by side, and on the semi-circular headboard binding grave to grave, inscribed, "God knows which was right."

If the cause of the people of the South was consumed in the flames of hard fought battles, the record for endurance under adverse circumstances, for devotion to the flag flying for four years in an unequal combat, and for loyalty to great commanders who led them so skillfully and for a time so victoriously, can never be truthfully impugned or successfully assailed.

The ardent excitement of the mind in defending menaced rights, brings forth the greatest display of genius in the officer, the most daring behavior in the soldier. The roll of honor of the rank and file of the Confederate

army was filled with the courageous deeds of men who fought for their States, drew no bounties, and had no expectations of pensions. They were "roll of honor men," because, without pay, half clothed and fed, they stood steady on the battle line from a conscientious devotion to the interests involved, and only surrendered their bullet-riddled banners when hope had forever abandoned their camps.

The war between the American States was unique, and differed from the world's conflicts. The young republic had no war experience, except in 1812 and with Mexico, which now appear in contrast to the late struggle as skirmish lines to the battle itself.

The general officers on either side were all young fellows in the Mexican campaign. Grant, for instance, was twenty-five years old, McClellan twenty-one, Hancock twenty-three, Lee and Johnston were older, while "Stonewall" Jackson was twenty-three, just the age of Hancock.

They were, with one or two exceptions, subalterns, and not one of them had ever maneuvered large bodies of troops up to 1861. Very few indeed more than one company, but with a military education, and a talent for war, it was demonstrated that some at least were worthy to stand with the great captains whose fame has filled a world. The isolated condition of the United States, requiring oceans to be crossed by hostile troops from the greater of the foreign countries, would give ample time for the necessary preparations to meet them. The Indians are no longer troublesome, and hence no regular or standing army is required, except a small force sufficient to sustain the laws of the United States, and serve as a rallying point for the militia of States.

At the outbreak of the war, the army of the United States had only four general officers of the line, viz: Winfield Scott, the commander-in-chief, who was seventy-five years old, and three brigadier-generals, viz: Wool, Harney and Twiggs, all veterans, and less than twenty thousand troops. So there had to be on both sides new generals and new troops.

Effective armies are composed of well drilled and disciplined soldiers, welded into a homogeneous mass, which can be moved by bugle calls upon a battlefield with promptness and precision. Timid men are thus linked securely by the side of braver comrades, and the whole becomes a unit of strength.

There is no time to put in shape large masses of raw men when war is an accomplished fact, and the hostile forces are within cannon range. It must be remembered, too, that armies have to be fed, clothed, provided with transportation, ammunition and medicine; so that quartermaster, commissary, ordnance and medical departments have to be organized, and put in active operation.

When all this is considered, and the fact that a great battle was fought only a few months after the drums beat to arms, one cannot fail to be impressed with the magnitude of the work accomplished, or the rapidity with which the American people can organize for military purposes. We must not forget that one of the belligerents at least had but little out of which the materials of war could be furnished. As the war progressed, discipline and military evolutions grew familiar to the soldiers, the science of strategy and grand tactics to the officers. The knowledge of the proper selection of bases of supplies, the proper objective points of a campaign, the great value of rifle pits, and when time permits, more permanent earthworks, were quickly absorbed by the contestants.

Not much attention was given to "digging dirt" in the earlier days of war, but toward the latter period, if soldiers were placed in line, a tin cup and bayonet, in the absence of trenching tools, made for him a cover, in which he killed the man who sought to dislodge him, while protecting his own body from the flying missile.

An examination of the campaigns in the late war will show, that in most instances where the direct attack was ordered on troops behind entrenchments, the assailants were repulsed; so great is the defensive power of sheltered troops in modern war from the rapidity of fire of modern guns.

To illustrate, in the seven days' battles around Richmond, General Lee attacked the flank, and not the front of McClellan's original lines; at the Second Manassas he not only flanked Pope, but threw half of his army directly behind his lines, and was successful in both instances. At Sharpsburg or Antietam, McClellan made a direct assault on him and was repulsed. At Fredericksburg, Burnside made a front attack and was defeated, while at Chancellorsville, Lee by declining to assault Hooker's army, posted in his front, by a flank movement finely executed by "Stonewall" Jackson, gained the victory, but he failed at Gettysburg, when he attempted the direct assault upon the hosts of Meade.

The famous Wilderness campaign, where Grant and Lee fought for nearly a month, over every mile from the Rapidan to the James, was a wonderful example of defensive warfare. After the first clash of arms, Lee so maneuvered as to force Grant to make the attack against his hastily, but firmly constructed works, which stood the heavy and constant assaults upon them, as Gibraltar does the surging seas.

Once, and only once, at the "Bloody Angle" at Spottsylvania Court House they were broken, but an interior line along the base of the triangle prevented disaster to the Southern troops. Indeed, had it not been that the cannon in the salient stormed had been removed during the night, preparatory to a move by the army, it is doubtful whether Grant could have carried



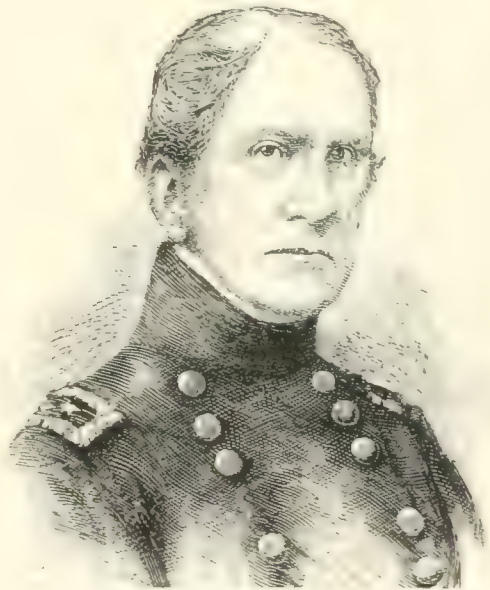
GENERAL WILLIAM S. HARNEY.



GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.



GENERAL DAVID E. TWIGGS.



GENERAL JOHN E. WOOL.

THE FOUR GENERALS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY AT THE OPENING OF THE WAR.

it. The immense advantage to the general who fights a defensive battle can always be estimated by a review of the "Wilderness Campaign," as it is called.

Grant lost over sixty thousand men in the thirty days consumed in marching the seventy-five miles from his starting point to his circumvallating lines at Richmond and Petersburg, while Lee's loss was comparatively very light.

At Cold Harbor en route, when in obedience to an order to "attack along the whole line," nearly the whole of Grant's army assailed the Southern lines of battle, and were terribly slaughtered. In a sixty minute contest Grant lost thirteen thousand men. "It is the only battle I ever fought that I would not fight over again," he afterward said.

Indeed, if Lee had not felt obliged to stop to defend his capital, but had slowly retreated into the interior of Virginia, and both sides had continued to practice their respective tactics, the superiority of numbers might ultimately have been with Lee, and the pages of history differently written.

The great improvement in cannon and small arms have revolutionized the tactics of the battlefield. The increase in the rapidity of fire, filling the spaces between the hostile ranks with death-dealing missiles, adds to the superiority of those who are in earth pits, and decreases the chances of those who charge them.

The wise general, hereafter, will, if possible, so locate his army as to force his opponent to make a direct assault upon his position, by so protecting his flanks as to make them unassailable.

Meade's refusal right at Culps Hill, and his left on the Round Top at Gettysburg, compelled Lee to make the assault on his front because his flanks were impregnable. It was a model line to fight a defensive battle; Lee found himself in front of it, after the victory of the first day, and was too close, and the country too open, to work around towards the Federal rear; he must fight, therefore, and fight face to face, or run, and so he fought, and lost his battle and his cause.

CHAPTER LXVI.

FIVE FORKS, SHERIDAN'S LAST GREAT BATTLE—THE STATEMENT OF GENERAL GRANT—THE MOMENT OF CONFUSION AND DEFEAT—THE VICTORY THAT CAME WITH NIGHT—DANIEL EDWARDS, 146TH NEW YORK INFANTRY—THE CHARGE ACROSS THE STREAM AT FIVE FORKS—C. N. GARDNER, 18TH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY—THE FLAG THAT WAS FORGOTTEN.

BATTLE OF FIVE FORKS.

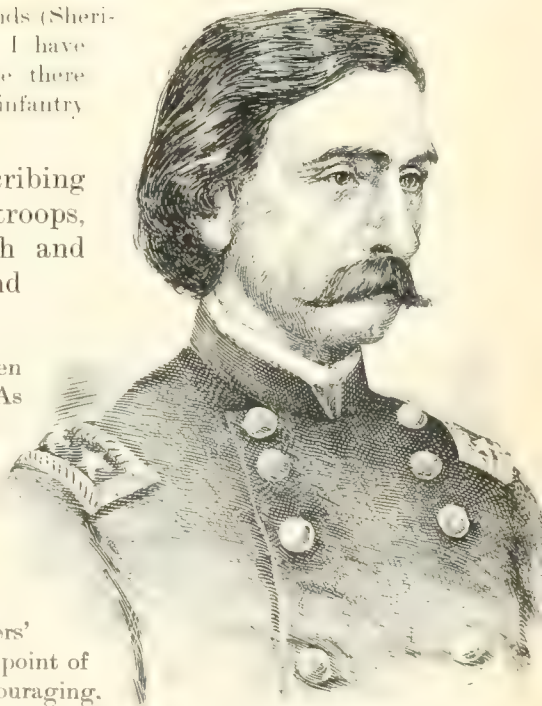
THE Battle of Five Forks occurs frequently in the stories of medal winners in various chapters.

It was General Sheridan who fought the battle and of him General Grant said, as reported by General Porter in his article in the Century Company's "War Book."

"The contemplated movement is left in his hands (Sheridan's), and he must be responsible for its execution. I have every confidence in his judgment and ability. I hope there may now be an opportunity of fighting the enemy's infantry outside of its fortifications."

In the same article General Porter, describing that portion of the engagement where the troops, struggling through the dense undergrowth and over marshy ground fell back in confusion, and were rallied by Sheridan himself, states:

"Sheridan now rushed into the midst of the broken lines, and called out: 'Where is my battle flag?' As the sergeant who carried it rode up Sheridan seized the crimson and white standard, waved it above his head, cheered on the men, and made heroic efforts to close up the ranks. Bullets were humming like a swarm of bees. One pierced the battle flag, another killed the sergeant who had carried it, another wounded Captain A. J. McGonnigle in the side, others struck two or three of the staff-officers' horses. All this time Sheridan was dashing from one point of the line to another, waving his flag, shaking his fist, encouraging, threatening, praying, swearing, the very incarnation of battle."



GENERAL. GOUVERNEUR K. WARREN.

General Grant in his "Personal Memoirs," writes:

"It was dusk when our troops under Sheridan went over the parapet of the enemy. The two armies were mingled together there for a time in such manner that it was

almost a question which one was going to demand a surrender of the other. Soon, however, the enemy broke and ran in every direction; some six thousand prisoners, besides artillery and small arms in large quantities, fell into our hands. The flying troops were pursued in different directions, the cavalry and Fifth Corps under Sheridan pursuing the larger body which moved northwest."

General A. A.
Civil War No.

"General
routed with a

Humphreys in Scribner's "Campaigns of the XII," says:

Sheridan's success was complete. Pickett had been lost, according to the reports of the Fifth Corps and Cavalry, of not less than four thousand five hundred prisoners, thirteen colors, and six guns. His killed and wounded did not, probably, exceed those of General Sheridan."



SHERIDAN AT FIVE FORKS.

General Gouverneur K. Warren was one of the commanders at Five Forks.

In this battle fifteen soldiers won medals of honor. Their names appear in the official list.

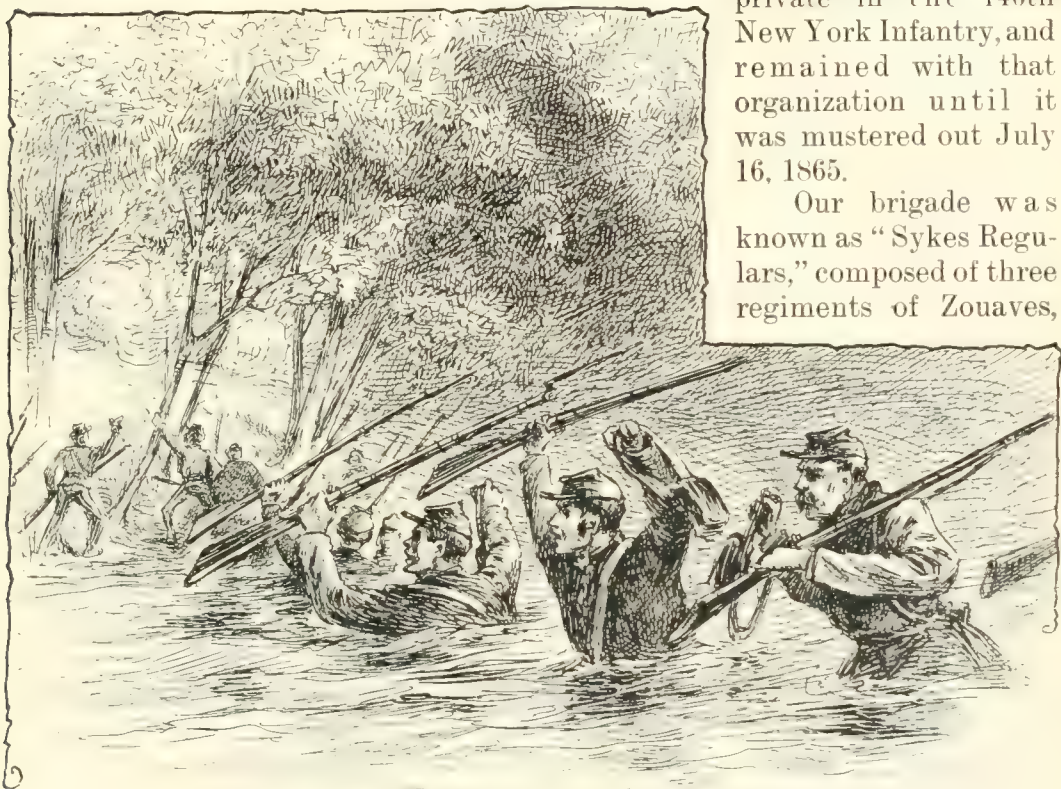
DANIEL EDWARDS.

146TH NEW YORK INFANTRY.

DANIEL EDWARDS, who was in the same regiment in which General Grindlay enlisted, and, consequently, participated in very nearly the same engagements as the general, writes from Waterville, N. Y., as follows:

I was born in Wales, Great Britain, in 1841, and came to this country at the age of fourteen. In September, 1862, I enlisted at Waterville, N. Y., as private in the 146th New York Infantry, and remained with that organization until it was mustered out July 16, 1865.

Our brigade was known as "Sykes Regulars," composed of three regiments of Zouaves,



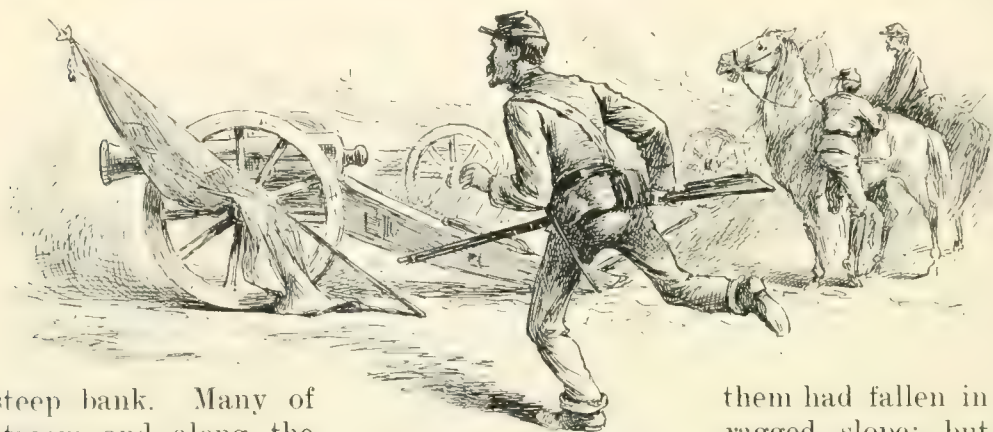
CHARGE OF SYKE'S REGULARS AT FIVE FORKS.

the 5th, 140th, 146th New York, and three regiments of regulars. On the morning of April 1, 1865, after many days of marching and fighting, we again overtook the enemy at Five Forks.

The Confederates were strongly entrenched behind the breastworks and elevated ground in the woods, and on the opposite side from us of a deep, swiftly running stream. Their position was well taken, and commanded every inch of ground between them and us. If I remember rightly, it was

about ten o'clock in the forenoon, when we received the order from Brigadier-General Winthrop, commanding, to charge the enemy's works. The bugle sounded the advance, and the brigade, with quick step, and well closed ranks, marched down the uneven and woody slope to the open field; then double quick at trail arms across the wide field, and through the deep marsh to the thickly wooded banks of the river, where we were ordered to lie down.

During this time, from their strong and elevated position, the enemy poured a deadly fire of musketry and shell into our ranks. After a moment's rest the bugle sounded the final charge. Up, and with a bound the men were in the stream, wading through the deep water, with their guns held high above their heads. Steadily and in good order the brigade crossed to the other shore, and on their hands and knees the men pushed their way up the



THE FORGOTTEN FLAG.

steep bank. Many of stream and along the went the survivors, up works, when a terrible hand to hand conflict ensued, which, however, lasted but a short time.

them had fallen in the ragged slope; but on to and over the enemy's

works, when a terrible hand to hand conflict ensued, which, however, lasted but a short time.

In front of me stood a Confederate soldier, waving a flag. He was a brave man, and would not surrender. I attacked him and he went down. I took his flag and brought it from the field. Two other members of my regiment captured flags in that battle, one was Murphy, but the name of the other I have forgotten. It was in this way I earned my medal.

C. N. GARDNER.

18TH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY.

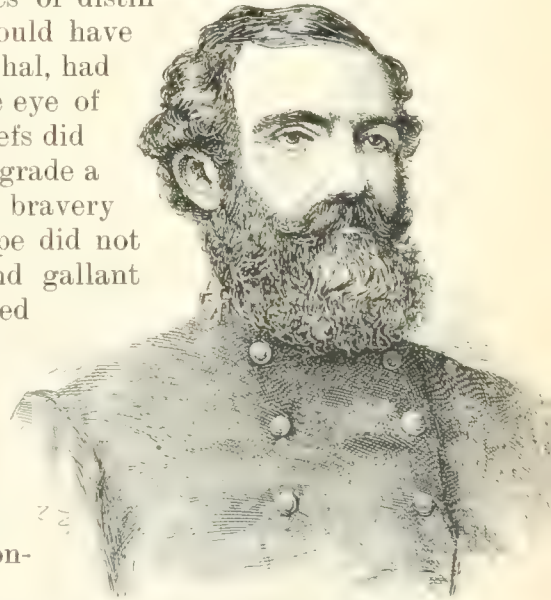
C. N. GARDNER, of Norwell, Mass., won his medal at Five Forks by capturing a flag which the enemy on retreating had left leaning against the wheel of a caisson.

CHAPTER LXVII.

SOME CONFEDERATE SCOUTS—THE DUTIES OF THE ARMY SCOUT—THE LIFE OF THE WOODS AND FIELDS—A MEETING ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE—A SCOUT WHO IS NOW A CLERGY-MAN—A COUNTRY WOMAN IN THE UNION CAMP—THE EARLY DAYS OF THE HELIOSTAT—STEALING THE CODE—THE RAID AFTER BEEF.

By GENERAL WADE HAMPTON, C. S. A.

IT is difficult, without seeming invidious, to give special instances of bravery among the Confederate soldiers where courage was the almost universal rule and where such a thing as cowardice was rarely, if ever, known. A roll of honor, if properly made out, would embrace the name of nearly every true man who fought under the starry cross; but doubtless every officer could give many instances of distinguished gallantry and conduct, such as would have won for the hero of it the baton of field marshal, had his brave deeds been performed under the eye of Napoleon. It was unfortunate that our chiefs did not possess the power to promote to any grade a man from the ranks for acts of exceptional bravery and good conduct—West Point and red tape did not permit this. There was many an able and gallant private in the ranks who could have exchanged places with his officers to the great advantage of the service, and a poor, incompetent officer might have made a very good private. But the discussion of these questions is not germane to the matter my opinion was asked on, whether I knew of any men whose names were worthy to be placed on the Confederate Roll of Honor.



GENERAL WADE HAMPTON.

In the official reports of our officers, many men, both subordinate officers and privates, received high and deserved commendation for gallant services, and doubtless the names of many of these are on that honorable roll, but there was one class of our men, whose services, though of vital importance to the army, have had no official recognition, or

certainly none such as they deserve, and these were our scouts. Every commanding officer had a body of picked men for this important and perilous service. Most of their time was spent within the lines of the enemy, they carried their lives in their hands, they often had desperate encounters with the enemy, and on their reports the movements of the army depended in a great measure. It is of these men I propose to speak, and their services will be better understood and appreciated by my citing exploits of some of them.

As my service was in the Army of Northern Virginia during the war, I can speak only of the scouts of that army, though throughout the entire service there were men detailed for this important duty who were quite as competent and worthy as their fellow soldiers in any other command. But as I wish to speak from personal knowledge, I prefer to choose as my subject the scouts of the cavalry corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, for with their services and deeds I am perfectly familiar. I shall therefore tell of their organization, the manner of their selection, and the duties they were required to perform. Then, as illustrative of the work they did, I shall give instances of the high courage, the valuable services and the unflagging devotion displayed by them in cases which fell under my own observation.

As the duties of these men were dangerous, arduous and delicate, it was of the last consequence to select such as were of unquestioned courage, of intelligence, of coolness and of discretion. When a sufficient number were selected, they were generally placed under the command of one of their party and they were required to ascertain by all means possible the forces of the enemy, the disposition of their forces, their movements, and all information which would be of value to our commanders. The cavalry in our army, as in all others, always held the outposts; they were "the eyes and the ears" of the army; they watched and guarded the infantry while the latter slept, and their duties were unceasing. They held the picket lines, and it was for them to guard against any surprise, to keep the general posted of all the movements of the enemy, and to defend their positions by all possible means.

While the cavalry had their responsible duties to perform, those of the scouts were even more responsible and more dangerous, for these men were constantly exposed to danger, while they had to brave all kinds of weather, sleeping, as they did, in the woods, the sky their only covering, save an overcoat or perhaps a scanty blanket; and they had to be on the watch every minute to guard against surprise. Their work was performed chiefly through the night, so that little rest was allowed them, and whilst seeking that rest they were often called on to defend themselves from capture or death. When they were ordered on duty, a squad, perhaps, of ten or fifteen generally, would go out, though on some occasions when secret particular service was required, only one man would be detailed for such



THE SCOUTS.

duty. In cases of this character the work demanded of the man chosen was the most important and the most perilous a soldier could be called on to discharge, for he would have to act as scout and as spy, and he knew full well that if he were captured a short shrift and a halter would be his fate. A scout was not necessarily a spy, nor a spy always a scout, and while in civil life a spy is deservedly regarded with contempt and aversion, in military affairs the services of such men are recognized as absolutely necessary and the dangers they incur render their work legitimate and honorable. The adventures some of these men met with in the prosecution of their work were so marvelous that they seem incredible, but every old soldier can certify to their truthfulness, and in the following sketch of the services of the scouts of the cavalry corps, I shall begin by narrating what was done by some of these men whose work was done under my own eye. By doing this my narrative, though it may not be a connected relation, will, by a series of short sketches of individual scouts, give a better comprehension of the character of these men and of the work they did. Some of the men referred to are dead, but a few are still living, scattered over the whole country from Maryland to California.

The subject of my first sketch was a man from Texas, who was associated with me during the war, and who was one of the most daring and most successful scouts in the army, as an account of some of his numerous adventures will show. On one occasion when he was in the lines of the enemy alone, he captured a Federal captain, who was sent to prison and subsequently exchanged. About this time his captor was in Washington, staying at one of the hotels on Pennsylvania Avenue, and as he was walking up the street one day he met his former prisoner, who recognized him at once. The captain asked him what he was doing there, and the scout replied promptly that the Confederacy had gone to the devil and he was getting as far north as possible. He then invited the captain to go up to his room to take a glass of brandy, and after several glasses, both went out and separated. The scout, when he reported to me, said that he thought it best then to get across the Potomac, and he did so at once.

On another occasion, he was arrested in Baltimore and sent under guard to Washington. Within ten miles of the city, he jumped off the train, walked to the city, secured the information he sought and returned safely to our lines.

When some naval expedition was being fitted out in Philadelphia, he went there, engaged as one of the workmen, and when he had ascertained the object of the expedition, he returned to report it to headquarters.

Associated with this man were five or six other scouts, all thoroughly reliable men, and they often encountered and fought against large odds while

in the performance of their duty, but it is impossible within the scope of this article to give the details of their admirable conduct, so I have chosen one of them, because he was so frequently detailed on service where he had to act as scout and spy. He passed through the war safely but died subsequently in Texas. Doubtless, many of his Texan fellow soldiers remember him, and they would identify him at once should this sketch of him fall into their hands. There were so many of our scouts whose career was similar to his, that it is difficult to select proper subjects for this disjointed narrative without stretching it to too great a length, so I shall mention only a few who won and deserved a very high reputation.

Amongst them was one whose whole career in the army was full of thrilling adventures, hair-breadth escapes from danger, and daring deeds. A

volume would be required to record all of them, but some incidents of his army life will show the character of the man and of his work. After the war he enlisted under the banner of the Cross and he is now an earnest, devoted Episcopal clergyman, striving as zealously now to save men, as he once did to dispose of them in another and more summary manner. He generally went on his expeditions alone, or with but one comrade, for his duty as a general rule was to obtain information of the enemy, and no danger, no risk,



THE SCOUT IN THE UNION CAMP.

ever deterred him from the accomplishment of his object. Once, when out with but one companion, near the lines of the enemy, they laid down at night in the woods with a blanket over them. The man of whom I am speaking was aroused by a pull of the blanket and a voice exclaiming, "Get up, Johnny Rebs, we have got you." He pulled the blanket up over his head, nudged his companion in an effort to wake him, and drew his pistol just as the blanket was jerked off of them. There were three Federal soldiers standing over them, and one had his rifle with the bayonet pointing at the sleeping man. The instant the blanket was withdrawn, the scout shot the man who held the rifle, and as he fell his bayonet passed through the heart of the other scout, while two quick shots from the revolver of the living man killed both of the other Federals.

On another occasion, he dressed as an old countrywoman, procured an old cart and sold vegetables for three days in the midst of, and to the Federal army, and came away bringing, besides valuable information, the headquarter's flag of the general commanding.

Many more interesting incidents could be cited of him, but the foregoing are sufficient to show how daring and skillful he was, and it is only necessary to say, in order to prove how high his reputation was, that he possessed the full confidence of General Lee, who constantly entrusted to him the most delicate and important duties.

There was another man whose career was as remarkable as that of any one in the army, to whose intelligence, skill and courage our commanding generals were greatly indebted, for he constantly secured important information by the most extraordinary means. He came to Washington often and established there a system of signals, to be transmitted by means of looking-glasses, and these signals, flashed from a house in the city, were repeated to our lines in Virginia. I saw him cross the Potomac one night alone between the gunboats in a frail canoe, and on that occasion he went to Washington and returned with important information. He accompanied General Beauregard to Charleston, S. C., when the latter took command there, and while in that city he died. During his service there, an assault was made on Fort Sumter, but was repulsed with loss to the enemy and among the prisoners taken was a lieutenant of the navy. He was put in prison, and the scout, putting on a Federal uniform, had himself confined with him, and being familiar with many of our signals, he discussed the manner of using signals in warfare. By these means, he acquired the knowledge of those in use by the Federal Navy, and General Beauregard was afterwards enabled to understand the orders for all movements contemplated by the officers of the Federal fleet.

This detective work has an unpleasant sound to civilian ears, but the old maxim that "all is fair in love and war," still holds good, and spies are necessary in war as they are sometimes in peace. I have taken the men here spoken of as types of those scouts, who generally were called on to act singly, and while there were many others worthy of mention, the examples given are sufficient to show what nerve, coolness, vigilance and courage were requisite to fit a man for this duty.

Having given some instances of the acts of individual skill and bravery on the part of a few of our scouts, I shall show now, by a narration of their exploits when a number of them acted together, how often they had to face imminent danger, and how they were frequently compelled to fight desperately in order to save themselves. Not only did this happen often, but on some occasions they performed brilliant exploits, such as not only proved

them to be brave and gallant soldiers, but fit, many of them, to command, instead of occupying subordinate positions, as they did. The responsibility imposed on them was heavy, and the only reward they could look for were the commendations of their officers, together with the consciousness of duty performed.

Amongst my scouts was one from Louisiana, and he is now a successful and popular lawyer in California, to which State he went after the war. He was engaged in so many scouting expeditions, and encountered so many perils, that it is difficult to select any for illustration when nearly all were full of interest. But a few instances of the manner in which his duty was performed will prove how worthy he was of the trust and confidence reposed in him. He was one of the sergeants of my scouts, and while he often acted alone, he generally had with him the men, or a number of them, who were detailed to serve with him. In September, 1864, he reported to me that there was a large herd of cattle near City Point, below Petersburg, and he told me how they were guarded. His report in this case deserves mention on account of the accuracy of the information he had acquired, as well as the military acumen it displayed. Written as it was in the lines of the enemy, it was certainly a remarkable production, and the suggestions it contained proved that he was a soldier of high ability. In the expedition made in pursuance of the information received, he acted as guide and distinguished himself with conspicuous gallantry in the fight we had with the enemy.

We moved out on Wednesday, and at daylight on Friday we struck the enemy, who made a stubborn resistance, inflicting quite a heavy loss on us, but we carried their camp, and after some trouble, "rounded up" the cattle, which had been stampeded and were rushing wildly toward City Point. All except one—two thousand four hundred and eighty-six—were carried off safely, though we had to fight our way across the Jerusalem plank road, where a division of cavalry endeavored to cut us off. The scout, who made the report, met us on our march, guided us to the proper point for the attack, and went in bravely with the attacking force. The success we gained was mainly owing to him, for he reported the presence of the cattle, and gave so minute and accurate an account of the position of the enemy, that our attack was a surprise and a complete success. The account of the expedition is given to show how greatly we depended on our scouts for reliable information, and to prove how intelligent many of these men were. While it was of course necessary that they should be courageous, it was equally so that they should be of good judgment and competent to advise their officers, not only of the position of the enemy, but of the advisability of movements on our part.

One incident which occurred on this occasion touched me deeply. One of my best and favorite scouts was severely wounded in our first attack on the enemy, and I had sent him in an ambulance to a house in our rear. There I called to see him as we were returning, and I found him lying on a mattress suffering great pain. Taking his hand, I expressed my regret that he was wounded, and said that I hoped he would soon recover. Holding my hand, looking up calmly, and without a tremor in his voice, he replied, "No, general, I am mortally wounded, and I shall never see you again, but I die perfectly happy, fighting for my country and fighting under you." That man's name was worthy to be placed on any roll of honor, where unflinching courage and loyal devotion to duty are the requirements for enrollment. Besides the loss of this brave man, three others of my scouts were wounded, thus showing that in a fight they were always in the front, for they were men who never shirked any duty of a soldier.

There was one other exploit of the scout whose report has been quoted which is worthy of mention, and before turning to another, and the last of my scouts to whom reference shall be made, I give briefly an account of that. He and another scout seeing a Federal steamer at Fredericksburg, and thinking it had come under a flag of truce, entered the town and were captured. They were put in irons, taken to Fortress Monroe, and there transferred to a gunboat which ran up the James River to the vicinity of City Point. Slipping their handcuffs, they dropped overboard on a dark night and reached the south bank of the river. There they found a few men on signal duty and a small number detailed to do some work. Near by was Fort Powhatan, for which a company of colored cavalry made daily reconnoissances, and the scout organized a small party, ambushed this company, killed many of them, supplied themselves with arms and horses, and joined me in North Carolina, where I was serving with General Johnston.

Before speaking of the last of my scouts, to whom allusion was made above, let me tell of an incident which befell one of them, which, though not heroic, had a very humorous phase. While stationed at Culpeper in Virginia, I directed this man to go out early the next morning down our side of the river, and to capture a prisoner, as I wished to obtain some information. The next night he reported to me, and when asked if he had secured his man, he replied in the negative. He said that he saw a major walking down the opposite bank of the stream, and covering him with his gun he ordered him to surrender. This the major did, but when called on to cross the river, he protested that he could not swim. The scout said that that made no difference, and that he would have to take water or be shot. Whereupon the so-called prisoner approached toward the river, and passing

a large stump he jumped behind it and sat down. Provoked at what he regarded as an act of treachery, the scout sat down, watching for a chance to shoot his friend on the other side of the river, and thus they remained until dark, when the major slipped off unseen, and the scout returned, thoroughly disgusted with his still hunt.

I shall cite but one more instance of the good work done by our scouts, and as this, taken as a whole, was one of the most brilliant achievements which fell under my notice during the war, it will make a fitting close to this article, which, I fear, is already too prolix. While the cavalry was at a point about ten miles from Goldsboro, in North Carolina, Sherman occupied that town. Learning where his headquarters were, I called up this scout, and told him that I wished him to go on an expedition which was full of peril. We were between two rivers, the Neuse on the south and Little River on the north, and after showing him the position of the house in which Sherman was, I told him that he must swim the river on our right flank, cross the Charleston and Wilmington Railroad, where he would find a portion of the cavalry of the enemy, to break through there and to recross the river below Goldsboro. There he was to dash into the town, and endeavor to capture Sherman. He expressed his readiness to undertake the work, and when asked how many men he required, he said thirty. I gave orders for him to select his men and to move at once. He took thirty-three men, fifteen armed with carbines and pistols, and the others only with the latter, and they moved off immediately. The next day Sherman left Goldsboro, moving up towards Smithfield, and I felt great anxiety as to the fate of my scouts, for rumors of their capture and death reached us. I could learn nothing of them for many days, but having been called by President Davis to Charlotte, after the surrender of General Lee, I met my scout there, and to my question why he came, he replied that he had heard that Johnston's army was to be surrendered, and as he did not intend to surrender, he had come in to learn the facts. He then gave an account of his expedition, and subsequently sent in a written report of it. I regret not having this paper here, so only some of the salient points of it can be given from memory. He commenced his verbal account by saying, that as I was aware Sherman left Goldsboro the day after the scouting party crossed the Neuse River, and that of course he did not attempt to go to Goldsboro. He struck the Federal Cavalry near the railroad, and after a sharp skirmish passed through their lines, when he fell in with a herd of cattle and sheep guarded by cavalry. He dispersed the latter, captured the stock and sent them off under guard of three men. Finding that he was pursued, he stationed his fifteen riflemen behind a fence, holding the remaining men mounted. The Federals charged, were received by a volley from the dismounted men, which threw them into

confusion, and they were in turn charged by the whole force of scouts. In this charge and pursuit, upwards of thirty Federals were killed or wounded, and the captured stock was brought off safely. Our party had various other skirmishes, capturing a large number of prisoners, but mention shall be made only of their last achievement, which I regard as very brilliant. One evening about dusk, while moving on a blind by-road, they debouched on a main thoroughfare, upon which the enemy were moving. They struck this a little in advance of a train of wagons, loaded with commissary stores, and the wagon-master was riding some distance in front, looking for a place to camp. The leader of the scouts rode up, captured him, changed horses with him, and dashing towards the train he shouted out to follow him quickly for the Rebels held the road beyond them. The train moved up rapidly, and one hundred and ten wagons were turned into the by-road, and pushed forward as fast as they could move. The road was rough and narrow, and the seventeenth wagon from the front broke down, and as there was no mode of getting those in the rear past it, they were all burned; but all the teams and sixteen wagons were brought off safely.

In this expedition, in addition to what has been stated as to the operations of these scouts, they reported nearly one hundred of the enemy killed, four hundred prisoners captured and paroled, and this work was done without the loss of a single man in their party. The gallant man who led this expedition met a tragic end, for he went to take part in the last revolution in Cuba, and his leg having been broken in a fight there, when he refused to surrender he was killed.

I have not given the names of the men referred to in this paper, because some of them are living, and my only object in writing the article is to do justice, in part at least, to a class of men whose services, important and gallant as they were, have received little, if any, official recognition. Of course, there were hundreds of other scouts besides those mentioned who deserve the praise given to the few I have recalled, and there were many cases of heroic conduct which could be specified, but to do so would be to tax the patience of my readers to too great an extent.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

AFTER FIVE FORKS—THE FINAL ASSAULTS ON PETERSBURG—GEORGE W. POTTER 1ST R. I. L.
 ARTILLERY—CHARGING THE WORKS WITHOUT ARMS—R. J. GARDNER 34TH MASSACHUSETTS
 INFANTRY—THE CAPTURE OF FORTS GREGG AND WHITWORTH—A. O. APPLE 12TH
 WEST VIRGINIA INFANTRY—GENERAL LEE'S RETREAT, AND THE MOVEMENTS
 WHICH LED TO THE LAST BATTLE—J. K. PIERSOL 13TH OHIO CAVALRY
 —HARD SERVICE BY A REGIMENT NOT MOUNTED UNTIL THE
 END OF 1864—IRA H. EVANS 10TH VERMONT INFANTRY
 —9TH U. S. C. T.—INTERVIEWING DESERTERS.

GEORGE W. POTTER was born in Coventry, R. I., in 1843. He enlisted February 26, 1862, at Westerly, R. I., as private in Company G, 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, and reenlisted at Brandy Station, Va., during the winter of 1863 and 1864, in the same organization.

Writing from Providence, R. I., Mr. Potter says:

I served with my company through all the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac up to and including the assault on Petersburg, where I was shot in the left temple, and the sight of my left eye virtually destroyed.

On the evening of April 1, 1865, about twenty of us volunteered to go under the leadership of our company commander, George W. Adams, with the charging column on the following morning.

Just before daylight we formed with our detachment in the front line, and, at the booming of the signal gun, started.

We were successful, and on reaching the line of works our little squad took charge of the guns. We had brought with us lanyards, sponge-staffs, and such other tools as we thought might be necessary. It was a grand undertaking, well executed, and many of the enemy bit the dust through shots from their own guns. Captain Adams of Company G, who led us, received a brevet-major's commission for his share in the work. I was shot down in the charge, and still suffer from the wound, but I have a medal of honor to show what my portion was in that day's work. The inscription on it is as follows:

"The Congress to George W. Potter, Battery G, 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery."

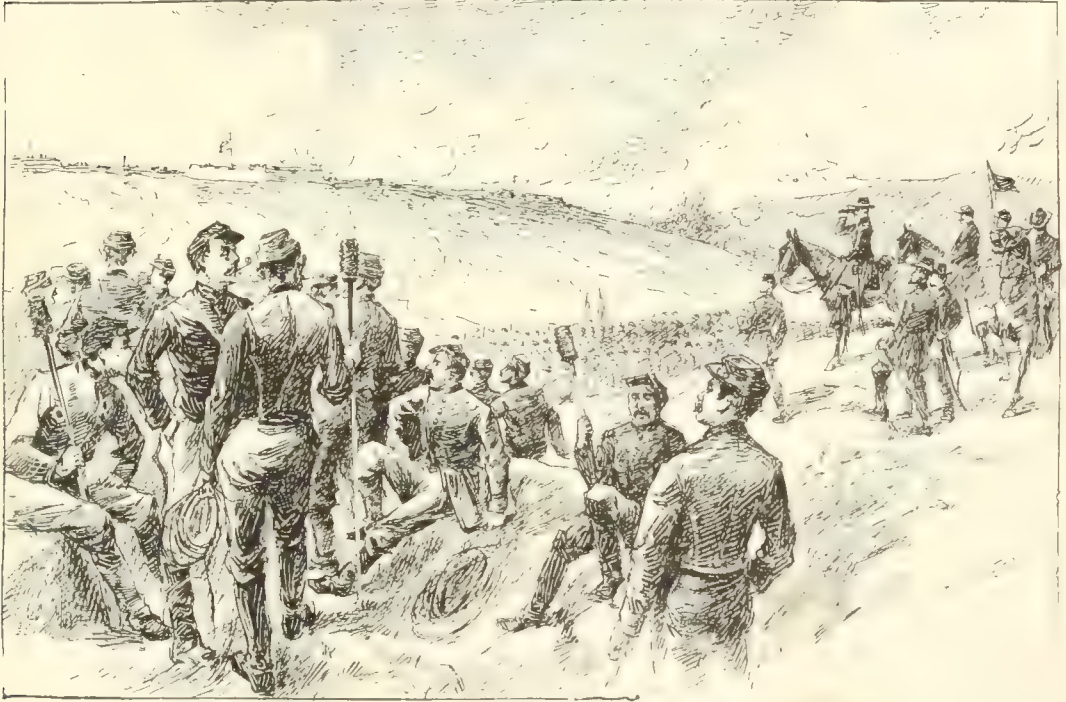
ROBERT J. GARDNER.

34TH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY.

ROBERT J. GARDNER, who now lives in Plainfield, Mich., was born in Livingston, N. Y., in 1837, and enlisted at Egremont, Mass., July 14, 1862, as first sergeant in Company K, 34th Massachusetts Infantry.

It was at the capture of Fort Gregg that he won his medal of honor.

The reader will remember that Forts Gregg and Whitworth were two redoubts in the outer line of works in front of Petersburg, and that they were



THE ARTILLERY SQUAD ON LEFT OF THE LINE.

assaulted and successfully taken on the day following the grand victories at Five Forks.

The Century Company's "War Book" contains the following paragraph relative to this action.

"The general decided that these (Forts Gregg and Whitworth) should be stormed, and about one o'clock three of Ord's brigades swept down upon Fort Gregg. A garrison of three hundred (under Lieutenant Colonel J. H. Duncan) with two rifled cannon, made a desperate advance, and a most gallant contest took place. For half an hour before our men had gained the parapet, a bloody hand to hand struggle continued, and nothing could stand against the onslaught of Ord's troops flushed with their morning's victory. By half past two fifty-seven of the brave garrison lay dead, and about two hundred and fifty had surrendered."

In telling the story of how he won the medal, Mr. Gardner writes:

In this engagement my regiment was ordered to charge on the fort (we belonged to the 2nd Division, 24th Army Corps), and in such charges I always regarded every man as his own general. I soon found myself alone in advance of the line, and overtook some soldiers who belonged to the 1st Division of the 24th Army Corps, who, I think, must have received orders before we did.

There was a 1st lieutenant with these men, who seemed to be urging them to go toward the fort. They were lying in a sort of ravine, running parallel with the fortification, which afforded some protection on the upper side.

I said as I passed: "If you won't go ahead, follow me! I shall get into the fort."

They refused the invitation, and I went on alone, reached the redoubt, crossed the ditch, ascended the parapet, and laid down just short of the top, where I could find some protection against the bullets. Here it was possible for me to raise my musket, and fire directly into the fort.

I was then the only live Federal on the works, and should judge that I was alone there for at least ten minutes. At the end of that time I saw, some distance to my left, several of our men, who bore the regimental colors; at least I thought the flag was that of the 34th.

From the moment of reaching the fortification my object had been to get inside as soon as there was anyone in the vicinity to follow me. Directly over my head was a gun which was being discharged with considerable regularity, but I knew it could not be depressed sufficiently to reach me, so I felt quite safe from that quarter.

I was the first, or among the first, to go into the fort, and as I jumped down over the parapet an officer came up, saying hurriedly:

"I am the commandant of the redoubt, and surrender to you. You must protect me."

About the same time several other Confederates came up and surrendered, saying they too wanted protection.

This is about the whole story of the service which brought me my medal of honor. After the surrender of Lee's army at Appomattox, I was ordered to report to General Gibbon, and went with him to Washington to witness the presentation of the flags at the War Department. Then it was that Secretary Stanton took my name for a medal.

I am aware there has been a great deal of argument over the capture of Fort Gregg, as to just who did, or did not, take it. Now even a private may have some idea of what is going on in a battle, especially under such circumstances as these, and I believe all the credit should be given to the 24th Corps, General John Gibbon commanding.

It was stated by General Gibbon, at Richmond, at our final review, when the medals the men of our corps had won were being presented, that General Grant considered the capture of Fort Gregg equivalent to planting the first flag in Richmond; that there had been a sum of money offered by some citizens to the man who should carry the first flag into Richmond, and as he (General Grant) did not know any distinction, it went by lot, and fell to a soldier, by the name of McGraw, I believe.

The party which went with General Gibbon to Washington, numbered thirteen from the 24th Corps. I received from Secretary Stanton a thirty day's furlough, my pay, free transportation home and back, and a commission dating April 2, 1865.

ANDREW O. APPLE.

12TH WEST VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

ANDREW O. APPLE, chief of the fire department at Elgin, Ill., wrote to the compiler of these records on January 19, 1890, an account of how he won the medal of honor. A little more than four months later he died at Elgin, Ill.

Mr. Apple's letter is as follows:

I enlisted August, 1862, at New Cumberland, W. Va., when I was seventeen years of age, in Company I, 12th West Virginia Volunteer Infantry, which regiment formed a portion of the 24th Army Corps at the time I won the medal of honor.

It will be remembered that about noon April 2, 1865, while the operations were being carried on in front of Petersburg, after the works of Forts Gregg and Whitworth had been assaulted for six hours, General Ord attacked Fort Gregg with three brigades.

We came from the left of the line and took the fort after a terrific struggle, during which there was no time to reload our muskets after first discharging them, and the greater number of us were forced to use our bayonets during the entire assault.

The first I knew that I had done anything out of the ordinary line was, one morning while we were in camp at Richmond, after coming from the scene of Lee's surrender, the orderly sergeant stopped at my tent and asked if I wanted to go home.

I told him that we would all go so soon that I had better wait for the regiment. The great victories which had just been won made us eager to see the closing acts of the war. Then again there was an intense satisfaction in being inside the city which had so long resisted our efforts.

Instead of being content with my answer, the sergeant told me to fix up and report to regimental headquarters. I had but little choice as to the clothes I should wear, and at the best looked more like a tramp than a respectable soldier. We had not drawn any garments for three months, and I was ragged, dirty, and with shoes that would have disgraced an ash barrel.

The orders had to be obeyed, however, regardless of personal appearance, and on reporting I found a lieutenant and one private waiting for me. We three were then told to go to brigade headquarters, where were two men from the 23rd Illinois and one from the 116th Ohio.

From here we were sent to the corps commander, and he in turn ordered us to the landing, where about forty had gathered, none of whom knew any more about their reason for being there than I did.

A steamer was tied up to the bank, and the only loads he had on board was a lot of gun boxes, which we had every reason to suppose contained weapons. We lounged around a long while wondering why guns should be sent away at such a time, and finally the order came for us to go on board as guard to the boxes. The steamer was bound for Washington, and on arriving there we were to escort the freight to the White House.

Even then none of our party realized what it was that we were to take such wonderful care of, and not until the cases had been opened in our presence

"DO YOU WANT TO GO HOME."

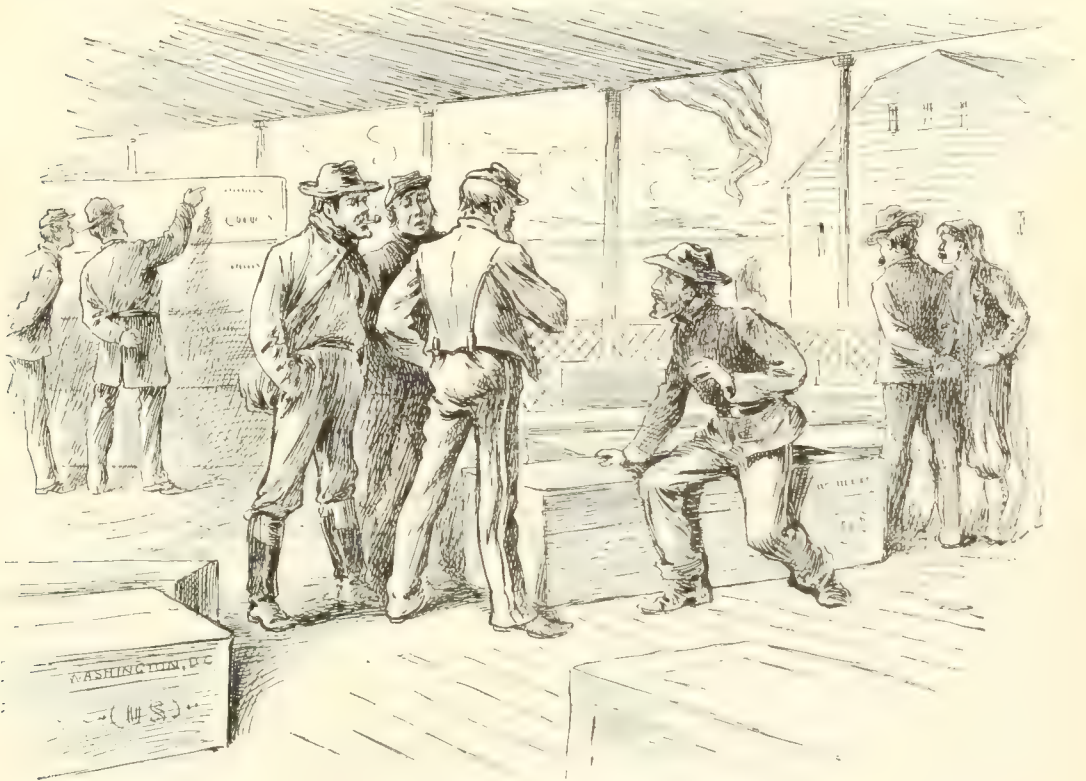
before all the cabinet members did we learn that they contained General Lee's battle flags. This was just at the time that the country was beginning to realize that perhaps the private soldier had something to do with the victories, and everyone seemed eager to give us a good reception, because of the news we had brought, or, rather, because the contents of those gun cases proved the truth of the reports sent by General Grant.

A photograph was taken of the forty guards, but I am unable to say whether it was for the Government or for private parties. At all events, we were first placed in front of a camera, and then Secretary of War Stanton gave us the freedom of the city, two months' pay, a furlough of thirty days, together with free transportation to our homes and back.



You can fancy how readily the money, railroad passes and leave of absence was accepted, and, after spending a short time in Washington, each went his way, rejoicing in the knowledge that for one month he was free from the dull routine of a soldier's life. Besides, there could be no question but that the fighting was about over, therefore none of us feared very much that we would be missed.

As for myself, I enjoyed every one of the thirty days, and went back to the front believing that I had been amply rewarded for all that had been



ON THE DECK OF THE STEAMER.

done during the assault on Fort Gregg, but, as was soon shown, the full payment for that day's work had not been made.

We went into camp like schoolboys who had earned an unexpected holiday, and without the slightest idea that anything more was to follow what, to us, had been a succession of ovations. Our surprise, therefore, may be imagined, when, shortly after our return to Richmond, the whole corps was drawn up in a hollow square, and the name of each member of the furloughed party was called in turn.

As we stepped forward, General Ord's daughter came up and pinned a Congressional medal of honor on the breast of each one, and for the first time we understood that the country had decorated us with the highest possible gift as a reward for bravery, which I, at least, was unconscious of having deserved.

It is not necessary to speak of the pride I felt at thus being singled out from so many brave fellows. If I had earned it unwittingly, it was none the less precious, and I value it more highly than words can tell.

LIEUTENANT JAMES K. PIERSOL.

13TH OHIO CAVALRY.

LIEUTENANT JAMES K. PIERSOL was born in 1843, in Beaver County Pennsylvania. So writes one of this medal winner's comrades.

During the first year of the war he was attending college at Mount Union, Ohio, in the summer months, and teaching in the winter.

After the disastrous Peninsular Campaign of 1862, emergency men were called for, and he, together with a number of students from the college, enlisted for three months in the 66th Ohio Volunteers.

At the expiration of this service he returned to school, but the war drums were constantly beating, and he again enlisted, February, 1864, in Company A, 13th Regiment Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, as private, but was soon promoted to sergeant.

The regiment was not mounted, owing to a lack of horses, and the command was attached to the infantry service. They were in Grant's campaign from the Wilderness to Petersburg, 9th Army Corps.

They took part in the battles of Cold Harbor, White House Landing, siege of Petersburg, assault upon the Crater, Weldon Railroad, Ream Station, Pegram's Farm and Hatcher's Run, in addition to many skirmishes.

December 24th, 1864, the regiment was mounted and entered upon its cavalry career, being assigned to the Third Brigade, Second Division of the cavalry corps. He, with his regiment, was under fire near Fort Steadman, March 25, 1865; Dinwiddie Court House, March 31, and at the battle of Five Forks, April 1. Then, riding, skirmishing, and hampering Lee's retreat until the afternoon of April 5, when, near Farm's Crossroads, Davie's brigade of the 2nd Division captured a wagon train and a battery of artillery which the enemy made desperate efforts to retake, pressing the command so hard that the 3rd Brigade went to its assistance.

The enemy continued to push the combined force back through Amelia Springs and Jettersville, when the 13th Ohio Cavalry was ordered to make a sabre charge.

The Confederate cavalry were in line advancing through the timber into an open field, their left on the wagon road that ran parallel with the Richmond and Danville Railroad; their right well up toward Flat Creek, a tributary of the Appomattox River, while their infantry were coming down from the direction of Amelia Court House.

The 13th deployed into the open, Piersol at the time acting as sergeant-major of the regiment.

Amid the pattering of the bullets and the yells of the enemy, Colonel Clark's voice was heard:

"Charge sabres! Forward! Charge!"

With a cheer the boys dashed at the Confederate line, pressing it back into, and beyond, the timber from which it had just emerged.

Several rallies were made, but the 13th with sabre and revolver pressed on, capturing many of the enemy. Piersol, while getting through the timber, took one prisoner and sent him to the rear. Then, seeing in the advance, a small group of the retreating enemy who were directing their course toward the crest of the hill, he with three comrades started in pursuit.

Two of the men's horses could not keep the pace, and fell behind; the third lost control of his steed and was carried into dangerous proximity to the advancing line of the Confederate infantry on the right.

This left the field to Piersol, except that Hiram Platt, a lieutenant of a Pennsylvania regiment, had crossed over and joined the chase.

The retreating Confederates, observing their infantry advancing, halted on the crest of the hill, and in a few moments, Piersol was by the side of the color-bearer.

A short, sharp, and decisive encounter between him and the Confederate ensued, with the result that before the color-bearer's comrades had rallied to his assistance, the flag of the 2nd Alabama Cavalry was in the hands of the sergeant, who, shaking it once defiantly, dashed with a cheer down the hill to gain the cover of the woods.

The Confederates opened a heavy fire upon him with their revolvers, but, owing to their excitement and confusion, the aim was not accurate, and Piersol got safely away.

On the following day, April 6, at Sailor's Creek, the 13th Ohio Cavalry made a charge, capturing and burning a wagon train.

In returning to the Federal lines, Piersol, with from fifteen to twenty comrades, became separated from the remainder of the regiment, and were cut off by the infantry line of the enemy. They made a bold dash for liberty, and Piersol was one of the few who succeeded in escaping.

On the 7th, at High Bridge, in the mounted charge upon the infantry, he was wounded by a rifle ball in the body; but, finding that no bones were

broken, although he was dangerously injured, he continued with his regiment, and took part in the last fight before the surrender at Appomattox.

Again was the 13th called upon to charge the enemy's infantry, and it was on this occasion that Captain Edward Cooper of Company B, was killed. This regiment claims the honor of having made the last charge upon the enemy during the war, and of having had the last man killed in battle in the Army of the Potomac before the surrender.

Piersol was ordered to Washington, in company with many others who had captured flags, and the trophies were turned over to Secretary of War



LAST CHARGE OF THE WAR.

E. M. Stanton. Governor John Brough, of Ohio, was present during the ceremony, and complimented Piersol warmly, and at the same time promising him a commission as 1st lieutenant of cavalry, which promise was faithfully kept. The lieutenant was mustered out at Amelia Court House, Va., July 4, 1865; studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1870. He now lives in Oakland, Cal.

CAPTAIN IRA H. EVANS.

10TH VERMONT INFANTRY, 9TH UNITED STATES COLORED TROOPS.

IRA HOBART EVANS, now residing in Austin, Texas, was born in Piermont, N. H., in 1844. He enlisted as private in Company B, 10th Vermont Infantry,

July 28, 1862; he was made captain 116th United States Colored Troops. January 27, 1865, brevet-major United States Volunteers, March 13, 1865, "for gallant conduct and meritorious services," and was mustered out of service with his regiment, at Louisville, Ky., February 7, 1867.

Captain Evans received the medal of honor from Congress "for distinguished bravery at Hatcher's Run, Va., April 2, 1865."

He participated in eleven engagements.

General Birney says of this officer:

"In the early days of April, 1865, when General Grant was moving on Petersburg, my division (the Second of the 25th Corps) held a portion of the Union line near Hatcher's Run.



GOING TO INTERVIEW THE DESERTERS.

The main body was sheltered by a low ridge from the enemy's fire, but the rifle pits in which the pickets were posted and the open space between the pits and the ridge, was swept by the Confederate cannon and musketry. Confederate deserters were numerous, most of them reaching the rifle pits late at night or about daybreak, where, for their safety, they were detained until nightfall. An afternoon assault on the Confederate works being intended, it was very important to learn what changes had been made in them. I was directed from headquarters to have the newly arrived deserters interviewed. Being unwilling to order any member on my staff on so dangerous a duty, I called for a volunteer. Captain Evans was the only one who responded. Dismounting he passed rapidly over the ridge in front of the division, being at that time the only Union soldier in view from the Confederate line. The enemy opened a sharp fire of musketry upon him, and continued it until he disappeared in one of our rifle pits.

"Having questioned the deserters and obtained the desired information, he returned through another shower of bullets and reported to me. It was a gallant feat."

CHAPTER LXIX.

FROM RICHMOND TO APPOMATTOX—THE CLOSING SCENES OF THE WAR—RICHMOND IN 1865—THE
 SUNDAY ON WHICH RICHMOND FELL—THE SCENE IN CHURCH—THE MAYOR'S WHITE FLAG—
 SCENES IN THE STREETS—THE REAR GUARD—STARVING AND FIGHTING—AFTER
 SAILOR'S CREEK—A SERIES OF SKIRMISHES—THE MARKS OF A LINE OF
 RETREAT—APPOMATTOX—FIGHTING SHERIDAN'S CAVALRY CORPS
 WITH A BATTERY AND FIVE HUNDRED MEN—CUSTER
 AND THE WHITE FLAG—THE LAST FIGHTING
 BETWEEN LEE AND GRANT—THE END—
 GRANT'S GREATEST ACT.

By COLONEL WILLIAM TODD ROBINS, C. S. A.

THE 2nd of April, 1865, is a day memorable in the annals of Richmond, the Confederate capital.

That city at that time contained a large number of people who did not properly belong to it. People from all parts of the Confederacy, who had business relations with the Confederate government, wives and children of officers and soldiers in the field flocked to this point, and the city was filled to overflowing.

Though confidence in the ultimate success of the Confederate cause pervaded the hearts and minds of those who were sanguine, yet an under-current of uncertainty and doubt was strongly felt by those more thoughtful people who had reviewed the circumstances of the situation.

I was at that time the colonel commanding the 24th Virginia Cavalry, a regiment which was stationed a few miles east of Richmond.

On the day above mentioned, which was Sunday, no movement of the enemy having been reported from the picket lines, and everything being quiet in front, I rode into Richmond to attend church. During the services the officiating minister, the Reverend Joshua Peterkin, was interrupted by having a note handed to him. After reading it himself he read aloud the contents of the paper to the congregation, which was the announcement that General Lee's lines at Petersburg had been broken and that Richmond would be evacuated at once. Having read the note he immediately dismissed the congregation.

Passing out of the church, I saw people grouped together all along the streets discussing the situation with sad and disturbed faces. Consternation, uncertainty and sorrow were depicted on every countenance. It was a

question whether the women whose husbands were away in the army should flee while there was yet time, or remain and be separated from them for an indefinite period. I was frequently stopped and asked for advice, and invariably advised them to remain where they were.

I proceeded at once to join my regiment, which had been moved during my absence down to the outer lines held by our infantry. As soon as it was dark enough to veil the movement, all the infantry was withdrawn and their plans taken up by dismounted cavalry from our brigade. The infantry then



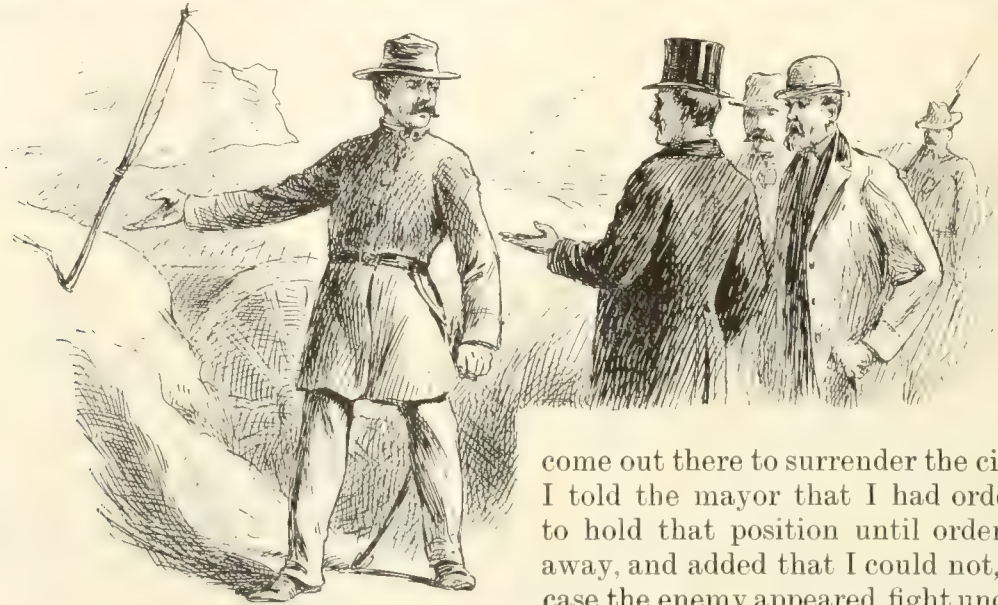
THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE FALL OF RICHMOND

marched through Richmond, crossing the James at that point, and on in the direction of Amelia Court House, where the junction with General Lee's troops marching from Petersburg was effected.

The lines were held by the cavalry until about two p. m. of the 3rd, when we quietly withdrew, without the knowledge of the enemy, who did not find out until after daylight next morning that our lines had been deserted. We then withdrew towards Richmond and I was ordered with my regiment to march across country and take position at the point where the Osborne turnpike and the New Market road come together, and to remain there and

hold that position until further orders. Arriving at the point indicated I found an old fort, and dismounted my men and manned the works.

Fatigued and drowsy I dropped off to sleep, and upon awaking was surprised and shocked to find a white flag flying over the fort. I at once ordered the white flag to be taken down, and upon inquiring who had put it there a gentleman stepped forward, attended by some half a dozen others, and informed me that he was Joseph Mayo, the mayor of the city of Richmond, and that the flag had been raised by his orders, adding that he had



A CONFLICT OF AUTHORITY.

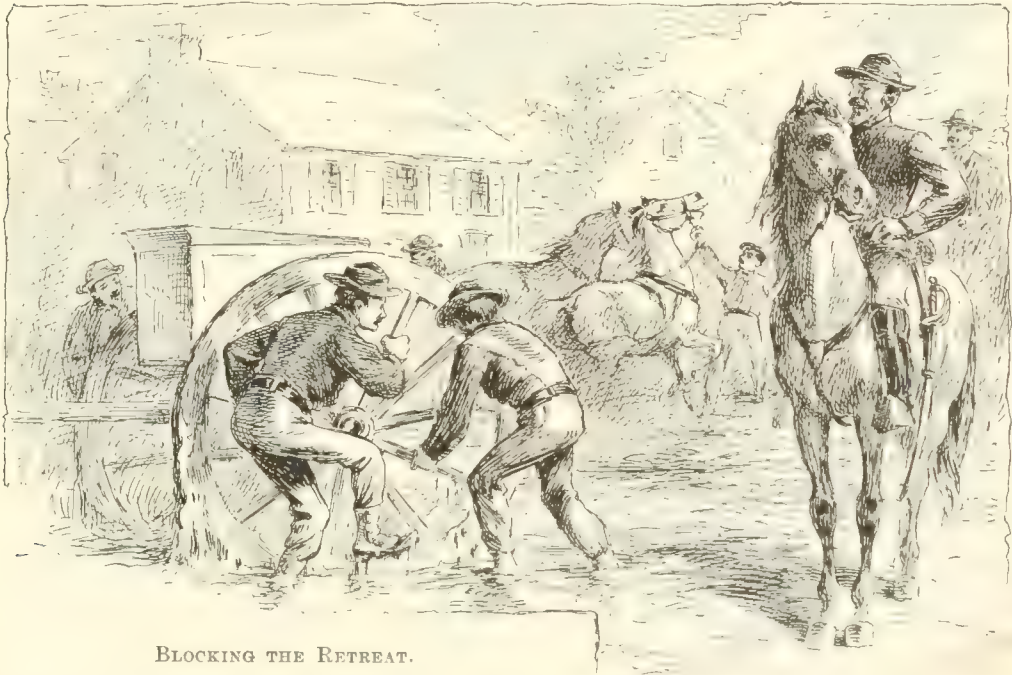
come out there to surrender the city. I told the mayor that I had orders to hold that position until ordered away, and added that I could not, in case the enemy appeared, fight under a white flag. I advised him to defer

the surrender of the city until I had fallen back. He and his party got into the carriages which had brought them there and decamped.

I remained where I was until after sunrise of the 3rd of April, when I came to the conclusion that I had been forgotten, and mounting my men, marched into Richmond.

The scenes which met my eyes upon my arrival in the city beggar description. The streets were filled with a rascally scum of the earth, engaged in plunder and arson. These people, mostly deserters and Union spies and sympathizers, had lain for weeks hidden away in cellars and culverts, but when they thought the Confederate troops had left the city they poured out in swarms filling the streets. As plunder was their object they commenced work at once. They set fire to houses and pilaged them while they burnt, and the better class of people, composed chiefly of men too old to be in the army and of those maimed and

crippled in battle, paralyzed and dazed by the tremendous situation, offered no resistance to them. General Gary, commanding the brigade to which I was attached, had been so closely occupied in trying to put these fellows down, that he had forgotten to send me orders to come in. Passing along, I saw men lying flat on their stomachs drinking whiskey as it ran in the gutters from barrels broken up by the authorities. At one point the street was densely packed with these people, and as they would not get out of my way I caused my leading squadron to draw sabres and clear the street. Mayo's bridge spanning the James and connecting Richmond and Manchester was my route, but by some accident the bridge over the canal had been burned



BLOCKING THE RETREAT.

before I reached the city. I was obliged therefore to cross the canal on a foot bridge from 17th Street, causing the men to dismount and lead their horses over. Having safely passed the James, Mayo's bridge as well as the railroad bridges were all destroyed to prevent, or at least delay, pursuit.

The troops that left Richmond on the night of the 2nd and the morning of the 3rd of April, 1865, were commanded by Lieutenant-General Ewell. These troops immediately took up the march for the rendezvous at Amelia Court House and I was assigned to the command of the rear guard, composed of my own regiment and a battery of artillery. This battery was the best and most elaborately equipped I had seen since 1861. The entire company,

from the captain down, were gorgeously arrayed. The men were spic-and-span in new clothes and shiny shoes and white canvas leggings. New pieces and caissons and fat horses made a picture unfamiliar to Confederate eyes.

The contrast between them and my cavalry, ragged and dirty, with bare feet in the stirrups and faces browned by sun and wind, was pitiful.

The artillery, ordered to keep a quarter of a mile ahead, soon got its leading gun stalled in a Chesterfield mudhole, and the cavalry closed up on it and had to halt until it could be extricated.

I waited a short time for it to be pulled out. They failed to do it. I then ordered the captain to send his men into the mud and water and lift the piece out. These fine fellows were mounted on the pieces and caissons, and some sat on a fence which ran along the road. They went in unwillingly

and lifted the piece out, and I ordered them to stand until each piece and caisson had passed through. Splashed with mud from head to foot, and amidst shouts of laughter from the cavalry ranks, their tempers were not at all sweet as they saw the last gun through.

The march was made without incident during the first and second days. At the end of the second we arrived at Appomattox River, and crossed on the bridge of the Danville Railroad made fit for that purpose by laying planks across the ties.

Whilst awaiting the passage of the main body of the troops an incident occurred of an amusing character. It was about sunset and the men had been dismounted and were resting, and I was

pace up and down in no amiable humor. I looked back in the rear and saw a solitary figure plodding along in our direction. He was a man in his shirt sleeves, barefoot, with his shoes tied together and hanging from the handle of an auger he carried on his back. He had thrown away his musket, but was loaded down with a lot of plunder.

In answer to my questions he informed me he belonged to an infantry regiment in front, but that he was not able to keep up.

"I suppose not," I said, "with that load. What are you doing with that heavy bag and that axe and that pair of flat irons?" Then I lost my temper. "What the devil do you expect to do with an auger?"



A PREMATURE SURRENDER.

He answered meekly, never cracking a smile:

"Colonel, I thought mebbe I mout want to bore a hole."

The countenances of officers and men around bore a broad smile.

"Go forward, sir!" I said, "and join your regiment. Don't let me see you again."

"No sir, I won't," he answered meekly.

Having passed the Appomattox we went into camp not far from Amelia Court House for the night. The next morning early we arrived at Amelia Court House and joined General Lee with his Petersburg troops. Here we expected to be supplied with rations, but unfortunately by some misconception of orders the provision trains ordered to this point to supply the troops did not stop here, but went on to Danville. We had left Richmond with two days' rations in haversacks expecting to meet supplies at this point. We got no regular issue of rations from this day (Wednesday) until the following Saturday. We lived in the meanwhile on what we could manage to get as we passed through the country. The whole army was without rations, and the men, as they marched and fought every day from this time out, were starved and discouraged.

While waiting for orders at Amelia Court House a courier rode up with the information that our wagon train had been struck by the enemy's cavalry a few miles in advance. We mounted and went after them. My regiment was in rear and was held in reserve in the action which took place.

General Gary, commanding, soon found the enemy and drove him from the wagons. Retreating he made his stand about three miles off from our road, near Amelia Springs. Here we found the enemy strongly posted and greatly outnumbering us, and General Gary concluded to await the arrival of Fitz Lee, who was *en route*.

We skirmished with the enemy and held him in his place until the arrival of General Fitz Lee, who ordered the charge, and the enemy was dislodged, and after a running fight of about a couple of miles, was driven entirely off for that day. At the close of this action I had orders to take position on a stream where the pursuit ended, and held the enemy in check during the night and until relieved.

It should be understood that while the army of General Lee was moving westward, the enemy, whose cavalry was up on a parallel road to the southward, was trying to cut his army in two by making flank attacks on his marching columns and wagon trains. The first of these attacks occurred on Wednesday as described above.

I posted a squadron at the stream across which the enemy had retreated, and put the regiment in camp near by. The position being a very important one I felt constrained during the night to make frequent visits to

the picket post. The first time I went down I had my attention arrested by the groans of a man lying in the corner of the fence, on the side of the road. I went to him and inquired what was the matter. He said he was a soldier from the State of New York and was desperately wounded in the stomach. The poor fellow begged me to do something for him, and although I knew he was past hope I sent my surgeon to him. He gave him some whisky. When I passed by again the poor fellow was dead. There were a number of dead men lying along this piece of road, victims of the cavalry charge early in the evening.

On Thursday morning about eight o'clock, having been relieved I took up the march to overtake my brigade, which had marched early that morning. This day passed without any engagement with the enemy so far as my regiment was concerned; but in the action at Sailor's Creek our line was penetrated, and we suffered severe loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

Passing along as rapidly to the front, as the road filled with troops and wagon trains, artillery and stragglers would permit, at four p. m. I arrived at a field where I was surprised to find our infantry under General Longstreet drawn up in line of battle and facing in the direction from which I had come, because I had seen no enemy on the march, nor heard of any.

Riding up to General Longstreet I inquired if he could tell me anything of Gary's brigade, adding that I had orders to join him as soon as possible. He told me that Gary's brigade was with General Rosser, who, with his own division, and that brigade, was on this road about a mile and a half in advance engaging the enemy. He told me further to stop and feed my horses, and that General Gary would be there in a short time.

While General Longstreet was speaking, I had heard firing ahead, so in accordance with his recommendation I ordered the men to dismount and feed, but I rode forward alone in the direction of the battle.

Having gone some distance up the road, I halted to listen to the firing, wishing to find out whether it was receding or coming in my direction.

At this time my attention was arrested by a noise in the woods on the right of the road, and pretty soon a man in the uniform of a Confederate captain came running through the bushes. He had lost his hat, and was altogether the most demoralized man I had seen in the army. I halted him, very much against his will, when he informed me he had been in the fight which was going on ahead, and that the command to which he belonged had been routed and cut to pieces, he barely escaping. I told him I knew that was not true, because the firing to which I had been listening had receded and had now altogether ceased. I ordered him to return to his command, and advised him to get back as quickly as he could and to keep as much under cover as possible, in order that nobody might see what a miserable coward he was.

While I was talking to this fellow, I saw a party bearing a large Union flag, coming down the road to me. As I surmised, it was a party of ours bringing in the colors of one of the enemy's brigades, which Rosser had captured. It transpired that a brigade of infantry had by forced marches gained a good position across the road by which General Lee was retreating, with the intention of stopping and delaying his march long enough to enable General Grant to get well up with the rest of his army. If he could have held his position, the surrender would have taken place there, and there would have been no Appomattox. The movement was well conceived and well executed, but the force was too small for its success. Rosser had attacked with the cavalry above mentioned, and had captured the whole force except a squadron of cavalry, which succeeded in getting away.

Now, joining my brigade, we marched straight on to Farmville, arriving there about one A. M. of Friday. Tired and hungry we spread our blankets on the ground and were soon wrapped in the slumber so much needed.

By our night march we had placed ourselves well ahead, and lay resting at Farmville until about twelve or one o'clock.

We were then ordered to the hills in the rear overlooking the town, where we found General Fitz Lee in command with all the cavalry left to us, and some infantry, taking up a position for a stand until the trains and the troops in rear could pass the river at Farmville.

All our cavalry except my regiment was dismounted and formed in line with the infantry. My orders were to charge the enemy with the sabre when the bugle gave the signal.

The approaching enemy was now barely a quarter of a mile in our front, with skirmishers deployed and lines forward for the attack.

At this juncture the enemy ran up and unlimbered and placed in position a battery of Napoleon guns in my front. They were barely four hundred yards distant when they opened fire.

I anxiously awaited the signal to charge, knowing that the gunners could not fail to find so fair a mark as a regiment mounted in the open field.

No bugle sounded, and just as the enemy, after firing one or two shots over my head, had got the range and was sending his shots tearing through my ranks, I received an order from General Lee to withdraw, which movement was executed in perfect order, and at a walk.

Having placed the hill between my regiment and the enemy's battery, I was about to halt when I was ordered to retire at a trot and cross the river.

I presume the trains and troops had passed over, and that consequently there was no longer any necessity for an engagement with the enemy.

At the same time all the rest of General Fitz Lee's troops were retired except a squadron of the 7th South Carolina Cavalry, which was left mounted to skirmish with the enemy and delay his march.

Finding that the bridge over the river had been destroyed, my brigade passed through the town of Farmville, and took up a position behind the railroad embankment.

This was a good position, from which the enemy made no attempt to dislodge us. While here, the people of Farmville, men, women and children, frightened and bewildered, streamed out of the town, following our troops, as they retreated, and got between our forces and the enemy. It was with some difficulty that I prevailed upon them to return to their homes.

Having remained here some time, and the enemy not attacking us, we retired and crossed the river at a difficult ford a few miles above the town. After crossing the river, I thought we had the enemy in the rear, but while the men were busy getting oats for the horses, out of a field through which we were passing, a heavy firing broke out just ahead of us.

We went forward at once at the gallop, and, arriving at the main road, we found passing a train of wagons and some pieces of artillery.

General Robert E. Lee was in the road, mounted on his horse "Traveller," with a revolver in his hand, his face turned toward the firing, which was receding. I shall never forget the look of stern determination on his face.

Afterwards I learned that General Gregg of Sheridan's cavalry had made a dash upon our trains at this point and had nearly succeeded in reaching them, when General Munford of our cavalry arrived, and charging Gregg captured him with three hundred of his men and scattered the rest. Galloping in the direction of the firing, which was receding, I was halted by General Rosser, who directed me to a point further to the left where the enemy was advancing.

I went in here and after repeated charges and counter-charges over the same ground, succeeding in holding the enemy off until night put an end to the contest. This action was as hot as any I was ever in. My battle flag was shot down five times. I had two horses shot under me, and I lost in killed and wounded nearly half my men and horses.

Hungry and weary we lay down to rest, but had hardly got to sleep before we were aroused and ordered to move forward and take post in front, as advance guard of the army.

We moved out about ten P. M. and took the weary march, leaving General Longstreet's infantry buried in sleep.

The moon was shining brightly, and as we moved along signs of the demoralization of the troops preceding us met us on every side. Muskets had been thrown away by the dozen, showing that the men had left the



THE LAST MARCH.

ranks in groups. These poor fellows, starved, weary, and worn out, had lost heart and given up the contest.

A train of wagons moving slowly and wearily along blocked the road, and not being able to pass at that point the column was halted and the men dismounted for a short rest.

I took my bridle rein over my horse's head and sat down on the road side, and involuntarily I fell asleep. When I awoke brigade and wagon train had gone, and my sleeping men were the only occupants of the road. I aroused them and pushed forward as fast as possible, but was unable to overtake the brigade until noon of the next day.

I was more than glad to find them in a piece of woods on the side of a road, and to find my regimental wagon train and commissary there. This was the first time I had seen them since leaving Richmond.

The men and horses had been fed and we started forward and arrived at Appomattox Court House just as the day was closing.

We thought ourselves well ahead of the enemy, and were making arrangements to go into camp. Before dismounting, and while a detail was being made for picket duty, we were amazed to hear the boom of a piece of artillery immediately in our front. We lost no time in idle surmises. The brigade was pushed forward at a gallop in the direction of the firing. When we arrived on the ground we found that General Lindsay Walker was receiving an attack from Sheridan's cavalry. General Walker, in command of General Lee's reserve artillery (forty pieces), had been ordered to push forward rapidly to Lynchburg, the artillery not being needed by General Lee.

General Walker had arrived at his present position about two hours before, and supposing himself miles ahead of both armies, had parked his artillery and gone into camp. He had seated himself on a stump, and one of his men was shaving him, when the alarm was given. His men were scattered around, preparing supper, and one of them having gone a little way off to a spring for water, came running in with the cry, "The Yankees are coming!" Walker soon got his men together and his pieces in battery, and having about one hundred men with muskets, he placed these on his flanks.

This was the fight we were galloping into. Our men were at once dismounted and placed in position on Walker's flanks. We were fighting Sheridan's cavalry corps, commanded by himself.

The enemy soon formed his line of dismounted cavalry, and advanced to the attack by the light of the moon, shining as bright as day. We held our ground for some time, repulsing his attacks, and obliging him to extend his flanks. But finally, having so many more men than we had, he was enabled to turn the position and flank us out of it. We had to get to the woods in the rear at the double quick.

Our force engaged in this action consisted of our brigade of cavalry, about five hundred strong, and the reserve artillery already mentioned. The force with Sheridan was the same that was strong enough to stop General Lee's army the next day. I lost a good many officers and men in this action, and my lead horses, having been charged by cavalry mounted, were scattered over the country.

When I reached the woods in the rear, having formed my men, I took a circuitous route to the rear, and arrived at Appomattox Court House about one or two o'clock A. M. I found the infantry of General Lee's army there. One of my men had found an ear of corn somewhere, which was divided



GENERAL CUSTER WITH THE WHITE FLAG.

between six of us, and parched and ravenously devoured before we laid down on mother earth to rest.

Early on the next morning (Sunday) having but one horse in my command, that of one of my couriers, I was ordered to take charge of the dismounted men of the brigade, probably eighty or one hundred, and to await orders. I mounted my courier's horse and rode to the front, anxious to learn what the situation was and what was going on. Attracted by the sound of firing in front I rode forward and saw a line of our infantry falling back. Just then Colonel Thomas H. Carter of our artillery came riding up and told me he intended putting some pieces in battery to check the advance of the enemy, and asked me to support them with my dismounted men. This I agreed to do, and having posted my men, was waiting for the pieces to open.

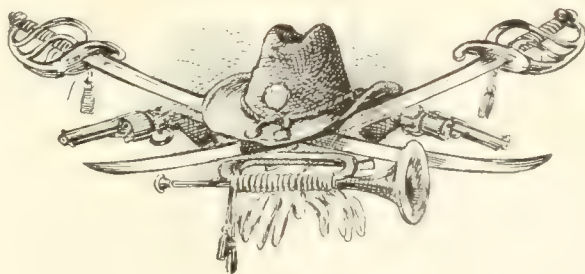
when I observed a man in a blue uniform riding at full speed into our lines, waving a white flag.

At this moment my attention was called to some firing over to the left, where I saw what appeared to be about a squadron of Confederate cavalry charging about an equal force of the enemy. It transpired afterward that the Confederate force was what was left of Gary's brigade that was mounted, led by Gary, and that the enemy was the escort of the flag of truce which I had seen come in. General Custer, who brought in the flag of truce with an escort of a squadron of cavalry, had himself taken the flag and galloped into our lines, leaving his squadron a half mile in the rear to await his return. Gary, who came up afterwards, knew nothing of the flag of truce, but seeing the enemy standing there he had charged them. I believe this was the last fighting between the armies of General Lee and General Grant.

All the world knows how General Lee surrendered, and all events incident thereto, and I shall make no mention of them here.

General Lee surrendered at Appomattox less than eight thousand muskets. That tells the story better than any words could tell it. Believing in our cause, though starved, naked, sick, wounded and dying, we had fought the fight to the bitter end.

I cannot end this sketch without expressing, as a part of the army of General Lee, my gratitude to, and admiration for General Grant, for his humanity in feeding our starving people, and his magnanimity in granting them terms as liberal as if they had still been able to prolong the contest. He was a great soldier and was victorious on many fields, but this was the brightest gem in the crown of his glory.



CHAPTER LXX.

SOME OF THE MEDAL WINNERS AT SAILOR'S CREEK — W. L. MUNDELL, 5TH MICHIGAN INFANTRY — F. M. CUNNINGHAM, 1ST WEST VIRGINIA CAVALRY — A MULE'S EXPLOIT IN A CHARGE — E. M. NORTON, 6TH MICHIGAN CAVALRY — CHARLES A. TAGGART, 37TH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY — THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE.

WALTER L. MUNDELL was born in West Virginia. At the time of the breaking out of the war he was living in Michigan, and enlisted in Company D, 3rd Michigan Infantry, April, 1861. He was discharged by expiration of service December, 1863. He enlisted on the following day as private in the same regiment.

He was in the engagements at Blackburn's Ford, Bull Run, Yorktown, Williamsburg and Fair Oaks.

It was in this last engagement that Mundell was taken prisoner and carried to Libby, where he remained twenty-four hours, and after that he spent one hundred and three days in Salisbury, N. C., and at Belle Isle, Richmond.

After being exchanged the next engagement in which he participated was at Fredericksburg, and then, in their order, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wapping Heights, Auburn Heights, Kelly's Ford and Locust Grove.

During the night of November 27th, while at the last mentioned place, Mundell discovered six Confederates asleep in a shanty, and, securing their weapons without awaking them, made prisoners of the entire party, taking them into camp.

Regarding this act he writes: "I was to receive a Kearney Cross, but never got it."

He was in the engagement of Mine Run. He was promoted corporal, and his next engagement was in the Wilderness, May 5 to 7, when he was wounded in the thigh, but not sufficiently so, in his opinion, to warrant any stay in the hospital.

Despite his wounds, he was in the engagement at Todd's Tavern on the day following, and at Spottsylvania May 12, when he was wounded in the right breast, and then it was he spent four weeks in the hospital, during which time his company was transferred to the 5th Michigan Infantry.

His next engagement was at Deep Bottom; then Petersburg, where he was again wounded in the left ankle, and forced to remain five months in

the hospital at Alexandria. Upon his recovery he participated in the engagements at Hatcher's Run, Boynton's Roads, the capture of Petersburg, and at Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865.

It is reported that the 5th Michigan was the first regiment to raise its colors on the works of Petersburg.

In following up the retreat of that portion of the enemy which took the line of the South Side Railroad, the regiment was deployed as skirmishers, and on the 4th and 5th, pressed the rear guard closely.

On the 6th a stand was made at Sailor's Creek to protect the crossing of baggage, when the brigade made a charge, capturing one hundred and seventy-three wagons. The regiment took a stand of colors and one hundred and forty-five prisoners.

Mundell writes regarding the work at Sailor's Creek:



MUNDELL AND THE SLEEPING SOLDIERS.

At this engagement our company was deployed as skirmishers, and captured the enemy with the assistance of the balance of the brigade. As we charged their works, I demanded the flag of their color-bearer, whereupon he handed it to me. For this I received a medal of honor, and a thirty days furlough. After this I was in the engagement at New Store, April 8th; Appomattox Court House, April 9th; and received my discharge at Jeffersonville, Indiana, July 5, 1865.

FRANCIS M. CUNNINGHAM.

FIRST WEST VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

A LETTER to Mr. Cunningham failed to elicit any response, and a requisition was made upon his friends to furnish the information desired, with the result that the following account was at length forwarded:

The cavalry fight at Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865, was one of the hottest engagements of the war. We were fighting Ewell's entire corps with the

determination to whip them, notwithstanding the fact that the battles at Dinwiddie Court House and Five Forks had greatly reduced our numbers.

Custer's 3rd Cavalry Division had made charge after charge upon the Confederate lines, capturing some guns and prisoners; but paying dear for all its trophies. Apparently Custer was determined to break the lines at that particular point, or annihilate his division.

Before going into the last charge, Sergeant Cunningham and four men were all that remained of Company H, 1st West Virginia Cavalry, and Cunningham's horse had just been shot under him. The regiment was reforming for another charge, when a fine mule, its saddle stained with blood, came at full gallop from one of the New York regiments who were then hotly engaged on our left.

Cunningham succeeded in capturing the animal, and, mounting, shouted to his major:

"This mule is going to break Ewell's line or die!"

The word was given to charge. The mule and his rider were the first to penetrate the Confederate lines, the front rank of which stood behind a rail fence, and the mule cleared it like a racehorse.

Cunningham's objective point was a Confederate flag, which he determined to capture. The color-bearer was a brave fellow, who did not intend to yield to the demand made by the Federal, if it could be avoided.

There was no time for argument. Pistol shots were exchanged without definite results, and then the matter was ended with the sabre.

In the evening, when the battle was over, Sergeant Cunningham was sent for by General Custer, and, after being highly complimented for his conduct in the fight, was ordered to remain with the general's staff, which he did until the surrender of Lee.

This story was hardly as detailed as seemed necessary; once more Cunningham was appealed to, and the result was the following letter:

If you have the story of my capturing the flag, it must have been told by some of my comrades who were with me through the war. Now I do not wish to speak of myself, or write about myself, but I would like to have the facts of my record stated as nearly correct as possible in your book, and will, therefore, send you my version of the matter.

The battle of Sailor's Creek I regard as one of the hardest cavalry fights of the war.

I had the honor of belonging to Custer's 3rd Cavalry Division. During the afternoon of April 6, 1865, we had made a number of charges, some of which were repulsed with severe loss of men and horses. I had two animals

killed under me, and in the last charge of the day rode a mule, which was badly wounded. It was this last charge which broke Ewell's line. I led, with but three of my company to follow.

We were charging a line of infantry behind a fence. The mule leaped over the rails, carrying me where the Confederates were pretty thick, and I had some lively work on hand, as well as a good deal of trouble with three of the Confederate color-guard before I got within striking distance of the flag of the 12th Virginia Cavalry.

Then the color-bearer and myself had a set-to. The poor fellow fought bravely for his colors, but the mule and I were too much for him. I don't think he was killed, but was badly used up by the sabre. At all events, I took the colors.

On the same evening I was placed on Custer's staff, and had the honor of receiving the general's compliments. I also got credit for doing some work at Appomattox, the evening before the surrender of Lee. In this scrape I got three slight wounds, but none hurt very much.

With his own hand Custer gave me the Custer medal. I was sent with a few of my comrades direct to Washington in charge of Colonel Sherman, with the recommendation from General Sheridan that we were worthy of any favor the Government might see fit to bestow upon us.

We were presented in a body to the Secretary of War, and at the same time were given the medals of honor.

God bless our country.

ELLIOTT M. NORTON.

6TH MICHIGAN CAVALRY.

ELLIOTT M. NORTON, writing from Grand Rapids, Mich., says:

I was born in Hartford, Conn., in 1834, and enlisted as private November 21, 1862, in the 6th Michigan Cavalry. When the 6th was mustered out, I was transferred to the 1st.

It was at Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865, at about five P. M. I was adjutant at the time, and our regiment was charging the Confederates. I saw a party of



A CONFIDENTIAL INTERVIEW.

about thirty with a flag a hundred rods to the left, and went for it, receiving all of their shots when within fifteen rods, but without being hit. With no other weapon than my sabre, I rode up and demanded their surrender, with the flag. The demand was complied with at once. I next formed them into line and marched them back to the provost marshal. I wanted to take the flag home, and in order to do so must keep it out of sight. I tore it from the staff and put it inside my coat. That night I asked Colonel Vinton to promise me he would not hint a word if I showed him something. He promised, and I produced the flag. It was silk, twelve by three and a half, on which in gilt letters was, "44th Tennessee. Death to Invaders." He then declared that his regiment was going to have the honor of capturing the flag, and the next morning I received orders to turn it over to headquarters, and was given a thirty days' furlough and free transportation to my home.

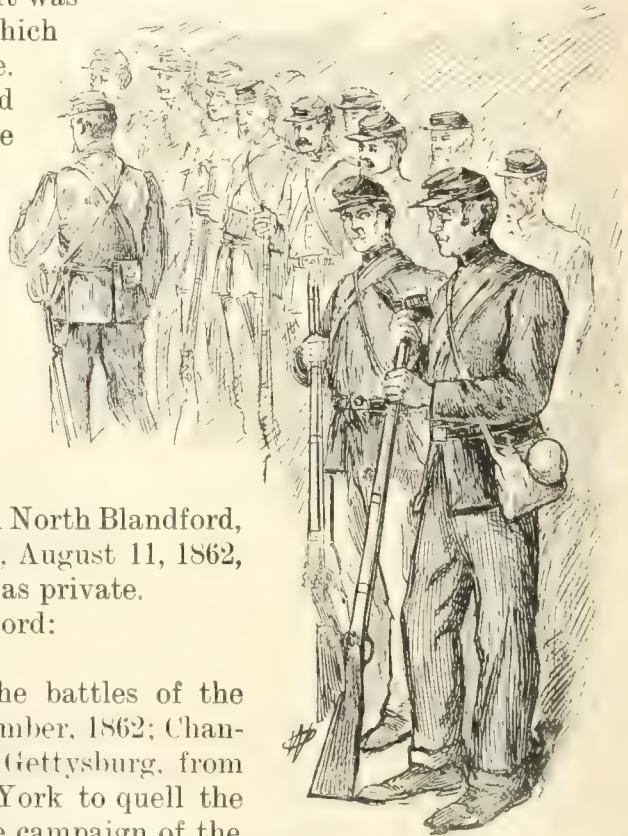
CHARLES A. TAGGART.

37TH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY.

CHARLES A. TAGGART was born in North Blandford, Mass., in 1843, and enlisted at Otis, August 11, 1862, in the 37th Massachusetts Infantry, as private.

He writes regarding his war record:

I participated in nearly all the battles of the Sixth Corps: Fredericksburg, December, 1862; Chancellorsville, Marye's Heights, and Gettysburg, from which point we were sent to New York to quell the draft riots there. Then I was in the campaign of the Rapidan in the latter part of 1863; the nine days' carnage in the Wilderness; Spottsylvania Court House; the slaughter at Cold Harbor; Petersburg, and from there up to Washington, when that city was threatened by Early. At Winchester, September 19, 1864, where we made three successful charges; back to Petersburg, where we took a fort and a stand of colors, which were surrendered to Corporal Richard E. Welch, of Company E. We were present when Petersburg was surrendered by its mayor, and at Sailor's Creek, Lee's last fight, April 6, where I won my medal



THE BIBLE ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

of honor. Then, three days later, at Appomattox Court House, where Lee surrendered.

Instead of telling how I won my medal, I take the liberty of copying my commander's application for the same.

HEADQUARTERS 37TH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY, April 16, 1865.

MAJOR C. H. WHITTELSEY, Assistant Adjutant-General, Sixth Army Corps :

SIR— I have the honor to ask that a furlough of thirty days be granted Private Charles A. Taggart, Company B, 37th Massachusetts Volunteers, for meritorious conduct in battle.

In the engagement of April 6, 1865, Private Taggart rushed beyond our lines through a heavy fire of musketry, to the enemy's line of battle, seizing upon and capturing a battle flag, and brought it within our lines. This man is a reliable, faithful soldier, and in every way worthy of the indulgence applied for.

Very respectfully, A. HOPKINS,
Captain commanding 37th Massachusetts Volunteers.

In a letter of recent date, Mr. Taggart writes:

When I enlisted, I never expected to return home. I was wounded at Gettysburg in July, 1863. During the Wilderness campaign in 1864, while on



STOPPING THE LAST MOVEMENT OF CONFEDERATE TROOPS.

the battlefield, I opened my Bible at the 91st Psalm, and as I read it God seemed to give me a new lease of life, and an assurance that I should see home once more, and He made it true.

Each of my three wounds at Gettysburg came very near being fatal; two on my head, and the other on my right hip. The first two were from pieces of the same shell.

THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE.

BY REV. JAMES A. WESTER.

I CAN never forget the surrender. It is burnt into my memory, and cannot be effaced. The brigade to which I belonged (Lane's, North Carolina,



AFTER THE SURRENDER.

formerly Branch's) was double-quicking into action when the command "Halt" rang out suddenly and sharply along the line. In a few moments the report that General Lee had surrendered spread rapidly among the troops. It was like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. Few believed it, and most of us denounced it as infamously false.

* * * * *

During the day many Union soldiers came over to see the old "Confeds," as they familiarly called us. We naturally inquired why they did not

celebrate their victory. "General Grant has forbidden it," said they, "the orders are very strict, and we do not feel like treading on a fallen foe. It's all over now. Let's forget the past and be friends again." And then they opened their haversacks and divided their rations with us with a good will and heartiness that it was impossible to mistake. Not a few of them, indeed,



LAST INTERVIEW WITH GENERAL LEE.

earnestly begged us to take everything their haversacks contained. "You need it," they said, "much more than we do."

* * * * *

The day on which we left Appomattox was marked by an incident which made the deepest impression upon the minds and hearts of all who witnessed it. General Lee was standing under a large oak tree engaged in a quiet conversation with two of his lieutenants, Generals Longstreet and Long, I think. The soldiers soon formed a circle about them, keeping, however, at a respectful distance. Everyone stood with uncovered head and looked in silence at our chieftain.

CHAPTER LXXI.

THE NAVY — FORTS JACKSON AND ST. PHILIP — SOME SAILORS WHO WON THE MEDAL — SKETCH OF FAMOUS ENGAGEMENT — THOMAS BOURNE, GUN CAPTAIN — AMOS BRADLEY, LANDSMAN — JOHN GREEN, GUN CAPTAIN — GEORGE HOLLAT, BOY — WILLIAM MARTIN, GUN CAPTAIN — JOHN MCGOWAN, QUARTERMASTER — WILLIAM MCKNIGHT, COCKSWAIN — OSCAR E. PECK, BOY — THOMAS FLOOD, BOY — THOMAS LYONS, SEAMAN — JAMES MCLEOD, VOLUNTEER — JAMES BUCK, QUARTERMASTER — ED. FARRELL, WILLIAM PARKER, EDWARD WRIGHT AND WILLIAM YOUNG.

FORTS JACKSON AND ST. PHILIP.

IT IS not proposed to give a detailed account of this historic action, for after all that has been published, it would be little more than repetition.

It is simply proposed to recapitulate the most important events, in order that the stories of those who won medals of honor may be better understood.

When Admiral Porter proposed to President Lincoln to capture New Orleans, the latter said emphatically :

"The Mississippi is the backbone of the Rebellion; it is the key to the whole situation. While the Confederates hold it they can obtain supplies of all kinds, and it is a barrier against our forces."

Admiral Porter and General McClellan formulated the plan for the capture, and the Secretary of the Navy decided that Farragut, then a captain, should command the expedition.

The naval forces consisted of six sloops of war, sixteen gunboats and twenty-one mortar boats.

General B. F. Butler was in command of the land forces, numbering about six thousand, and consisting of the 26th, 30th and 31st Massachusetts Regiments, the 9th and 12th Connecticut, the 21st Indiana, the 4th Wisconsin, the 6th Michigan, the 2nd Vermont Battery, the 6th Massachusetts Battery and two companies of cavalry.

It was on the 18th day of April, 1862, that the mortar boats having been got into position, opened with their shells. On the evening of the same day Fort Jackson was set on fire; but its brave defenders succeeded in subduing the flames.

On the night of the 20th an expedition was sent out under direction of Captain Bell, chief of staff, to break the chain cable which had been extended

from one side of the river to the other to prevent the passage of vessels, and he succeeded in doing so at the left bank, where a narrow channel was opened.

During the five days of the bombardment, enormous fire rafts were from time to time sent down by the Confederates, and on one occasion the flag-ship Hartford was very near destruction.

It has been estimated that sixteen thousand eight hundred shells were thrown against the forts by the mortar fleet, and yet the enemy's fire had not been silenced by them.

Then it was that, the ammunition of the bombarding fleet becoming nearly exhausted, Farragut determined to run the forts, whose two hundred or more guns were still responding fiercely to the thunder of the mortars.

It seemed a hopeless undertaking to attempt the passage, for, in addition to the forts there would be encountered scores of steamers, rams, floating batteries, probably torpedoes and fire rafts, barriers, and chain cables.

At three o'clock in the morning of April 24, the vessels were under way in the following order: The 1st Division, Captain Bailey, consisted of the steamers Cayuga, Pensacola, Mississippi, Oneida, Varuna, Katahdin, Kineo and Wis-sahickon.

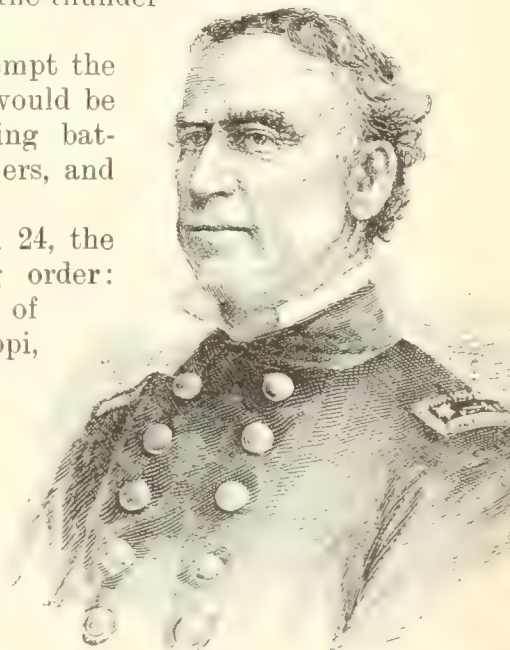
The central division, under Flag-Officer Farragut comprised the steamers Hartford, Brooklyn and Richmond.

The 3rd Division, commanded by Captain H. H. Bell, was made up of the Scioto, Iroquois, Kennebec, Pinola, Itasca and Winona.

The fire from the forts, the Confederate fleet and the floating battery Louisiana, which was moored near Fort Jackson, was opened with terrific force upon the Federal vessels, and Farragut himself thus describes it:

"The smoke was so dense that it was only now and then we could see anything but the flash of the cannon and the blaze of the fire-rafts. The passing of Forts Jackson and St. Philip was one of the most awful sights I ever saw."

The Varuna being the fastest vessel of the fleet, was soon in the lead, arriving in the midst of the Confederate steamers before they were aware of her character, owing to the dense smoke.

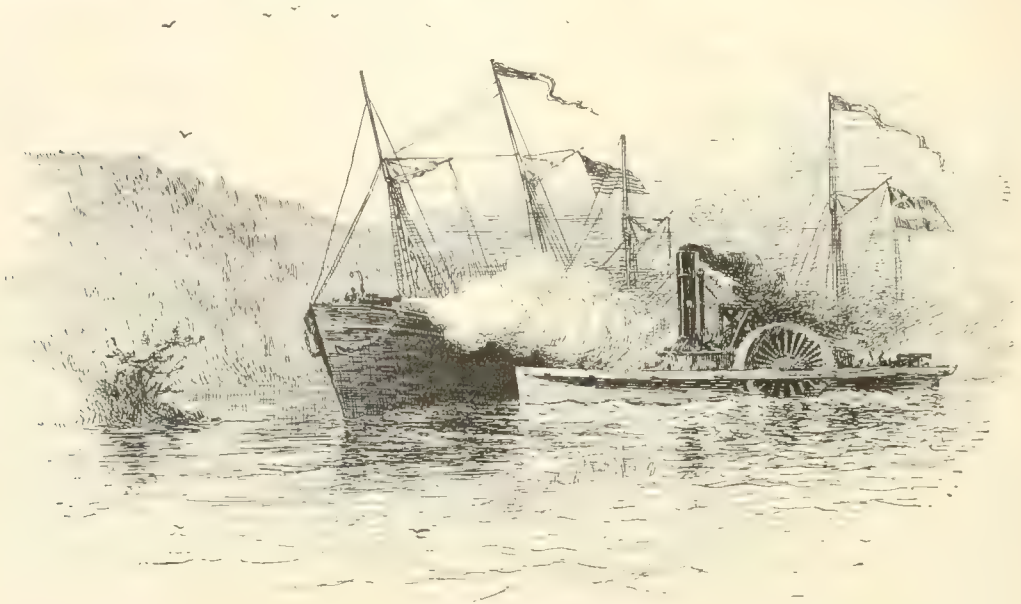


ADMIRAL DAVID G. FARRAGUT.

Captain Boggs, her commander, says:

During this time the firing of guns, whistling of shot, and bursting of shells were terrible; the smoke, dense. As this cleared off, finding more steamers ahead, I stopped to look for the rest of the squadron. The ship was leaking badly, but thus far no one was hurt. Astern, I saw the Oneida engaged with a Confederate steamer. The latter shortly after came up the river, when I engaged him, but found my shot of no avail, as he was ironclad about the bow. He tried to run me down, and I endeavored to avoid him and reach the vulnerable parts.

During these movements he raked me, killing three and wounding seven, and attempted to board, but we repulsed him. Driving against me, he battered me severely, but in these efforts exposed his vulnerable side, and



RAMMING THE VARUNA.

I succeeded in planting a couple of broadsides into him that crippled his engine and set him on fire. He then dropped off, and as he moved slowly up the river and passed me I gave him another and parting broadside.

I now found my ship on fire from his shells, and it was with great difficulty that this was put out. Just then another ironclad steamer bore down and struck heavily on my port-quarter, and backed off for a second blow. This second blow crushed in my side, but at the same instant I gave him a full compliment of shot and shell that drove him on shore and in flames.

Finding myself in a sinking condition, I ran my bow into the bank and landed my wounded, still keeping up a fire on my first opponent, who at last hauled down his flag. My last gun was fired as the decks went under the water.

No time to save anything; the officers and crew escaping with the clothes they had on their backs.

We were taken off by boats from the squadron, which had now come up; the crews cheering as the Varuna went down with her flags flying, victorious in defeat and covered with glory.

In the official report from the commander of the Varuna, the following incidents are given of personal bravery, and on those so named were medals of honor bestowed:

THOMAS BOURNE, seaman and gun captain, is mentioned as having "done his duty through the thickest of the fight with great coolness and danger to the enemy."

AMOS BRADLEY, landsman, "stood at the wheel the whole time, although guns were raking the deck from behind him. His position was one of the most responsible on the ship, and he did his duty to the utmost."

JOHN GREEN, captain of forecastle, and captain of a gun, is mentioned as "having done his duty through the thickest of the fight with great coolness and danger to the enemy."

GEORGE HOLLAT, third-class boy, is mentioned as "deserving on this day of great praise."

WILLIAM MARTIN, seaman, and captain of a gun, is reported as "having done his duty through the thickest of the fight with great coolness and danger to the enemy."

JOHN MCGOWAN, quartermaster. "He stood at the wheel the entire time, although the guns were raking the decks from behind him. His position was one of the most responsible on the ship, and he did his duty to the utmost."

WILLIAM MCKNIGHT, cockswain, and captain of a gun, is reported as "having done his duty through the thickest of the fight with great coolness and danger to the enemy."

OSCAR E. PECK, second-class boy. His officer reported that "his coolness and intrepidity attracted the attention of all hands. He is deserving of great praise."

While the Varuna was thus engaged in the foremost of the fight, the remainder of the steamers were by no means idle.

The Itasca received thirteen shots beneath the water line in addition to having her boiler destroyed, which, of course, prevented her from making a passage. It was necessary to run her ashore in order to prevent her from sinking.

The Hartford was struck thirty-two times while passing the fort, and had three men killed and ten wounded.

The Mississippi rammed the Confederate ram, Manassas, driving her ashore, where she was deserted by her crew, and it was during this especial work that Andrew Brennen, seaman on board the Mississippi, but belonging to the Colorado, attracted the particular attention of his commanding officer, who reports emphatically, that "he set the most courageous example to those around him, and was the life and soul of his gun's crew."

On the Pensacola during this engagement, four blue jackets wrote their names on the roll of honor:

THOMAS FLOOD, boy, is reported as "assisting very materially by taking the duties of the signal quartermaster, who was shot down, which duties he performed with a coolness, and exactitude, and fidelity of a veteran seaman." His commander adds, "I cannot speak too warmly of Flood. His intelligence and character are of high order."

THOMAS LYONS, seaman, was lashed outside of the Pensacola on the port-sheet chain, with lead in hand, to lead the ships past the forts, and "never flinched although under a heavy fire from the forts and Confederate gun-boats."

JAMES McLEOD, captain of the foretop, a volunteer from the U. S. S. Colorado, was especially commended for bravery.

LOUIS RICHARDS, quartermaster. Of him his commander writes: "His conduct was fine; through the din and roar of battle he steered the ship through the barricade, and his watchful devotion to orders contributed greatly to the successful passage. His coolness was perfectly heroic." In addition to having the medal of honor bestowed upon him, Richards was promoted to acting master's mate.

The Brooklyn, under command of Porter, was rammed by the powerful Manassas, and her crew got their full share of fighting. The fortunate one to be decorated for his services, was JAMES BECK, quartermaster, who was stationed at the wheel, and his commander reports: "Early in the fight he was wounded painfully by a heavy splinter, and for seven hours stood bravely at his post, refusing to go below until positively ordered to do so. On the next morning he stole to his station, and steered the ship over eight hours." He was promoted to acting master's mate, in addition to receiving the medal.

On board the Owaseo, EDWARD FARRELL, quartermaster, was commended for "intelligence, coolness and capacity."

On board the Cayuga, WILLIAM PARKER, captain of the guard, EDWARD WRIGHT, quartermaster, and WILLIAM YOUNG, boatswains' mate, were decorated with the medal through the report of their commander, who praised them for their conduct.

J. B. FRISBEE, gunner's mate on board the U. S. S. Pinola, has this record: "The berth deck being on fire, he instantly closed the magazine and remained inside."

Of the other forts which stood between the Federal fleet and the city of New Orleans, Commander Farragut makes this report:

"As we approached the locality, I tried to concentrate the vessels, but we soon saw that we must take a raking fire for two miles. So we did not mince the matter, but dashed directly ahead. They permitted us to approach within a mile and a quarter before they opened on us. Captain Bailey on the Cayuga, Lieutenant Commanding Harrison, was in advance, and received most of the first fire, but although the practice was good, they did not damage his little vessel.

"The Cayuga then fell back, and the Hartford took her place. We had only two guns that could bear on them until we got within half a mile, and these I had placed on the top-gallant forecastle. We then steered off and gave them such a fire as they had not dreamed of in their philosophy.

"The Pensacola ran up after a while and took the starboard battery off our hands, and in a few moments the Brooklyn ranged up and took a chance at my friends on the left bank, and they were silenced in, I should say, twenty minutes or half an hour, but I cannot keep a note of time on such occasions.

"I only know that half of the vessels did not get a chance at them. The river was too narrow for more than two or three vessels to act with advantage, but all were so anxious that my greatest fear was that we should fire into each other, and Captain Wainwright and myself were hallooing ourselves hoarse at the men not to fire into our ships.

"This last affair was what I call one of the elegancies of the profession—a dash and a victory."

There were deeds of daring reported by the Confederates during this passage of the forts, which might be told were it possible to learn who were the brave hearts that thus desperately fought for the lost cause; but most prominent was the work done by the crew of a little unarmed tug, which pushed a fire raft against the side of the Hartford, venturing into the midst of the deadly hail of shot and shell in the hope of destroying the enemy at whose mercy they were completely.

By one of the chances of war, however, they escaped uninjured, and had put their lives in jeopardy uselessly, for the flames which fastened momentarily upon the flagship, were speedily extinguished.

Then came the occupation of New Orleans, and the object of the expedition was accomplished, while nineteen men had been decorated with the bronze medal, which to-day should be, and probably is, more precious in their eyes than all the property which on that day was wrested from the Confederates by the Federal forces.

CHAPTER LXXII.

THE U. S. S. GALENA—A SAILOR WHO WAS IN THE FIRST BATTLE AND AT THE LAST SURRENDER
 —THE SEMINOLE AND HER CAREER—INCIDENTS OF THE DUEL IN THE JAMES RIVER—
 HOW MACKIE WON THE MEDAL—THE CONFEDERATE RAM ARKANSAS—HOW
 SHE WAS DESTROYED—EXPLOITS OF THE RAM AT VICKSBURG
 —RUNNING THROUGH THE UNION FLEET—RIVER BOMBARD-
 MENT OF VICKSBURG—THE END OF THE RAM—
 JOHN G. MORRISON A MEDAL WINNER.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT DARLING.

JOHN F. MACKIE.

I was born in New York city in 1835, and when the war broke out was working at my trade as silversmith.

April 24th, 1861, I enlisted in the United States Marine Corps as private, and was detailed on board the U. S. S. Savannah, May 1, as a private of the guard.

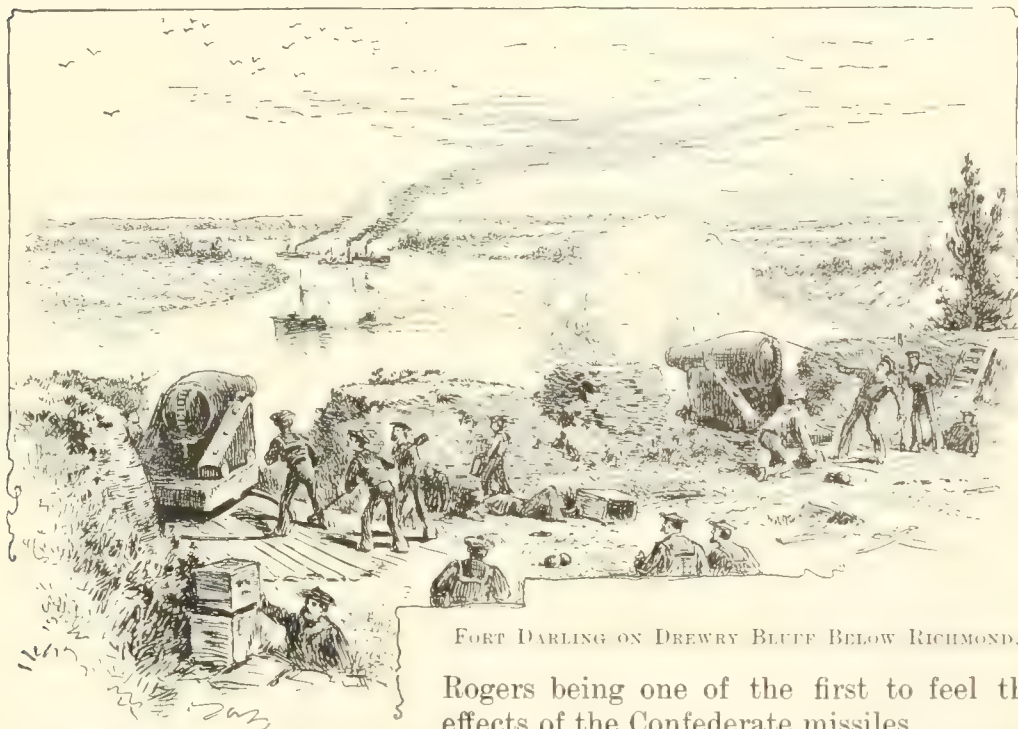
The ship was ordered at once to Fortress Monroe, where we arrived shortly after the destruction of the Norfolk Navy Yard. June 10 the Savannah participated in the attack on Big Bethel, Va., after which she was ordered on blockade duty off the coast of North Carolina, and assisted in the capture of Forts Hatteras and Clark, August 28 and 29, under Commander Stringham. About the 1st of September the Savannah was sent up the James River as a guard ship, remaining there until the latter part of the month, during which time we were attacked on many occasions by Confederate gunboats; but received only trifling damage. Then the vessel was ordered to Port Royal, South Carolina, and on the 7th of November participated in the capture of that town by Admiral S. F. DuPont, after which she was sent to assist in taking possession of the islands and ports of Florida.

The 1st of January, 1862, found us in New York city. On March 1 I was promoted to corporal, and sent on board the ironclad, U. S. S. Galena, Captain John Rodgers, which had been ordered to Fortress Monroe. On the 1st of April we took an advanced position on the James River, and May 8 participated in the attack on and capture of Norfolk, Va., and the destruction of the Confederate Merrimac. May 9 we attacked the two batteries at Pig's Point, Va., and captured both. May 12 we took City Point, Va. On the 15th we participated in the attack on Fort Darling on the James River

four miles below the city of Richmond. The fleet consisted of the Galena, Monitor, Aroostook, Port Royal and Naugatuck.

The Galena, carrying seven guns, was anchored in front of the fort, about four hundred yards from the works; the other vessels, eight hundred yards distant. Fort Darling was located on a bluff about one hundred feet above the river, and mounted sixteen heavy guns in case mates. Its elevation subjected the fleet to a plunging fire which was most annoying.

At six A. M. the Galena opened fire, the enemy replying vigorously, killing and wounding several of our men before we got into position. Captain



FORT DARLING ON DREWRY BLUFF BELOW RICHMOND.

Rogers being one of the first to feel the effects of the Confederate missiles.

From that time until noon the Galena poured a terrific fire into the fort, driving the enemy out of the works three times, and nearly destroying the fortification; but on each occasion they were reinforced by men from the destroyed Merrimac, whose crew had been taken to Richmond.

At noon the gunner, Mr. Boareum, reported that every round of ammunition had been fired, and almost at the same moment the Galena was struck by a number of solid shot which created terrible havoc on her deck. Only then did Captain Rodgers give orders to retire from action, and the Galena withdrew in good order.

The Monitor was out of the fight early in the day, not being able to give the required elevation to her guns; the Naugatuck burst her hundred-pound rifle at the beginning of the action, while the Port Royal and Aroostook, being wooden vessels, were also forced to retire on account of the plunging fire, thus leaving the Galena alone during at least three hours.

Our ship was struck one hundred and thirty times, and more than seventy of the crew of one hundred and thirty men were either killed or wounded. Blood flowed on her decks like water, and several times she was believed to be on fire. A number of daring acts were performed by the crew which seem incredible at this late day. Every man was a hero except one officer, who was afterward dismissed from the service. Four of the enlisted men were promoted, and received Congressional medals of honor.

It was during this engagement that Mr. Mackie won his medal; but the above is the only account he gives of that memorable engagement.

To continue his account:

In May of the same year, the Galena was attacked by the Confederates six different times. From June 26 till July 1, she participated in the "Seven Days' Battle," during which time General George B. McClellan made his headquarters on board.

From July 1 until the close of that campaign the Galena was almost constantly engaged with the enemy, although nearly a wreck. It was actually necessary to shore up the guns in order to keep them in their places on deck.

November 1 the ship was ordered to Fortress Monroe, where she was visited by President Lincoln and the Secretary of the Navy. Four of the men were personally complimented by the president, promoted, and received medals of honor. I was made sergeant, and ordered to Norfolk Navy Yard for further orders.

May 1, 1863, I was sent to New York with a detachment of marines, and on the 1st of June given command of the marine guard of the U. S. S. Seminole, which was sent to Philadelphia to do guard duty on the Delaware River until after the battle of Gettysburg.

We were then ordered to join Admiral Farragut on the Mississippi River, arriving at New Orleans on the 1st of August, capturing the Confederate Steamer Charleston during the passage.

From September 1st, 1863, until February, 1864, the Seminole remained at Sabine Pass, Texas, during which time she had a severe engagement with the Confederate fleet which was endeavoring to raise the blockade. On the 1st of April, 1864, we were sent to Mobile Bay, and took part in the memorable engagement there.

After the works were in the possession of the Federals, the Seminole was detailed to remove torpedoes from the channel, and during this work lost a boat in which were seventeen men and officers, by the explosion of a torpedo. September 1 we were ordered to the coast of Texas, where we captured several blockade runners, notably the *Sir William Peel*, with two thousand bales of cotton.

May 26, 1865, the fleet received the surrender of General Kirby Smith, with twenty-five thousand men, together with the port of Galveston and the entire coast of Texas, and the war was over.

I was discharged September 24, 1865, having had four years and five months active and continuous service, during which time I participated in sixteen general battles, and more than one hundred skirmishes, without receiving a scratch of any kind. I was in the first fight of the war, and present at the last surrender.

One of Mr. Mackie's comrades writes as follows:

The engagement in which Corporal, afterward Orderly-Sergeant, John F. Mackie won his medal of honor is an interesting one from the manner in which Captain John Rodgers fought the U. S. S. *Galena* in the attack of Fort Darling, and also for the many acts of personal heroism which were performed on board that vessel, when nearly two-thirds of her entire crew were wounded or killed.

No finer picture of naval combat can be imagined than when the *Galena* steamed up past the battery, where the river was not more than double her own width, and went into position with as much precision as if simply out for target practice. Her manœuvres at that time have been spoken of by the Confederates as "one of the most masterly pieces of seamanship during the entire war."

The mists of the night had hardly been dispersed by the rising sun, when the duel between the *Galena* and the fortification, which towered a hundred feet above her, began.

Her consorts were forced so soon to retire from action, that she was virtually the only factor of the Federal forces in the engagement.

Men less brave would have been disheartened by the wounding of the captain and several comrades before their portion of the battle had begun; but, with the single exception of one officer, there was no evidence of cowardice to be seen, the brave fellows when mustered for action, taking their stations calmly and deliberately as if engaged in mimic warfare, rather than standing face to face with death.

The iron missiles from the fort have been hurtling over and upon the apparently doomed ship some time before the long-expected word is given,

and then, with a cheer, the crew of the Galena set about returning the compliment of deadly hail.

Guns are worked as rapidly as possible, due care being taken to prevent their heating, and as one after another of the crew fall dead, dying or grievously wounded, their shipmates, long since inured to such scenes through bitter experience, pass them over to the care of the surgeons, or drag them aside where they will not impede the movements of the living.

All the while goes on the terrible accompaniment of screaming shot and hurtling shell, varied only by the reeling and quivering of the ship as she receives at short range the deadly messengers from the fort.

Before one can count sixty, the Galena staggers under four consecutive solid shots, two of which pass completely through her thin armor. One explodes a shell between her decks, killing and wounding twenty-eight men, and another sets fire to a ten-pound cartridge, giving the impression to all the devoted company that their craft is in flames.

Then comes the decisive moment of the action.

The hundred-pound Parrot rifle is silenced. Its crew lie around it dead and dying, and no gunner can be spared from the other pieces.

With this destructive weapon useless, it would seem as if the Galena must be sunk at her moorings.

Now was the moment when Mackie seized that opportunity which gave to him the proud distinction of having won "by gallant service and signal acts of devotion to duty," the Congressional medal of honor.

It was not his duty according to the articles which he had signed, to work the guns; but it was strictly within the line for which he had enlisted, according to the promptings of his heart.

"Come on, boys, here's a chance for the marines!" he shouted to his companions of the guard, and with death grinning down upon him from the frowning battlements of Fort Darling he worked the hundred-pounder like the hero that he was, considering not himself, but the safety of the ship which was engaged in the struggle to preserve the Union.

Once, twice, three times was the mighty rifle discharged, and then a loud cheer of exultation went up from the members of the guard, who were "where duty called."

A ten-inch columbiad in the fort, which had been doing murderous execution, was dismounted, and that particular casemate which had thus far proven dangerous to all, was destroyed.

The corporal of the marines had done good work, and he was to be reminded of it later, when, at Fortress Monroe, President Lincoln complimented him for bravery, as he pinned on his breast the medal of honor.

Until the word was passed that the magazine was empty, that not another round of ammunition remained on the ship, did Mackie and his comrades of the guard work with telling effect the Parrot rifle, and then, although not defeated, was begun the retreat.

To-day in the records of the "Medals of Honor Issued to the Blue Jackets and Marines of the U. S. Navy," is the following paragraph:

"John F. Mackie, Corporal of Marines on board the U. S. S. Galena in the attack on Fort Darling at Drewry's Bluff, James River, May 15, 1862, particularly mentioned for his gallant conduct in services and signal acts of devotion to duty."

THE CONFEDERATE RAM ARKANSAS.

HOW SHE WAS DESTROYED.

THE Confederate ram Arkansas was made ready for her short though destructive career about July 12, 1862. She was armored with half-inch iron plates and railway iron, with a battery of ten guns.

She started on her career July 14, 1862, running down the Yazoo to Old River, where she overhauled the ironclad Carondelet, the wooden gunboat Tyler, and the ram Queen of the West.

The Carondelet got her broadside to bear upon the Arkansas, but the balls glanced from her iron hide and fell harmlessly into the water. Another broadside was poured in, but without effect.

The ram now ran into the Carondelet's starboard quarter with a fearful crash, at the same time raking her fore and aft. The gunboat returned the fire, but there was no vulnerable spot to be seen. Captain Walker poured his boarders into the Confederate craft, but not a man could be got at.

The Arkansas now moved down the river to its confluence with the Mississippi. Here was lying the entire Union fleet, the combined flotilla of Davis and Farragut, the latter officer having previously run the blockade at Vicksburg. The Arkansas, nothing daunted, ran the gauntlet of the whole fleet, and safely anchored under the batteries of Vicksburg.

Commodores Farragut and Davis held a consultation, and resolved to make a general attack on Vicksburg, and, if possible, sink or capture the Arkansas. In the evening the vessels of both fleets moved down the river and opened upon the Confederate batteries.

For over two hours the bombardment was heavy. Davis engaged the upper batteries while Farragut's ships passed on below. The air was lighted up with bursting shells, and the heavy broadsides of the Richmond and Hartford were perceptible above the entire din. The upper batteries were silenced, and the town set on fire in several places. The Arkansas lay off

the water batteries, but did not fire a shot. The ram Sumter went down to sink her, but did not succeed.

On the 20th Commander Ellet took the Queen of the West and went down to see if he could destroy the monster. Under a terrific fire from the batteries, and broadsides from the ram, he ran the Queen, under a full head of steam, at the Arkansas. The blow, although slightly glancing, shook both vessels terribly; some of the Confederate crew jumped overboard thinking that the vessel was sinking. Commander Ellet then drew off for another blow, and on moving toward her again the Queen missed her and ran into the bank. The engines were reversed, the Queen backed off and ran past the batteries up the river to join the fleet, where she arrived terribly riddled by shot and shell.

Early in August General Breckenridge planned an expedition to recapture Baton Rouge, which was held by a small force under General Williams. On the 5th Breckenridge moved upon the city from the rear, while the Arkansas, which had been strengthened at Vicksburg, was to coöperate with him from the river, assisted by the two gunboats, the Webb and the Music.

The Confederate vessels stopped at the bend above the town, as Commodore Porter was at Baton Rouge with a force of gunboats. The land forces of the enemy attacked General Williams at four o'clock in the morning, and were repulsed as soon as Porter's gunboats could shell them from the river.

While leading his men General Williams was shot through the heart. The gunboats, in order to reach the enemy, had to fire over the town; their shots being directed by a signal officer stationed on the top of the State House.

As soon as the enemy was driven off, Commodore Porter, with the Essex, Cayuga, and Sumter, started up the river to look after the Arkansas, which had not made her appearance below in consequence of an injury to one of her engines.

As soon as Porter got sight of her he opened fire with incendiary shells, and in twenty minutes she was discovered to be in flames. The crew backed her ashore and got a line out, which soon burnt off and she swung into the river, where she continued to burn until she blew up with a tremendous explosion.

Some of her crew who were picked up, stated that on the day she passed our fleet at the mouth of the Yazoo, she lost, in killed, eighteen, and had a large number wounded. So ended the terrible Arkansas, which the Confederates supposed would clear the Mississippi of our fleet.

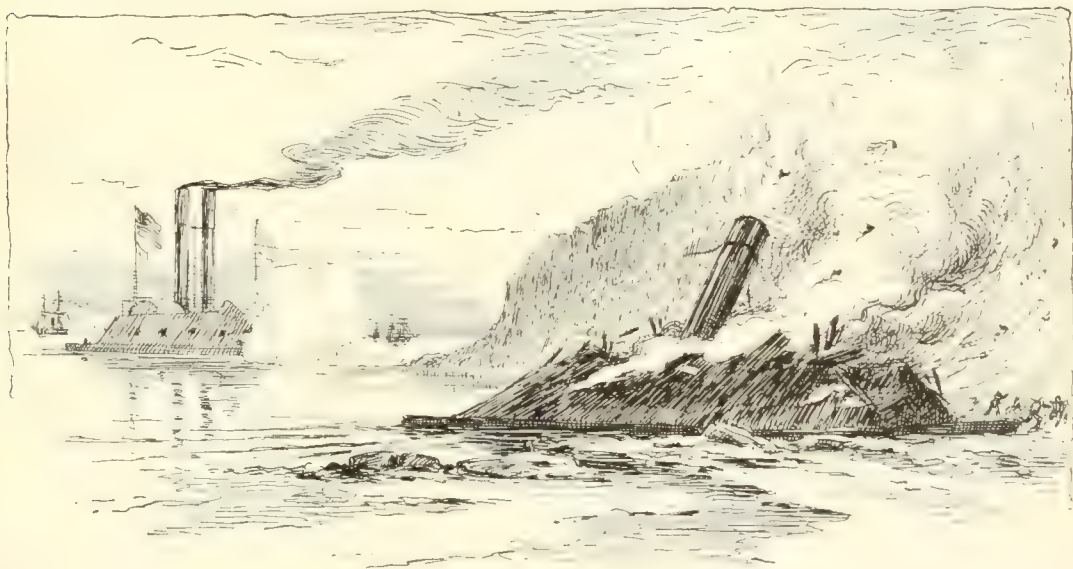
The commander of the Arkansas explains the loss of the ram as occurring from change of captains. While he was ill, an officer from the Confederate navy had been sent to take charge of the ram, who, not understanding her



THE ARKANSAS RUNNING THE UNION FLEET OFF VICKSBURG.

construction, so it is claimed, pressed her in a three hundred mile run so hard that one engine gave out entirely, and she drifted aground, in which condition she was set fire to by her crew before they abandoned her.

In the first engagement which the ram had with the *Carondelet*, the damage received by the Federal vessel was considerable. Her wheel ropes were shot away, steam escape and exhaust pipes cut, steam gauge shattered, and the cold water supply pipe riddled, leaving her unmanageable. In addition to that, she received five shots in the captain's cabin, three in the ward room, three entirely through the wheelhouse, and, in fact, was thoroughly riddled. All the boats from the starboard side were carried away, stanchions gone, guns and weapons destroyed by the shots, four men killed, fifteen wounded and six missing.



THE FATE OF THE ARKANSAS.

It was during this engagement that JOHN G. MORRISON, cockswain, received the medal of honor, the following report being made by his commanding officer:

"Commended for meritorious conduct in general, and especially for heroic conduct and inspiring example to the crew in the engagement with the Confederate ironclad *Arkansas*, in Yazoo River, July 14, 1862. When the *Carondelet* was badly cut up, several of her crew killed, many wounded, and others suffocated from the effects of the escaped steam, Morrison was the leader when boarders were called on deck, and the first to return to the guns and give the ram a broadside as she passed. His presence of mind in times of battle and trial is reported as always conspicuous and encouraging."

CHAPTER LXXIII.

THE CONFEDERATE RAM MERRIMAC—THE BATTLE THAT DESTROYED THE NAVIES OF THE
WORLD—THE CREW OF THE MONITOR—THE MERRIMAC'S FATE—THE
LOSS OF THE MONITOR—THE MEDAL MEN.

DESTRUCTION OF THE MERRIMAC.

WHEN the navy yard at Gosport, Va., was hastily dismantled by order of the Government, on the 20th of April, 1861, among the ships of war lying at that place was the steam frigate Merrimac.

This noble vessel was scuttled and sunk, but was subsequently raised by the Confederates, taken into the dry-dock, and transformed into the Virginia by being covered with inclined railroad iron, and otherwise fitted for the destruction of some of the Government ships in Hampton Roads.

On the 8th of March, 1862, she made her appearance in the Roads where she was joined by the Confederate ironclad gunboats Jamestown and Yorktown. The Merrimac was armed with ten one hundred-pounder Armstrong guns.

The advance was duly signaled to the Union vessels Minnesota and Roanoke, both of which were got under way, the latter being disabled in her machinery.

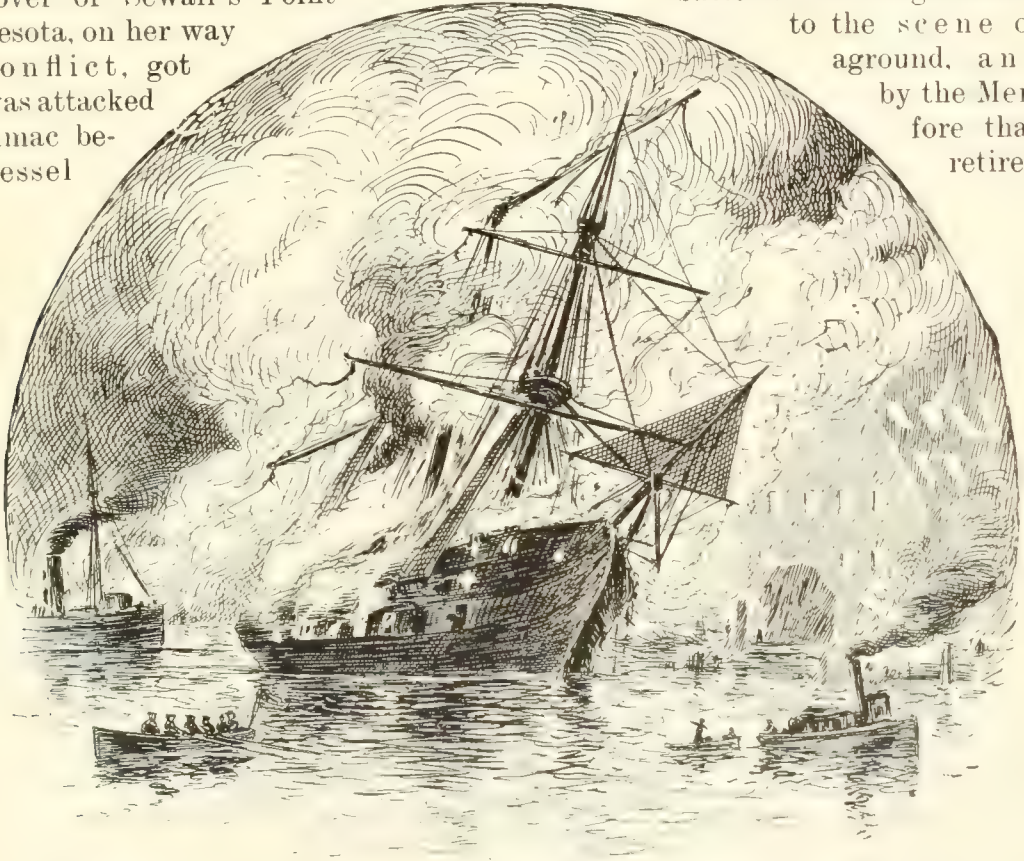
The Merrimac steamed along slowly, turned into the channel leading to Newport News, and made directly for the frigates Cumberland and Congress, lying at the mouth of the James River. She first fired a broadside at the Cumberland, every shot taking effect. The Cumberland returned the fire, but the balls glanced from the iron armor of her antagonist.

The Merrimac approached to within twenty yards, delivered a broadside, which killed or wounded over fifty men, and then backed off several hundred yards.

On she came again, under a full head of steam, driving the immense iron ram on her bow full into the side of the Cumberland below the water line. The operation was repeated, and the frigate went down in fifty feet of water, but with her flags flying, and the men at the guns until the last moment. Her upper spars were out of water, and to these some of the crew clung until taken off by boats from the shore. Out of two hundred and ninety men on board, one half were either killed or wounded.

The Merrimac next attacked the frigate Congress, then engaged with the two Confederate gunboats. The fight lasted half an hour, when the Congress struck her colors, as she could make no impression on the ironclad monster. The Confederate gunboats took off the officers, and the crew were allowed to escape to the shore in boats.

Night having come on, the Confederate gunboats retired under the cover of Sewall's Point batteries. The frigate Minnesota, on her way to the scene of conflict, got aground, and was attacked by the Merrimac before that retired vessel



DESTRUCTION OF THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE MERRIMAC AT THE GOSPORT NAVY YARD.

to Sewall's Point. She defended herself bravely, and received but little damage.

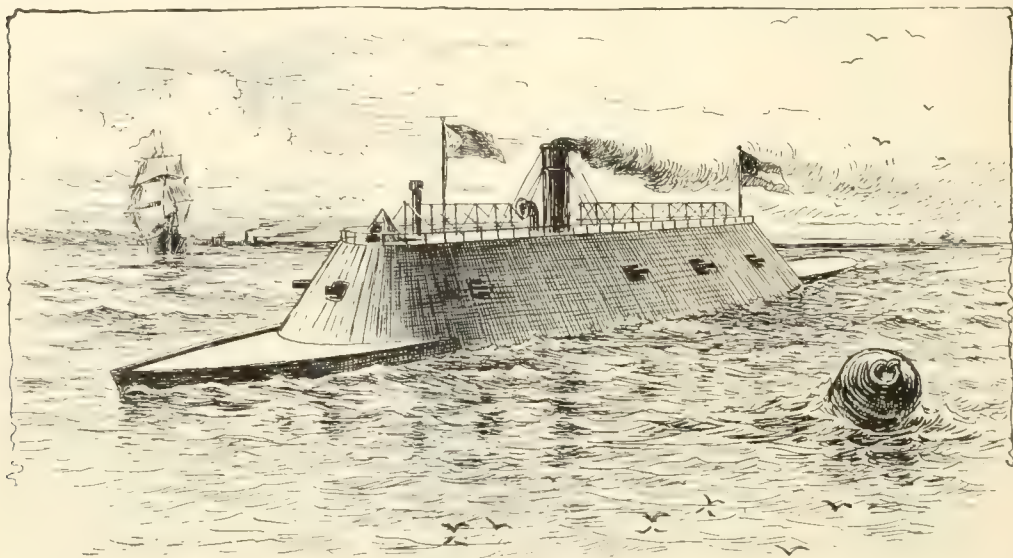
During the night the sky was illuminated by the burning Congress, and at midnight her magazine, which had been set on fire by order of the Federal officers, exploded.

While despondency settled on many brows, and conjectures were rife as to where the Merrimac would direct her attention the next day, a gleam of

hope arose. At eight o'clock in the evening, a bright moving light was discovered seaward, coming from the direction of Cape Charles. It being known that the Monitor had left New York a few days previous, surmises were rife that this light might proceed from her deck.

The best night telescopes were brought into requisition, and in less than half an hour after it hove in sight, the fact was circulated that the Monitor was coming up the Roads.

The news spread, and the ramparts in the fort were soon lined with troops. At nine o'clock the Monitor anchored off Fortress Monroe. Lieutenant-Commanding Worden immediately reported to Flag-Officer Marston, and



THE MERRIMAC TRANSFORMED INTO THE VIRGINIA.

subsequently to General Wool. It was at once determined by these officers to send the battery to Newport News, to protect that point, also to defend the Minnesota.

At seven A. M., the Merrimac steamed in the direction of the Minnesota, which was still aground.

The Yorktown and Jamestown were both crowded with troops, and steamed slowly after the Merrimac. The plan of the latter seemed to be to destroy the Minnesota, then proceed to shell out the Union camp at Newport News, and land and take possession of the camp with their own troops.

The Merrimac steamed along with boldness until she was within three miles of the Minnesota, when the Monitor emerged from behind the latter, and proceeded toward the enemy. At first the Confederate craft seemed



THE MONITOR AND MERRIMAC.

nonplussed, and hesitated, no doubt, in wonderment at the queer-looking machine approaching her; but she closed the distance between her and the Monitor, until they were within a mile of each other.

Both vessels stopped.

The Merrimac fired a shot at the Minnesota, to which no reply was made. The Confederate craft then fired at the Monitor, the latter replying, hitting the mark near the waterline. The Merrimac then commenced firing very rapidly, first from her stern, and then her broadside guns, occasionally sending a shot at the Minnesota.

The battle continued in this manner for an hour or two, both vessels exchanging shots pretty freely. Sometimes the Merrimac would retire, followed by the Monitor, and vice versa.

At a quarter past ten o'clock, the Merrimac and Monitor had come into pretty close quarters, the former giving the latter two broadsides in rapid succession. They were promptly replied to by the Monitor. The firing was so brisk that both vessels were soon obscured in columns of white smoke. The ramparts of the fort, the rigging of the vessels in port, the houses, and the bend, were all covered with sailors, soldiers and civilians, watching the struggle between the giants.

At eleven A. M., the Minnesota opened fire, and assisted the Monitor in engaging the Merrimac. She sent nine-inch solid shot with great accuracy, but, apparently, little effect. The Merrimac returned the compliment with shell, one of which struck and exploded the boiler of the gunboat Dragon, which was alongside the Minnesota, trying to get her off.

The next hour the battle waged fiercely between the Merrimac and the Union vessels, but with no particular results. The Minnesota being the best mark for the Confederate vessel, the latter fired at her frequently, alternately giving the Monitor a shot.

The Merrimac made several attempts to steam at full speed past the Monitor to attack and run down the Minnesota, but all these attempts were parried by the ironclad. In one of these efforts by the Merrimac she ran her ram full force against the side of the Monitor, but it only had the effect of careening the latter vessel in a slight degree.

The Confederate boats Yorktown and Patrick Henry kept at a safe distance. The former vessel, at the beginning of the fight, had the temerity to come within respectable range of the Monitor, when the latter fired one shot at her, and she retired.

At a quarter before twelve o'clock, noon, Lieutenant Hepburn, the signal officer on the ramparts on Fortress Monroe, reported to General Wool that the Monitor had pierced the sides of the Merrimac, and in a few minutes the latter was in full retreat, heading for Sewall's Point.

The Merrimac had evidently suffered to some extent, and it was thought at one time that she was sinking. After she got safely under the guns of the Confederate battery at Sewall's Point, she stopped and signaled for help from her consorts, who were also beating a retreat. Subsequently two tugboats or gunboats, went alongside, and took her in tow, and proceeded to Norfolk.

All on board the Monitor on this day must have been brave men. Owing to the storm, during the passage from New York, forty-eight hours of continuous duty had been required of them, and, when they must have been nearly exhausted, they plunged into the thick of the fight, working a new steamer, with novel machinery, under every possible disadvantage, in the most courageous manner. Therefore to select one among so many of the bravest, shows that he must have performed some remarkable acts of heroism.

According to the naval roll of honor, a single man received a medal because of this fight with the Merrimac, and he was Peter Williams, a seaman, who, in addition to the decoration, was promoted to acting master's mate, and subsequently, to acting ensign.

During this engagement, Lieutenant Worden was severely injured by the concussion of a solid shot striking the turret, and immediately after the "cheese-box" was moored, he started for Washington, where President Lincoln called upon him in person.

That his crew entertained the greatest affection for him is shown by the fact that they wrote him while he was absent, expressing the greatest sympathy for his suffering, and hoping he would soon be among them once more.

The Merrimac did not show herself again until April 11th, when she came into the Roads, evidently for the purpose of meeting the Monitor. Failing in this, she returned to Norfolk, to come again in a week accompanied by four gunboats crowded with men.

The Monitor remained quietly at her anchorage not accepting the implied challenge.

The Confederate vessel's third trip was made May 8, while the Union fleet was shelling the batteries at Sewall's Point. Once more she tempted her insignificant-looking adversary, but without success, and returning to Norfolk, remained there until the day of her destruction.

The Confederates had abandoned Norfolk without informing the officers of the ram of their intention, and they, learning this fact, realized that it was necessary to destroy their vessel to prevent her from falling into the hands of the Federals.

This was not done, however, until every effort had been made to take her up the James River, but owing to her great draft this was found impossible. Everything movable having been taken out in order to lighten her so that she might go over the bar, it was beyond the power of her officers to

again submerge her to the necessary fighting depth. She was run ashore on Craney Point, her guns were loaded, the doors of the magazine left open, slow matches lighted, and the crew abandoned her to her fate.

An hour later a shock was felt for many miles around; dense clouds of smoke interspersed with long tongues of flame shot upwards toward the sky, and what had been the Merrimac was only a half-submerged, blackened wreck.

THE LOSS OF THE MONITOR.

On December 29, 1862, the steamer Rhode Island started from Fortress Monroe with the Monitor in tow, the gallant little craft which had proved her metal so entirely to the satisfaction of the people of the North.

On the same afternoon the steamer State of Georgia left Hampton Roads, towing the Passaic.

The following is the account, as it appeared in the newspapers shortly after the disaster.

On board the Monitor were sixty-three persons, all told. The sea was calm and smooth as glass, and the weather warm and pleasant. The vessel proceeded at the rate of five or six knots an hour, with a perceptible motion less than that of any other vessel. Everything seemed auspicious for a pleasant trip, and at night all went below to sleep. Then they began to experience the effects of close air.

In the interior of the Monitor, a few feet forward of the smokestack, was located the machinery, the fire room, and so forth. Under the turret, and a few feet forward of the main hatch, was the place occupied by the sailors. Still further forward is the cabin and wardroom. This is lighted by turret-holes. Around this were four rooms, say seven by eight feet, and four smaller ones, six by nine feet, occupied by the officers. She had blower engines put in at Washington, for the purpose of drawing all the air possible through the holes of the turret and the blower stacks.

With the exception noted of the closeness of air, which indeed was almost insupportable, there was nothing to mar the comfort of the first night. The next morning broke beautifully, but with a slight breeze that dashed up little waves against the turret, just enough to make small rainbows where the sun was shining on the bows. So the weather continued until Thursday afternoon, when it became cloudy, and as the sky grew darker it was thought possible rain might fall. Soon, however, the wind cleared all the clouds away, and all thought there would be agreeable weather the entire way down; but, later in the afternoon, about five o'clock, it commenced to blow.

At six o'clock they stood S.S.W. from Hatteras Light, having cleared the cape; the breeze freshened more and more, but no apprehensions were felt of a gale. About seven o'clock they discovered the Passaic, some three or four miles to the northeast. When they saw the Passaic thus astern, she having been ten miles ahead at the start, all on board the Monitor could not but feel a pride that she (the Monitor) was the first there, as everywhere else — that she was the first ironclad that had rounded Cape Hatteras, as she had led in naval achievements. The conclusion was arrived at that the storm would not overtake them, and therefore it was not necessary to run toward Hatteras Inlet.

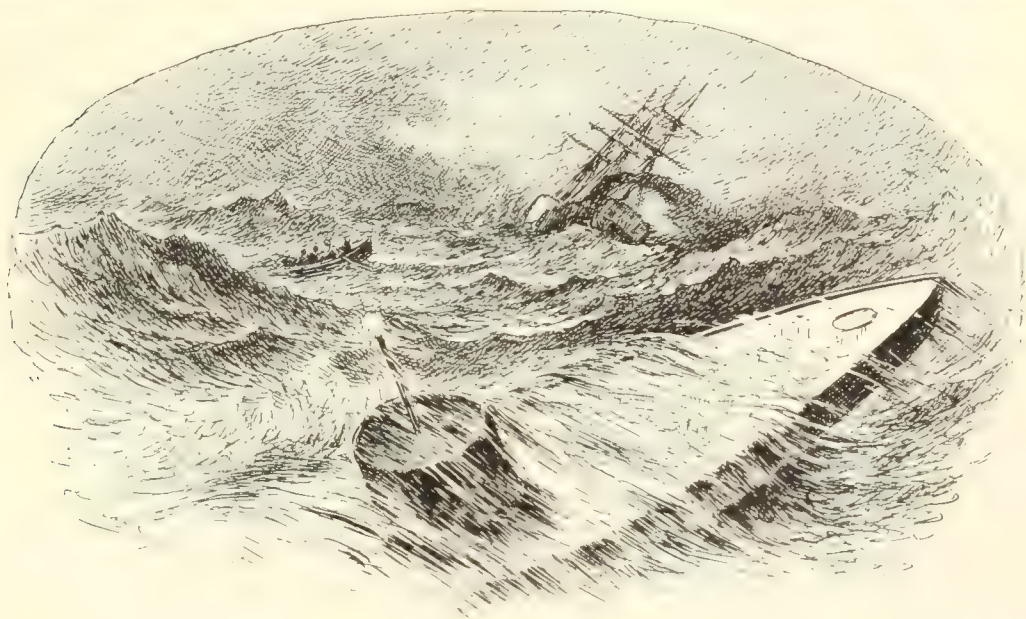
The breeze was blowing pretty freshly, and increasing in violence; but there were indications in the west of its clearing off, until about eight o'clock, when, in the space of a few minutes, a storm of wind and rain gathered in the southwest; the wrath of the waves augmenting, with a sea so rough that it began to dash against the tower, throwing up fountains thirty or forty feet in the air, washing all over the turret. The fury of the storm kept on, each wave dashing over the whole vessel from stem to stern, and entering every crevice intended for the admission of air. The vessel was thumped around in a manner indescribable.

The rain lasted from a quarter to half an hour, but the gale raged even more intensely than before. The vessel began to leak — they hardly knew where it came in — but it was very serious around the forecastle. It was about nine o'clock, and the pumps were set in motion. They rapidly gained on the water, but in about half an hour only kept even pace with it. The gale had increased to a hurricane, the Monitor reeling and shuddering from end to end. Faster and faster the water came in. It was gaining on the pumps. By half past ten o'clock the water was reported as gaining rapidly. A few minutes later, and the report was that it would soon be up to the fires. This again was followed by the report that the vessel could not live more than two or three hours longer. The water rapidly neared the fires; when they should be extinguished the pumps could not be worked.

When it was reported that the Monitor could not stand it more than an hour or two longer, signals of distress were at once made, and answered by the Rhode Island. This was at eleven o'clock, when it had been decided impossible to save the vessel, and attention was turned wholly to saving lives. One of the hawsers connecting the Monitor with the Rhode Island had parted between eight and nine o'clock. When the Rhode Island answered, a voice on the Monitor cried out through a trumpet that they were in a sinking condition. Those appealed to on the Rhode Island went to work with the utmost speed to send boats to the rescue.

It was a daring undertaking, but they got out a launch and manned her, and, alternately riding on the crests and sinking in the hollows of the waves, she made toward the Monitor. At this time the sky was filled with clouds, through which a little light from the moon appeared, so that objects could be distinguished. The remaining hawser is now cut so that the boats shall not get entangled; the hawser becomes entangled in the paddle wheel of the Rhode Island; the rope clogs the wheel, and the Rhode Island, a large war steamer, is drifting towards the Monitor; the launch is between the two vessels thus nearing each other, and seems doomed to destruction; the launch reaches the side of the ironclad.

The proximity is dangerous to all, for two or three lurches, and the sharp prow of the Monitor will stave in the wooded walls of the steamer.



LOSS OF THE MONITOR.

All feel that they shall go to the bottom. There is a terrible silence so far as those on board the Monitor are concerned. As two or three jump out of the boat, the oars are seen to flash in the air; the launch is heard crashing; in a second the crew have sprung on the deck of the Monitor. Simultaneously the hawser is cleared from the paddle wheel, and the Rhode Island runs off without the fatal shock to a safe distance.

While the vessels lay alongside, several of the Monitor's crew sprang for the ropes that dangled from the side of the Rhode Island, and some succeeded in climbing up, while others were washed into the sea. The crew

of the launch now leaped back into her, but those of the Monitor were reluctant to trust themselves to make the attempt, as several were washed off the deck by the great waves sweeping over. They clung, therefore, to the top of the turret, fearing they might share the fate they had witnessed overtaking others, preferring their chance to live a little longer, although there was a moral certainty they could not remain long.

Finally the launch was filled, having taken on probably some fifteen from the Monitor. All that were on the deck at the time got in, and the launch was ordered off. Some stuffed the crushed side with pea-jackets, while others bailed out, and the rowers tried to get to the steamer, which was their only hope. Meanwhile, the Rhode Island had launched a whaleboat. The sea, which was terrific, dashed the whaleboat upon the launch with terrible ferocity. One of the officers in the launch sprang over towards the side, and stretched out both of his arms to break the blow and turn the course of the boat. This he succeeded in doing, but not without considerable injury to himself.

Getting close to the steamer, the men spring for the ropes, and some lose their hold to be swallowed by the sea, although nearly everyone in the boat is saved.

The whaleboat rescued others from the ironclad. The first cutter, commanded by Mr. Brown, a brave man and a skillful sailor, was sent out by the Rhode Island. This boat was afterwards picked up at sea by a schooner, and the crew landed at Beaufort. There were lost on the Monitor four officers and twelve men.

The brave rescuers from the Rhode Island were rewarded with the medal of honor as follows : LUKE M. GRISWOLD, ordinary seaman ; LEWIS A. HORTON, seaman ; JOHN JONES, landsman ; HUGH LOGAN, captain of the after-guard ; GEORGE MOORE, seaman ; CHARLES H. SMITH, cockswain ; MAURICE WAGG, cockswain.

The following record is placed against each of their names as the reason of the award :

" One of the crew of the first cutter of the U. S. S. Rhode Island on the night of December 30, 1862, which was engaged in saving the lives of the officers and crew of the Monitor. They had saved a number, and it was owing to their gallantry and zeal and desire to save others that they became separated from the Rhode Island, and were adrift for some hours."

Smith and Wagg, in addition to receiving the medal, were promoted to acting master's mates.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

SOME NAVAL REMINISCENCES — THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR — THE FINDING OF A LETTER — AN EARLY CAPTIVITY — ON BOARD THE HARTFORD — THE SAILOR'S PRESENTIMENT — FARRAGUT IN THE RIGGING — AN AVOIDED FATE.

By CAPTAIN ALBERT KAUTZ.

WHEN the war for the preservation of the union of the States came, I was but little more than twenty-two years of age, but I was unusually familiar with the state of the country for one of my years, for the reason that I had seen a great deal of both the Northern and Southern people, had read the Congressional debates, and felt a warm interest in politics. I had correspondents belonging to the South who told me frankly what they thought, and I in turn was equally frank in writing to them. In the summer of 1860, I wrote to a graduate of the Naval Academy, who belonged to Mississippi, that if the South did not accept Stephen A. Douglas, and instead, throw away their votes on Breckenridge, who could not be elected, Lincoln would be elected, and civil war would follow. It was singular how my prediction was verified, and how I was reminded of it. I was with Farragut on the Hartford, at New Orleans, in April, 1862. The Confederate wounded from Forts Jackson and St. Philip and the gunboats, were brought up to the city on the steamer *McRae*, commanded by my friend C. W. Reed, to whom I had written my prediction. The vessel sank shortly after she had landed the wounded; of course no one scuttled her, no one knew anything about it. A boat was sent from the Hartford, in charge of an officer, to see if any assistance was needed, and on her return she brought quite a number of letters and papers that floated out of the cabin of the *McRae*, as she went to the bottom of the Mississippi. Farragut and his clerks overhauled these letters, to see what they contained, and one of the first discovered proved to be my letter to Lieutenant Reed. Farragut sent for me and handed me the letter. I asked him if he had read it. He said he had not; I then insisted on reading it to him, to show that there was nothing wrong about it, for it occurred to me he might be thinking to himself, "What business has my flag lieutenant with letters on board a Rebel steamer." When I came to my prediction, he laughingly remarked, "You didn't make a bad guess, did you?"

"Young men for war, old men for counsel." When the war came I was ready for it: not that I hated the South - on the contrary, many of my best friends were in the South, and I had been treated so well by Southern people, that I naturally liked them. My zeal, however, received a damper on the 25th of June, 1861, when I was captured in charge of a prize vessel I was taking to Philadelphia. I was in no way responsible for my capture; it was simply my misfortune. After two months spent in North Carolina on parole, where I was most generously treated, and two months spent in Castle Thunder, in Richmond, Va., I succeeded in getting a parole through the influence of a friend who had been my roommate at the Naval Academy for more than two years. After getting my exchange, I really felt that I ought to do some fighting, and asked the Navy Department to order me to a ship where I would have an opportunity to see it. In January, 1862, I was ordered to the Hartford. On the morning of the following 24th of April, I saw quite enough to satisfy my curiosity for the time being, but owing to our brilliant victory, I was not averse to trying it again. Successful people appreciate the glory of war, while defeated ones find themselves unable to do so. I have always considered the passage of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and the consequent capture of New Orleans by Farragut's fleet, as the most satisfactory victory the navy gained during the war. I had never been under fire before; the experience was new to me necessarily; but it was also new even to Farragut, though he had been with Commodore Porter on the Essex in 1814, in that desperate fight with the Phoebe and Cherub. When we consider the number of vessels Farragut had, the mortar flotilla under Porter, the two forts, and the Confederate vessels, to say nothing of fire rafts, it is not difficult to understand that Farragut had never seen anything like it; fortunately the battle only lasted a short time, we being actually under fire but one hour and twenty minutes. Every one naturally asks, how did you feel the first time you were under fire? The fact is, I had so much to do, and was so eager to see what was to be seen, that I did not have time to consider myself; in which I was fortunate, for to consider one's self at such a time is about the most unfortunate thing that could possibly happen to anyone. Apropos of thinking of one's self, I recall a sad and curious instance. When we were about to pass the Vicksburg batteries on our return, in July, 1862, a master's mate came to me, and said he would like to leave the ship, as he felt sure he would be killed if he did not. I told him such a thing was not possible, that in the first place there was nothing in what he thought a presentiment, but even if there was, he could not afford to pay any attention to it. We must all take our chances. He insisted on seeing Farragut, who treated him as I did, kindly, but by making light of his presentiment, and telling him he would have to remain by the ship. His fears were well grounded, for in

passing the batteries that night he was beheaded by a nine-inch round shot. He never had even the satisfaction of saying to Farragut and myself, "I told you so."

One more incident with Farragut, is all that the limits of this paper will allow. On the 28th of June, 1862, as we were passing up the Mississippi, and



"THE SHOT INTENDED FOR ME HAS NOT
BEEN CAST."

engaging the Vicksburg batteries, Farragut had taken a position in the mizzen rigging, about twelve feet from the deck, and was conning the ship, as well as looking out for the batteries on the shore, with a pair of marine glasses, of which I

was then, and am still the fortunate owner. As we came up nearly abreast of the lower batteries, Captain Wainwright hailed Farragut and asked him to come down, fearing that a sharpshooter might pick him off. Farragut answered, "Never mind me, I am all right; I would rather

take my chances with the rifle balls here, than with the splinters on deck." A few minutes later Captain Wainwright hailed him again, telling him they were going to fire the Parrott rifle, immediately under him, and he replied, "If that is the case, I will come down." He had scarcely reached the deck when a shot passed through the rigging where he had been standing, and carried away one of the shrouds. Farragut smiled, as he said, "That looks almost as though the shot intended for me had not yet been cast." He was born under a lucky star, and while his glory came to him late in life, it was singularly happy in its coming; there was not one to rival him in his career, and Dr. Holmes said truly, as well as beautifully, of him when he wrote—

"The Viking of the River Fight,
The Conqueror of the Bay,
I give the name that fits him best,
Ay, better than his own,
The Sea King of the sovereign West,
Who made his mast a throne."



CHAPTER LXXV.

BEFORE THE VICKSBURG BATTERIES — THE GUNBOAT CINCINNATI — THE MEDAL WINNERS — BEFORE
 PORT HUDSON — THE STEAMER RICHMOND — THE HEROISM OF FOUR SAILORS — THE
 ACCOUNT GIVEN BY ONE OF THEM — A BLUE JACKET ASHORE —
 HOW RICHARD SEAWARD'S MEDAL WAS WON.

BEFORE THE VICKSBURG BATTERIES.

REGARDING the naval assault on Vicksburg the Century Company's "War Book" has the following referring to May 27, 1863, in an article on "Naval Operations in the Vicksburg Campaign:"

"The Cincinnati, Lieutenant George M. Bache, engaged alone the battery of Fort Hill, the principal work above Vicksburg, while the other ironclads under Commodore Woodworth were similarly occupied below. The fire from the upper battery was too much for the Cincinnati, which sank not far from the shore, losing a considerable number of her crew."

In Charles Scribner's Sons' "Campaigns of the Civil War. No. VIII," by Francis Vinton Greene, is the following relative to the sinking of this ship:

"Just after the assault of May 22, it was thought that by bringing the gunboats to enfilade the batteries of Fort Hill, that position might be carried. At Sherman's request Porter gave the necessary orders, and on the morning of May 27 the Cincinnati came down to engage the batteries; at the same time four vessels which were below the town engaged the batteries near the Marine Hospital. The Cincinnati was shot through and through by the plunging fire from Fort Hill, and in less than half an hour five of her guns were disabled, and she was in a sinking condition. She was run toward the shore about a mile north of Fort Hill, and sank in three fathoms of water; thirty-six of her crew were killed, wounded or drowned. After this the efforts of the navy during the siege were confined to bombardment, which was kept up almost incessantly from the gunboats and from the captured mortar-boats."

The following medals were awarded members of the Cincinnati's crew:

FRANK BOIS, quartermaster, for "coolness in making signals, and in nailing the flag to the stump of the forestaff under a heavy fire."

THOMAS E. CORCORAN, landsman, was conspicuous for coolness and bravery under a severely accurate fire. His was no ordinary case of performance of duty. Thomas Corcoran was born in Ireland, October 12, 1839, and shipped as a "native American" May 2, 1861, for a term of three years, entering the service at New York. He was sent on board the U. S. S. North Carolina, and

thence transferred to the U. S. frigate *Santee*. He shipped as landsman, but was discharged as able seaman September 10, 1862, because scurvy had got among the crew. October 22, 1862, he again shipped for a term of three years, and was sent to the upper Mississippi on board the U. S. S. *Cincinnati*. After she was sunk he was sent on board the U. S. S. *Lexington*.

HENRY DOW, boatswain's mate, was awarded a medal for the same reasons as given above.

THOMAS W. HAMILTON, quartermaster, was severely wounded at the wheel, but afterward returned to lend a hand, and had to be sent below.



THE NAVAL ATTACK ON THE VICKSBURG BATTERIES.

THOMAS JENKINS, seaman, was conspicuous for coolness and bravery under a severely accurate fire.

MARTIN McHUGH, seaman, was awarded a medal for the same reason as given above.

BEFORE PORT HUDSON.

GENERAL ORDER No. 17.

The following named petty officers and others, have been recommended to the department agreeably to the requirements of General Order No. 10, of April 3, 1863, in such terms as, in the opinion of the Secretary of the Navy, to entitle them to the medal of honor authorized by an Act of Congress, approved December 21, 1861, to be bestowed upon such petty officers, seamen, and marines as shall most distinguish themselves by gallantry in action, and other seamanlike qualities during the war: Matthew McLelland, first-class fireman; Joseph E. Vantine, first-class fireman; John Rush, first-class fireman, and John Hickman, second-class fireman U. S. S. *Richmond* in the attack on the Port Hudson batteries, March 14, 1863, when the fire room and the other parts of the ship were filled with hot steam from injury to the boiler by a shot. These men from the first moment of the casualty stood firmly at their posts, and were conspicuous in their exertions to remedy the evil, by hauling the fires from the injured boiler, the heat being so great from the combined effects

of fire and steam that they were compelled, from mere exhaustion, to relieve each other every few minutes until the work was accomplished. A medal of honor is accordingly awarded to each of the persons above named, which will be transmitted on application being made through their commanding officers respectively.

GIDEON WELLES, Secretary Navy.

Regarding his heroic action, Mr. Joseph E. Vantine says:

We lay about six weeks at Port Hudson, running up every day to pay our compliments to the Johnnies in such a manner that we did not have a great deal of spare time on our hands.

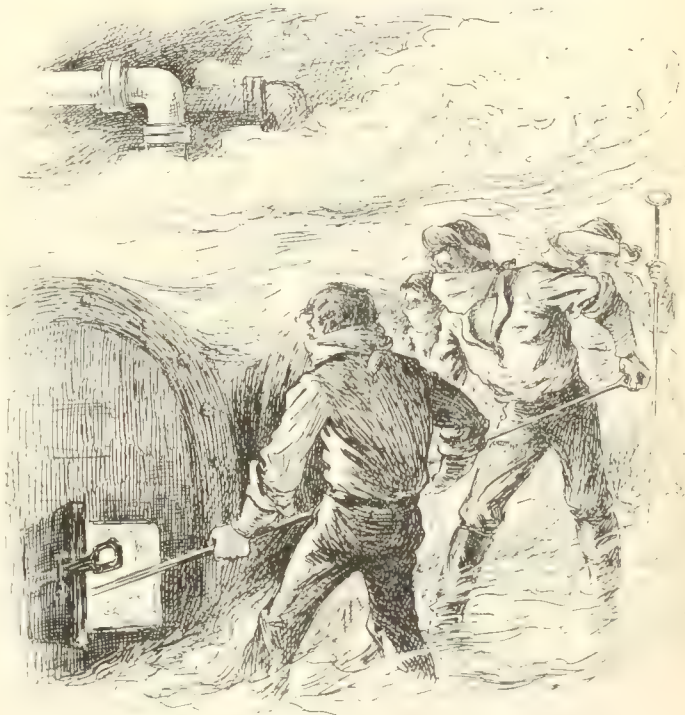
On the night of March 14, 1863, a general attack was made, and we were congratulating ourselves that we had nearly passed the batteries, when a six-inch rifle shot pierced our main steam pipe, and glancing off, shattered the safety valve.

As a matter of course the engine and fire rooms were filled with steam in an instant, and the fireman on watch, not knowing the extent of the damage, rushed on deck, with the exception of McClelland, Rush, Hickman and myself.

It was necessary for the safety of the ship that something be done at once, and we best knew what that "something" was. The fires must be drawn from under the injured boiler; but to do that it would be required of us that we remain where the steam was not only blinding, but scalding, until tons of the glowing coals were hauled from the fire boxes.

I tore off one of my shirts, divided it into four parts, and saturated the whole in a bucket of water. Each of us tied one of the pieces over his face to prevent him from inhaling the steam, and then, with great difficulty, we managed to draw all the fires, thereby preventing the ship from being set on fire.

A. H.—39



SCENE IN THE FIRE ROOM OF THE RICHMOND.

It is said that the soldier on the battlefield is brave because of the excitement around him; that the presence of his companions in arms serves to nerve him to valiant deeds; but in this case there were no such accessories. Four firemen, unaware of what was going on above them, knowing only that one of the wounds which the ship had received was in their department, faced death while hidden from view of all their shipmates, and it is well a grateful country should give to them medals for conspicuous heroism.

McClelland has answered to the last roll call; taps have been sounded over the mound which covers all that remains of a brave man, and, in Philadelphia, his shipmates each year strew with flowers his final resting place in this world.

It has been impossible to learn anything regarding Hickman.

John Rush, who is in the Treasury Department, disposes of the matter in these few words:

We had to do it, and did it. I was on board the Richmond during all her engagements from the beginning of the war to the date of my discharge in August, 1863.

Joseph E. Vantine, who enlisted July 13, 1861, was a blacksmith by occupation, and the originator of the chain armor used with such good effect by Farragut's fleet, which consisted in hanging the chain cables over the most vulnerable portions of the ship. It was not his first term of service in the Navy, for he enlisted for the frigate Minnesota May 19, 1857, and served until June 11, 1859.

A BLUE JACKET ASHORE.

IN the "Records of the Medals of Honor Issued to the Blue Jackets and Marines of the United States Navy," appears the following:

"Richard Seaward, paymaster's steward on board of the steamer Commodore, November, 1863, volunteered to go on the field amidst a heavy fire to recover the bodies of two soldiers, which he brought off with the aid of others; a second instance of personal valor within a fortnight. Promoted to acting master's mate."

U. S. SLOOP PENSACOLA, }
OFF NEW ORLEANS, LA., November 24, 1863. }

SIR: You are appointed an Acting Master's Mate in the Navy of the United States on temporary service, subject to the approval of the Honorable Secretary of the Navy. This appointment is given to you in consequence of your good conduct in volunteering to recover

the bodies of your comrades in arms, who had been shot down by the enemy, and while you were yourself exposed to a heavy fire. You will execute the prescribed oath of allegiance, and enclose it to me with your letter of acceptance.

H. W. BELL,

Commanding W. G. Squadron.

To RICHARD SEAWARD, U. S. Steamer Commodore, New Orleans.

There is very good reason why Richard H. Seaward's story should stand by itself, and that is, because the heroism displayed by him was not in the heat of battle, amid the flourish of trumpets and roll of drums, or in the presence of an assembled multitude; but almost alone, with nothing to animate, and everything to deter him from making the brave attempt which resulted in the saving of a human life.

Seaward was a mariner by education. Born at Kittery Point, Me., in 1840, he had gained his majority by thirty-five days when he enlisted at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, and was drafted on the sloop of war Portsmouth as ordinary seaman.

His early experience of the war was gained in the Gulf and on salt water, but after the occupation of New Orleans, he was transferred to the little steamer Commodore, which was used for attacks upon guerrillas in the neighborhood of the coast, raids upon salt works, and such other minor work, none the less dangerous, but offering little opportunity for an ambitious man to distinguish himself.

November 20, 1863, the Commodore was ordered to carry colored troops to Ship Island Sound, that the salt works there might be destroyed.

The run was made in twenty-four hours. The soldiers landed and the steamer was made fast to the bank, which, owing to the depth of water at that particular time, was eight or ten feet higher than the level of the deck.

The officers in charge of the raid had reason to believe the Confederates were in the immediate vicinity, and skirmishers had been out to prevent a surprise, consequently there was no thought in the minds of any that the enemy were within musket range.

The work of destruction was begun, and while a portion of the troops were thus engaged, a white captain with twenty colored men marched toward what appeared to be a deserted building, for the purpose of burning it.

The officer probably supposed the skirmishers had given their attention to this structure, and that there was no one inside, therefore he and his men marched carelessly up from the bank as if on a pleasure excursion, when suddenly there appeared at the window of the building three figures — women from their costume — and stood gazing at the oncoming men.

It was not unusual for the wives or mothers of those whose property was being destroyed, to watch the work of destruction, and no attention was paid to this trio who had so suddenly and unexpectedly shown themselves.

Straight toward the house, still unsuspecting of any danger, the squad marched, until one of the colored men cried out warningly :

“Those are not women, captain, they are men!”

The officer, hardly crediting the truth of the statement, looked up quickly, and as he did so half a dozen rifle barrels were seen protruding from as many apertures, while the three seeming women drew revolvers.

Before a soldier could raise his weapon, a murderous volley was poured into the ranks of the Federals : but by some singular and fortunate chance, only two of the bullets took effect.

One of the soldiers was killed instantly, and another fell so badly wounded, that he could not rise again.

The captain in command of the squad suffered no other injury than that done his courage and his clothing, for the bullets came so near as to cut the latter in several places, while the former was completely shattered.

Then occurred that of which it is unpleasant to write.

The officer, who should have continued the advance, gave a quick, hurried order to retreat, paying no attention to the wounded man, and, by example, showing his troops how quickly the boat could be gained.

In the shortest possible space of time the “gallant” captain and his squad had scrambled on board the steamer, signals were set to recall the skirmishers, and it appeared evident that the leader did not intend to bother his head about those who had been left behind.

Seaward, whose duty did not require that he should perform field service, clambered up on the bank, expecting to see some of the party bringing in the dead and the wounded man.

No one had cared to approach the building; the skirmishers were already hurrying toward the steamer, and the inmates of the house still remained under cover.

“Captain, do you intend to leave those poor fellows up there?” Seaward asked, touching his hat respectfully to the frightened officer.

“Certainly; it is the fortune of war for them. It would be foolhardy to attempt to bring them away. Better the wounded man should die than I lose a dozen or more trying to save him.”

A common sailor hardly feels warranted in entering into a discussion with a captain in the army, and for a moment Seaward stood as if undecided whether to make a reply.

Then, turning to several of the wounded man’s comrades, he urged that they go back for their wounded companion.

The officer’s example had not been such as was calculated to arouse any great amount of bravery in the men, and one and all refused to comply with the sailor’s request.

"I don't know how it is with you in the army," Seaward muttered, half to himself, "but we of the navy don't count on doing any such thing as that. When a shipmate of ours is in distress we generally lend him a hand."

Then, waiting no longer to parley, he started toward the building at full speed, knowing well that behind the wooden walls were the enemy who would shoot him down, if they could, since that was the occupation which war had provided for them.



SEAWARD BRINGING IN A WOUNDED COMRADE.

Alone, with no one to cheer, no one to encourage, no one to assist, and only his own idea of duty to prompt him, this blue jacket pushed bravely forward with every reason to believe that instead of bringing away the soldier, he would share his fate.

As a matter of course, the Confederates opened fire on him, but he ran in a zigzag course, hoping thereby to escape the leaden messengers, until arriving at the side of the wounded man.

To raise the soldier bodily was out of the question, since he was heavier than his would-be rescuer, and clutching him firmly by both shoulders, and forced to run backward in order to drag his burden, the sailor made his way

as best he could toward the steamer, while the whistling bullets gave a strong incentive to rapid movement.

That he escaped death seems strange, when it is known that there could not have been less than ten Confederates concealed within the building, all of whom were apparently firing as rapidly as their weapons could be reloaded; but he did succeed, thanks to the chapter of accidents, and gained the bank with his almost lifeless burden.

Writing of the event, Seaward thus describes it:

They were scared nearly out of their boots, and wouldn't make so much as a move toward helping the wounded fellow, so I started alone, dragged the live one to the bank and lowered him down. His comrades managed to get over their scare long enough to take him on board, and, of course, I went back for the other. I got them both, and the Confederates did not get me, though they tried mighty hard. The way the bullets flew around there for a few minutes was a caution; but after one of them struck so close as to send sand in my eyes, it made me mad, and I didn't think much of anything about the danger. You never find a sailor leaving one of his mates in such a predicament as the wounded fellow was, and it strikes me that that portion of the army which was on the *Commodore* at the time have good reason to hold their tongues about us fellows, who, according to their yarns, had no marching to do, and precious little fighting.

Seaward is now captain of a schooner sailing from Portsmouth, N. H., and when his crew see the medal which he sometimes displays, they can but realize that, in time of danger, the last to desert them will be their captain.



CHAPTER LXXVI.

THE KEARSARGE AND THE ALABAMA—THE SPECTACULAR NAVAL BATTLE OF HISTORY—EIGHTEEN MEDALS WON—ON BOARD A MISSISSIPPI "TIN-CLAD"—THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION—THE STORY OF A BOY—THE VARUNA AT NEW ORLEANS—ONE OF HER CREW—THE TACONY AT PLYMOUTH—SPIKING A GUN AND WINNING A MEDAL.

THE KEARSARGE AND THE ALABAMA.

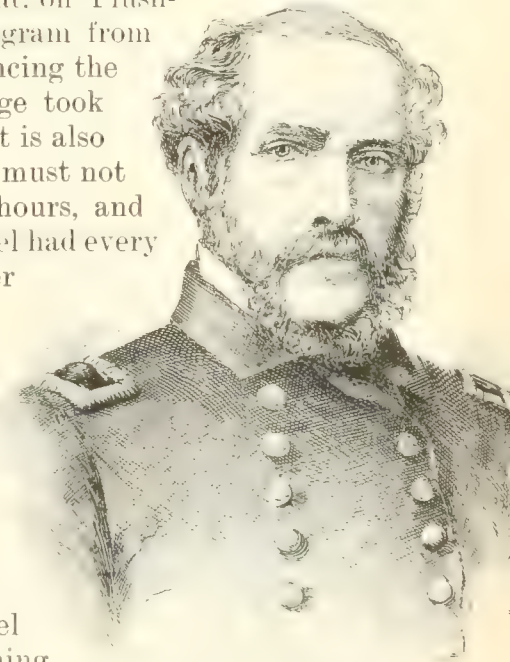
THE story of the duel between the Kearsarge and the Alabama, June 19, 1864, has been told so often, and with such fidelity to detail, as to render any detailed account of the action here superfluous.

It is well known that the Alabama put in at Cherbourg, while the Kearsarge was lying at anchor in the Scheldt, off Flushing, Holland, and immediately upon the telegram from the United States minister to France, announcing the arrival of the Confederate ship, the Kearsarge took up her position outside the French harbor. It is also known that in a neutral port a ship of war must not remain in harbor longer than twenty-four hours, and therefore Captain Winslow of the Federal vessel had every reason to believe he might engage the cruiser in combat.

This belief was made a certainty, when Captain Semmes, of the Alabama, announced to the commercial agent of the Confederacy, that he would fight the Kearsarge as soon as he could make the necessary arrangements, and this information was communicated to the commercial agent of the United States.

It is well known that the Federal vessel waited from Wednesday until Sunday morning for her adversary, and then, just as the bell of the Kearsarge was tolling for religious service, the cruiser made her appearance.

It has been told many times, how the Kearsarge ran six or seven miles from the coast, in order that she might well clear neutral waters, and then that the duel began by each ship steaming around a common center, from a quarter of a mile to a half mile from her adversary, making seven complete circles before the duel was ended.



JOHN A. WINSLOW.

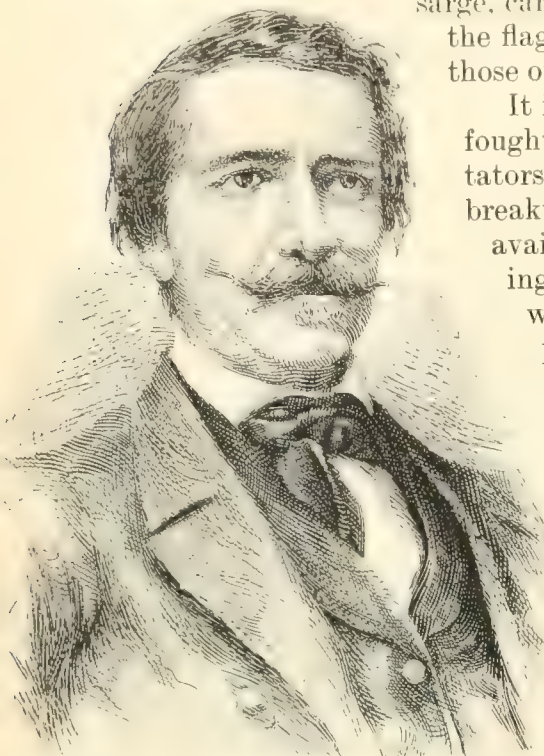
Many times also has the peculiar incident of the signal of victory being displayed from the Kearsarge by a shot from the enemy, been related, until all know that the Federal vessel's colors were "stopped" at the mizzen, and that the last broadside of the careening Alabama, passing high over the Kearsarge, carried away the halliards, thereby unfurling the flag which Captain Winslow had arranged with those on shore, should be his signal of victory.

It is also well known that this naval duel was fought in the presence of twenty thousand spectators clustered on the heights of Cherbourg, the breakwater, the vessels of the harbor, and every available point of vantage; excursion trains having been run from Paris to enable the curious to witness what a landsman seldom has the opportunity of seeing.

On board the Alabama nine were killed, twenty-one wounded and ten drowned.

On the Kearsarge three were wounded, one of whom, William Gouin, an ordinary seaman of extraordinary courage, died in the hospital a few days after the fight.

The names of medal winners appear in the appendix to this book.



CAPTAIN SEMMES.

ON BOARD A MISSISSIPPI TIN-CLAD.

In the latter part of February, 1864, Admiral Porter fitted out an expedition to go via the Red River, up the Black and Washita, to break up the Confederate posts which were being formed along these rivers, and to destroy the enemy's provisions.

In addition to the fleet of thirteen steamers, he had several light draft gunboats, or, what were designated "tin-clads," they being ordinary river steamers, armed with quarter-inch iron on two-inch poplar wood backing, intended for skirmishes along the rivers rather than serious engagements.

The following vessels comprised this addition to his fleet: Fort Hindman, Ouachita, Lexington, Cricket, Gazelle, Juliet, and Black Hawk.

The following is an extract from the Blue Jackets' and Marines' Records:

"James K. L. Duncan, ordinary seaman on board of the U. S. S. Fort Hindman. During the engagement near Harrisonburg, La., March 2, 1864, a shell burst in the muzzle of one of the guns of the vessel, setting fire to the toe of a cartridge which had just been put



SINKING OF THE ALABAMA.

in the gun. Duncan immediately seized the burning cartridge, removed it from the gun, and threw it overboard."

"Hugh Melloy, ordinary seaman on board of the U. S. S. Fort Hindman. During the engagement near Harrisonburg, La., March 2, 1864, a shell pierced the bow casement on the right of the gun No. 1, mortally wounding the first sponger, who dropped his sponge out of the port to the forecastle. Melloy instantly jumped from the port to the forecastle, recovered the sponge, and sponged and loaded the gun while outside exposed to a heavy fire of musketry."

"William P. Johnson, landsman on board of the U. S. S. Fort Hindman, in the engagement near Harrisonburg, La., March 2, 1864. Although badly wounded in the hand, he took the place of a wounded man, and sponged and loaded the gun throughout the entire action."

It is regarding those on board the Fort Hindman that this story is told, and the boy who won the medal of honor there is worthy of more extended notice than the simple announcement made by the Navy Department.

In the town of Monmouth, Ill., James K. L. Duncan, a lad eighteen years of age, conceived it his duty, during the third year of the war, to aid his country by enlisting in her defense.

He had worked on a farm, and the only knowledge which he had of a sailor's life was such as had been gained on board of a river steamboat. Therefore, boylike, he fancied he was well acquainted with that branch of the service, which he proposed to enter.

In June, 1863, he enlisted as ordinary seaman, and was drafted to the U. S. S. Fort Hindman, No. 13, of the Mississippi fleet.

On the 29th of February, 1864, the expedition above referred to proceeded up the Red River to the Black, and thence as far as the town of Trinity, where they were attacked by a battery of fieldpieces.

The tin-clads did not suffer very severely in this engagement, for, overwhelmed by numbers, the Confederates speedily withdrew.

Continuing up the river, with unimportant skirmishes here and there, the steamers arrived within two miles of Harrisonburg, where they were attacked by General Polignac, who had among his men, a large number of sharpshooters, and, greatly to the distress of the lightly armored steamers, a number of twelve-pound rifled guns.

The Hindman was bearing the Admiral's flag, and the fire of these pieces was directed chiefly upon her. The thin iron armor proved to be little or no protection, the missiles plowing their way through wherever they struck squarely.

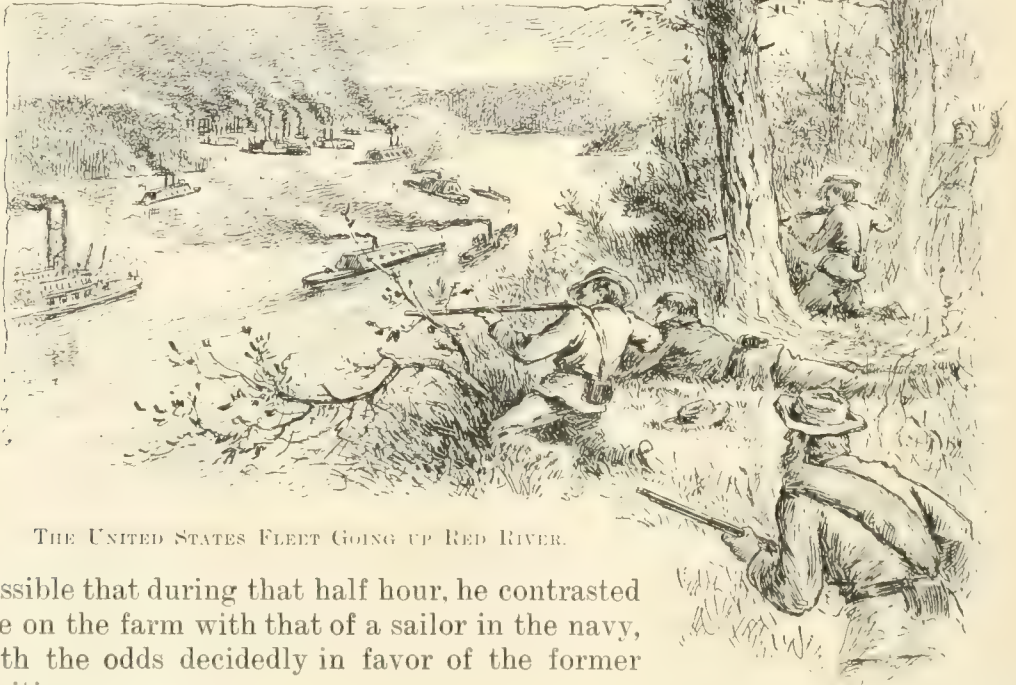
Twenty-seven times was the Hindman pierced by the balls from these rifles, or shell, and at the end of thirty minutes a solid shot disabled the star-board engine.

Until this engagement, the boy Duncan had fancied his duties as a sailor were not particularly dangerous. He had believed the thin metal plates would protect the steamer from either shot or shell, as they had from the sharpshooters below; but in these thirty seconds he discovered his mistake.

Now it was that he learned the true meaning of the word "war," and understood its terrible definition.

The hurtling balls and screaming shells, the cries of the wounded, the groans of the dying, and the reeling of the steamer as she was pounded here and there by the deadly hail, served to make up such a picture as would have impressed with awe even the most hardened sailor.

One by one Duncan's companions fell around him. Inch by inch the white planks were crimsoned with the life blood of those for whom the boy had learned to care, and it is more than



THE UNITED STATES FLEET GOING UP RED RIVER.

possible that during that half hour, he contrasted life on the farm with that of a sailor in the navy, with the odds decidedly in favor of the former position.

The fire grows hotter; the steamer swings two and fro on the current, her single engine unable to give her the proper steerage-way, and just as Duncan passes No. 1 gun, a shell pierces the bow case mate a little to the right of it.

The first sponger staggers back from the impact of this, his death wound, and unconsciously permits the sponge to drop from the port to the forecabin.

Then does Duncan understand what personal heroism means at such a time.

Hugh Melloy, an ordinary seaman, stopping not for orders, thinking not of his own safety, and realizing only that the sponge must be recovered if the gun is to be worked properly, leaps through the port to the open deck, where he is exposed to the fire of the sharpshooters who line the bank of the river. Raising the sponge without, apparently, any undue haste, he uses it, loads the gun, and clambers back through the port as if he had performed nothing more than that which was in his regular line of duty.

The chances were a hundred to one that he would never return; the time occupied in the act not more than ninety seconds, and yet in that brief period Melloy placed his name on the roll as a man whom a grateful country delights to honor.

One of Duncan's companions, William P. Johnson, had been wounded early in the engagement, the bones of his left hand having been shattered by the fragments of a shell. The boy saw the man bind up the quivering, bleeding flesh as best he could with a strip torn from the sleeve of his shirt, and then, as if uninjured, take the place of a gunner who had been stricken unto death.

Duncan wonders how men can be so brave as these two, when, at that moment, just as the cartridge is placed in position, preparatory to being rammed home, a shell bursts at the muzzle of the gun nearest him, and the tarred yarn which confines its mouth is set on fire by the scattered burning powder of the shell.

The Hindman is now in greater danger than ever before. Unless some one risks his life to pull out that bag of powder before the blaze shall eat its way through the covering, it will explode in the muzzle of the gun, and that portion of the steamer must inevitably be destroyed.

Ten seconds previous this farm boy had been wondering how his shipmates could be so prodigal of life; now he ceases to think it precious, as he realizes that one must be sacrificed to save many, and offers himself as that sacrifice.

Springing forward he seizes the cartridge with his bare hand, by its blazing end, and, exerting all his strength to wrench it from the iron tube, he runs at full speed and slings it through the port.

Hardly had he loosened his hold, and the cartridge was still in the air, when it exploded, hurling him backward across the deck.

His shipmates prevent him from falling, and as he recovers consciousness, it is as if all the sounds of conflict have ceased.

He looks in surprise at his companions, and sees their lips move but hears no word. Ten feet away a solid shot comes crashing through the

steamer's thinly-armored side, but he hears no sound. He sees the splinters fly, but there is no crash.

Gradually he realizes what has come upon him, and, later, learns the price he paid for the salvation of the steamer and his shipmates.

The drum of his right ear has been completely destroyed, so the surgeons tell him, and the left is so badly paralyzed that it will be many days before he will be able to hear even the most piercing sounds.

Yet a little longer does the battle rage, and then, so far as this particular engagement is concerned, the Federals are victorious.

The day finally came when Duncan could hear indistinctly certain sounds, and then he was transferred to the U. S. S. *Conestoga*, where he served until



DUNCAN AND THE BURNING CARTRIDGE.

the expiration of his term, enlisting again in March, 1865, being detailed successively to the *LaFayette*, *Fear Not*, and the *Pampero*.

The close of the war found him hospital steward at Pensacola, Fla., and when his country no longer required his services, he fitted himself for that most useful of all professions—medicine.

He now practices at DeWitt, Neb., and has been commissioned surgeon-general of the Medal of Honor Legion.

THE VARUNA AT NEW ORLEANS.

CHARLES B. WORAM, a young seaman, gives this account of his naval service in a letter which was not intended for publication.

I enlisted in the navy January 15, 1862, and was discharged February 27, 1865, after a service of three years and one month. I enlisted in New York, and was discharged from the brig Savannah at the Brooklyn navy yard, an ordinary seaman, having entered as a boy only sixteen years old. They would not take me as anything else, although I had been to sea several years.

I was sent to the U. S. S. Varuna, and at the engagement before Forts Jackson and St. Philip, April 24, 1862, she was sunk while fighting her way through the Confederate fleet. The Oneida picked me up, and I served the remainder of my time in her, taking part in all the battles under Farragut from that time.

It was in Mobile Bay, August 5, 1862, when I was acting as aid to the executive officer, Lieutenant Huntington, that I received my medal of honor, as you will see by General Order No. 45.

On my discharge from the navy I went to sea again until 1872, when I left it, and for the past seventeen years have been a member of the New York police force, which is easier than sailing.

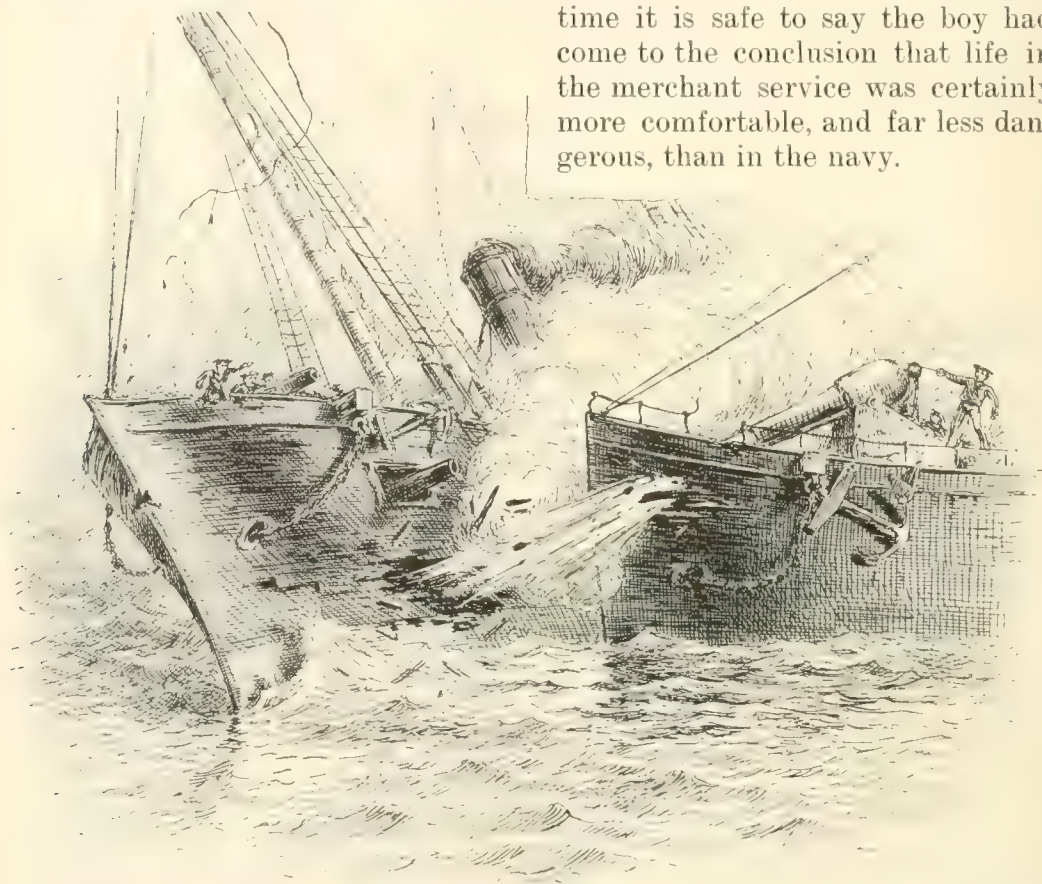
The sixteen-year-old lad could hardly have grown accustomed to life on board the Varuna, before she was sent, under General Farragut, to aid in opening the lower Mississippi, and for a certainty Woram got all the "smell of burning powder" a boy of his age could possibly need. Mention has already been made in preceding pages, of the attack on Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and it is not proposed to go into further detail regarding it except to make a brief mention of this first serious engagement in which Woram participated. As is known, after the Varuna had been engaged in the vicinity of the forts during the day, she was, at a late hour in the evening, chased by the Confederate steamer, Governor Moore, and, being already too far up the river to admit of turning and beating a retreat, save at the expense of encountering the fire of the remainder of the fleet, she was forced to take such punishment as her adversary saw fit to inflict.

On up the river steamed the Varuna, with the Governor Moore close behind, and then it was that the commander of the Confederate vessel made the desperate venture of firing his forward gun through the bow of his own steamer into the hull of the Varuna, after having come up so near the Federal vessel as to be unable to otherwise depress the piece in order to strike her hull. The ball passed through the Governor Moore's deck, but, striking the hawse pipe, was deflected and went through the Varuna's smokestack.

A second shot through this hole in the Governor Moore's bows disabled the Varuna's pivot gun, and then it was that the Confederate craft rammed the Federal vessel, disabling her engines and doing such damage to her hull that she was headed for shoal water in order that she might be beached, but

before even so much of safety could be gained, the Confederate ram, Stonewall Jackson, made of her a still more complete wreck, and in the merest fraction of time she went to the bottom, leaving her crew struggling in the water.

As young Woram says in his letter, he was picked up by the Oneida, but not until he had been swimming around fifteen or twenty minutes, with the shot of the enemy lashing the water into foam close behind him, and by that time it is safe to say the boy had come to the conclusion that life in the merchant service was certainly more comfortable, and far less dangerous, than in the navy.



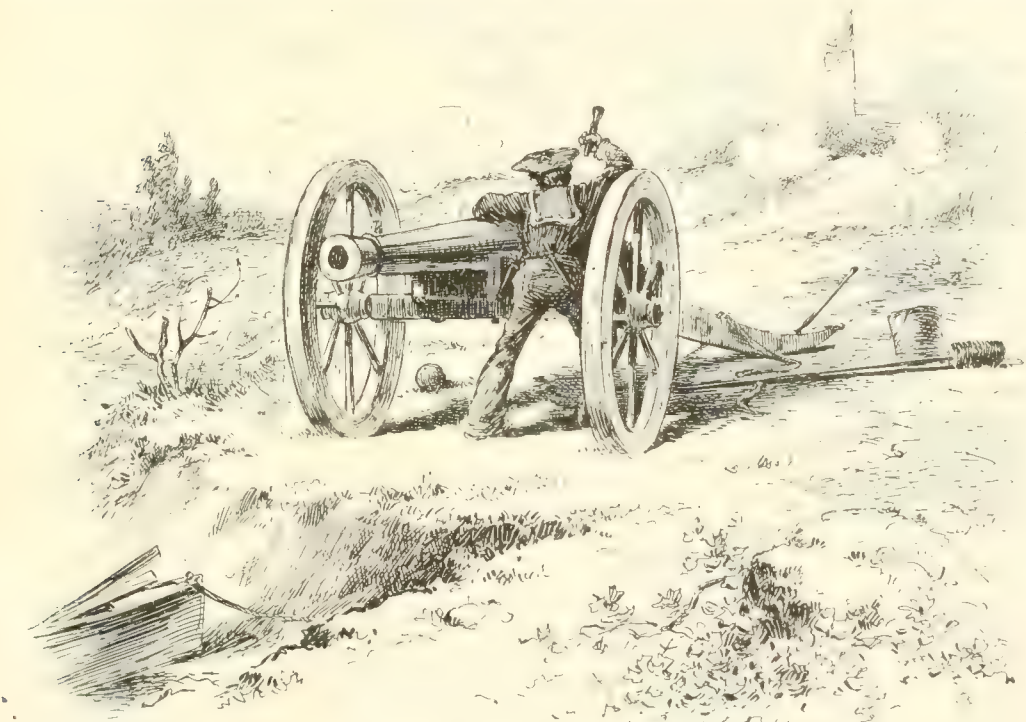
THE GOVERNOR MOORE FIRING INTO THE VARUNA THROUGH HER OWN BOW.

According to the testimony of the officers of the Oneida, however, he did his duty like a veteran seaman. One would have fancied from his general behavior after having been rescued, that he had served a full apprenticeship in warfare, and such trifling matters as having his vessel sunk from under him was an everyday occurrence.

Probably the most terrible experience which any human being could have, was Woram's during the battle of Mobile Bay on board the Oneida,

when her boilers exploded after her wheel had been shot away, and he was forced to see the engineer and his assistants racing around the deck in their dying agonies, having been scalded until the flesh was literally hanging in shreds from their bones. It was such a scene as will hardly bear the telling, and yet he did manage to do his duty and to do it faithfully, for throughout this engagement he acted as aid to the executive officer, and was mentioned in the most flattering terms when the official report was made.

Not yet eighteen years old, he had carried himself like a veteran through such scenes as the oldest far seldom witnesses, and it was fitting he, who



HORGAN SPIKING THE GUN.

could control his fears under such circumstances as crazed one of the older members of the crew, should receive the medal of honor.

MICHAEL C. HORGAN.

U. S. S. TACONY.

MICHAEL C. HORGAN was born in Ireland, September 17, 1846, and came to this country at the age of five years. When yet a boy he enlisted in the navy at New York, April 1863, and was sent on board the U. S. S. Tacony, as

landsman. On this ship he served two terms, being honorably discharged April, 1868.

It was during the capture of Plymouth, N. C., October 31, 1864, that he won his medal of honor.

Horgan writes under date of December 26, 1893:

I was in the first and second attacks on Fort Fisher, and was wounded on each occasion. During the first attack, while grappling for torpedos, clearing a way for the ironclads to take their position, our boat was cut down by a shot from the fort, and I received a slight flesh wound from splinters. One of our crew was killed.

At the second attack the U. S. S. Tacony's small boat was detailed to carry the ship's distinguishing flag on shore in storming the sea-face of the fort, January 15, 1865, and there I was wounded twice, being obliged to remain eight months in the hospital.

I was but eighteen years of age when the Congressional medal of honor was awarded me for services at the capture of Plymouth, N. C., October 31, 1864. I won it by spiking a nine-inch loaded gun under the sharp fire of musketry from the enemy. The gun was in a water battery about thirty yards from the bank of the river. The Confederates would crawl out from under their breastworks and load it. Then, with a long string leading to the bombproof in the rear, would discharge it when we were within range, and in such manner as to do us considerable damage.

I landed in the boat, spiked it, and thus rendered it useless.

The most of my service was on boat expeditions in Albemarle Sound.



CHAPTER LXXVII.

THE CONFEDERATE RAM ALBEMARLE AND HER CAREER — MEN WHO WON DISTINCTION IN THE ATTEMPT TO DESTROY HER — THE SINKING OF THE STEAMER — THE FAMOUS BATTLE WITH THE SASSACUS — THE IDEAS OF GUNS, RAMS AND ARMOR CURRENT IN 1864 — CUSHING AND HIS EXPLOIT — THE FATE OF THE ALBEMARLE — THE ESCAPE.

THE ALBEMARLE, Confederate ram, was built on the Roanoke River, thirty miles below Weldon, measuring one hundred and twenty-two feet long, forty-five foot beam, with a draft of eight feet. She had a ram of solid oak, covered with two-inch iron plates. She had been built with great care, and was a most formidable enemy to such of the Federal vessels as were in the Roanoke.

The Union officers were well acquainted with the ship building which was being done above Plymouth, having in their possession a detailed description of the ram; but no attempt was made to prevent the completion of the craft, save a feeble and futile one.

On May 25, 1864, a volunteer crew was sent out from the U. S. S. Wyalusing, on what proved an unsuccessful expedition.

Five men volunteered for this service, and it was not owing to lack of bravery on their part that they failed in the attempt.

It has been impossible to learn, up to the present time, the name of the commander of the party. The crew was comprised of Charles Baldwin, coal heaver; Alexander Crawford, fireman; John Laverty, fireman; Benjamin Lloyd, coal heaver, and John W. Lloyd, cockswain.

For their brave efforts they were given medals of honor.

In the naval record appears the following statement as to why they received such distinction:

"Volunteering May 25, 1864, in a night attempt to destroy the ram Albemarle in Roanoke River, and although it was unsuccessful, they displayed courage, zeal, and unwearied exertions in the action."

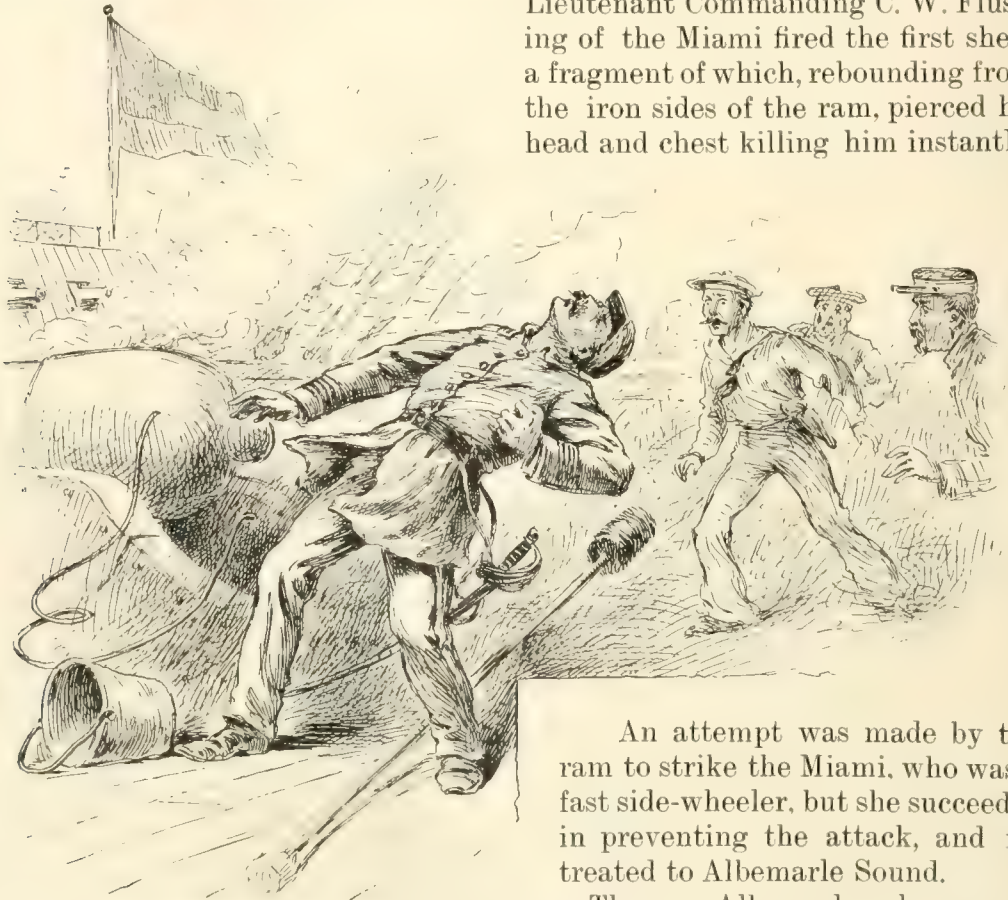
Baldwin and John W. Lloyd were promoted to acting master's mate.

It was on the 18th of April, 1864, that the Albemarle proved her metal, and succeeded in doing no slight amount of damage.

The steamers, Miami and Southfield, lashed together, were assaulting a fort near Plymouth, when, at three o'clock on the morning of the 19th, the

ram appeared. She steamed down within shadow of the trees until nearly opposite the two steamers, and then, running obliquely across, struck the Southfield on the starboard bow, crushing it in completely and sinking her before her crew could scramble aboard the Miami.

The two Federal vessels had been throwing shells into the fort, and her guns were still loaded with such missiles. So sudden and unexpected was the approach of the Albemarle that there was no time to draw the charge, and Lieutenant Commanding C. W. Fluss-
ing of the Miami fired the first shell, a fragment of which, rebounding from the iron sides of the ram, pierced his head and chest killing him instantly.



THE REBOUND OF THE SHELL.

An attempt was made by the ram to strike the Miami, who was a fast side-wheeler, but she succeeded in preventing the attack, and retreated to Albemarle Sound.

The ram Albemarle, whose speed was hardly more than four knots an hour, then returned to Plymouth, and retained undisputed control of the Roanoke until May, when the Union forces, under command of Captain Melancthon Smith, on the 5th of May, attempted to destroy this formidable enemy.

In the "Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion," the following account, given by one who was on board the Sassacus, is the best description of this



THE SASSACUS RAMMING THE ALBEMARLE.

engagement that can be found, more particularly as it was written almost immediately after its occurrence.

Before quoting, it would be well to say that the *Sassacus* was a wooden side-wheel ship, known as a "double-ender," and carried four nine-inch Dahlgren Parrott rifles:

"On the afternoon of May 5, the *Mattabesett*, *Sassacus* and *Wyalusing*, side-wheel gunboats, were lying at anchor in Albemarle Sound, twenty miles below the mouth of the Roanoke River, having been assigned the arduous duty of encountering, and, if possible, destroying the Confederate ironclad ram *Albemarle*, whose recent raid, in conjunction with the attack and capture of Plymouth when she succeeded in sinking two of our gunboats and sustained unharmed the repeated broadsides of the *Miami*, directed by the brave and lamented Flushing, rendered our prolonged occupation of the sound a problem to be solved, and invested the expected contest with unusual importance.

"An advance guard of picket boats, comprising four or five of the smaller vessels of our force, with the *Miami*, had been sent forward to the Roanoke River to decoy the ram from under the protective batteries of Plymouth into the open waters of the sound, and falling back before her, to draw her into a favorable position for our attack. At 3:15 p. m., the *Mattabesett* signaled 'to get under way,' and, forming a line ahead, the three vessels in the order in which their names have been written, proceeded at ordinary speed up the sound, when, at four p. m., the *Mattabesett* communicated with the army transport, 'ram is out' and we now discovered our retreating pickets as they slowly retired before the advancing foe. A moment later and we discerned a glittering speck upon the water beyond our retiring vessels, with two other dark hulls hovering near, which we knew to be the ram, accompanied by her consorts. Our ship was cleared for action, and every preparation was made for a determined and desperate struggle with our formidable antagonist; and now we were driving along under full head of steam, closing rapidly with the enemy. The weather was perfectly charming, not a ripple disturbed the glassy sheet of water from shore to shore, and the dazzling sunshine gleamed upon the inclined sides of the ironclad like a mass of silver, as she lay defiantly bearing the magnificently large and gaudy ensign of the Confederacy. As we approached, the Rebels were communicating hurriedly with boats, and soon the white, stern-wheel steamer turned short round, and put back hastily toward Plymouth, being, as we afterward learned, the *Cotton Plant* river steamer, cotton-clad, and manned by two hundred sharpshooters and boarders. As she left, the other steamer, which proved to be the *Bombshell* captured from the army by the Confederates at Plymouth and now used against us, closed upon the ram's quarter, in position for the impending action.

"The whole scene was impressive and beautiful. Our vessels, under a powerful head of steam, came sweeping gracefully along, and, as the *Mattabesett* approached nearer, she hauled up from the ram, followed by the others in line, when the *Miami*, some distance astern, fired over us, making a very good but useless shot which was answered by the *Albemarle*, whose guns, it was easy to see, were of the heaviest calibre. When abreast, and about three hundred yards distant from the ram, the *Mattabesett* delivered her broadside, and, passing round her stern, ran by the *Bombshell* close aboard, as the latter lay on the port quarter of the ram. Our attention was now absorbed in the movements of our own ship, and, as we came up, the ram, having failed to get near the *Mattabesett* as she swept by, turned her bow fairly for the *Sassacus*, but, measuring the distance, we gave our vessel a slight sheer with starboard helm, then jamming it hard aport, passed about one hundred and fifty yards

from her, delivering with precision our whole broadside of solid shot which bounded from her armor like rubber balls.

"Sweeping round her stern, we now stood toward the Bombshell which had annoyed us exceedingly with small rifled shot directed at our pilot houses, and which came flying in quick succession over our hurricane deck, and training on her, poured into her hull a full broadside which brought the ensign down and sent the white flag up, when, ceasing our fire, we ranged close aboard, hailing to know if they had surrendered, which was answered by shouts of 'yes,' 'yes,' 'yes,' from a dozen throats. Ordered her to drop out of fire and anchor, which was executed in good faith, and pushing on to regain the time we had consumed in this capture, we noticed that the Mattabesett had again passed by the ram delivering her fire, and the Wyalusing had come up astern of the Sassacus attracting the attention of the Albatross from us to whom she now exposed her whole side.

"She was about eight hundred yards distant, and we were in just the position we most desired. The ram appeared to be steaming slowly as if waiting for events, but using her guns rapidly all the time, throwing one hundred-pounder Brooke's rifle shot and shell with spirit and energy. Fortune seemed most favorable, and our intrepid commander, determined to close with our antagonist, seized the opportunity without hesitation, and ordering 'four bells' again and again repeated, as previously arranged with the chief engineer, who was acquainted with our design, the ship was headed straight for what was supposed to be the weakest part of the ram where her casemate or house joined the hull. Our fires were clean; we had thirty pounds of steam, and with throttle wide open, the Sassacus dashed at her grim adversary. We seemed to move frightfully slow, but each moment increased our speed as the intervening space grew less, till we attained the rate of nine or ten knots, when we struck our iron foe a fair, perfect, right-angled blow, without glance or slide. The shock to our ship was not nearly so heavy as we had expected. Something gave way. Was it our ship? Were we cut down? No, thank Heaven! It was the ironclad; and as her black hull was forced under our bow till the water flowed over it from side to side, we thought our foe was going down, and could hardly suppress a shout of exultation in answer to the ringing cheer with which our comrades on the Wyalusing greeted our bold grapple with the monster.

"As we struck her the ram drove a one hundred-pounder Brooke's shot through and through us, from starboard bow to port side. Our stern was forced into her side, and keeping up our headway, we careened her down beneath our weight, and pushed her like an inert mass before us, while, in profound silence our gunners were training their heavy ordnance to bear on our astonished enemy. Now a black muzzle protruded from the ram's open port, and the loaders of our Parrott rifle, standing on the side, served the gun within fifteen feet of that yawning cannon mouth. It was a grand reproduction of the old days of 'broadside to broadside,' and 'yardarm locked to yard,' but the immense guns, now grinning defiance across the few feet of space which separated them, each one carrying the weight of metal of a whole tier of the old time carronades, rendered this duel of ponderous ordnance a magnificent and imposing spectacle.

"Still we pushed her broadside-to before us, our engine at full speed, pressing our bow deeper and deeper into her. Still she gave way, and now we threw a hasty, anxious glance toward our consorts. Were they coming to assist us? Would they seize the golden chance we so invitingly held out to them, and, pushing on to the monster's unguarded side, help us to crush her down out of sight forever? Not a sound, not a movement, not a gun. All was quiet as the night throughout our fleet. It was a grapple for life. A silent but fearful struggle for the mastery, relieved only by the sharp, scattering volleys of musketry, the whizzing of leaden bullets, and the deep, muffled explosion of hand grenades which the

brave fellow in our foretop was flinging in our enemy's hatch, driving back their sharpshooters, and creating consternation and dismay among the closely packed crew of the ironclad; but not until our pilot house and smokestack had been spattered all over with the indentation of rifle balls. No one had yet fallen. We had thrown shot and shell square into her ports from our rifle guns on the hurricane deck, and driven volley after volley of musketry through every aperture in her iron shield, and now our heavy one hundred pounder was training for another crushing blow.

"Presently a movement was felt in the two ships. We heard a crashing of timbers, as at the moment of collision. The ram was swinging under our starboard bow, and now suddenly the vessel trembled with the shock, as our one hundred-pounder rifle and that of the enemy thundered at each other with a simultaneous roar. Another sound more fearful than bursting shell or belching cannon now reached our ears. The terrible sound of unloosed, unmanageable steam, rushing in tremendous volumes, seething and hissing as it spread, till both combatants were enveloped and hidden in a dense, suffocating cloud of stifling vapor. Her shot had pierced our boiler, and all was lost. No, not lost yet. Our sharp, false stem, which had cut deeply into the side of the ram, now gave way, as she forced herself ahead across our bow, crushing and bruising our more delicate craft in her progress, and this stem, now wrenched off, allowed the two vessels to swing side by side.

"Now came the fierce duel for life. Our gunners could only hope to injure our antagonist by firing with accuracy into her open ports, while every shot of the enemy would tell with fatal effect upon our wooden vessel. The guns were now served and fired, muzzle to muzzle, the powder from those of the Albemarle blackening the bows and side of the *Sassacus*, as they passed within ten feet. A solid shot from our one hundred-pounder struck her port-sill, and, crumbling into fragments, one piece rebounded onto our own deck, but the rest flew into that threatening porthole, and silenced the enemy's gun. A nine-inch solid shot and a twenty-pounder shell followed through the same opening in rapid succession, as the tough-sided monster drifted clear of us, while our starboard wheel crushed and wrenched its iron braces in grinding over her quarter, smashing the launches she was towing into a shapeless mass of driftwood, and grating over the sharp iron plates with a most dismal sound. Now she passed our wheel, and the crews of the after guns, watching the moment, drove their solid shot into her ports. The elevating screw of our Parrott rifle was broken and the gun could not be pressed to bear on the enemy's port, but hurled its missile against her iron armor, leaving a rent to mark its impact. A nine-inch solid shot, fired with an increased charge, struck her inclined roof, and flew *en ricochet*, like a pebble bounding from the pavement, into the air beyond, and this at a distance of not more than fifteen feet.

"All this cool gunnery and precise artillery practice transpired while the ship, from fire room to hurricane deck, was shrouded in one dense cloud of fiery steam. The situation was appalling. The shrieks of the scalded and dying, as they frantically rushed up from below, with their shriveled flesh hanging in shreds upon their tortured limbs, the engine beyond control surging and revolving without guide or check, abandoned by all save one, who, scalded, blackened, sightless, stood like a hero at his post. Alone, amidst that mass of unloosed steam and uncontrollable machinery, Mr. Hobby, the chief engineer of the *Sassacus* remained, calling to his men to return with him to the fire room to draw the fires from beneath the uninjured boiler, which was now in imminent danger of explosion. Let his name be long remembered by the two hundred beings whose lives were saved in that fearful moment by his more than heroic fortitude and exertion. There were no means of instantly cutting off communication between the two boilers, and all the steam contained in both rushed out like flash.

exposing the ship to a more fearful catastrophe, should our brave engineers be too late in drawing the heavy fires which threatened our destruction. All this time our consorts looking toward us could only see a thick, white cloud, lighted up incessantly by the flashes of our rapidly-served guns, as the gallant *Sassacus* rose gloriously above the storm of disaster that surrounded her, and challenged the admiration of her admiring comrades by the stubborn thundering of her battery. The ship still moved, working slowly ahead, on a vacuum alone. The cloud of steam at last lifted, and we could see the grim enemy of the *Sassacus* gladly escaping from that embrace of death in which we had held her for nearly a quarter of an hour, and retreating discomfited and demoralized toward the port from which she had sallied with so much bravado only a few hours before."

From this time until October 27, 1864, the ram remained undisturbed in the Roanoke, and then Lieutenant W. B. Cushing had made his arrangements to destroy her. The scheme was entirely his own, approved of by the authorities, and carried out by himself in every detail.

In New York, acting under the orders of the Secretary of the Navy, he purchased two open steam launches about thirty feet in length, and armed each with a twelve-pound howitzer. It was necessary to sail both these boats from New York down, and one was lost before reaching Norfolk.

Lieutenant Cushing took no one with him but volunteers.

In addition to himself there were on board the launch:

Acting Assistant Paymaster FRANCIS H. SWAN, of the U. S. S. Otsego.

Acting Ensign WILLIAM L. HOWARTH, of the U. S. S. Monticello.

Acting Master's Mate THOMAS S. GAY, of the U. S. S. Otsego.

Acting 3rd Assistant Engineer CHAS. L. STEEVER, of the U. S. S. Otsego.

Acting 3rd Assistant Engineer WILLIAM STOTESBURY, of U. S. Picket Boat No. 1.

SAMUEL HIGGINS, first-class fireman of the U. S. Picket Boat No. 1.

RICHARD HAMILTON, coal heaver of the U. S. S. Shamrock.

WILLIAM SMITH, ordinary seaman of U. S. S. Chicopee.

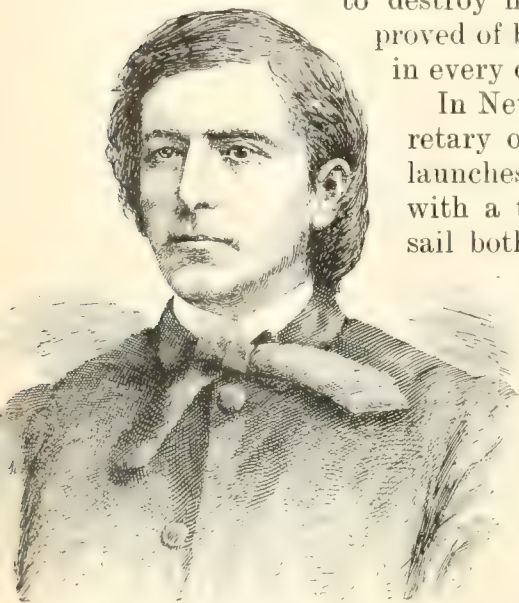
BERNARD HARLEY, ordinary seaman of the U. S. S. Chicopee.

EDWARD J. HOUGHTON, ordinary seaman of the U. S. S. Chicopee.

LORENZO DEMMING, landsman, U. S. Picket Boat No. 1.

HENRY WILKES, landsman, U. S. Picket Boat No. 1.

ROBERT H. KING, landsman, U. S. Picket Boat No. 1.



LIEUTENANT W. B. CUSHING.

On the evening of October 27, the little party set out, and with such a leader it was certain they would never return unless they succeeded in the attempt.

Steaming swiftly up the Roanoke River, with forts and pickets on either side, he passed within a short distance of the wreck of the Southfield, on which a guard had been stationed, but still without attracting attention.

When the launch arrived near where the Albemarle was moored, a large camp fire was burning on the shore, having been kindled by a body of infantry stationed there, and by its light Cushing saw that the ram was protected by a boom of logs running well out from her, so placed for the purpose of guarding against just such an attack as was then being made.

Attached to the bow of Cushing's launch was the boom, which could be raised or lowered, with a torpedo fastened to the end, and this was to be worked by the leader himself.

As a matter of course, his presence was discovered immediately he came within the circle of light, and in reply to the hails from the shore and the ram, his crew gave such answers as fancy prompted.

There was no possibility the ram could be destroyed and her destroyers save their own tiny craft. Cushing understood at once, after seeing the Albemarle, that his only hope lay in forcing the frail launch upon and over the logs, until his torpedo boom should be sufficiently near the iron hull to admit of its successful explosion.

Fire was opened upon them from the ram, and despite the fact that the missiles came upon them so thickly as to make it seem impossible a man could live amid that deadly shower, Cushing ran his boat broadside on the boom, in order to gain a thorough idea of the situation of affairs, and then, steaming out in a circle, he turned, dashing at full speed over the obstruction.

The infantry on the shore were still pouring incessant volleys of musketry upon the daring party, and an instant before the bow of the launch struck the boom, Cushing discharged a howitzer at the enemy.

The logs, watersoaked and smooth, sank sufficiently as the launch struck them, to allow the little craft to run half way over, when, as calmly as though directing the most innocent of movements, Cushing placed the torpedo in position and exploded it.

Concerning this act, Commander Soley in the Century Company's "War Book" writes:

"In considering the merits of Cushing's success with this exceedingly complicated instrument, it must be remembered that nothing short of the utmost care in preparation could keep its mechanism in working order; that in making ready to use it, it was necessary to keep the end of the spar elevated until the boat had surmounted the boom of logs, and to judge accurately the right distance in order to stop the boat's headway at the right point;

that the spar had then to be lowered with the same precision of judgment; that the detaching lanyard had then to be pulled firmly, but without a jerk; that, finally, the position of the torpedo under the knuckle of the ram had to be calculated to a nicety, and that by a very gentle strain on a line twenty-five or thirty feet long the trigger-pin had to be withdrawn. When it is reflected that Cushing had attached to his person four separate lines, viz: the detaching lanyard, the trigger line, and two lines to direct the movements of the boat, one of which was fastened to the wrist and the other to the ankle of the engineer; that he was also directing the adjustment of the spar by the halliard; that the management of all these lines, requiring as much management and delicacy of touch as a surgical operation, where a single error in their employment, even a pull too much or too little, would render the whole expedition abortive, was carried out directly in front of the muzzle of a one hundred-pounder rifle, under a fire of musketry so hot that several bullets passed through his clothing, and carried out with perfect success, it is safe to say that the naval history of the world affords no other example of such marvelous coolness and professional skill as were shown by Cushing in the destruction of the *Albemarle*."

As the brave lieutenant exploded the torpedo he was struck on the right wrist by a musket ball, and a shell from the *Albemarle* went crashing through the launch.

The destruction of the ram and of the launch, and the sudden disappearance of the thirteen brave hearts who had volunteered for such dangerous work, was accomplished before one could have counted five. The grape shot from the ram, and the enormous mass of water forced up by the torpedo, seemed to strike the launch at the same instant, and then it was a case of each one for himself.

Cushing pulled off his coat and shoes while he was in the water, and began to swim for the opposite shore, when one of his crew who was drowning, screamed for help, thus attracting the enemy's fire, and forcing the swimmer to turn down stream.

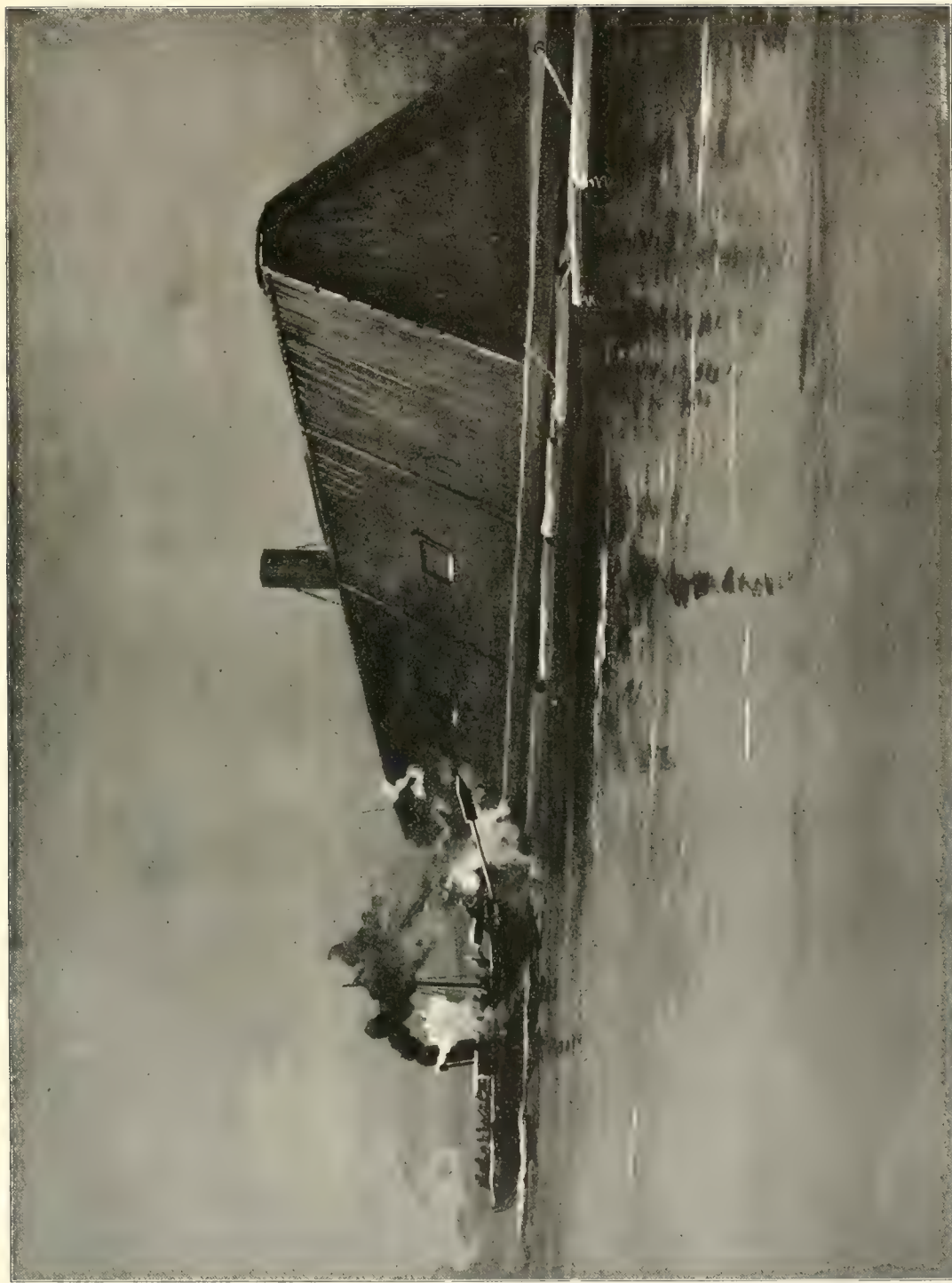
The water was exceedingly cold, and with so much of his clothing on, it required every exertion to keep himself afloat.

During an hour he swam in that icy current, and then, making for the shore, fell exhausted on the bank.

When he recovered consciousness he found himself lying not a dozen yards from a Confederate sentinel, while close at hand were two officers discussing the exploit, and congratulating themselves that Cushing had been killed in the explosion.

That he was believed to be dead gave him no small amount of satisfaction, since it would facilitate his escape; but unless some very sharp work should be done within the next few moments, the officers would learn that he who had destroyed the *Albemarle* was not so much of a corpse as they had supposed him to be.

Not daring to rise, wriggling along on the ground as best he might, halting every now and then as some sound warned him that danger was near,



CUSHING AND HIS MEN DESTROYING THE ALBEMARLE.

he literally bored his way a hundred yards into the swamp, where he remained in concealment until the following morning.

Then it was that he heard footsteps approaching, and, peering out from amid the tangled vines, saw an old negro coming directly toward his hiding place.

Cushing was in that condition where it was absolutely necessary he should obtain both information and assistance, even if in so doing he was forced to risk his life. Stepping out from among the bushes, he literally paralyzed the old darkey by his sudden appearance, and it was several moments before courage to ask him who he was.

"I am a Yankee," was Cushing's reply. "The fellow who blew up the Albemarle."

reply. "The fellow



AFTER THE ESCAPE.

The old negro seemed more alarmed by this announcement than if he had been assured the white man was a veritable ghost, but after his fears were somewhat allayed he stated very emphatically that the Confederates would kill the young officer if they should succeed in capturing him.

"I am very well aware of that, uncle," was the quiet reply. "What I want most now is to find out what is going on in the town. Can I trust you to go there and come back?"

"Deed you can, sah."

"Very well, here is what spare change I have — get off at once, and come back as soon as you can."

The darkey went, and Cushing, with only his pocket knife as a weapon, climbed into the branches of a tree to await the return of the messenger.

At the expiration of an hour the darkey arrived with the cheering information that the Albe-
marle had been completely destroyed,
and that the people were leaving the town.

Now if ever was Cushing's time to make his escape.

Working his way cautiously through the swamp as best he could, he continued on for half a mile or more, when he reached the river, on the opposite bank of which he saw a boat that had evidently been left there by one of the picket guard. Once more he plunged into the icy water, swam across, unmoored the little craft, and, clinging to the stern-board, allowed it to drift down the stream until he was a safe distance from the scene of his adventurous exploit.

Then scrambling on board, he took up the oars and pulled with a will for eight consecutive hours, when the squadron was reached, and he had only sufficient strength left to hail one of the vessels before he fell in

the bottom of the boat, totally exhausted by cold, hunger, fatigue and excitement.

Even then he was not immediately cared for. The officers of the squadron feared this frail craft was the beginning of some trick by the enemy, and warned its occupant to keep away.

Cushing, however, was too nearly exhausted to make any explanation, and after a time, when it was seen that there was nothing to fear from this



A FRIEND IN NEED.

almost lifeless man, a boat was sent out to tow him to the ship. It can well be fancied what kind of a reception he met with there.

Of Cushing's party, one returned on the steamer Valley City; he was picked up after having traveled across the country, and living in the swamps nearly two days.

Two of his men Cushing saw drown, and, as he himself said, his arms and his will were the only living portions of his organism during the last four hours of his journey down the river.

For his services in thus destroying the formidable ram, Cushing received the congratulations of the Navy Department, the thanks of Congress, and was promoted to the grade of lieutenant commander.

The following of his men received medals of honor:

Richard Hamilton, coal heaver; Bernard Harley, ordinary seaman; Edward J. Houghton, ordinary seaman; R. H. King, landsman; William Smith, ordinary seaman; Henry Wilkes, landsman, and Lorenzo Demming, landsman.



CHAPTER LXXVIII.

THE BATTLE OF MOBILE BAY — THE FEDERAL FLEET — THE TORPEDOS — THE RESCUE OF DROWNING
SAILORS UNDER FIRE — THE RICHMOND AND HER MEN — THE BROOKLYN, METACOMET,
CHICKASAW, GALENA AND TENNESSEE — THE MEDAL WINNERS.

THE BATTLE OF MOBILE BAY.

IT is not the province of these papers to describe that brilliant and terrible engagement in Mobile Bay; brilliant because of the seamanship, bravery, and self-sacrifice shown, and terrible because of the suffering and the death which was the result of that desperate fight.

The ships went into the engagement in the following order: The Brooklyn lashed to the Octorara, the Hartford paired with the Metacomet, the Richmond with the Port Royal, the Lackawanna and Seminole, the Monongahela and Kennebec, the Ossipee and Itasca, the Oneida and the Galena. The first named vessel of each pair being on the starboard, or more exposed side.

THE MONITOR TECUMSEH.

It is also well known that the opening gun was fired from the monitor Tecumseh, which craft was also the first to succumb to the fortunes of war.

Why her commander ran westward of the buoys, thereby striking the torpedos, it is not necessary to speculate upon. But when she was thus unfortunately steered, and when reeling and sinking under the contact of that mighty mass of explosive material which had been placed as a trap for vessels who might pass over it, and when her officers and men were struggling in the waves, the remainder of the fleet, pushing past the obstructions, and unable to stop lest they bring destruction to their shipmates in the rear, a boat was seen putting off from the U. S. S. Metacomet to save lives, although the mission of her crew had been to destroy them.

Acting Ensign H. C. Neilds was in charge of the crew, which was composed of Henry Johnson, James Avery, Henry Baker, John Harris, John Donnelly and John Noble.

Regardless of the iron hail which was cutting the water into foam, these men pulled their boat within a hundred yards of one of the forts, under a fire which Admiral Farragut describes as "one of the most galling I ever saw," and by their exertions, succeeded in rescuing ten of the crew of the Tecumseh.



DESTRUCTION OF THE MONITOR TECUMSEH BY A TORPEDO.

Both Confederate and Federal looked with admiration upon this act, and when the report was made by the commander of the *Metacomet*, a medal was awarded to each of the brave fellows.

To attempt to follow the movements of the fleet in order to show at what particular point each of the men won his medal, would occupy more space than is permitted within the scope of this work. The reader is referred to the appendix to this book for the names and designations of the heroes.

ON THE HARTFORD.

Among those courageous men who everywhere and unflinchingly placed duty before life was John McFarland, captain of forecastle. His station



SAVING THE SWIMMERS.

on this fifth day of August, 1864, was at the wheel, as it had been in all the previous fights of the ship. He had previously been noted for his coolness and intelligence during an action, and this day was no exception. When the *Lackawanna* crashed into the *Hartford*, and for a moment there was every appearance that the man at the wheel would be crushed, he never left his station, nor ceased for an instant to attend strictly to his duties. This evidence of bravery and self-possession, together with his good conduct in the other battles on the *Hartford*, entitled him to the medal of honor.

ON THE RICHMOND.

On the U. S. S. Richmond the medal list was larger than on the Hartford. A sailor who served on that grand old vessel for many years, contributed a song, with which he and his companions were wont to amuse themselves.

The character of the sailor's rhyme is shown by the following stanza:

"The Richmond is a noble ship,
From her bowsprit to her quarter
And her crew they are a jovial set
As ever saw salt water.
They're fond of hot potato scouse,
They like a good fish chowder,
But what they like the best of all
Is the smell of burning powder.

CHORUS:

"A little more powder, too,
For the jolly Richmond's crew."

An instance of the courage displayed by the captain of a gun is furnished in the case of Hendrick Sharp, who at the time of the engagement in Mobile Bay had been in the naval service thirty-two years. On the 5th of August, 1864, he was captain of a hundred-pounder rifle gun on the topgallant fore-castle. He fought, when under the hottest fire from the enemy's batteries, at short range, with a coolness and effectiveness that won not only the admiration of the commanding officers of the division, but of all others who had

McFARLAND AT THE WHEEL.

an opportunity to observe him. He joined the Richmond at Norfolk when first put in commission, September 27, 1860. At the expiration of his term of service in 1863, he reshipped for a period of three years. He was in action on board the Richmond with the Confederates at the head of the passes of the Mississippi; at the bombardment of Fort McRae; at Pensacola, which lasted an entire day, and where he received a severe splinter wound in the left hand which permanently disabled two of his fingers, and, notwithstanding the severity of the wound, as soon as it was dressed by the surgeon, returned to his gun without permission, persisting in remaining at his



quarters, using his right hand only, until the engagement ceased. He was in the actions with Forts Jackson and St. Philip; with the Confederate iron-clads and gunboats below New Orleans; with the Chalmette batteries; present at the surrender of New Orleans; fought the batteries of Vicksburg twice; was in the memorable attack on Port Hudson on the 14th of March, 1863; was captain of a nine-inch gun in the naval nine-inch battery, commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Edward Terry, placed in the rear of Port Hudson during the siege. He was also captain of a gun in the naval battery established at Baton Rouge, commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Edward Terry after the repulse of the army and death of General Williams at that place.

ON THE GALENA.

There was a trio of medal men on board the *Galena* this fifth day of August, one of whom is described by his shipmates as having saved the vessel, and his commanding officer reports that "during the action Edward Martin was stationed at the wheel while the *Galena* was towing the U. S. S. *Oneida* by Forts Morgan and Gaines, which vessel had become disabled by a shell which exploded her star-board boiler. He displayed coolness and great courage on that trying occasion." Martin's story is an interesting one, aside from the fact of what he did on this memorable day.

He was christened Edwin S. Jones, and such is the name he bears to-day, but when he enlisted it was under the name of Edward Martin, and he himself explains the cause for serving his country under an alias. He writes as follows:

In 1857, I was a bound apprentice to the firm of Evans & Watson of Philadelphia, manufacturers of fireproof safes. After one year of servitude



THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUN.

I found that I could not pay my board and buy clothes on the wages of two dollars per week. I had no father or mother to assist me, so I skipped to sea. Knowing that the law would send me to the House of Refuge if I was caught, I took the name of Martin, which I kept while in the service.

I am proud of that name, and of the service I rendered while bearing it, therefore please oblige me by using it in your story, and at the same time give my real name.

The boy Jones who chose to try his fortunes as Martin, enlisted January 20, 1863, and was drafted to the U. S. S. Georgia, but afterward transferred to the Galena with rank of quartermaster.

In such position it was his duty to take charge of the wheel; but the actual labor of handling the spokes was done by one first-class and one ordinary seaman.

In the Mobile engagement the Galena was made fast to another vessel, and, as it was, during this passage past the forts, the work of steering was both laborious and difficult. The ship did not yield readily to her helm, and, in addition to the task of combating this difficulty it was necessary that Martin should observe clearly every signal made by the admiral.

The engagement began, increasing momentarily in fierceness, until one of the men detailed to assist the helmsman lost his head entirely, and deserted his post. The Oneida had begun to yaw, and that in the most dangerous portion of the channel, where the torpedos had been planted thickly in the hope of destroying the oncoming fleet. At the same time the Oneida's wheel was shattered by a solid shot,

leaving all the work of steering to be done on the Galena.

Then it was that the Tennessee advanced, pouring such a fire into these two vessels that the pilot of the Galena, who until this moment had remained bravely at his post, ran into the cabin to hide himself, and Martin was left at the wheel, steering blindly through a narrow channel with death lurking beneath every wave.

It may, perhaps, be said with truth that sheer luck guided the helmsman, but there must have been plenty of pluck behind it, to have induced

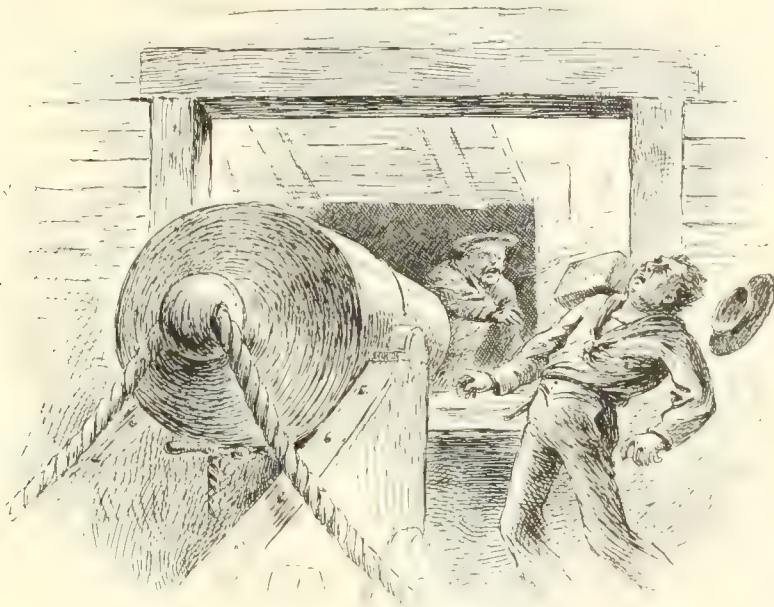


TAYLOR EXTINGUISHING THE FIRE

him to remain at his station when men who had been longer in the service, and were in less exposed positions, were fleeing in terror from the fearful shower of missiles.

ON THE LACKAWANNA.

George Taylor, armorer on the U. S. Lackawanna, in the engagement in Mobile Bay, was wounded and on his way below when a shell was exploded by the enemy over the shell-room. With bare hands he extinguished the



A PERSONAL ENCOUNTER.

fire, which otherwise would have destroyed the ship through igniting the ammunition.

John Smith, captain of forecastle, was first captain of a gun and, finding that he could not sufficiently depress his piece when alongside the Confederate ironclad Tennessee, threw a hand holystone into one of the ports at a Confederate who was using abusive language against the crew of the ship.

The complete list of the medal-winners in the various ships will be found in the appendix.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

HOW A GUNBOAT CAPTURED A FORT—THE GUNBOAT MARBLEHEAD—THE STATION AT STONO RIVER—CHRISTMAS MORNING, 1863—THE CONCEALED FORT ON THE BANK—THE SUDDEN ATTACK—THE DEFEAT AND ABANDONMENT OF THE FORT—BRIEF SKETCHES OF SAILORS WHO WON DISTINCTION.

By CAPTAIN R. W. MEADE, U. S. N.

I HAVE been asked to write an account of the four men of the U. S. gunboat Marblehead to whom medals of honor were awarded by the Navy Department (in compliance with the act of Congress) for bravery and good conduct in battle on the Stono River near Charleston, S. C., December 25, 1863.

To do this properly a brief description is necessary of the vessel, the scene of action, and the events that led to the battle.

The Marblehead was one of the "ninety days' gunboats," a small steamer built of wood by George W. Jackman at Newburyport, Mass., and was launched October 16, 1861. She cost \$96,500 and was about six hundred tons displacement at a draft of ten feet. She had a single screw propeller of four blades, and could steam ten and one half knots per hour in smooth water, had two masts and was schooner rigged, with a large sail area. The battery consisted of one eleven-inch Dahlgren gun (pivot), one twenty-pounder Parrott rifle (pivot) on the topgallant forecastle, and four brass twenty-four pounders (Dahlgrens) in broadside. Her crew consisted usually of about one hundred men, but at the period of the fight she had only seventy.

In the autumn and winter of 1863 the Marblehead was under the command of Lieutenant-Commander Richard W. Meade, Jr., and attached to the S. A. blockading fleet under Rear Admiral John A. Dahlgren. Her station was in Stono River, S. C., on picket duty, and she with the big steam sloop Paunee and mortar schooner Williams really formed the left wing of General Gillmore's army then besieging Charleston. Commander Balch flew his senior officer's pennant from the Paunee as division commander, and Brigadier-General George H. Gordon commanded a division of the left of Gillmore's army coöperating with the naval force in Stono River. A small outpost of about one hundred men from Schimmelfenning's brigade, Gordon's division, occupied a little village on the right bank of Stono River about four miles from Stono Inlet where the army transports and other

vessels lay at anchor. The Marblehead's station was a little above Legaréville and she was anchored in mid stream.

Just before daylight of Christmas, 1863, an attack in force was made on the Marblehead by artillery and infantry under the command of General Del Kemper of General Wise's division, C. S. A. Del Kemper had gained considerable celebrity as an artillery officer in the first battle of Bull Run and General Beauregard had selected him for this service hoping to repeat the success the year before when the U. S. steam gunboat Isaac Smith, a much larger



THE MASKED BATTERY OPENING ON THE MARBLEHEAD.

vessel than the Marblehead, was captured on this same Stono River and taken through Wappoo Creek to Charleston.

The attack on the Marblehead was well planned, earthworks containing eight-inch cannon had been built in the woods near the village, the work being done at night by large gangs of slaves, and when all was ready for the attack the trees that hid the earthworks from view were quickly felled by a large gang of negroes, and a vigorous and deadly fire opened on the little gunboat at a range never exceeding one thousand yards.

The Marblehead was not only short of men at the time but was partially disabled, one of her boilers being under repair. The odds were most

formidable and the surprise complete. For it was quite dark when the battle commenced and the sailors had just pivoted the big eleven-inch gun amidships and were getting ready to wash down the deck, in accordance with the usual early morning routine. Ensign Harriman had the deck.

At the first shot Mr. Harriman rushed into the cabin and roused Captain Meade with these words: "Come on deck, Captain, the Rebels are on us!" The captain supposing the enemy were boarding in boats seized his sword and revolver and with nothing on but his night shirt and slippers rushed on deck calling to his colored servant to bring his clothes to him.

Bareheaded and with his swordbelt buckled over his night shirt he presented that cold December morning an odd spectacle. But a man can defend his flag as well in one dress as another and no one thought the less of his appearance without his trousers—they had too much serious business on hand.

As the captain reached the bridge a heavy shell went screaming over his head; he at once gave the order to pivot to port, rang the bell to go ahead full speed and slipped the cable—intending to engage the enemy close to the river bank with the port broadside, for the tide being nearly dead low the hull of the ship was better protected close to the enemy than in mid-stream; and his tactics were to destroy the enemy's range by rapid movement at shrapnel and canister distance.

The engines were a little slow in moving, so the head sails were run up to give the ship more headway, and the Marblehead closed with the enemy to about seven hundred yards; turning several times as the brass guns got heated by rapidity of fire.

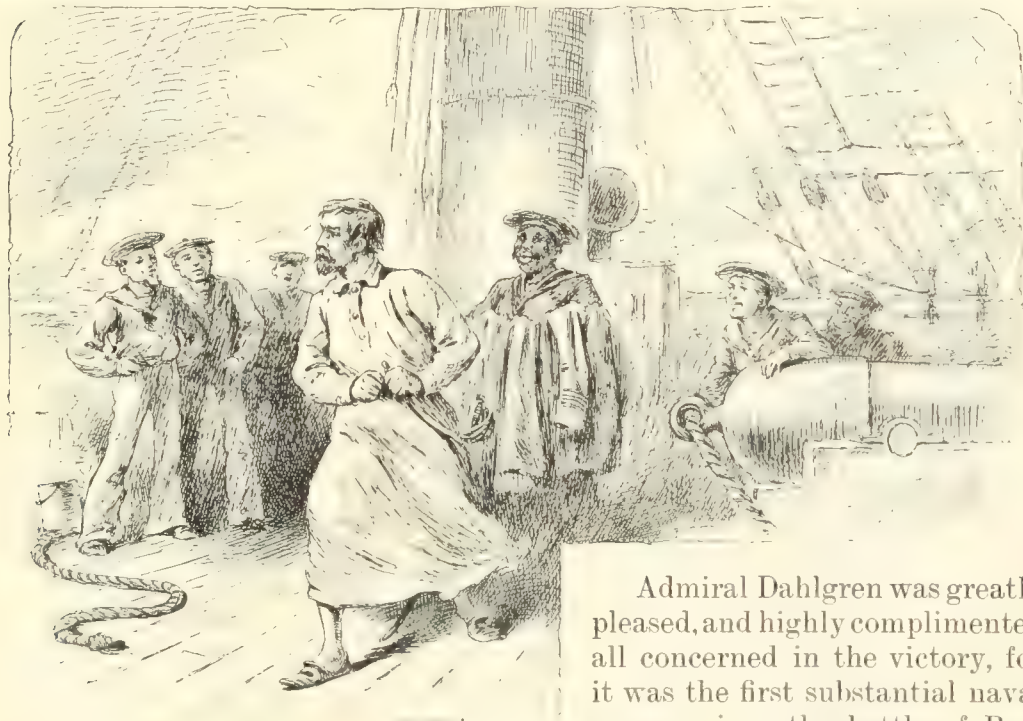
William Farley, chief boatswain's mate was 1st captain of the big pivot gun. He soon had the range of the enemy, and this gun was fired with deadly effect forty-four times in less than an hour and a half. But the Confederates, who had at least four batteries of artillery and not less than one thousand men, had the range at first very accurately and planted shot after shot in the Marblehead, knocking things to pieces and killing three men and wounding six in the first fifteen minutes. The decks were soon slippery with blood.

As soon as the ship got under good headway and was close to the river bank, the enemy lost the range and though many shots struck her aloft only thirty-two touched her hull, while she held to the enemy like a bulldog and planted shrapnel, shell, and grape in the batteries every shot.

The battle lasted hotly for nearly two hours and ended with the total defeat and precipitate flight of the Confederates, who abandoned two eight-inch guns in their earthworks, together with equipments, their dead, and all their entrenching tools. The Paunce came to the help of her little consort,

and steaming up the Kiowah River enfiladed the enemy and hastened his retreat. The Williams also joined in the action and pitched big shells from her mortar into the woods.

By 8 A. M. the enemy was in full retreat and the battle over. The troops in the village sallying out spiked the guns in the batteries, and Captain Meade landing in his gig planted the Marblehead flag over the earthworks and then reported to Captain Balch that the abandoned guns could be brought away. Three days afterward he landed with one hundred men from the three vessels and brought away the eight-inch guns, the carriages were thrown into the bayou and the works destroyed.



THE DECK OF THE MARBLEHEAD AT THE BEGINNING
OF THE ACTION.

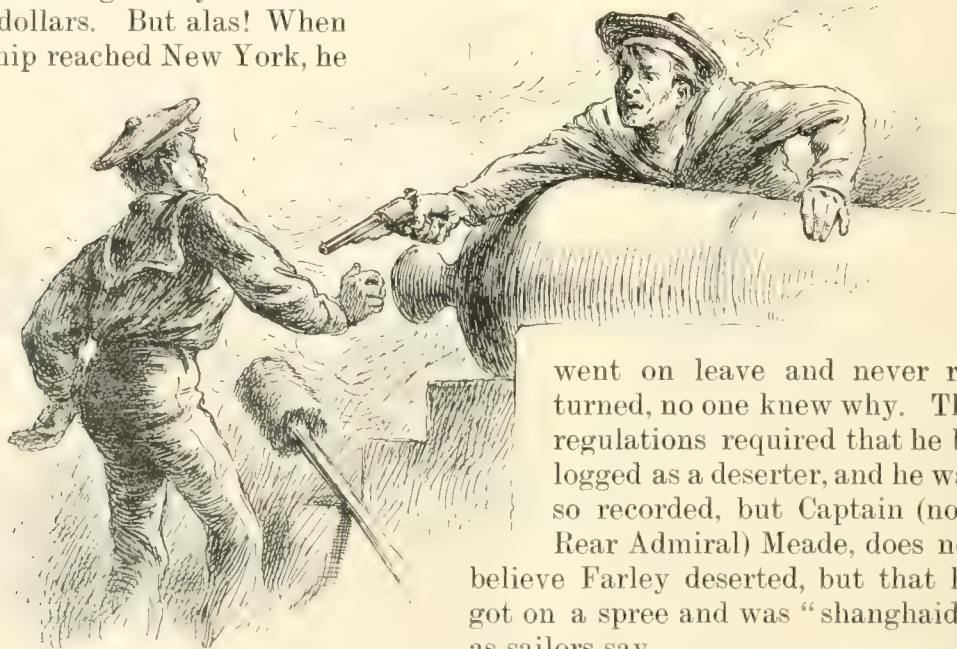
Admiral Dahlgren was greatly pleased, and highly complimented all concerned in the victory, for it was the first substantial naval success since the battle of Port Royal.

Now for a history of the four men.

WILLIAM FARLEY, boatswain's mate, was born in 1839, at Whitfield, Maine, and was therefore twenty-four years of age at the time of the fight. He enlisted at Boston in December, 1860, and his term of three years' service had just expired. He was a handsome, blue-eyed young fellow about five feet eight inches in height, strongly built and powerful in frame, and was clear grit all through as his conduct showed. To his exertions as much as

to those of any other man on board, Ensign Winslow the execution officer alone excepted, did Captain Meade attribute the result of the fight. With voice and gesture he animated his men, trained and fired his gun with deadly accuracy, and on one occasion when the first sponger was cut in two at his post and the second sponger, whose duty it was to take his place and serve the piece, hesitated for a moment at the sight of the horribly mutilated man who lay dead at his feet, Farley leaned over his gun and pointing his revolver at the delinquent said in quiet tones: "Pick up that sponge, d—n you!" The man seized the sponge and showed no further hesitancy to the close of the action.

For his gallant and admirable conduct Farley was made an officer by Admiral Dahlgren, being promoted to the rank of master's mate, and was recommended for the medal of honor and a gratuity of one hundred dollars. But alas! When the ship reached New York, he



"PICK UP THAT SPONGE."

went on leave and never returned, no one knew why. The regulations required that he be logged as a deserter, and he was so recorded, but Captain (now Rear Admiral) Meade, does not believe Farley deserted, but that he got on a spree and was "shanghaid," as sailors say.

Whatever really became of this gallant fellow, the writer of this article does not know; who does know?

JAMES MILLER, quartermaster, was a native of Denmark, twenty-seven years of age. He was a short, stocky fellow, powerfully built, with a clear, cool head, and was an excellent practical seaman, like all his gallant Viking race. At the beginning of the battle he was at his station in the starboard forechains giving the soundings. When the ship turned and brought her starboard

broadside into action, Miller was exposed to a terrific fire. The captain, not wishing to see him killed, vainly called him in out of the chains, but Miller did not want to come. He was, however, sent to the wheel, where he displayed the same coolness and such marked intelligence and intrepidity, that his captain commended him in the highest terms to the admiral, who promoted him to the quarter deck as a master's mate, and gave him the medal of honor and one hundred dollars. Miller behaved well throughout the war; served in the *Maratanza* and the *Clover*, and was finally honorably discharged as a master's mate in August, 1864. What subsequently became of him the writer does not know.

CHARLES MOORE was a landsman, born in Ireland, twenty-eight years of age, and had been shipped only six months. He was stationed at the after broadside gun. A shot striking the rail, decapitated the 1st captain of this gun, rolling his head across the deck and cruelly wounded Moore; the entire scalp being stripped by a sharp pine splinter that struck him. Covered with blood, he was taken below to the surgeon, who dressed his wound, but who could not keep him below, Moore insisting on returning to his gun and fighting it out. He returned to his duty but soon fainted from the loss of blood, and had to be taken below again. For his pluck and noble example he was commended by Admiral Dahlgren and given the medal of honor and one hundred dollars. He served through the war, and was discharged in July, 1865. A few years ago Captain Meade received a letter from him from the Indian Territory.

Though he had been seriously wounded, he had never up to that time asked for or received a pension. Where is he now?

ROBERT BLAKE was recorded on the *Marblehead's* books as a "contraband," meaning that he was a captured or fugitive slave, and all such persons (after General Butler's famous letter was published) were known in the navy as "contrabands," and so rated on the ship's books for pay and rations by order of the Navy Department. Blake was a bright, intelligent young fellow, about twenty years of age, very black and had always a cheery laugh and pleasant, happy face.



BLAKE THE CONTRABAND.

He was powder-man of the twenty-pounder rifle on the fore-castle and the captain's attention was soon attracted to him by the excellent manner in which he served his gun, his coolness, intrepidity and high spirits, and the merry laugh with which he cheered his comrades under the severe and galling fire of the enemy.

He seemed wholly insensible to fear, and cut jokes with his comrades as he passed along to the magazine scuttle with his "passing box" under his arm—besides which he showed a marked degree of intelligence and forethought during the hottest part of the fight in bringing just exactly the right cartridges for the guns. What ever became of him does not appear, as there is no record of him on the books at the Navy Department. But if he is still alive he is doubtless somewhere in the sunny South as cheery as ever.

No man ever deserved a medal of honor more truly than this gallant young negro. From the captain down every man on the Marblehead honored the ex-slave Robert Blake.

He was given the rate of seaman by Admiral Dahlgren for his heroism and good conduct and received the medal of honor and one hundred dollars.

The final clause of Admiral Dahlgren's general order to be read on "every quarter-deck in the fleet" ran thus :

"So may it ever be when the Flag of the Union is assailed!"



CHAPTER LXXX.

THE CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER—THE FIRST ATTEMPT—GENERAL BUTLER'S REPORT—THE VIEW OF GENERAL GRANT—THE SECOND ATTEMPT AND THE ACCOMPLISHMENT—BRIEF SKETCHES OF SAILORS AND SOLDIERS WHO WON DISTINCTION IN THIS FAMOUS EVENT.

THE CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER.

WHEN General Grant, in December, 1864, had determined upon the capture of Fort Fisher, the fortress commanding the entrance to Cape Fear River at New Inlet, he ordered General Butler to have a force of about six thousand five hundred infantry, two batteries, and a small body of cavalry in readiness to coöperate with the navy in the attack.

On the 20th of December the fleet arrived within sight of the fort, and on the 23rd a novel experiment in the way of naval warfare was attempted.

The Louisiana, an old gunboat well past her age of usefulness, was loaded with powder, towed as near the fortification as possible, and there exploded with the idea that the concussion would level the fort to the ground. So sanguine were the officers of the navy that this experiment would be a success, that the entire fleet moved seaward in order to be at a safe distance when the explosion took place.

They saw the glow and heard a dull report—that was all. The Confederates were no more disturbed by it than they would have been by the exploding of a package of firecrackers.

General Butler, in his report of the first operation against Fort Fisher, says:

“At four o'clock on the evening of the 24th, I came in sight of Fort Fisher, and found the fleet engaged in bombarding it, the powder vessel having been exploded on the morning previous about one o'clock.

“Through General Weitzel I arranged with Admiral Porter to commence the landing under cover of the gunboats as early as eight o'clock the next morning, if possible, as soon as the fire of the Half Moon and Flag Pond Hill batteries had been silenced. These are up the shore some two or three miles above Fort Fisher.

“Admiral Porter was quite sanguine he had silenced the guns of Fort Fisher. He was then urged, if that were so, to run by the fort into Cape Fear River, and then the troops could land and hold the beach without the liability of being shelled by the enemy's gunboats, the Tallahassee being seen in the river.

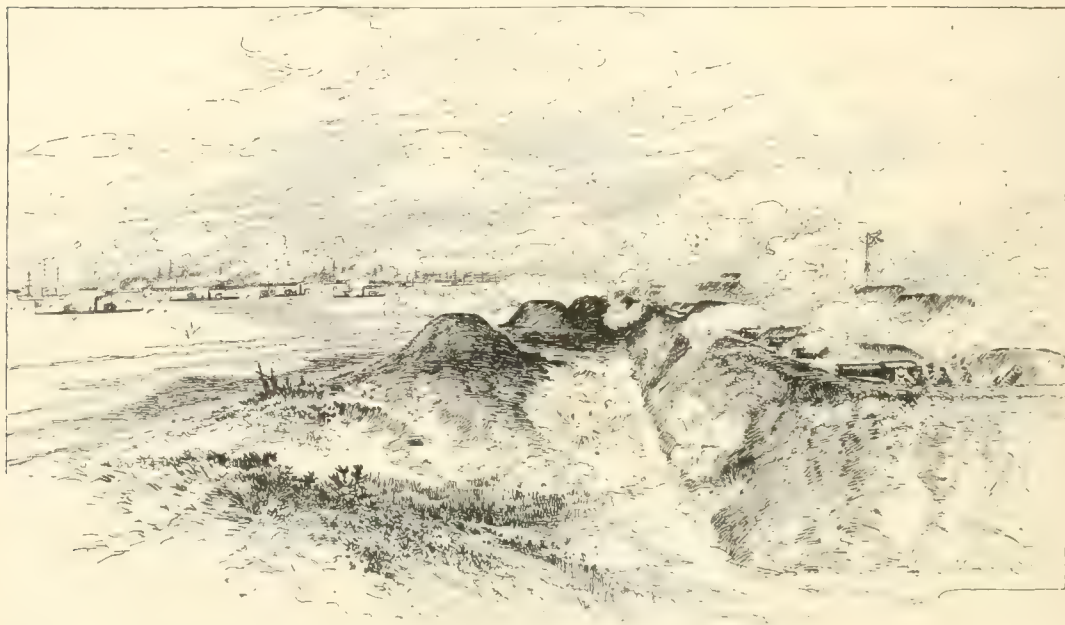
“It is to be remarked that Admiral Farragut even had never taken a fort except by running and cutting it off from all prospect of reinforcements, as at Fort Jackson and Fort

Morgan, and that no casemated fort had been silenced by a naval fire during the war; that if the admiral would put his ships in the river the army could supply him across the beach, as we had proposed to do Farragut at Fort St. Philip; that, at least, the blockade of Wilmington would be effectual, even if we did not capture the fort.

"To that the admiral replied that he should probably lose a boat by torpedos if he attempted to run by. He was reminded that the army might lose five hundred men by the assault, and that his boat would not weigh in the balance, even in a money point of view, for a moment with the lives of these men. The admiral declined going by, and the expedition was deprived of that essential element of success."

It is needless to give such portion of General Butler's report as refers to the landing of the troops, the bombardment by the fleet, or the general's determination not to assault.

He concludes his report with the following paragraph:



FORT FISHER.

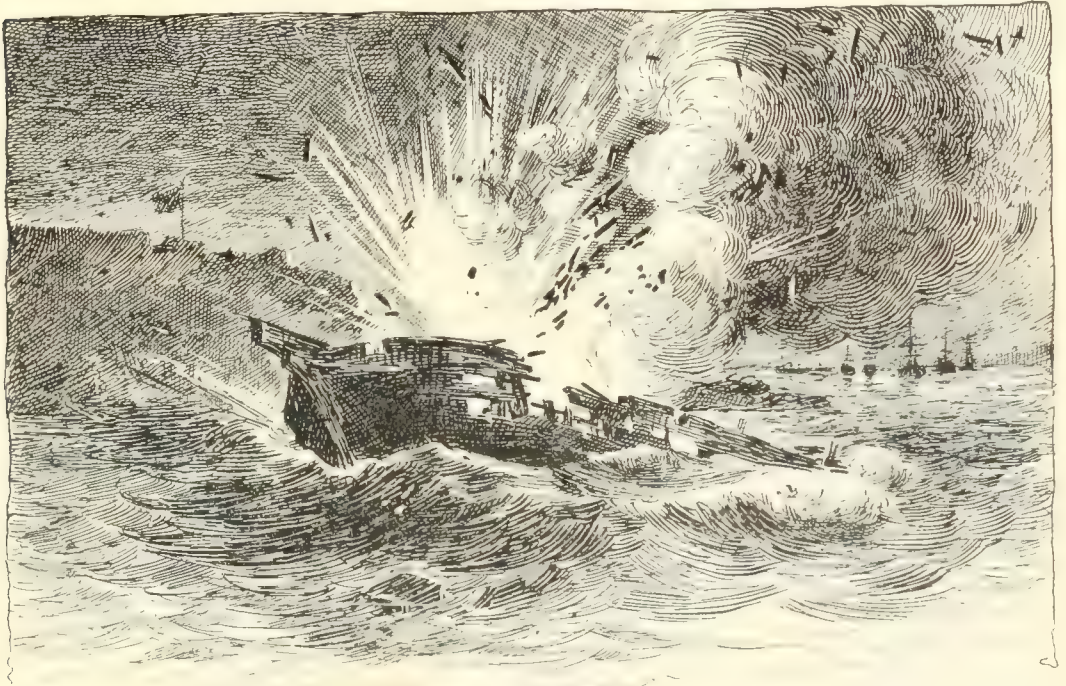
"The instructions of the lieutenant-general to me did not contemplate a siege. I had neither siege trains nor supplies for such a contingency. The exigency of possible delay for which the foresight of the commander of the armies had provided had arisen, to wit: the large reinforcement of the garrison, and this, with the fact that the navy had exhausted their supply of ammunition in the bombardment, left me no alternative but to return with my army to the Army of the James."

General Grant, as will be remembered, endorsed this report of General Butler's as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES, }
CITY POINT, VA., January 7, 1865. }

To avoid publicity of the time of sailing and destination of the expedition against Fort Fisher, my orders to General Butler to prepare it were given verbally, and the instructions to the commanding officers of the expedition were made by him and submitted to me. I append to the report a copy of General Butler's instructions to General Weitzel, together with copies of my dispatches and instructions to General Butler relating to the expedition. It will be perceived that it was never contemplated that General Butler should accompany the expedition, but that Major-General Weitzel was especially named as the commander of it.

My hopes of success rested entirely on our ability to capture Fort Fisher, and I had even a hope of getting Wilmington before the enemy could get troops there to oppose us.



EXPLOSION OF THE POWDER BOAT.

I knew that the enemy had taken nearly the entire garrison of Wilmington and its dependencies to oppose Sherman. I am inclined to ascribe the delay which has cost us so dearly, to an experiment. I refer to the explosion of gunpowder in the open air.

My dispatches to General Butler will show his report to be in error where he states that he returned after having effected a landing in obedience to my instructions. On the contrary, these instructions contemplated no withdrawal or a failure after a landing was made.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

In his report Rear-Admiral Porter also condemned the withdrawal of the land forces and intimated that it was an unnecessary movement.

General Butler was relieved from his command, and General Weitzel was given a furlough.

As is known, Major-General Alfred H. Terry commanded the land forces on the second expedition, arriving off Federal Point on the morning of the 13th of January, and, after one day's desperate fighting, it was captured.

No medals were given the soldiers at this engagement, although there were many acts of personal heroism, but the blue jackets and marines, who bore the brunt of the first assault, had distributed among them quite a number of these precious bits of bronze. There were medal winners on the

powder-boat, the Ticonderoga, the Minnesota, the Pontoosuc, the New Ironsides, the Wabash, the Santiago de Cuba, the Rhode Island, the Monadnock, the Seneca and the Susquehanna. For the list of medal winners see the appendix to this volume.

WILLIAM SHIPMAN.

WILLIAM SHIPMAN, cockswain of the U. S. S. Ticonderoga, was "especially commended" for his conduct at the time of the explosion of the one hundred-pounder Parrott gun. Being captain of a gun near the bursted one, and, seeing the effect of the explosion on those around him, he at



THE BURSTING OF THE GUN.

once encouraged them by exclaiming, "Go ahead, boys. This is only the fortunes of war."

RICHARD BINDER.

RICHARD BINDER, now residing in Philadelphia, was born in Germany in 1839. July 11, 1861, he enlisted at Philadelphia in the United States Marine Corps, as a private, stating to the recruiting officer that he was a native of that State. He was promoted successively to corporal and sergeant, and served continuously for four years. He participated in the Port Royal

expedition, November, 1861; the expedition against Fort Clinch, Florida, and in both expeditions against Fort Fisher.

He was awarded a medal of honor for gallant conduct as captain of a gun on board the U. S. S. Ticonderoga, and further gallantry at Fort Fisher, where he had been selected as a sharpshooter under the command of Lieutenant Williams. He was the only one to remain with that officer under most trying circumstances, and, on the following day while trying to get their shipmates together, he was seriously injured internally by the explosion of the main magazine of the fort.

LEWIS C. SHEPARD.

LEWIS C. SHEPARD was born September 2, 1841, in Ashtabula, O., where he now resides. April 15, 1861, he enlisted in his native town as private in



THE IRONCLAD MONITOR MONADDOCK.

Company I, 19th Ohio Infantry, for a term of three months. September 18, 1861, he reenlisted for three years in the 11th Independent Battery, New York Artillery, and again signed the rolls on January 31, 1864.

He participated in the engagements at Rich Mountain, Second Bull Run, Chancellorsville, Manassas, Gettysburg and Mine Run. He was taken prisoner at Manassas.

Having been a sailor prior to his enlistment he was transferred, at his own request, to the navy, April 23, 1864, and while in this branch of the service at Fort Fisher, January 15, 1865, he performed that act of heroism which won for him a medal of honor.

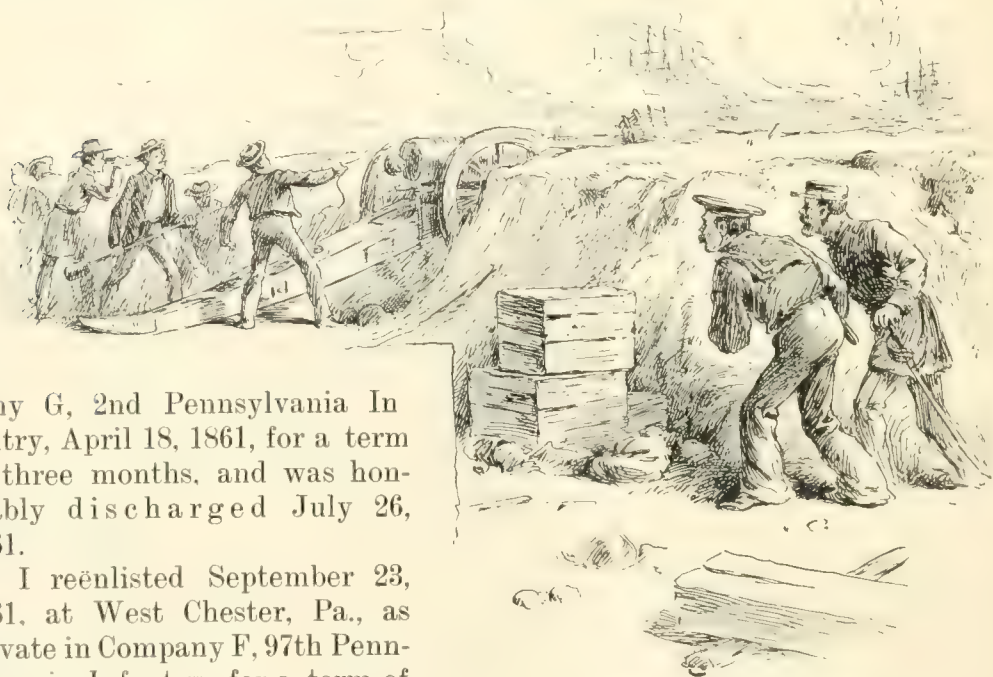
Regarding it he writes as follows :

At Fort Fisher I received mention for personal valor. My division was detailed from the U. S. Frigate Wabash as a storming party. We landed in boats, and made the assault. I, being at the head of the column, found myself with one officer and another seaman inside the stockade when the column broke. We entered the angle and remained there four hours, until it was dark enough to permit of our retreating with some degree of safety.

COLONEL JOHN WAINWRIGHT.

JOHN WAINWRIGHT was born in Syracuse, N. Y., in 1839, and now resides in Wilmington, Del. He writes as follows:

I entered the military service of the United States at the age of twenty-one, as private in Com-



pany G, 2nd Pennsylvania Infantry, April 18, 1861, for a term of three months, and was honorably discharged July 26, 1861.

I reenlisted September 23, 1861, at West Chester, Pa., as private in Company F, 97th Pennsylvania Infantry, for a term of three years, and was honorably discharged as colonel of the same regiment August 28, 1865, having served a total of fifty-one months.

I was appointed 1st sergeant Company F, 97th Pennsylvania Infantry, October 3, 1861; 2nd lieutenant, January 10, 1862; 1st lieutenant, March 10, 1863; captain, November 1, 1864; lieutenant-colonel, January 15, 1865, and

ALONE INSIDE THE WORKS.

colonel, June 1, 1865. My commission as lieutenant-colonel was given for meritorious services January 15, 1865, to take effect from that date.

I am not conscious of having done more than my duty in any of the many engagements in which I participated with my regiment during this four years of service. I always aimed to do my level best, and that as promptly as possible. I have noticed that the quicker such work as charging an enemy's fortification is done when the charge is on, the better it is for all concerned. I was 1st lieutenant and in command of my regiment in the assault on Fort Fisher, January 15, 1865, and had been in command for several months previous. At the very outset of the attack, while forming my regiment for the charge on the works, I was severely wounded in the right shoulder, notwithstanding which I continued in the fight from first to last—about seven hours. Having secured a lodgment in the northwest angle of the fort, with a few others of my regiment, I advanced from traverse to traverse, until we secured an advanced position on the parapet of the fort, which we held until the final surrender of the works, having been in very close contact with the enemy during the entire time, and in several hand to hand encounters.

I received the personal thanks of General A. H. Terry, commander of the expedition, for services in the battle, he inviting me to his headquarters next day for that purpose.

There were scores of gallant men of my regiment who served with me, and who are just as much entitled to the medal as I. There are thousands of soldiers who deserved it more. A little temporary prominence brought me to the attention of my superior officers at the assault, and they commended me for gallantry as they did on a former occasion from headquarters, department of Virginia and North Carolina, October 11, 1864, in which the following language appears:

“First Lieutenant John Wainwright, commanding 97th Pennsylvania Infantry, is honorably mentioned for the gallant manner in which he conducted the regiment during the engagement on October 7th.”

I do not hesitate to say that I am proud of my medal of honor, and it will be to my children a precious inheritance.

GENERAL N. MARTIN CURTIS.

N. MARTIN CURTIS, who now resides at Ogdensburg, N. Y., was born in DePeyster, N. Y., in 1835. He enlisted April 15, in Company G, 16th New York Infantry, and was commissioned captain, continuing in the service until January 15, 1865, having been promoted to lieutenant-colonel of the

142nd New York Infantry, October 17, 1862, and colonel, January 21, 1863; breveted brigadier-general of volunteers October 28, 1864; commissioned brigadier-general of volunteers, January 15, 1865; breveted major-general of volunteers March 28, to date from January 15, 1865. He participated in the engagements of First Bull Run, West Point, Crampton's Pass, Antietam, Siege of Suffolk, Va., in the operations against Fort Wagner, S. C., in the battles of the Army of the James, at Drury's Farm, Bermuda Hundreds, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, June 15, 1864, the mine explosion, the engagements on the north side of the James, October, 1864, and in both the expeditions against Fort Fisher.

Major-General John M. Schofield commanding, recommended that a medal of honor be awarded Brevet Major-General N. M. Curtis, "for distinguished personal bravery in the assault and capture of Fort Fisher, January 15, 1865."

General Curtis was a member of the 52nd Congress from the 22nd District of New York, and reelected to the 53rd Congress.

QUARTERMASTER DANIEL DICKINSON STEVENS.

DANIEL DICKINSON STEVENS was born in La Grange, Tenn., in 1839, and when the war broke out was residing in Boston, Mass., at 41 Howard Street. During two years prior to this time he had followed the life of a sailor. November 23, 1861, he enlisted, and was discharged February 6, 1864, because of the expiration of his term of service. March 29 of the same year he enlisted again, and was sent on board the U. S. S. *Canonicus*. Finally discharged August 24, 1865.

He was awarded the medal of honor August 2, 1870, for personal bravery during the attack of Fort Fisher.

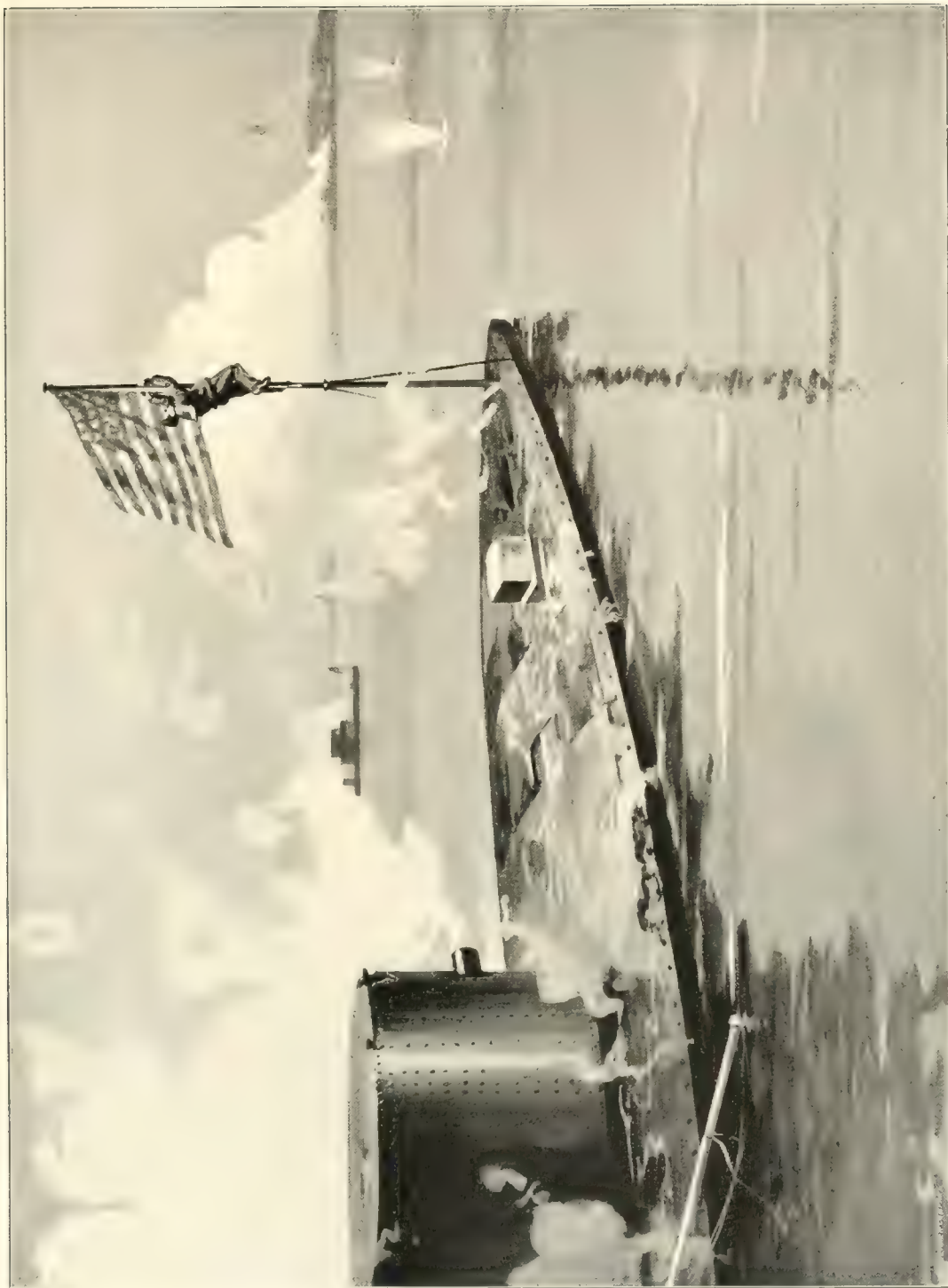
Mr. Stevens now resides at 56 Holton Street, Peabody, Mass.

An intimate friend kindly contributes the following brief record, with the consent of the winner of the medal:

He was born in Tennessee, and when about five years of age his parents returned to Boston, making that city their residence. He afterward spent several years in Ogdensburg, and Potsdam, N. Y., and in Burlington, Iowa.

When the war broke out he was on a voyage around the Horn to San Francisco, and immediately on his return he shipped in the navy.

His first term of service was in the bark *Pursuit*, Captain David Cate commanding, which vessel was attached to the East Gulf Squadron, doing blockade duty between the West Indies and Tampa Bay.



DECK OF THE CANONICUS—OFF FORT FISHER.

During his second term of service, while on the monitor *Canonicus*, Lieutenant-Commander George E. Belknap commanding, Mr. Stevens had a trying experience in rounding Cape Hatteras.

He was promoted through all the grades of petty officers, until made signal quartermaster. He it was who leaded the *Canonicus* through the obstructed channel of the James River, escaping the sunken torpedos, while patrolling that river in the summer of 1862.

He volunteered to go with Lieutenant W. B. Cushing on that famous expedition to destroy the *Albemarle*, October 27, 1864; but owing to the fact that the crew had already been made up, his services were not accepted.

He won his medal of honor at the attack on Fort Fisher, where, as signal quartermaster, he remained at his post outside of the turret, taking the soundings, and attending to the signals.

When the flag of the ship was shot away, he replaced it. (See page 734, of Admiral Porter's "Naval History of the Civil War," and page 161 of the Naval Report of 1865 and 1866.)

His commanding officer testified as follows:

U. S. NAVY YARD, BOSTON, MASS., NAVIGATION OFFICE, }
January 9, 1870. }

I take great pleasure in saying that Mr. Daniel D. Stevens served as a petty officer with me on board the U. S. Ironclad *Canonicus*, during the latter part of the war of the Rebellion, and was marked for faithful, intelligent and gallant performance of duty.

At the battle of Fort Fisher he attended to the signals, which duty was performed outside the turret, and three times when the flag was shot away he gallantly replaced it under the close fire of the enemy.

GEORGE E. BELKNAP,
Commander U. S. Navy.

The difference as to the number of times Mr. Stevens replaced the flag, which may be noticed between the printed report and Commander Belknap's statement, is explained in this way: He replaced it unaided twice, and, when the halliards were cut the third time and he had rescued the flag from the sea, the staff was so shattered by shot that it would not bear his weight, and the pilot, Acting Master Edward A. Decker, aided him by taking the staff down.

Mr. Stevens at the time, was in a suffering, weakened condition from malaria, and the concussion of the guns, and the impact of the shot and shell (the missiles from the Union fleet as well as from the fort going over and about the monitor), caused the blood to flow from his right ear and mouth, and yet he remained at his post of duty until there was no need of further service.

For a complete list of medal-winners see the appendix to this book.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

AFTER THE GREAT WAR—A WINNER OF TWO MEDALS—SERGEANT WM. WILSON, 4TH U. S. CAVALRY
 —TEN INDIAN CAMPAIGNS—BRINGING IN AN ENTIRE TRIBE—HOW THE SIOUX LOST
 THEIR CAMP AND PONIES—HOW THE MEDALS WERE WON—THE STORY OF A
 STORM—HOW A HEROIC SAILOR SAVED THE TIGRESS—FURLING
 THE TOPGALLANT SAIL ALONE IN AN ARCTIC GALE—
 THE WORK THAT COST A LIFE.

SERGEANT WILLIAM WILSON'S medal of honor was granted for bravery displayed in an engagement with the Indians, and the story which he tells is decidedly interesting.

He enlisted in Philadelphia, October 25, 1865, in Company I, 4th United States Cavalry, and was still in the service at the time of writing to the compiler, July 6, 1890.

Sergeant Wilson says:

In the year 1874, Troop I, 4th Cavalry, was stationed at Fort Sill, I. T.

The Quhada Comanches, under Chief Mowrie, expressed a desire to come to the reservation. General McKenzie sent for me to ask if I would venture to take the flag of truce to them, as he did not wish to *detail* anyone on so dangerous a service. I told him I would, and he asked how many men I wanted.

I thought one would be sufficient, for in such a case it seemed as if the smaller force we displayed the more successful would be the mission, and asked that Private Peter Hart, of Troop I, come with me. We took one pack-mule, with the necessary outfit, and started. My instructions were to find this particular tribe of Indians, and explain under what conditions they could come into the reservation, which were that they should visit the post, surrender their arms and ponies, and be confined in a guardhouse until the Government should take action in the matter.

In case they should refuse to accede to these terms, I was to threaten that in ten days the general would send his troops after them to continue the pursuit until they would be glad to surrender. If this message should cause them to grow angry, we were to endeavor to make our escape and return to the post.

We found the Indians in camp on the north fork of the Red River, near the Webster Mountains, and on the same evening of our arrival I repeated the general's message.

Not until a very long and excited talk, which lasted four days and nights, did they decide to accept the terms. As soon as this decision was arrived at, I sent a runner in to the general, and, a few days later, escorted the whole tribe to General McLaughlin, who had under his command four troops of the 4th Cavalry, and was in camp about five miles from Fort Sill.

When the news of the massacre of General Custer's command reached us we were stationed at Camp Supply, I. T., and received orders to start immediately for Camp Robinson, Nev., to form a portion of a new expedition



BRINGING IN THE TRIBE

to operate against the hostile Sioux. On our arrival at that post we went into camp, and while there heard that a party of hostiles had made a descent upon Hay Camp, about ten miles from the post.

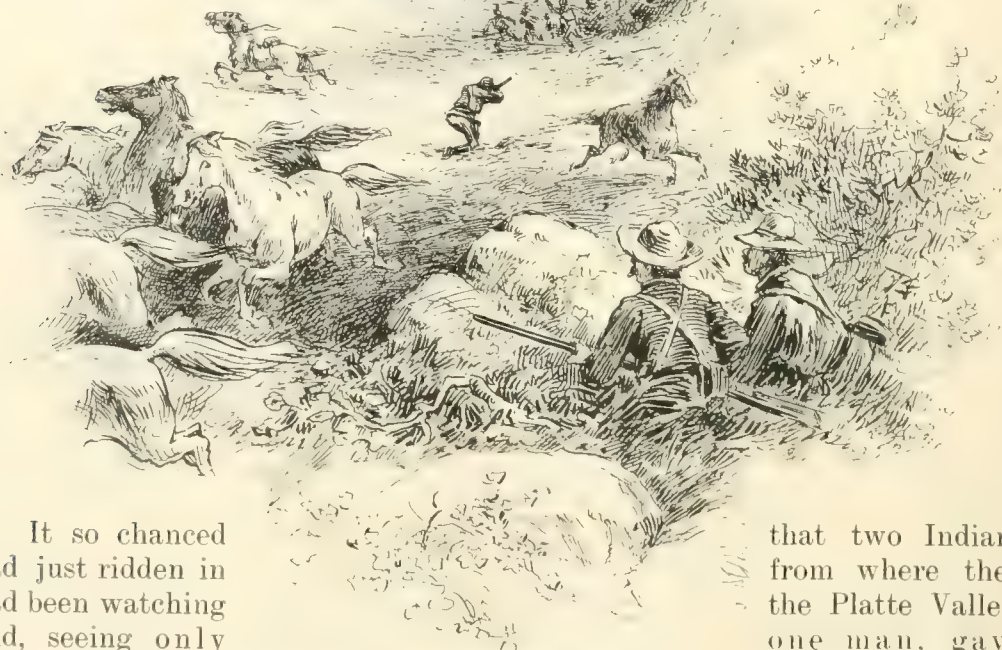
A detail of fifty men under Lieutenants Budd and Bellis of the 4th Cavalry were sent in pursuit. I was one of the number. We struck the trail at the Hay Camp, and I was sent ahead as trailer and scout. The country being of a sandy soil there was not much difficulty in following the trail, which led by a winding route through the sandhills and mountains of the Little Blue Cañon, where, the trail becoming very warm, I notified the

lieutenant to go slowly. About half way out of the cañon we came to a sharp bend, fringed with bushes, and rising above this was a light smoke.

I threw up my hands for the detail to halt, and the lieutenant coming forward, we dismounted, making our way cautiously to the point. There about five hundred yards in advance, half concealed in a small clump of timber, were the Indians, with their ponies grazing between us and them.

I proposed to he put his men in went in and ran course I would be lead them into the this proposition, work, succeeded in mals up, and start-toward my com-

the lieutenant that ambush, while I their ponies off; of pursued, and could trap. He agreed to and I began my rounding the ani- ing on the run rades.



STAMPEDING THE HERD.

It so chanced had just ridden in had been watching and, seeing only chase. They made

warm for me I was forced to dismount, and succeeded in knocking one over.

The detail, seeing the ponies going by, and hearing the firing, came out of hiding, when the Indians immediately took to the mountains, scattering as they fled. By this means they succeeded in making their escape, leaving

that two Indians from where they the Platte Valley, one man, gave it so exceedingly

their ponies and camp in our hands, and we turned the whole over to the commanding officer of Fort Robinson.

The medal of honor I received for gallantry in action with the hostile Indians in Texas, 1872.

I was then stationed at Fort Concho, and was sent in charge of a detail of one corporal and twenty privates from Troop I, 4th Cavalry, in pursuit of Indians who had been raiding in the vicinity of the post.

It was immediately after reveille on the morning of March 12, that we left the post, riding hard all day, and the greater portion of the night, going into camp on the flat only when it was no longer possible to follow the trail because of the darkness.

Two hours later, at the break of day on the 13th, we were in the saddle again, traveling at a fast trot. When we arrived at the Colorado River we went into camp, as we had had nothing to eat since three o'clock on the day previous, and at once sent out a picket to the top of the hill close by.

He had no sooner arrived there than he gave the alarm of "Indians!" There was no chance for breakfast after that, and a moment later we were in the saddle waiting for his report, which was that the Indians were about two miles further up the river in camp.

We started at once and were about to cross the river when a signal shot was fired from the left, where a small creek made in from the main stream. Then came a volley, but, fortunately, without doing any damage. I immediately gave the order to charge and gain the bluff at the back of their camp, which was done handsomely, and then we had them at our mercy.

After a short engagement we drove them off with a loss of four killed, several wounded, and one prisoner in my hands, with all their camp equipage, saddles, bridles, and ponies.

After burning everything, I started on my return to Fort Concho, arriving on the morning of the 13th, having been absent from the post fifty-two hours, and riding one hundred and twenty miles.

My conduct in relation to this affair was brought to the notice of the Government, and I received a medal of honor.

The prisoner whom I brought in, upon being questioned, gave the location of several villages on the Staked Plains. The Government ordered out three columns of troops to operate against them, one commanded by General Miles, another by Colonel Grierson and the third by Colonel MacKenzie. It was with this last column that my troop was sent.

We scouted over the Staked Plains to within a short distance of Fort Bascom, N. M., without seeing any large party of hostiles, and finally returned to our supply camp to refit, for the most of our horses were in bad shape, and some of the men were sick.

An order was sent to the different troops for the best men to make a side-scout on the following day.

I was one of a hundred and fifty to leave the camp, September 28, at three P. M. On the north fork of Red River we came upon a big camp of Comanches. As soon as we arrived in sight of the band we moved down to the attack on the gallop, and by some fortunate chance the Indians did not see us immediately. It became a race between the Indian pony herd and our horses, as to who should reach the encampment first, and they beat us; but not so badly as to give the hostiles much of an opportunity for preparation.

My troop, with Lieutenant Hudson in command, was in the advance, and in jumping from the bank to the bed of the river, the lieutenant's horse and several others were stuck fast in the quicksands. On observing this, General MacKenzie shouted:

"Sergeant Wilson, take command of the troop and charge, holding the right of the village until ordered out."

I immediately gave the necessary command, and the maneuvers were executed nicely, we holding the designated position until recalled at sunset.

In the meantime the remainder of the regiment went to the left of the village, and there made an attack, which was successful after a fierce fight of three hours. We were in possession of their entire outfit, two hundred and eighty buffalo lodges, three hundred squaws, and three or four thousand head of ponies.

We destroyed the camp, burned everything which could not be carried away, and Mowrie's tribe of Comanches were glad to come into Fort Sill, giving themselves up as prisoners of war, after having been on the warpath seventeen years.

It was for my conduct in this action that I again received commendation in general orders, and was given a second medal.

STORY OF A STORM.

By FRANK YOUNG COMMAGERE.

LATE in August of 1873, the U. S. S. *Tigress* (which had been sent to the far north to search for the exploring steamer *Polaris*, and to rescue the rest of her complement of officers and men that had made that famous and wonderful journey of over six months on ice floes in an Arctic midnight) was driven and drifted by storm and current down alongside the great and eternal stream of ice on the west side of Ballin's Bay, through fields of ice

and thousands of icebergs, until she was able to force her way through Cumberland Gulf which the geographers still insist on calling Cumberland "Straits."

That storm, if I recollect rightly, without access to my data, lasted about four days, but while it did we were driven southward through Davis' Straits into the broad gulf that separates the south of Greenland from the west coast there, and when the ship had weathered that gale, we tackled the ice stream westward and pushed through the Cumberland Gulf, where the ship remained nearly two weeks.

Early in September of that year Commander (now Commodore) Greer brought the ship out, and before it had fairly fought its way out to the pack-ice of the stream, another gale came on and made an awful sea, short and choppy, such as one sees in the shallow end of Lake Erie and in the gulf between the westward trending Alaskan Coast and the long fringe of the Aleutian Islands that Russia passed over to the United States in return for a nominal consideration.

I have seen some heavy gales, with awful seas, on Lake Erie, but the gale that met the Tigress as she poked her bluff nose through the eastern edge of the thirty-foot pack-ice, beat anything I have ever experienced in eastern or western blue waters, or in the Great Lakes along our northern border.

The gale came from the northeast, before the ship was out of the ice, and the timbers cracked and screamed like human beings in distress.

When she got outside, in clear water, there were majestic "bergs" to look after, and it kept all hands, from captain to cook, looking sharp.

I do not think that anyone—I know I cannot—can tell faithfully of the anxiety of the next four days, until the wind shifted and the ship was able to put into a little fiord, so that Mr. Melville, now Commodore Melville, engineer-in-chief of the navy, could get out his forge and repair his boilers and machinery.

This far is the itinerary of the storm, but the climax was one Saturday, when the gale was so high that the spanker was half way brailed with only a reefed staysail forward. The ship was lying as close up to the wind as possible, and the engines were kept going to hold her.

But the gale increased that day until all hands on board became anxious, and, except Melville's force below in the engine room, everyone was on deck clinging to the life line or the weather rail, to escape the heavy seas that came on board and anxiously watching the fore topgallant sail, which was adrift and flapping with great violence. There was the point of danger. Seas came on board that tore an anvil—the usual size that blacksmiths use—away from it, lashing it alongside the fire room hatch, and rolled it along the deck as if it were a marble. As the seas came on board all hands hung

tighter to the life line and ducked below the rail, so that the full force could not reach them.

In the agony of watchful expectation that the topgallant sail would cause the mast to go by the board, one of the crew, a petty officer named Willis, hauled himself aft, hand over hand, along the life line to where Lieutenant-Commander Henry C. White, the executive officer, was holding fast to a beam of the mainmast.

"Mr. White," he said, "that topgallant sail must be furled, or the mast will go," and he held fast while he touched the rim of his round cap, as if he had gone aft while the ship was anchored in port.

"Yes, Willis," White replied, "but I shall never order a man aloft in this gale to do the work. We must wait and hope for good luck. It may hold."

Willis touched his cap again as he held his elbow gripped around the life line, and said:

"Some one must do it; send me."

"God bless you, Willis, for the offer; but I will never order a human being aloft in this gale."

"But, good God! Mr. White, it means the lives of forty-four souls. If you won't order it, I am going anyhow."

He did. He hauled himself forward to the weather shrouds and struggled up over the rail, the wind blowing him back twice before he could get on the ratlines.

Every man on deck watched that hero, and felt in his heart that he was going to certain death; for if he could pass the foretop, and thence reach the topgallant yard, he would surely be blown overboard, and in the raging, choppy sea around, no boat could live for half a minute for a rescue.

He braced himself against the awful wind, and though he was twice blown flat against the ratlines, he recovered himself and gained the foretop.



"THAT TOPGALLANT SAIL MUST BE FURLED."

No man can tell how we watched that ascent to almost sure death, for the writer was one of the watchers there; but there was an agony in every heart for the man who was facing almost sure death in the hope of saving his shipmates.

Slowly, awfully slowly, he got up the shrouds of the topgallant mast, and, oh God! how anxiously the storm-beaten watchers below watched his slow clambering out upon the footropes until he reached the weather-earing. Each one of the anxious watchers looked each minute to see the sail carried away and Willis with it.

Help below brailed up the dangerous sail, when Willis sang out, so trumpet-toned that he could be heard on deck, and inch by inch he made a furlong until he had reached the mast.

Then came the greatest danger of all for him. The brailing up had left a flapping waste of canvas to leeward that foreboded almost instant death to anyone who dared try the footropes on that side of the spar, and the belief of all on deck was that, as the greatest danger was past, Willis would come back to the deck.

But he didn't. He clung for a few minutes to the stays, and then began furling from the mast instead of from outboard. Step by step along the swaying footrope, clinging close to keep the wildly-fluttering sail from throwing him off, he furled that sail and saved the ship from serious accident.

Then, inch by inch back and along the footropes to the mast he went, and there hung so long that the 1st lieutenant, fearing he was so exhausted that he could not reach the deck again, offered fifty dollars without a taker to anyone who would reach him and rig him in a boatswain's chair to send him below to the deck.

Willis, after a long time, crept out to the windward side and felt his way down the shrouds, though three or four times flattened up against the ratlines by the force of the wind.

When he swung himself inboard on deck, a cheer went up that was heard high above that dreadful storm, but Willis paid no attention to that until he had worked his way aft, and until he met Mr. White, and then he touched his finger to his bared head—his cap went away aloft—and reported with due formality:

"All secured aloft, sir. The topgallant sail is furled as well as I could do it."

"You are a hero, Willis," White answered. "I think you have saved the ship, and if we get back to the United States, you will find this day's work has not been forgotten."

"Thank you, sir," was the modest reply. "May I go below for a little while? I am pretty well tired out."

That brave man had been over five hours in doing the work so inadequately described here, yet that was all he had to ask when Mr. White grasped his hand and thanked him with tears standing in his eyes—to go below, for he was tired.

You don't know what it is to be on the footropes in a gale, to tug and haul and lash up a flapping spread of wet and stiff canvas that almost tears off the finger nails, but sea-faring men know it well, and you can only imagine what it was for that one brave man to do what several pairs of hands would have been required to do in less dangerous weather.

Willis was already rated as quartermaster on board the ship, so nothing in the way of promotion could be done for him then, and he rather indignantly headed off and refused a proposed subscription purse from the officers. As he put it: "I knew it had to be done, and believed I could do it, if any man on board could. Forty-four lives were at stake, and mine was well lost if I could save that mast and the other men's lives."

When the *Tigress* reached the waters of the United States, Commander Greer did himself the honor of writing a special report of that act to the Navy Department. Secretary Robeson appointed Willis a boatswain in the navy in reward for his heroism, and gave him a medal of honor and the one hundred dollars allowed by statute for medal of honor men, who qualify as warrant officers. It was too late, though, for the exhaustion and mental strain sent him not long after to an asylum, and he died insane in December, 1884, in Massachusetts. He served gallantly during the Rebellion, but he never did a braver thing than furling that sail.





WILLIS FURLING THE SAIL.

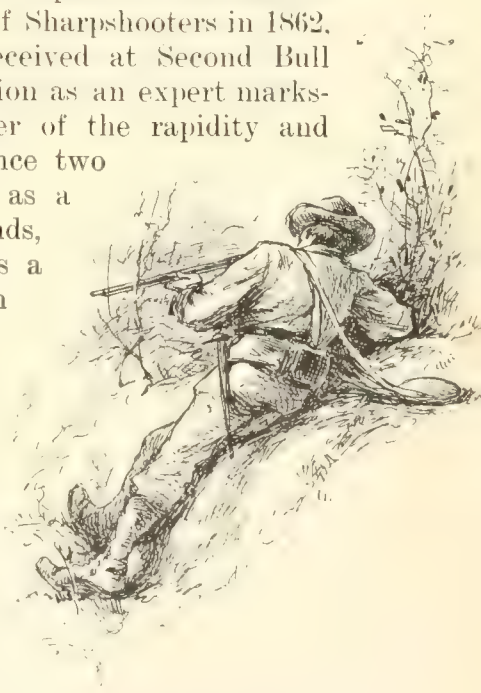
CHAPTER LXXXII.

A FAMOUS RIFLEMAN, MAJOR GEORGE E. ALBEE, U. S. ARMY—SERVICES IN INDIAN CAMPAIGNS—
 JAMES CAREY, U. S. S. HURON—SAVING THREE LIVES—THOMAS K. GAY, 8TH U. S.
 CAVALRY—THE COPPER CAÑON FIGHT—WILLIAM LUKES, U. S. S. COLO-
 RADO—A COREAN EPISODE—SERGEANT NIHILL—TWENTY FIVE
 YEARS A SOLDIER—DAVID ROCHE, 1ST U. S. IN-
 FANTRY—FIVE TERMS OF SERVICE AND
 DISTINGUISHED BRAVERY.

GEORGE EMERSON ALBEE was born in Lisbon, N. H., in 1845. He enlisted as private in Company G, 1st United States Sharpshooters, June 25, 1862.

His war record, which follows, is taken from Berdan's "U. S. Sharpshooters in the Army of the Potomac," by Captain C. A. Stevens.

A member of the Wisconsin Company (G) of Sharpshooters in 1862, who was discharged on account of wounds received at Second Bull Run, after the war attained a national reputation as an expert marksman among American riflemen as the winner of the rapidity and accuracy contest at Creedmoor in 1882, distance two hundred yards, having with a Hotchkiss rifle as a single loader fired nineteen shots in sixty seconds, making the highest score, fifty; twenty shots a minute, scoring sixty-two; and again nineteen shots, scoring sixty, defeating all competitors with all kinds of rifles, and winning the Lorillard gold medal. In 1891, Major Albee made the highest individual score in the 2nd Regiment, Connecticut National Guard rifle match at New Haven at two hundred and five hundred yards, thus showing that his initiatory lessons in sharp shooting as an active member of the field of the United States Sharpshooters attained for him good results in the future much later. He says: "Any success I have had in the profession of arms is due to the fact that I was properly started in Company G, 1st United States Sharpshooters." Major Albee's military record is comprised in the following branches of the service:



NINETEEN SHOTS IN SIXTY SECONDS.

Private Company G, 1st United States Sharpshooters, 1862; private 3rd Wisconsin Battery, 1863; 2nd lieutenant 36th Wisconsin Volunteers, 1864; 1st lieutenant 36th Wisconsin Volunteers, 1865; 2nd lieutenant 36th United States Colored Troops, 1866; 2nd lieutenant 41st United States Infantry, 1867; 1st lieutenant 41st United States infantry, 1868; 1st lieutenant, 24th

United States Infantry, 1869; brevet captain United States Army, for gallantry in action with hostile Indians, September 16, 1869; 1st lieutenant United States Army, retired list, 1878; captain National Blues, Company D, 2nd Regiment, Connecticut National Guard, 1891; major and brigade inspector of rifle practice Connecticut National Guard, 1892.

During his military service he participated in the following engagements:

Second Bull Run, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Petersburg (June 16-18, 1862), Strawberry Plains, Deep Run, Petersburg (July 30), Deep Bottom, Weldon Railroad, and was captured by the enemy at Reams' Station, October 25, 1864.

During his Indian service he was in the battle of State Plains, September 15-18, 1869; Brazos River, October 26-29, 1869; Texan Pan Handle, September 20, 1874; Boehm's Cañon, September 26 of the same year.



MAJOR GEORGE E. ALBEE.

The following orders explain why the medal of honor was awarded:

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, {
WASHINGTON, Jan. 30, 1894. }

LIEUTENANT GEORGE E. ALBEE, U. S. Army, Retired, Winchester Arms Company, New Haven, Conn.:

SIR:—I have the honor to transmit herewith a medal of honor awarded you for distinguished gallantry in action with Indians October 28, 1869, on the Brazos River, Texas.

Very respectfully, H. C. CORBIN, Assistant Adjutant General.

JAMES CAREY.

U. S. S. HURON.

In the "Records of the Medals of Honor issued to the Blue Jackets and Marines of the United States Navy," is the name of James Carey with the following reason for the award:

"Seaman on board of the U. S. S. Huron; saving three shipmates from drowning."

Writing from Brooklyn, N. Y., where he now resides, Mr. Carey says:

I was born in Ireland in 1847. In 1866 I shipped in this city in the navy as ordinary seaman, and was sent to the U. S. S. Vermont. I served only one term as ordinary seaman, for after I had rescued three lives from drowning I was promoted to the rank of petty officer.

In 1868 I was on board the U. S. S. Huron at Rio Janeiro, and it was there I performed the service for which I received my medal.

I also saved another from drowning while I served on board the U. S. S. Kansas. The following is the inscription upon my medal:

"The Congress to James Carey, ordinary seaman, U. S. S. Huron, for personal valor on three different occasions during 1867."

THOMAS K. GAY.

8TH UNITED STATES CAVALRY.

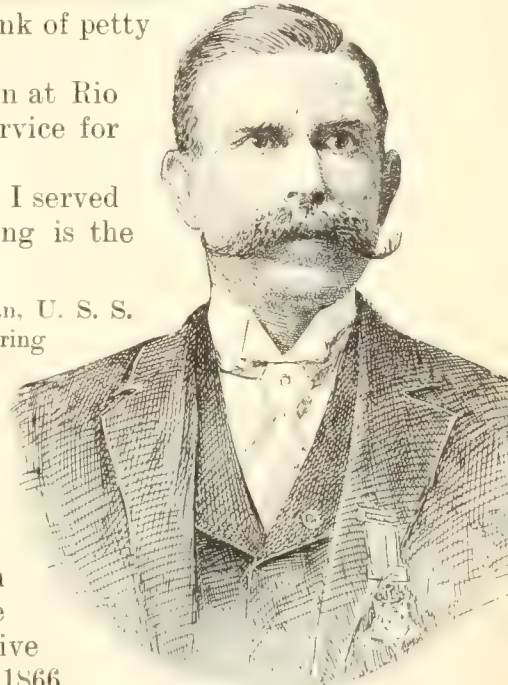
THOMAS K. GAY was born in Prince Edward's Island, June 8, 1849. He enlisted March 31, 1865, at Taunton, Mass., as private in the 62nd Massachusetts Infantry; but saw no active service with that organization. November 7, 1866, he enlisted as private in Company B, 8th United States Cavalry, and participated with that regiment in the campaigns against the Apache Indians in Arizona and New Mexico.

During his term of service he was wounded three times, and took part in thirty-two engagements against the Indians.

Writing from Attleboro, Mass., where he now resides, Mr. Gay says:

The medal was awarded for services against the Indians in the campaign of 1868, during which thirty-five of us kept Arizona open for settlers and miners against the Apaches. We were in the saddle the greater portion of every twenty-four hours, and exposed to the fire of the enemy almost continuously.

Another cause given for the reward is that of conspicuous bravery at the Copper Cañon fight, where seventeen regulars routed and broke up a band of one hundred and fifty Indians.



JAMES CAREY.

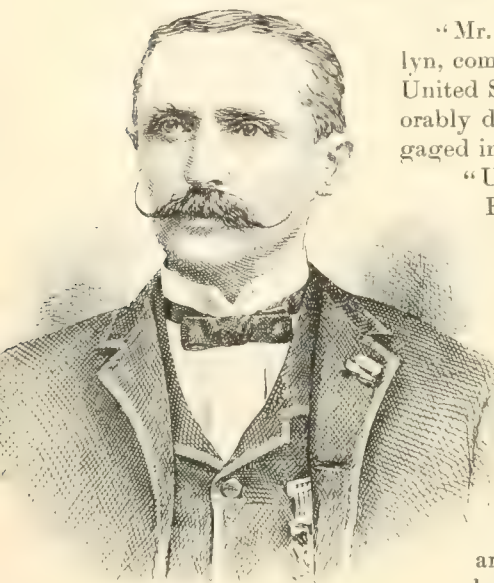
WILLIAM F. LUKES.

U. S. S. COLORADO.

WILLIAM F. LUKES is thus recorded in the list of "Medals of Honor issued to the Blue Jackets and Marines:"

"William F. Lukes, landsman, a member of Company D: Capture of the Korean Forts, June 9 and 10, 1871, received a severe cut over the head while fighting inside the fort."

Mr. Lukes writes that he enlisted November 11, 1869, on board the U. S. S. Colorado, and sends the following article from a newspaper of recent date:



WILLIAM F. LUKES.

"Mr. Lukes is forty-five years of age, and resides at Brooklyn, coming to that city in 1860, and in 1869 he enlisted in the United States Navy, where he served three years and was honorably discharged. He was one of the Colorado landsmen engaged in subduing the Korean insurrection.

"Under the command of Lieutenant McGee, they landed on Friday and were engaged until Sunday following, when the Koreans were driven into one of the numerous forts that they had occupied. After two unsuccessful attempts, the third attack was made, and Lieutenant McGee was killed. The command fell to Lukes, who was a petty officer, and the fort was taken.

"Lukes looked for the body of the commander, and found that the natives were carrying the same off to the mountains. Calling for volunteers, Seth Allen and Thomas Murphy responded, and, the natives being soon overtaken, a desperate hand to hand fight took place. When reinforcements arrived, the marines found Lukes with eighteen wounds, lying unconscious on the body of the commander, and his companions both dead.

"Lieutenant McGee's body was shipped to America for burial, and Lukes for thirty-nine days lay unconscious on board the Colorado.

"For his gallant and meritorious conduct he received a medal of honor, and Congress voted him a letter of thanks. The letter has been sent to Washington, as Lukes is an applicant for a pension: he is a sufferer from epileptic convulsions caused by concussion of the brain, due to the injuries he received."

SERGEANT JOHN NIHILL.

5TH UNITED STATES CAVALRY.

Nihill did not win his medal of honor during the Civil War, but while engaged in Indian warfare, and his record more particularly deserves a place in these pages because it represents twenty-five years of continuous active service.

John Nihill was born in Tipperary, Ireland, in 1850, and enlisted in the Regular Army at New York, November 10, 1868, as a private in Company F, 5th United States Cavalry. He was discharged, and has reenlisted five times by expiration of term of service, and is still a soldier.

He has participated in six Indian campaigns, and in the following engagements: Solomon River, Kan., February, 1869; Summit Springs, Neb., July, 1869; Red Willow Creek, Neb., June, 1870; Budwood Creek, Neb., June, 1871; Whetstone Moun-



THE FIGHT WITH THE COREANS.

tain, Ari., July, 1872; Davidson Cañon, Ari., September, 1872; Hawk Cañon, Ari., March, 1874; Pinal Creek, Ari., March, 1874; Pinal Mountain, Ari., March, 1874; Slim Buttes, Dak., September, 1876.

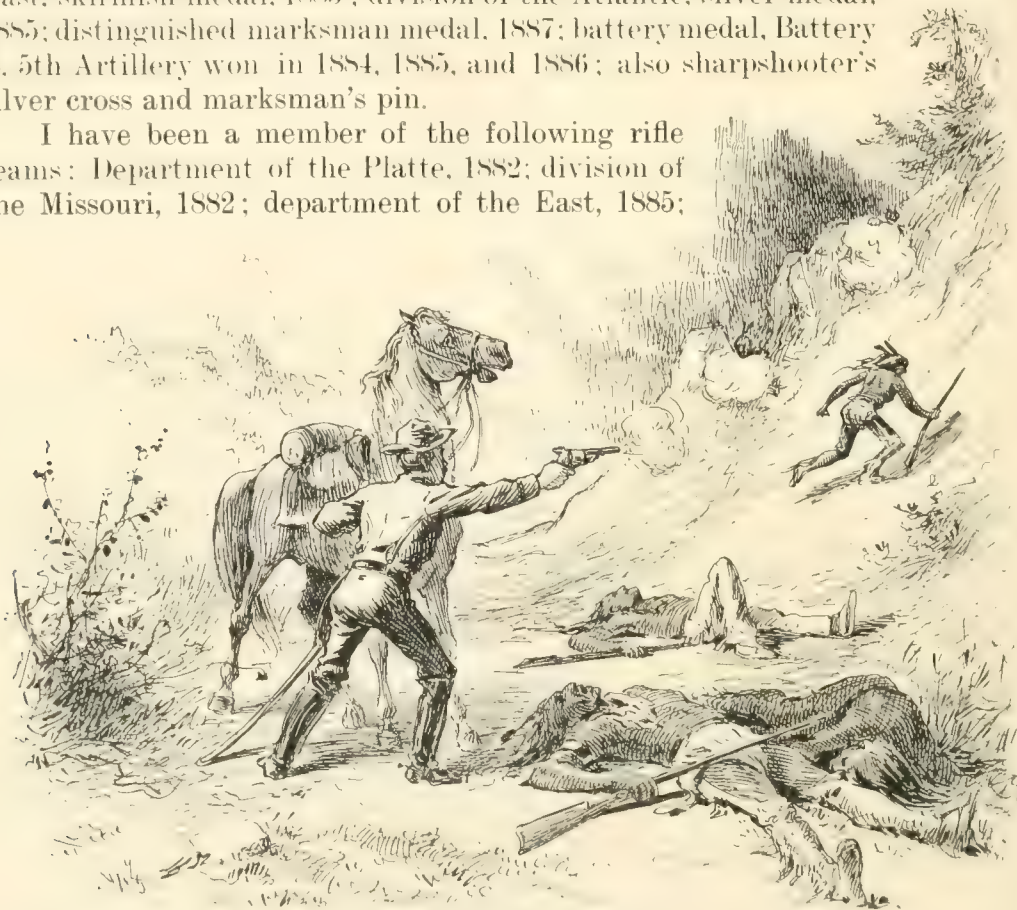
Of the service for which the medal was awarded Mr. Nihill says:

On July 13, 1872, I was one of a party of eight men under command of Lieutenant William P. Hall, 5th Cavalry, who started out from Camp Crittenden, Ari., to follow a party of hostile Apaches who had stolen some stock. We followed their trail into a deep cañon in the Whetstone Mountains. We were suddenly attacked by about forty or fifty Indians, who were concealed behind rocks on top of the cañon where we could not reach them.

I was a flanker to the party and about one hundred yards to the right of and in advance of them. Four Indians tried to cut me off from the remainder of my party, who were unable to come to my assistance. My horse was badly wounded. I, however, made my way through, killing three Indians. I also managed to bring out my horse, and joined my party. For this I was awarded a medal of honor.

I have also won the following medals, awarded by the Government for rifle firing: Division of the Missouri, silver medal, 1882; department of the East, skirmish medal, 1885; division of the Atlantic, silver medal, 1885; distinguished marksman medal, 1887; battery medal, Battery B, 5th Artillery won in 1884, 1885, and 1886; also sharpshooter's silver cross and marksman's pin.

I have been a member of the following rifle teams: Department of the Platte, 1882; division of the Missouri, 1882; department of the East, 1885;



CUTTING HIS WAY OUT.

division of the Atlantic, 1885; distinguished marksman's team, 1887; army team, 1888.

I was only fifteen years old when the war ended, and less than eighteen and a half when I enlisted, November 10, 1868. I have now served continuously more than twenty-five years.

DAVID ROCHE.

1ST UNITED STATES INFANTRY.

DAVID ROCHE, who now resides in Worcester, Mass., has a record as a soldier such as can be shown by few. He was born in Ireland in 1838. on February 25, 1856, he enlisted in the British Army.

After having served five years his father purchased his discharge and Roche came to this country for the sole purpose of entering the Federal Army.

He arrived in New York, June 9, 1861, and on the 25th of the same month he had enlisted in the 3rd United States Infantry for a term of two or three years.

After this service expired he re-enlisted on the field, serving in the 5th Corps, Army of the Potomac.

At the Second Bull Run he was



BRINGING AMMUNITION.



wounded by a pistol shot from a Confederate officer; at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, he was wounded in the right foot by a bullet. Then it was he could have been discharged as disabled, but insisted upon remaining through his term of enlistment. He was discharged, and reenlisted February 20, 1864; was discharged, and reenlisted February 20, 1867; was discharged February 20, 1870, and reenlisted February 24, 1870 in Company A, 5th United States

Infantry, at Fort Parker, Kan.; he was discharged, and reenlisted February 24, 1875; discharged February 23, 1880, and reenlisted March 31, 1880, in Company K, 1st United States Infantry, and was discharged July 2, 1881, at Fort Davis, Tex., on a surgeon's certificate of disability, having been thrown from his horse and severely wounded in an engagement.

He received a medal of honor from Congress for gallantry in action at Wolf Mountain, Mont., January 8, 1877, and is mentioned in orders in an engagement at Cedar Creek, Mont., October 25, 1876, in an encounter with the hostile Sioux.

The reason assigned for bestowing upon him the medal of honor is "coolness and conspicuous bravery. The command being almost out of ammunition, and surrounded on three sides by the enemy, he voluntarily brought up a supply under heavy fire at almost point-blank range," while serving as 1st sergeant, Company A, 5th Infantry.

Twenty years' service, during which time he was never in a hospital save because of wounds, is such a record as few soldiers can boast of, and Roche has good cause to feel proud of six certificates of discharge, as well as of the medal gained while doing more than a soldier's duty.



APPENDIX.

MEDAL OF HONOR LIST, UNITED STATES ARMY.

Comprising the names of those persons who were awarded a medal of honor by Congress, for individual gallantry on a particular occasion.

NAME.	RANK.	CO.	ORGANIZATION.	ACTION AT	DATE.	AWARDED FOR
Adams, James F.	Priv.	D.	1st W. Va. Cav...	Nineveh, Va.....	Nov. 12, '64	Capture of State flag of the 14th Virginia Cavalry.
Albee, George Emerson	Lieut.	G.	21th U. S. Inf.	Brazos River, Tex...	Oct. 28, '69	Distinguished gallantry in action.
Allen, Abner P.	Corp.	K.	39th Ill. Inf.	S. Mountain, Md.	Sept. 14, '62	Gallant conduct in battle.
Allen, James.	Corp.	F.	16th N. Y. Inf....			Capturing colors from the 16th Georgia.
Ames, Adelbert.	Maj.-Gen.			Bull Run, Va.	July ..., '61	
Ammerman, Robert W.	Priv.	B.	118th Pa. Inf....	Spottsylvania, Va...	May 12, '64	Capture of battle flag of 8th North Carolina.
Anderson, Charles W.	Priv.	K.	1st N.Y. Line Cav.	Waynesboro, Va....	Mar. 2, '65	Capture of unknown Rebel flag.
Anderson, Frederic C.	Priv.	A.	18th Mass. Inf....	Weldon R.R. Va.	Aug. 21, '64	Capture of battle flag of 27th South Carolina.
Anderson, Marion T...	Capt.	D.	51st Ind. Inf....	Nashville, Tenn.	Dec. 16, '65	Conspicuous gallantry.
Anderson, Peter.....	Priv.	B.	31st. Wis. Inf....	Bentonville, N. C....	Mar. 19, '65	Gallant conduct in saving gun of 14th Corps from capture.
Anderson, Thomas.	Corp.	I.	1st W. Va. Cav.	Appomattox St., Va.	Apr. 8, '65	Capture of unknown Rebel flag.
Apple, Andrew O.....	Corp.	I.	12th W. Va. Inf....			Gallant conduct in battle.
Archer, Lester	Serg't	E.	96th N. Y. Inf....	Battery Hudson near Richmond, Va....	Sept. 29, '64	Gallantry in placing the colors of his regiment on Battery Hudson.
Avery, Wm. B.	Capt.		1st R. I.	Tranter's Cr., N. C.	June 5, '62	Conspicuous gallantry.
Bacon, Elijah W.	Priv.	F.	14th Conn. Inf....	Gettysburg, Pa.	July 3, '63	Capture of flag of 16th North Carolina.
Baldwin, Frank D.	2nd Lieut		19th Mich. Inf....	Peachtown Cr., Ga.	July 20, '64	Gallantry in action.
Barber, James A.	Corp.	G.	1st R. I. Art.	Petersburg, Va.	Apr. 2, '65	Gallantry in action.
Barnes, Wm. H.	Priv.	C.	35th U. S. C. T.	Chaffin's Farm near Richmond, Va....	Sept. 29, '64	Among the first to enter the Rebel works, although wounded.
Barry, Augustus	Serg't-Maj.		16th U. S. Inf.		1862 to 1865	Gallantry in various actions during the Rebellion.
Barry, John P.	1st Serg't	A.	21th V. R. C.		Apr. ..., '65	Acting as escort to the remains of Pres. Lincoln to Springfield, Ill.
Bates, Norman F.	Serg't	E.	4th Iowa Cav....	Columbus, Ga.	Apr. 16, '65	Capture of flag and bearer.
Baybutt, Philip.	Priv.	A.	2nd Mass. Cav....	Luray, Va.	Sept. 21, '64	Capture of flag.
Beattie, Alex. A.	Capt.		3rd Vermont.	Cold Harbor, Va....	June 3, '64	Gallantry in action.
Beatty, Powhatan	1st Serg't	G.	5th U. S. C. T....	Chaffin's Farm near Richmond, Va....	Sept. 29, '64	Gallantry in action.
Bebb, Edward J.	Priv.	D.	4th Iowa Cav...	Columbus, Ga.	Apr. 16, '65	Capture of flag.
Beech, John P.	Serg't	B.	4th N. J. Vet. Vols.	Sp'tsylvania C.H., Va	May 12, '64	Gallantry in action.
Begley, Terrance.	Serg't	D.	7th N. Y. Hy. Art.	Cold Harbor, Va.	June 3, '64	Capture of flag.
Belcher, Thomas..	Priv.	I.	9th Me. Inf.	Chaffin's Farm near Richmond, Va.	Sept. 29, '64	Gallantry in action.
Benedict, George G.	2nd Lieut.		12th Vt. Inf....	Gettysburg, Pa.	July 3, '63	For distinguished conduct.
Benjamin, John F.	Corp.	M.	2nd N. Y. Cav....	Sailor's Creek, Va....	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of battle flag of 9th Virginia Infantry.
Benjamin, Samuel N.	1st Lieut.		2nd U. S. Art....	Bull Run to Spottsylvania, Va.	July, 1861 to May, 1864	Particularly distinguished service as an artillery officer.
Bennett, Orren.....	Priv.	D.	111st Pa. Inf.	Sailor's Creek, Va...	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag.
Bennett, Orson W.	Lieut.	A.	1st Mich. C. Inf..	Honey Hill, S. C....	Nov. 30, '64	Bravery in action.
Bensinger, William.	Priv.	G.	21st Ohio Inf....	Georgia	1862	Spec. serv. under Gen. Mitchel.

NAME	RANK	CO.	ORGANIZATION	ACTION AT	DATE	AWARDED FOR
Bickford, Henry H.	Corp.	E.	8th N. Y. Cav.	Waynesboro, Va.	Mar. 2, '65	Recapture of flag
Birch, S. U.	Priv.	A.	98th Ill. Inf.			Meritorious service from Aug. 2, 1862, to July 6, 1865
Birdsall, Horatio L.	Serg't	B.	3rd Iowa Cav.	Columbus, Ga.	Apr. 16, '65	Capture of flag and bearer.
Bishop, Francis A.	Priv.	C.	57th Pa. Inf.	Spottsylvania, Va.	May 12, '64	Capture of flag.
Blackenscherfer, Milton	Corp.	E.	126th Ohio Inf.	Petersburg, Va.	Apr. 3, '65	Capture of flag.
Blucher, Charles	Corp.	H.	188th Pa. Inf.	Fort Harrison, near Richmond, Va.	Sept. 29, '64	Planting first National colors on the fortifications.
Bonebrake, Henry G.	Lieut.	G.	17th Pa. Cav.	Five Forks, Va.	Apr. 1, '65	Capture of flag.
Boone, Hugh P.	Capt.	B.	1st W. Va. Cav.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag.
Boss, Orlando F.	Capt.	B.	25th Mass. Inf.	Cold Harbor, Va.	June 3, '64	Securing the wounded.
Bourke, John G.	Capt.	C.	3rd U. S. Cav.	Stone River, Tenn.	Dec. 31, '62	Gallantry in action.
Bowen, Chester B.	Corp.	I.	1st N. Y. Dragoons	Winchester, Va.	Sept. 19, '64	Capture of flag.
Bowey, Richard	Serg't	C.	1st W. Va. Cav.	Charlottesville, Va.	Mar. 5, '65	Capture of flag.
Box, Thomas J.	Capt.	D.	27th Ind. Inf.	Resaca, Ga.	May 25, '64	Capture of flag.
Boynton, H. Van Ness	Gen.		35th Ohio Inf.	Chattanooga		
Bradbury, James, (Jas. Brady)	Priv.	F.	10th N. Y. Inf.	Missionary Ridge	'63	Distinguished and gallant conduct.
Brannigan, Felix	Priv.	A.	74th N. Y. Inf.	Chaffin's Farm, near Richmond, Va.	Sept. 29, '64	Capture of flag.
Brant, William	Lieut.	B.	1st N. J. Vet. Bat'l	Chancellorsville, Va.	May 2, '63	Volunteering on a dangerous service; bringing valuable information.
Bras, Edgar A.	Serg't	K.	8th Iowa Inf.	Petersburg, Va.	Apr. 3, '65	Capture of battle flag of 46th North Carolina.
Brest, Lewis F.	Priv.	D.	57th Pa. Inf.	Spanish Fort, Ala.	Apr. 8, '65	Capture of flag.
Brewer, William I.	Priv.	C.	2nd N. Y. Cav.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag.
Briggs, Elijah A.	Corp.	B.	2nd Conn. Hy. Art.	Virginia	Apr. 4, '65	Capture of engineer's flag.
Bringle, Andrew	Corp.	F.	10th N. Y. Cav.	Petersburg, Va.	Apr. 3, '65	Army of Northern Virginia.
Bronner, August F.	Priv.	C.	1st Bat. N. Y. Art.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of battle flag.
Bronson, James H.	1st Serg't	C.	5th U. S. C. T.	Fair Oaks and Malvern Hill	June 30, July 1, '62	Gallantry in action.
Brown, Benjamin	Serg't	C.	24th U. S. Inf.	Chaffin's Farm, near Richmond, Va.	Sept. 29, '64	Distinguished bravery in action.
Brown, Charles E.	Serg't	C.	50th Pa. Inf.	Weldon R. R., Va.	May 11, '69	Gallantry in action.
Brown, Jr., Edward	Corp.	G.	62nd N. Y. Inf.	Fredericksburg and Salem Heights, Va.	Aug. 19, '64	Capture of flag of 47th Virginia.
Brown, John H.	Capt.	D.	12th Ky. Inf.	Franklin, Tenn.	May 3, 4, '63	Gallantry in engagements.
Brown, Jr., Morris	Capt.	A.	126th N. Y. Inf.	Gettysburg, Pa.	Nov. 30, '64	Capture of flag.
Brown, Wilson	Priv.	F.	21st Ohio Inf.	Georgia	July 8, '63	Capture of flag.
Brownell, Frank E.	Priv.	A.	11th N. Y. Inf.		'62	Spec. serv. under Gen. Mitchel.
Bruton, Christopher C.	Capt.	C.	22nd N. Y. Cav.	Waynesboro, Va.	May 24, '61	Shooting the murderer of Col. Ellsworth at the Marshall House, Alexandria, Va.
Bryant, Andrew S.	Serg't	A.	46th Mass. Inf.	Newberne, N. C.	Mar. 2, '65	Capture of Gen. Early's headquarters flag, Confederate national standard.
Buchanan, George A.	Corp.	G.	148th N. Y. Inf.	Chaffin's Farm, near Richmond, Va.	May 23, '63	Gallantry in action.
Buck, F. Clarence	Priv.	A.	21st Conn. Inf.	Chaffin's Farm, near Richmond, Va.	Sept. 29, '64	Gallantry in action.
Buckley, Dennis	Priv.	G.	136th N. Y. Inf.	Peach Tree Creek, Ga.	Sept. 29, '64	Bravery in action.
Buffum, Robert	Priv.	H.	21st Ohio Inf.	Georgia	July 20, '64	Capture of flag of 1st Mississippi.
Bullock, Luthur E.	1st Serg't	E.	9th V. R. C.		'62	Spec. serv. under Gen. Mitchel.
Burcell, Hiram W.	Serg't	G.	104th Penn. Inf.	Fair Oaks, Va.	Apr. '65	Acting as escort to the remains of Pres. Lincoln to Springfield, Ill.
Burk, Michael	Priv.	D.	125th N. Y. Inf.	Spottsylvania, Va.	May 31, '62	Gallantry in action.
Burke, Daniel W.	1st Serg't	B.	2nd U. S. Inf.	Shepherdstown Ford	May 12, '64	Capture of flag.
Burke, Thomas	Serg't	A.	5th N. Y. Cav.	Hanover C. H., Va.	Sept. 20, '62	Gallantry in action.
Butterfield, Daniel	Maj.-Gen.	A.	5th N. Y. Cav.	Gaines Mills, Va.	June 30, '63	Capture of battle flag.
Butterfield, Franklin G.	Capt.	A.	6th Vt. Inf.	Salem Heights, Va.	June 27, '62	Distinguished gallantry in action.
Caldwell, Daniel	Serg't	H.	13th Pa. Cav.	Hatcher's Run, Va.	May 4, '63	Gallantry in action.
Caldwell, Luman L.	Lieut.	B.	2nd N. Y. Cav.	Alabama Bayou	Feb. 6, '65	Capture of flag.
Calkin, Ivers S.	1st Serg't	M.	2nd N. Y. Cav.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Sept. 30, '64	Gallantry in action.
Callaghan, Patrick	1st Serg't	H.	9th V. R. C.		Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag of 18th Virginia Infantry.
Callahan, John H.	Priv.	B.	122nd Ill. Inf.	Blakely, Ala.	Apr. '65	Acting as escort to remains of Pres. Lincoln to Springfield, Ill.
Capron, Jr., Horace	Serg't	G.	8th Ill. Cav.	Chickahominy and Ashland, Va.	Apr. 9, '65	Capture of flag.
Carey, Frank	1st Serg't	E.	12th V. R. C.		June '62	Gallantry in action.
Carey, Hugh	Serg't	F.	82nd N. Y. Inf.	Gettysburg, Pa.	Apr. '65	Acting as escort to remains of Pres. Lincoln to Springfield, Ill.
Carman, Warren	Priv.	H.	1st N. Y. Line Cav.	Waynesboro, Va.	July '63	Gallantry in action.
Carpenter, John S.				Near Roanoke Island	Mar. 2, '65	Capture of flag.
					Jan '62	Bravery and distinguished serv.

NAME.	RANK.	CO.	ORGANIZATION.	ACTION AT	DATE.	AWARDED FOR
Carpenter, Samuel..	1st Serg't	K.	7th V. R. C.	Apr. '65	Acting as escort to remains of Pres. Lincoln to Springfield, Ill.
Carr, Augustus E.	1st Serg't	D.	12th V. R. C.	Apr. '65	Acting as escort to remains of Pres. Lincoln to Springfield, Ill.
Carr, Eugene	Brig-Gen.			Pea Ridge, Ark	May 7, '62	Distinguished gallantry in action.
Carr, Franklin	Corp.	D.	124th Ohio Inf.	Nashville, Tenn.	Dec. 16, '64	Recapture of U. S. guidon from rebel battery
Cart, Jacob.	Priv.	A.	7th Pa. R. C. ...	Fredericksburg, Va.	Dec. 13, '62	Capture of flag of 19th Georgia.
Caruanda, Orland E.	Col. Serg't		51st N. Y. Inf.	South Mountain, Md.	Sept. 14, '62	Distinguished services in action.
Cary, James L.	Corp.	G.	10th N. Y. Cav.	Spottsylvania C. H.	May 12, '64	
Casey, Patrick David	Col. Bearer		25th Mass. Inf.	Apr. 9, '65	Daring bravery and urging the men forward in a charge.
Cayer, Ovilla	Serg't	A.	1st Btl 14th U. S. In.	Cold Harbor.	June 3, '64	Saving a flag.
Chamberlain, Josh. L.	Gen'l.			Weldon R. R., Va.	Aug. 19, '64	Gallantry in action.
Chambers, Joseph B.	Priv.	F.	100th Pa. Inf.	Gettysburg, Pa.	July 2, '63	Distinguished gallantry in action.
Chapman, John.	Priv.	B.	1st Me. Hy. Art.	Petersburg, Va.	Mar. 25, '65	Capture of colors of 1st Virginia Infantry.
Chase, John F.	Priv.		5th Me. Bat'ry.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag.
Clancy, James T.	Serg't	C.	1st N. J. Cav.	Chancellorsville.	May 3, '63	Heroic service.
Clancy, John	Musician		Bat. E. 1st U. S. Art.	Vaughn Road, Va.	Oct 1, '64	Gallantry in action.
Clapp, Albert A.	1st Serg't	G.	2nd Ohio Cav.	Campaign against the Sioux Indians.	Dec. 29, '90	Gallantry in action
Clark, Dayton P.	Capt.		2nd Vermont.	Drexel Mission		
Clark, John W.	Q'r'r		6th Vt. Inf.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of battle flag of 8th Florida Infantry.
Clarke, Powhattan H.	1st Lieut.		10th U. S. Cav.	Spottsylvania ...	May 12, '64	Distinguished conduct in action.
Clopp, John E.	Priv.	F.	71st Pa. Inf.	Virginia	July 28, '62	Gallantry in action
Coates, Jefferson	Serg't	H.	7th Wis. Inf.	Campaign against the Chiricahua Apache Indians.		
Coffey, Robert J.	Serg't		4th Vermont	Gettysburg, Pa.	July 3, '63	Gallantry in action.
Cohn, Abraham	Serg't-Maj.		6th N. H. Inf.	Banks Ford, Va.	July 1, '63	Gallantry in action.
Cole, Gabriel.	Corp.	I.	5th Mich. Cav.	Wilderness, Va.	May 4, '63	Distinguished conduct.
Collins, Harrison	Corp.	A.	1st Tenn. Cav.	Winchester, Va.	May 6, '64	Gallantry in action.
Collins, James.	1st Serg't	D.	10th V. R. C.	Richland Cr'k, Tenn.	Sept. 19, '64	Capture of flag.
Collis, Charles H. T.	Col.		114th Penn. Inf.	Dec. 24, '64	Capture of flag of Chalmers' Division.
Colwell, Oliver	1st Lieut.	G.	95th Ohio Inf.	Fredericksburg, Va.	Apr. '65	Acting as escort to remains of Pres. Lincoln to Springfield, Ill.
Compson, Hartwell B.	Major		8th N. Y. Cav.	Nashville, Tenn.	Dec. 16, '64	Gallantry in action.
Conboy, Martin	2nd Lieut.	B.	37th N. Y. Inf.	Waynesboro, Va.	Mar. 2, '65	Capture of flag.
Congdon, James.	Serg't	E.	8th N. Y. Cav.	Williamsburgh	May 5, '62	Gallant and conspicuous service.
Connell, Frustrim	Corp.	I.	138th Pa. Inf.	Waynesboro, Va.	Mar. 2, '65	Recapture of Gen. Crook's headquarters flag.
Connors, James.	Priv.	E.	43rd N. Y. Inf.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag.
Cook, John H.	Serg't	A.	119th Ill. Inf.	Fisher's Hill, Va.	Sept. 22, '64	Capture of flag.
Cooke, Walter H.	Capt.	K.	4th Pa. Inf.	Pleasant Hill, La.	Apr. 9, '64	Conspicuous bravery in action.
Copp, Charles D.	Lieut.		9th N. H. Inf.	Bull Run, Va.	July 21, '61	Participating in the action after term of service had exp'd.
Cornwell, Addison.	1st Serg't	I.	7th V. R. C.	Fredericksburg, Va.	Dec. 13, '62	Conspicuous bravery in battle.
Cosgriff, Richard H.	Priv.	L.	4th Iowa Cav.	Apr. '65	Acting as escort to remains of Pres. Lincoln to Springfield, Ill.
Cox, Robert M.	Corp.	I.	55th Ill. Inf.	Columbus, Ga.	Apr. 16, '65	Capture of flag
Cranston, Wallace W.	Priv.	A.	66th Ohio Inf.	Vicksburg, Miss.	May 22, '65	Conspicuous gallantry.
Creed, John	Priv.	D.	23rd Ill. Inf.	Chancellorsville, Va.	May 2, '63	Succoring the wounded.
Crocker, Ulric.	Priv.	M.	6th Mich. Cav.	Fisher's Hill, Va.	Sept. 22, '64	Capture of flag
Crosier, W. H. H.	Col. Serg't	G.	149th N. Y. Inf.	Cedar Creek, Va.	Oct. 19, '64	Capture of flag of 18th Georgia Infantry.
Crowley, Michael	Priv.	A.	22nd N. Y. Cav.	Peach Tree Cr'k, Ga.	July 20, '64	Distinguished bravery.
Cruse, Thomas.	1st Lieut.		6th U. S. Cav.	Waynesboro, Va.	Mar. 2, '65	Capture of flag.
Cullen, Thomas.	Corp.	I.	82nd N. Y. Inf.	Big Dry Wash, Ariz.	July 17, '82	Distinguished gallantry in action.
Cummings, Amos J.	Serg't-Maj.		91st Ohio Inf.	Bristow Station, Va.	Oct. 14, '63	Capture of flag of 22nd or 28th North Carolina.
Cumpston, James	Priv.	D.	1st W. Va. Cav.	Salem Heights, Va.	May 3, '63	Gallantry in action.
Cunningham, F. M.	1st Serg't	H.		Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag.
Cunningham, J. S.	Priv.	D.	8th Mo. Inf.	May 22, '63	Capture of battle flag of 12th Virginia Infantry.
Curtis, Josiah M.	2nd Lieut.	I.	12th W. Va. Inf.	Vicksburg		Gallantry in action.
Custer, Thomas W.	2nd Lieut.	B.	6th Mich. Cav.	Namozine Ch. and Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 2, '65	Gallant conduct in battle.
Cutcheon, Byron M.	Gen'l		20th U. S. Inf.	Horse Shoe Bend.	May 10, '63	Capture of two flags.

Distinguished gallantry.

NAME.	RANK.	CO.	ORGANIZATION.	ACTION AT	DATE.	AWARDED FOR
Cutts, J. Madison	Lieut.-Col.		11th R. I. Inf.	Wilderness Spottsylvania Petersburg	'64	Gallantry.
Daly, William T.	1st Serg't	A.	10th V. R. C.		Apr. '65	Acting as escort to remains of Pres. Lincoln to Springfield, Ill.
Davidson, John A.	Serg't	A.	1st Pa. Cav.	Pain's X Roads, Va.	Apr. 5, '65	Capture of flag.
Davis, Charles C.	Major		7th Penn. Cav.	Shelbyville, Tenn.	June 27, '63	Distinguished gallantry in action.
Davis, George E.	Capt.	D.	10th Vt. Inf.	Monocacy, Md.	July 9, '64	Distinguished services in action.
Davis, Harris H.	Serg't	A.	8th Ky. Inf.	Lookout Mt.	Nov. 25, '63	Planting first flag on the mt.
Davis, Harry	Priv.	G.	46th Ohio Inf.	Atlanta, Ga.	July 28, '64	Capture of flag of 30th Louisiana Infantry.
Davis, John	Priv.	F.	17th Ind. Mtd. Inf.	Culloden, Ga.	Apr. '65	Capture of flag of "Worrell Grays."
Davis, Joseph	Corp.	C.	10th Ohio Inf.	Franklin, Tenn.	Nov. 30, '64	Capture of flag.
Davis, Thomas	Priv.	C.	2nd N. Y. Hy. Art.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag.
DeCastro, Joseph H.	Corp.	L.	19th Mass. Inf.	Gettysburg, Pa.	July 3, '63	Capture of flag of 19th Virginia.
Delaney, J. C.	Lieut.	L.	2nd Penn. Inf.	Dabney's Mills, Va.	Feb. 6, '65	Gallantry in action.
Delavie, Hiram A.	Serg't	L.	11th Pa. Inf.	Five Forks, Va.	Apr. 1, '65	Capture of flag.
DeWitt, Richard W.	Priv.	D.	47th Ohio Inf.	Vicksburg	May 22, '63	Distinguished gallantry in action.
Dillon, Michael A.	Priv.	G.	2nd N. H. Inf.	Williamsburg, Va.	May 5, '62	Bravery in action.
Dockham, Warren C.	Priv.	H.	121st N. Y. Inf.	Oak Grove, Va.	June 5, '62	Capture of flag of Savannah Guards.
Dolloff, Charles W.	Corp.	K.	11th Vt. Inf.	Petersburg, Va.	Apr. 2, '65	Capture of flag.
Donaldson, John	Serg't	L.	4th Pa. Cav.	Appomattox C. H., Va.	Apr. 9, '65	Capture of flag.
Dore, George H.	Serg't	D.	136th N. Y. Inf.	Gettysburg, Pa.	July 3, '63	Capture of flag.
Dorley, August	Priv.	B.	1st La. Cav.	Mount Pleasant, Ala.	Apr. 11, '62	Capture of flag.
Dorsey, Daniel A.	Corp.	H.	33rd Ohio Inf.	Georgia	'62	Spec. serv. under Gen. Mitchell.
Dorsey, Decatur	Serg't	B.	39th U. S. C. T.	Petersburg, Va.	July 30, '64	Bravery while acting as color sergeant of his regiment.
Dow, George P.	1st Serg't	C.	7th N. H. Inf.	Reconnaissance to-ward Richmond, Va.	Oct. '64	Gallantry.
Downs, Henry W.	Lieut.		8th Vermont	Winchester, Va.	'63	Gallantry in action.
Drake, James M.	1st Lieut.	D.	9th N. J. Inf.		1861 to 1865	Gallant services in field, great suffering in Southern prisons.
Drury, James	Lieut.		4th Vermont	Weldon, R. R.	Aug. '64	Gallantry in action.
Dunlavy, James.	Priv.	D.	3rd Iowa Cav.	Osage, Kansas	Oct. 25, '64	Gallantry in capturing General Marmaduke.
Durgin, William W.	1st Serg't	F.	10th V. R. C.		Apr. '65	Acting as escort to remains of Pres. Lincoln to Springfield, Ill.
Durham, James R.	Lieut.	E.	12th Va. Inf.	Winchester, Va.	June 14, '63	Bravery in action.
Durkee, Joseph H.	1st Lieut.	E.	7th V. R. C.		Apr. '65	Acting as escort to remains of Pres. Lincoln to Springfield, Ill.
Edwards, Daniel	Priv.	H.	146th N. Y. Inf.	Five Forks, Va.	Apr. 1, '65	Capture of flag.
Edwards, John R.	1st Serg't	E.	7th V. R. C.		Apr. '65	Acting as escort to remains of Pres. Lincoln to Springfield, Ill.
Elliott, Alexander	Serg't	A.	1st Pa. Cav.	Paine's X Roads, Va.	Apr. 5, '65	Capture of flag.
Ellis, Horace	Priv.	A.	7th Wis. Inf.	Weldon, R. R.	Aug. 21, '64	Capture of flag of 16th Miss.
Ellis, William	1st Serg't	K.	3rd Wis. Cav.	Dardanelle, Ark.	Jan. 14, '65	Gallantry in action.
Emery, Curtis J.	Serg't	H.	100th N. Y. Inf.	Fort Wagner		Capture of flag.
Estes, Llewellyn G.	A't Ad-G'n		U. S. Vols.	Flint River, Ga.	Aug. 30, '64	Gallantry in action.
Evas, Corren D.	Priv.	A.	3rd Ind. Cav.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag of 26th Virginia Infantry.
Evans, Ira Hobart	Capt.		116th U. S. C. T.	Hatcher's Run, Va.	Apr. 2, '65	Distinguished bravery.
Evans, Thomas	Priv.	D.	54th Pa. Inf.	Piedmont, Va.	June 5, '64	Capture of flag of 45th Virginia.
Everson, Adelbert	Priv.	D.	18th N. Y. Inf.	Five Forks, Va.	Apr. 1, '65	Capture of flag.
Ewing, John C.	Priv.	E.	21th Pa. Inf.	Petersburg, Va.	Apr. 2, '65	Capture of flag.
Falls, Benjamin F.	Col.-Serg't	A.	19th Mass. Inf.	Gettysburg, Pa.	July 3, '63	Capture of flag.
Fanning, Nicholas	Priv.	B.	4th Iowa Cav.	Selma, Ala.	Apr. 2, '65	Capture of silk Confederate flag and two staff officers.
Fasnacht, Charles H.	Serg't	A.	99th Pa. Inf.	Spottsylvania, Va.	May 12, '64	Capture of flag of 2d Louisiana Tigers.
Fernald, Albert E.	1st Lieut.	K.	20th Me. Inf.	Five Forks, Va.	Apr. 1, '65	Capture of flag.
Fesq, Frank	Priv.	A.	40th N. J. Inf.	Petersburg, Va.	Apr. 2, '65	Capture of flag of 18th North Carolina.
Fisher, J. H.	Priv.	B.	55th Ill. Inf.	Fredericksburg, Va.	Dec. 13, '62	Distinguished bravery.
Flanagan, Augustine	Serg't	A.	55th Pa. Inf.	Chancellorsville, Va.	May 3, '63	
Fleetwood, Christian A.	Serg't-Maj.		4th U. S. C. T.	Chaffin's Farm, near Richmond, Va.	Sept. 29, '64	Gallantry in action.
Flynn, Christopher	Corp.	K.	14th Conn. Inf.	Chaffin's Farm, near Richmond, Va.	Sept. 29, '64	Gallantry in action.
Follett, Joseph L.	2nd Lieut.	G.	1st Mo. Light Art.	Gettysburg, Pa.	July 3, '63	Capture of flag of 52d North Carolina.
Ford, George W.	1st Lieut.	E.	88th N. Y. Inf.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Bravery in action.
						Capture of flag.

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Forehand, Lloyd D.	1st Serg't	I.	18th V. R. C		Apr. '65	Acting as escort to remains of Pres. Lincoln to Springfield, Ill.
Forsyth, T. H.	1st Serg't	M.	4th U. S. Cav	Campaign against the Cheyenne Indians		Gallantry in action.
Fox, Henry M.	Serg't	M.	5th Mich. Cav	Winchester, Va.	Sept. 19, '64	Capture of flag.
Fox, William R.	Priv.	A.	95th Pa. Inf.	Petersburg, Va.	Apr. 2, '65	Bravery in action.
Freeman, Archibald	Priv.	E.	124th N. Y. Inf.	Spottsylvania, Va.	May 12, '64	Capture of flag of 17th Louisiana.
Frick, Jacob G.	Lieut.	B.	129th Pa. Inf.	Vicksburg, Miss.	May 22, '65	Conspicuous gallantry.
Frizzell, Henry W.	Corp.	B.	6th Mo. Inf.	Vicksburg, Miss.		
Funk, West	Serg't-Maj.		121st Pa. Inf.	Appomattox C. H., Va.	Apr. 9, '65	Capture of flag of 46th Virginia.
Ganse, Isaac	Corp.	E.	2nd Ohio Inf.		Sept. 5, '64	Escort to stand of colors, captured by 3d Division, to Washington, D. C.
Gardiner, James	Priv.	I.	36th U. S. C. T.	Chaffin's Farm, near Richmond, Va.	Sept. 29, '64	Gallantry in action.
Gardner, Asa B.	Capt.		22nd N. Y. S. M.	Maryland and Pennsylvania	June & July 1863	Services rendered during the Gettysburg campaign.
Gardner, Charles N.	Priv.	E.	32nd Mass. Inf.	Five Forks, Va.	Apr. 1, '65	Capture of flag.
Gardner, Robert J.	Serg't	K.	37th Mass. Inf.			Gallant conduct in battle.
Garret, William	Serg't	G.	1st Ohio Inf.	Nashville, Tenn.	Dec. 16, '64	Capture of flag.
Gaunt, John C.	Priv.	G.	104th Ohio Inf.	Franklin, Tenn.	Nov. 30, '64	Capture of flag.
Gay, Thomas K.	Serg't	B.	8th U. S. Cav.	Against the Indians in Arizona	1868	Conspicuous bravery.
Gerber, Frederick W.	Serg't		Bat'l U. S. Eng'rs			Gallant service.
Gere, Thomas P.	1st Lieut.					
	and Adj't					
Gerschwind, Nicholas	Lieut.	E.	5th Minn. Inf.	Nashville, Tenn.	Dec. 16, '64	Capture of flag of 4th Miss.
Gibbs, Wesley	Serg't	B.	116th Ill. Inf.	Vicksburg, Miss.	May '64	Gallantry in action.
Gifford, Benjamin	Priv.	H.	2nd Conn. Hy. Art.	Petersburg, Va.	Apr. 2, '65	Capture of flag.
Gillman, Edward L.	Capt.	I.	141st N. Y. Inf.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag.
Ginsley, Patrick	Priv.	K.	88th Pa. Inf.	Gettysburg, Pa.	July '63	Gallantry in action.
Gion, Joseph	Priv.	A.	64th N. Y. N. G.	Ream's Station	Aug. 29, '64	Distinguished bravery.
			74th N. Y. Inf.	Chancellorsville, Va.	May 2, '64	Bravery when advancing on enemy's line under heavy fire, bringing back valuable information.
Goettel, Philip	Priv.	B.	119th N. Y. Inf.	Lookout Mt., Tenn.	Nov. 24, '63	Capture of flag.
Goben, Charles A.	1st Serg't	D.	8th N. Y. Cav.	Waynesboro, Va.	Mar. 2, '65	Capture of flag.
Goodrich, Edwin	Capt.	G.	9th N. Y. Cav.	N'r Cedar Creek, Va.	Nov. '64	Saving the life of a comrade.
Goodrich, George E.	1st Serg't	A.	12th V. R. C.		Apr. '65	Acting as escort to remains of Pres. Lincoln to Springfield, Ill.
Gosson, Richard	Serg't	K.	47th N. Y. Inf.	Chaffin's Farm, near Richmond, Va.	Sept. 29, '64	Gallantry in planting the colors of his regiment on the enemy's works.
Gould, Charles G.	Capt.		5th Vermont	Petersburg, Va.	Apr. 2, '65	Gallantry in action.
Gould, Newton T.	Priv.	G.	113th Ill. Inf.	Vicksburg, Miss.	May '63	Gallantry in action.
Grant, Lewis A.	Gen'l		5th Vermont	Salem Heights, Va.	May 3, '63	Gallantry in action.
Graul, William L.	Corp.	I.	188th Pa. Inf.	Fort Harrison, near Richmond, Va.	Sept. 29, '64	First planting the colors of his State on the fortifications.
Gray, John	Priv.	B.	5th Ohio Inf.	Fort Republic, Va.	June 9, '62	Capture of field piece in face of the enemy.
Green, George	Corp.	H.	11th Ohio Inf.	Missionary Ridge	Nov. 25, '63	Distinguished bravery in action.
Greenwalt, Abraham	Priv.	G.	104th Ohio Inf.	Franklin, Tenn.	Nov. 30, '64	Capture of corps headquarter's flag.
Greig, Theodore W.	Capt.	A.	61st N. Y. Inf.	Antietam	Sept. 17, '62	Capturing a flag from 4th Ala.
Gribben, James H.	Lieut.	C.	2nd N. Y. Cav.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag of 12th Virginia.
Grindlay, James G.	Capt.	D.	116th N. Y. Inf.	Five Forks, Va.	Apr. 1, '65	Conspicuous bravery.
Grube, George	Priv.	L.	158th N. Y. Inf.	Chaffin's Farm, near Richmond, Va.	Sept. 29, '64	Gallantry in action.
Gunter, Jacob		E.	8th U. S. Cav.	Indian Campaign		Gallantry in action.
Guthrie, John	Priv.	B.	85th Pa. Inf.			Gallant conduct.
Gwynne, Nathaniel	Priv.	H.	13th Ohio Cav.			Bravery.
Hack, Lester G.	Serg't	F.	5th Vt. Inf.	Petersburg, Va.	Apr. 2, '65	Capture of flag.
Haggerty, Asel	Priv.	A.	61st N. Y. Inf.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag.
Hall, H. Seymour	Brev. Brig.			Gaines Mills	June 27, '63	Gallantry in action.
Hall, Newton H.	Gen'l			Rappahannock Stat.	Nov. 7, '63	
	Corp.	I.	104th Ohio Inf.	Franklin, Tenn.	Nov. 30, '64	Capture of flag believed to have belonged to Stewart's Corps.
Hamilton, Matthew H.	Serg't	G.	7th U. S. Cav.			
Hanford, Edward R.	Priv.	H.	2nd U. S. Cav.	Woodstock, Va.	Oct. 9, '64	Capture of flag of 32d Battalion Virginia Cavalry.
Hanna, John	1st Serg't	B.	14th V. R. C.		Apr. '65	Acting as escort to remains of Pres. Lincoln to Springfield, Ill.
Hanscom, Moses C.	Corp.	F.	19th Me. Inf.	Bristow Station, Va.	Oct. 14, '63	Capture of flag of 26th North Carolina.

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Harbourne, John H.	Priv.	K.	29th Mass. Inf.	Petersburg, Va.	June 17, '64	Capture of flag.
Hardenbergh, H. M.	Priv.	G.	39th Ill. Inf.	Deep Run, Va.	Aug. 16, '64	Capture of flag.
Haring, Abram P.	Lieut.		139th N. Y. Inf.	Bachelor's Creek	Feb. 1, '64	Distinguished services.
Harmon, Amzi D.	Corp.	K.	211th Pa. Inf.	Petersburg, Va.	Apr. 2, '65	Capture of flag.
Harrington, Eph. W.	Capt.	G.	2nd Vermont Inf.	Fredericksburg, Va.	May 3, '63	Gallantry in action as a color-bearer.
Harris, George W.	Priv.	B.	148th Pa. Inf.	Spottsylvania, Va.	May 12, '64	Capture of flag.
Harris, James H.	Serg't	B.	38th U. S. C. T.	New Market Ht's, Va.	Sept. 29, '64	Gallantry in action.
Harris, Seymour.				Saltville, Va.	Oct. 2, '64	Gallantry in action.
Hart, William E.	Priv.	B.	8th N. Y. Cav.	Shenandoah Valley, Va.	1864 & 1865	Gallant conduct and service as scout.
Hartranft, John F.	Col.		4th Pa. Inf.	Bull Run	July 21, '61	Gallantry in action.
Harvey, Harry	Corp.	A.	22nd N. Y. Cav.	Waynesboro, Va.	Mar. 2, '65	Capture of flag.
Harvon, John H.	Serg't	G.	1st R. L. Art.	Petersburg, Va.	Apr. 2, '65	Gallantry in action.
Hawken, James M.	Storek'p'r		Q. M. Departm't.	St. Louis, Mo.	Sept. 5, '64	Having extinguished an incendiary fire in Quartermaster's Department.
Hawkins, Gardner C.	Lieut.		3rd Vermont	Petersburg, Va.		Gallantry in action.
Hawkins, Martin J.	Corp.	A.	33rd Ohio Inf.	Georgia	1862	Special services under General Mitchell.
Hawkins, Thomas	Serg't-Maj.		6th U. S. C. T.	Deep Bottom, Va.	July... '64	Rescue of regimental flag.
Hawthorne, Harry L.	2nd Lieut.		2nd U. S. Art.	Wounded Knee Cr'k.	Dec. 29, '90	Bravery in action.
Haynes, Asbury F.	Corp.	H.	17th Me. Inf.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag.
Hays, John H.	Priv.	F.	4th Iowa Cav.	Columbus, Ga.	Apr. 16, '65	Capture of flag and bearer, Austin's Battery.
Heller, Henry	Priv.	A.	66th Ohio Inf.	Chancellorsville, Va.	May 2, '63	Succoring the wounded.
Henry, James	Serg't	B.	113th Ill. Inf.	Vicksburg, Miss.	May... '63	Gallantry in action.
Henry, William Wirt	Brevet Brig.-Gen.		U. S. V.	Cedar Creek, Va.	Oct. 19, '64	Distinguished gallantry in action.
Herron, Francis J.	(Gen'l) Corp.	A.	8th U. S. Inf.	Pea Ridge.		Gallantry in action.
Hesse, John C.				San Antonio, Tex.	Apr.... '61	Preserving and bringing away the colors of the 8th Infantry, after capture of the regiment.
Hickok, Nathan E.	Corp.	A.	8th Conn. Inf.	Chaffin's Farm, near Richmond, Va.	Sept. 29, '64	Capture of flag.
Higby, Charles.	Priv.	F.	1st Pa. Cav.	Virginia.	Apr.... '65	Capture of flag.
Highland, Patrick.	Corp.	D.	23rd Ill. Inf.			Gallant conduct in battle.
Hill, Edward.	Capt.	K.	16th Mich. Inf.	Cold Harbor, Va.	June 1, '64	Distinguished gallantry in action.
Hill, James.	Serg't	C.	14th N. Y. Hy. Art.	Petersburg, Va.	July 30, '64	Capture of flag.
Hills, William G.	Priv.	E.	9th N. Y. Cav.	North Fork	Sept. 26, '64	Distinguished gallantry.
Hilton, Alfred B.	Serg't	H.	4th U. S. C. T.	Chaffin's Farm, near Richmond, Va.	Sept. 29, '64	Gallantry in action as color-bearer.
Hinks, William B.	Serg't-Maj.		14th Conn. Inf.	Gettysburg, Pa.	July 3, '63	Capture of flag of 14th Tenn.
Hoffman, Henry.	Corp.	M.	2nd Ohio Cav.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag.
Hogan, Franklin.	Corp.	A.	45th Pa. Inf.	Front of Petersburg, Va.	July 30, '64	Capture of flag of 6th Virginia.
Holcomb, Daniel J.	Priv.	A.	41st Ohio Inf.	Brentwood Hills, Tenn.	Dec. 16, '64	Capture of Confederate guidon.
Holland, Milton M.	Serg't-Maj.		5th U. S. C. T.	Chaffin's Farm, near Richmond, Va.	Sept. 29, '64	Gallantry in action.
Holmes, William T.	Priv.	A.	3rd Indiana Cav.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag of 27th Virginia Infantry.
Holton, Charles M.	Lieut.		7th Mich. Cav.	Falling Waters, Va.	July 14, '63	Capture of flag from 55th Virginia Infantry.
Holton, Edward A.	Capt.	F.	6th Vermont	Lee's Mills, Va.		Gallantry in action.
Homan, Conrad	Col. Serg't	A.	29th Mass. Inf.	Near Petersburg, Va.	July 30, '64	Fighting his way through the enemy's lines with regimental colors.
Hooker, Geo. W.	Lieut.-Col.		4th Vermont	South Mountain, Va.	Sept. 14, '62	Gallantry in action.
Hooper, William B.	Corp.	L.	1st N. J. Cav.	Chamberlain's Cr'k, Va.	Mar. 13, '65	Gallantry in action.
Hoppy, Edward	2nd Lieut.	C.	12th V. R. C.		Apr. '65	Acting as escort to remains of Pres. Lincoln to Springfield, Ill.
Hottenstine, Solomon J.	Priv.	C.	107th Pa. Inf.	Petersburg and Norfolk R. R.	Aug. 19, '64	Capture of flag belonging to a North Carolina regiment.
Hough, Ira	Priv.	E.	8th Ind. Inf.	Cedar Creek, Va.	Oct. 19, '64	Capture of flag.
Houlton, William	Comy.-Serg't		1st W. Va. Cav.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag.
Howard, Hiram R.	Priv.		11th Ohio Inf.	Mission Ridge	Nov. 25, '63	Capture of flag.
Howard, James	Serg't	K.	158th N. Y. Inf.			Gallant conduct in battle.
Howard, O. O.	Maj.-Gen.		U. S. A.			Distinguished services.
Howard, S. E.	Capt.		8th Vermont	Bayou Teche, La.		Gallantry in action.
Howze, Robert L.	2nd Lieut.	K.	6th U. S. Cav.	Campaign against the Sioux Indians, White River, S. D.	Jan. 1, '91	Gallantry in action.
Hudson, Aaron R.	Priv.	C.	17th Ind. Mtd. Inf.	Culloden, Ga.	Apr.... '65	Capture of flag of "Worrill Grays."
Hughey, John	Corp.	L.	2nd Ohio Cav.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag of 38th Va. Inf.

NAME.	RANK.	CO.	ORGANIZATION.	ACTION AT	DATE.	AWARDED FOR
Hughes, Oliver	Corp.	C.	12th Ky. Inf.			Capture of flag.
Hunter, Charles A	Serg't	E.	34th Mass. Inf.			Gallant conduct in battle.
Hyatt, Theodore	Serg't	D.	127th Ill. Inf.	Vicksburg, Miss.	May 22, '63	Gallantry in action.
Hyde, Thomas W.	Major		7th Maine Inf.	Antietam, Md.	Sept. 17, '62	Distinguished bravery.
Irsh, Francis.	Capt.		45th N. Y. Inf.	Gettysburg, Pa.	July 3, '63	Gallantry in action.
Jacobson, Eugene P	Serg't-Maj.		74th N. Y. Inf.	Cancellorsville, Va	May 2, '63	Bravery in conducting a scout- ing party in front of enemy.
James, Isaac.	Priv.	H.	110th Ohio Inf	Petersburg, Va	Apr. 2, '65	Capture of flag.
James, Miles	Corp.	B.	36th U. S. C. T	Chaffin's Farm, near Richmond, Va.		Gallantry in action.
Jellison, Benjamin H	Serg't	C.	19th Mass. Inf.	Gettysburg, Pa.	July 3, '63	Capture of flag of 54th Virginia.
Jennings, James T.	Priv.	K.	56th Pa. Inf.	Weldon R. R., Va.	Aug. 20, '64	Capture of flag of 55th North Carolina.
Jetter, Bernhard.	Serg't	K.	7th U. S. Cav.	Campaign against Sioux Indians, Wounded Knee Creek, S. D.	Dec. 29, '90 Feb. 2, '64	Gallantry in action.
Jewett, Erastus W.	1st Lieut.	A.	9th Vermont.	Vicksburg, Miss.	May 22, '63	Gallantry in action.
Johns, Elisha.	Priv.	B.	113th Ill. Inf.			Conspicuous gallantry in ac- tion.
Johns, Henry T.	Priv.	C.	49th Mass. Inf.	Port Hudson, La.	May 27, '63	Gallantry in action.
Johnson, Henry.	Priv.	K.	9th U. S. Cav.	Mill Creek, Col.	Oct. 2-5, '79	Gallantry in action.
Johnson, John.	Priv.	D.	2nd Wis. Inf.	Antietam, Md.	Sept. 17, '62	Distinguished bravery.
Johnson, Samuel.	Priv.	G.	9th Pa. Reserves.	Fredericksburg, Va	Dec. 13, '62	Capture of flag of Hood's Texas Brigade.
Johnston, Willie.	Musician	D.	3rd Vermont.	Peninsular Campa'n		Gallantry.
Jondro, Franklin	Priv.	A.	118th N. Y. Inf.	Chaffin's Farm, near Richmond, Va.	Sept. 30, '64	Capture of forty prisoners.
Jones, William.	1st Serg't	A.	73rd N. Y. Inf	Spottsylvania, Va.	May 12, '64	Capture of flag of 65th Virginia.
Jordan, Absalom.	Corp.	A.	3rd Ind. Cav.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag.
Jordan, George.	Serg't	K.	9th U. S. Cav.	Fort Tulerosa, N. M.	May 14, '80	Gallantry in action.
Judge, Francis W	1st Serg't	K.	79th N. Y. Inf	Carliz Cañon, N. M. Ft. Sanders, Knox- ville, Tenn.	Aug. 12, '81 Nov. 29, '63	Capture of flag of 51st Georgia Infantry.
Kaiser, John	Serg't	E.	2nd U. S. Art.	Richmond, Va	June 27, '62	Gallant and meritorious serv- ice during seven days' battle before Richmond, Va.
Kaltenbach, Luther.	Corp.	F.	12th Iowa Inf.	Nashville, Tenn.	Dec. 16, '64	Capture of flag, supposed of 5th Mississippi.
Kane, John.	Corp.	K.	100th N. Y. Inf	Lookout Mt., Tenn.	Nov. 24, '63	Gallant conduct in battle.
Kappesser, Peter.	Priv.	B.	149th N. Y. Inf.	Wilderness, Va.	May 6, '64	Capture of flag (Bragg's army).
Karpeles, Leopold	Col. Serg't	E.	57th Mass. Inf.		Apr. 1, '65	Gallantry in action.
Karr, John	1st Serg't	D.	14th V. R. C.			Acting as escort to remains of Pres. Lincoln, to Springfield, Ill.
Kauss, Augustus.	Corp.	H.	15th N. Y. Hy. Art.	Five Forks, Va	Apr. 1, '65	Capture of battle flag.
Keele, Joseph.	Serg't-Maj.		182nd N. Y. Inf		1861 to 1865	Service during rebellion.
Kelley, George V.	Capt.	A.	104th Ohio Inf	Franklin, Tenn.	Nov. 30, '64	Capture of flag, supposed of Cheatham's Corps.
Kelly, Alexander	1st Serg't	F.	6th U. S. C. T	Chaffin's Farm, near Richmond, Va.	Sept. 29, '64	Gallantry in action.
Kelly, Daniel.	Serg't	G.	8th N. Y. Cav.	Waynesboro, Va.	Mar. 2, '65	Capture of flag.
Kelly, Thomas	Priv.	A.	6th N. Y. Cav.	Front Royal, Va	Aug. 16, '64	Capture of flag.
Kemp, Joseph B	1st Serg't	D.	5th Mich. Inf.	Wilderness, Va.	May 6, '64	Capture of flag of 31st North Carolina.
Kennedy, John.		M.	2nd U. S. Art	Trevillian Station.	July 11, '64	Gallantry in action.
Kenyon, Samuel P.	Priv.	B.	24th N. Y. Cav	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of battle flag.
Keough, John	Corp.	E.	67th Pa. Inf.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of battle flag of 50th Georgia.
Kerr, John Brown	Capt.		6th U. S. Cav.	White River, S. D.	1874	Gallantry in action.
Kiggins, John.	Priv.	C.	12th N. Y. Inf.	Lookout Mountain.	Nov. 24, '63	Gallantry in action.
Kimball, Joseph.	Priv.	B.	2nd W. Va. Cav.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag of 6th North Carolina Infantry.
Kindig, John M.	Corp.	A.	63rd Pa. Inf	Spottsylvania, Va.	May 12, '64	Capture of flag of 28th North Carolina.
Kline, Henry.	Priv.	E.	40th N. Y. Inf	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag.
Knight, William	Priv.	E.	21st Ohio Inf.	Georgia.	1862	Spec. serv. under Gen. Mitchel.
Knox, Edward M	2nd Lieut.		15th N. Y. Ind. Bat.	Gettysburg, Pa.	July 2, '63	Gallantry in action.
Knox, John W	Corp.	I.	5th U. S. Inf	Upper Washita River, I. T.	Sept. 1, '74	Gallantry in action.
Koogle, Jacob	1st Lieut.	G.	7th Md. Inf	Five Forks, Va	Apr. 1, '65	Capture of flag.
Kramer, Theodore	Priv.	G.	188th Pa. Inf.	Chaffin's Farm, near Richmond, Va.	Sept. 29, '64	Taking one of the first prison- ers—a captain.
Kuder, Andrew	Capt.	G.	8th N. Y. Cav.	Waynesboro, Va.	Mar. 2, '65	Capture of flag.
Kuder, Jeremiah	Lieut.	A.	74th Ind. Inf.	Jonesboro, Ga.	Sept. 1, '64	Capture of flags of 8th and 19th Arkansas.
Labille, Joseph S.	Priv.	C.	6th Mo. Inf.	Vicksburg, Miss.	May 22, '63	Gallantry in action.
Ladd, George	Priv.	H.	22nd N. Y. Cav	Waynesboro, Va.	Mar. 2, '65	Capture of flag.
Laing, William	Serg't	F.	158th N. Y. Inf	Chaffin's Farm, near Richmond, Va	Sept. 29, '64	Being among the first to scale the parapet.

NAME.	RANK.	CO.	ORGANIZATION.	ACTION AT	DATE.	AWARDED FOR.
Lambert, William H.	Priv.		15th Pa. Cav.....		June, July, 1863	Volunteering to remain after term of service had expired.
Landis, James P.	Ch'f Bugler		1st Pa. Cav.....	Paine's X Roads, Va.	Apr. 5, '65	Capture of flag.
Lane, Morgan D.	Priv.		Signal Corps, U. S. A.....	Near Jettersville, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag of the gunboat "Saussemont."
Lanfate, Arthur S.	1st Lieut.	B.	1st Conn. Cav.	Sailor's Creek, Va...	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag of 11th Florida Infantry.
Larimer, Smith..	Corp.	G.	2nd Ohio Cav.	Sailor's Creek, Va...	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag of Gen. Ker-shaw's headquarters.
Larabee, James W.	Lieut.	I.	55th Ill. Inf..	Vicksburg, Miss...	May 22, '65	Conspicuous gallantry.
Lawton, H. W.	Capt.		30th Ind. Inf.	Atlanta, Ga.	Aug. 3, '64	Distinguished gallantry in action.
Leonard, William C.	Priv.	F.	85th Pa. Inf.	Deep Run, Va.....	Aug. 16, '64	Capture of battle flag.
Leslie, Frank.....	Priv.	B.	11th N. Y. Cav.	Front Royal, Va.....	Aug. 15, '64	Capture of colors of 3rd Virginia.
Levy, Benjamin	Priv.	B.	10th N. Y. Inf.	Glendale, Va.....	June 30, '62	Saving regimental colors.
Lewis, Rufus W.	1st Serg't	E.	18th V. R. C.		Apr. '65	Acting as escort to remains of Pres. Lincoln to Springfield, Ill.
Lewis, Samuel E.....	Corp.	G.	1st R. I. Art.	Petersburg, Va.	Apr. 2, '65	Gallantry in action.
Lilley, John.....	Priv.	F.	265th Pa. Inf.	Petersburg, Va.....	Apr. 2, '65	Capture of battle flag.
Little, Henry F. W.	Serg't	D.	7th N. H. Inf.	Near Richmond, Va.	Sept. '64	Gallantry on the skirmish line.
Livingston, Josiah O.	Capt.		9th Vt. Inf....	Newport Barracks, N. C.		
Lobbas, Francis W.	Priv.	H.	1st Neb. Vet. Cav	Gilman's Ranch, Neb.....	Feb. 2, '64	Gallantry in action.
Lomenzan, John.....	Capt.	A.	13th Vt. Inf.	Gettysburg, Pa.	July 23, '63	Gallantry in defending government property ag'nt Indians.
Lorish, Andrew J.	Comy-Serg't		1st N. Y. Dragoons.	Winchester, Va.	Sept. 19, '64	Distinguished gallantry in action.
Love, George M.	Col.		116th N. Y. Inf..	Cedar Creek, Va.	Oct. 19, '64	Capture of Confederate National flag.
Lovering, George M....	Lieut.		4th Mass. Inf....			Capture of battle flag of 2nd South Carolina.
Lower, Cyrus B.....	Priv.		23rd Ohio Inf..	Wilderness, Va...	May 7, '64	Gallantry.
Lower, Robert A.	Priv.	K.	55th Ill. Inf....	Vicksburg, Miss.	May 23, '65	Conspicuous gallantry.
Loyd, George	Priv.	A.	122nd Ohio Inf.	Petersburg, Va.	Apr. 2, '65	Capture of division battle flag of General Heth.
Lucas, George W.	Priv.	C.	3rd Mo. Cav....			Gallantry.
Lunt, Alphonso M.	Serg't	F.	38th Mass. Inf.	Opequam Creek, Va.	Sept. 19, '64	Distinguished conduct in action.
Lutes, Franklin W.	Corp.	D.	111th N. Y. Inf.	Petersburg, Va.....	Mar. 31, '65	Capture of flag of 41st Alabama.
Luty, Gottlieb.....	Serg't	A.	74th N. Y. Inf..	Chancellorsville, Va.	May 3, '63	Bravery in action.
Lyman, Joel H.	Q. M. Serg't		9th N. Y. Cav..	Winchester, Va.	Sept. 19, '64	Gallantry in action.
Lynch, John B.....	Priv.	D.	3rd Ind. Cav....	Fredericksburg, Va.	May 6, '64	Carrying dispatch from President to Gen. Grant.
Lyon, Frederick A. ...	Corp.	A.	1st Vt. Cav....	Cedar Creek, Va...	Oct. 19, '64	Capture of flag.
McArthur, Jr., Arthur	Adj't		24th Wis. Inf..	Missionary Ridge.	Nov. 23, '63	Distinguished gallantry in action.
McBryan, William..	Serg't	K.	10th U. S. Cav..	Salt River, Ariz.....	Mar. 7, '70	Bravery in action.
McCamly, James M....	Capt.	A.	9th V. R. C.		Apr. '65	Acting as escort to remains of Pres. Lincoln to Springfield, Ill.
McCarren, Bernard..	Priv.	C.	1st Del. Inf....	Gettysburg, Va.	July 3, '63	Capture of flag.
McCaustin, Joseph	Priv.	D.	12th W. Va. Inf.			Gallantry in action.
McCleary, Charles H..	1st Lieut.	C.	72nd Ohio Inf..	Nashville, Tenn.....	Dec. 16, '64	Capture of flag of 4th Florida.
McConnell, Samuel	Capt.	H.	119 Ill. Inf....	Blakely, Ala.....	Apr. 9, '65	Capture of flag.
McCormack, Andrew W.	Serg't		127th Ill. Inf....	Vicksburg, Miss.	May 22, '63	Gallantry in action.
McDonald, George E...	Priv.	L.	1st Conn. Art....	Fort Steadman, near Petersburg, Va.....	Mar. 25, '65	Capture of flag.
McElhany, Samuel O..	Priv.	A.	2nd W. Va. Cav.	Sailor's Creek, Va...	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag.
McEnroe, Patrick H....	Serg't	D.	6th N. Y. Cav...	Winchester, Va.....	Sept. 19, '64	Capture of colors of 36th Va.
McGinn, Michael A.	Ord. Serg't					
McGinn, Edward		F.	54th Ohio Inf.	Vicksburg, Miss....	May 22, '63	Gallantry in action.
McGonagle, Wilson...	Priv.	B.	30th Ohio Inf.	Vicksburg, Miss....	May 22, '63	Gallantry in action.
McGraw, Thomas	Serg't	B.	23rd Ill. Inf....			Gallantry in action.
McKee, George	Col-Serg't	D.	89th N. Y. Inf.			Gallantry in action.
McKeen, Nineveh S....	Lieut.		21st Ill. Inf....	Stone River.....		Conspicuous gallantry in action.
McKown, Nathaniel A.	Serg't	B.	58th Pa. Inf.	Chaffin's Farm, near Richmond, Va.....	Sept. 29, '64	Capture of flag.
McMason, Martin T.	Capt.			White Oak Swamp.		Distinguished bravery in action.
McMillan, Francis M..	Serg't	C.	110th Ohio Inf..	Petersburg, Va.	Apr. 2, '65	Capture of flag.
McVean, John P.....	Priv.	D.	49th N. Y. Inf..	Fredericksburg, Va.	Dec. '62	Gallantry in action.
McWhorton, Walter F.	Comy-Serg't	E.	5th W. Va. Cav.	Sailor's Creek, Va...	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag of 6th Tennessee Infantry.
Mahoney, Jeremiah....	Serg't	A.	29th Mass. Inf.	Fort Sanders, Knoxville, Tenn.	Nov. 29, '63	Capture of flag of 17th Mississippi.
Mandy, Henry J.....	1st Serg't	B.	19th N. Y. Cav.	Front Royal, Va.	Aug. 15, '64	Capture of flag of 3rd Virginia.

NAME.	RANK.	CO.	ORGANIZATION.	ACTION AT	DATE.	AWARDED FOR
Manning, Joseph S.	Priv.	K.	29th Mass. Inf. . .	Fort Sanders, Knox-ville, Tenn.	Nov. 29, '63	Capture of flag of 16th or 18th Georgia.
Manning, Richard C.	Priv.	G.	100th N. Y. Inf. . .	Hatcher's Run	Apr. 2, '65	Capture of flag of 8th Mississippi Infantry. .
Marquent, Charles	Serg't	F.	93rd Pa. Inf.	Petersburg, Va. . . .	Apr. 2, '65	Capture of flag.
Marsh, Albert	Serg't	B.	64th N. Y. Inf. . .	Spottsylvania, Va. . .	May 12, '64	Capture of flag.
Marsh, Charles H. . .	Priv.	D.	1st Conn. Cav. . . .	Back Cr. Valley, Va.	July 31, '64	Capture of flag.
Marshall, A. Judson. .	1st Serg't	K.	9th V. R. C.		Apr. '65	Acting as escort to remains of Pres. Lincoln to Springfield, Ill.
Martin, Sylvester H.	Capt.	K.	88th Pa. Inf.	Weldon Railroad	Aug. 19, '64	Distinguished gallantry in action.
Mason, Elihu H.	Serg't	K.	21st Ohio Inf.	Georgia	1862	Spec. serv. under Gen. Mitchel.
Matthews, John C. . . .	Col.-Serg't	K.	61st Pa. Inf.	Petersburg, Va.	Apr. 1, '65	Bravery.
Matthews, Milton . . .	Priv.	C.	61st Pa. Inf.	Petersburg, Va.	Apr. 2, '65	Capture of flag of 7th Tennessee.
Mattingly, Henry B.	Priv.	B.	10th Ky. Inf.	Jonesboro, Ga.	Sept. 1, '64	Capture of flags of 6th and 7th Arkansas.
May, William	Priv.	H.	32nd Ohio Inf.	Nashville, Tenn.	Dec. 16, '64	Capture of flag of Bonanchad's Battery.
Mayberry, John B.	Priv.	F.	1st Del. Inf.	Gettysburg, Pa.	July 3, '63	Capture of flag.
Mays, Isaiah	Corp.	B.	24th U. S. Inf. . . .		May 11, '69	Gallantry in action.
Meach, George E.	Farrier	L.	6th N. Y. Cav. . . .	Winchester, Va.	Sept. 19, '64	Capture of flag.
Meagher, Thomas	1st Serg't	G.	158th N. Y. Inf.	Chaffin's Farm, near Richmond, Va.	Sept. 29, '64	Gallantry in action.
Mechlin, Henry W. B.		H.	7th U. S. Cav.			Bravery.
Mege, William.	Drummer	C.	33rd N. J. Inf.	Murfreesboro, Tenn.	Dec. '64	Bravery in action.
Mentzer, John W.		D.	5th Mich. Inf.	Sailor's Creek, Va. . .	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag.
Merritt, John G.	Serg't	K.	1st Minn. Inf.	Bull Run, Va.	July . . . '61	Gallantry in action.
Miles, Nelson A.	Maj.-Gen.			Services against Indians.		
Miller, Frank	Priv.	M.	2nd N. Y. Cav.	Sailor's Creek, Va. . .	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag of 25th Battalion, Virginia Infantry.
Miller, Henry A.	Capt.	B.	8th Ill. Inf.	Blakely, Ala.	Apr. 9, '65	Capture of flag.
Miller, James P. . . .	Priv.	D.	4th Iowa Cav.	Selma, Ala.	Apr. 2, '65	Capture of standard of 12th Mississippi Cavalry.
Miller, John	Corp.	G.	8th Ohio Inf.	Gettysburg, Pa. . . .	July 3, '63	Capture of two flags.
Miller, John.	Priv.	H.	8th N. Y. Cav.	Waynesboro, Va. . . .	May 2, '65	Capture of flag.
Mindil, George W. . . .	Gen.		40th N. Y. Inf.	Williamsburg	May '62	Distinguished gallantry.
Mitchell, Alexander H.	Priv.	A.	102nd Pa. Inf.	Spottsylvania, Va. . .	May 12, '64	Capture of flag of 18th North Carolina.
Mitchell, John.	Musician	I.	5th U. S. Inf.	Upper Washita River, Texas	Sept. 9, '74	Gallantry in action.
Mitchell, Theodore . . .	Priv.	C.	61st Pa. Inf.	Petersburg, Va.	Apr. 2, '65	Capture of flag.
Molbone, Archibald. . .	Serg't	G.	1st R. I. Art.	Petersburg, Va.	Apr. 2, '65	Gallantry in action.
Monaghan, Patrick . . .	Corp.	G.	48th Pa. Inf.	Petersburg, Va.	June 17, '64	Recapture of colors of 7th New York Heavy Artillery.
Moore, George G.	Priv.	D.	11th W. Va. Inf.	Fisher's Hill, Va. . . .	Sept. 22, '64	Capture of flag.
Moore, Wilbur F.	Priv.	C.	117th Ill. Inf. . . .	Nashville, Tenn. . . .	Dec. 16, '64	Capture of flag.
Morford, J.	Priv.	K.	55th Ill. Inf.	Vicksburg, Miss. . . .	May 22, '63	Conspicuous gallantry in action.
Morgan, Lewis	Priv.	L.	4th Ohio Inf.	Spottsylvania, Va.	May 12, '64	Capture of flag.
Morgan, Richard H. . .	Corp.	A.	4th Iowa Cav.	Columbus, Ga.	Apr. 16, '65	Capture of flag.
Morris, William.	Serg't	C.	1st N. Y. Lincoln Cavalry	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag of 40th Virginia.
Morse, Benjamin.	Priv.	C.	3rd Mich. Inf.	Spottsylvania, Va.	May 12, '64	Gallantry in action.
Morse, C. E.	Serg't	L.	62nd N. Y. Inf.	Wilderness, Va.	May 3, '64	Saving the regimental colors.
Mundell, Walter L. . . .	Corp.	E.	5th Mich. Inf.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag.
Munsell, Harvey M. . . .	Serg't	A.	99th Pa. Inf.		1861 to 1865	Service during the rebellion; carrying the colors of the regiment.
Murphy, Daniel.	Serg't	F.	19th Mass. Inf.	Hatcher's Run, Va.	Oct. 27, '64	Capture of flag of 47th North Carolina.
Murphy, Edward	2nd Lieut.	B.	10th V. R. C.		Apr. '65	Acting as escort to remains of Pres. Lincoln to Springfield, Ill.
Murphy, Jeremiah J. . .	Priv.	M.	3rd U. S. Cav.	Ag'st Sioux Indians	Mar. . . . '76	Conspicuous bravery.
Murphy, John P.	Priv.	K.	5th Ohio Inf.	Annapolis, Md.	Sept. 17, '62	Capture of flag of 13th Alabama.
Murphy, Robinson B.	Priv.	A.	127th Ill. Inf.	Atlanta, Ga.	July 22, '65	Bravery.
Murphy, Thomas.	Corp.	K.	158th N. Y. Inf.	Chaffin's Farm, near Richmond, Va.	Sept. 29, '64	Capture of flag.
Murphy, Thomas J. . . .	1st Serg't	G.	140th N. Y. Inf.	Five Forks, Va.	Apr. 1, '65	Capture of flag.
Myers, William H.	Priv.	A.	1st Md. Cav.	Appom'tx C. H., Va.	Apr. 9, '65	Gallantry in action.
Nelson, Jacob F.	1st Serg't	A.	9th V. R. C.		Apr. '65	Acting as escort to remains of Pres. Lincoln to Springfield, Ill.
Nevers, Robert.	2nd Lieut.	H.	8th N. Y. Cav.	Waynesboro, Va. . . .	Mar. 2, '65	Capture of two flags.
Neville, Edwin M. . . .	Capt.	C.	1st Conn. Cav.	Sailor's Creek, Va. . .	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag.
Newman, Henry	Serg't	A.	5th U. S. Cav.	Near Camp Crittenden, Ark.	July 12, '63	Distinguished gallantry in action.

NAME.	RANK.	CO.	ORGANIZATION.	ACTION AT	DATE.	AWARDED FOR
Newman, William H.	Lieut.	B.	86th N. Y. Inf.	Near Amelia Springs, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag.
Nihill, John	Serg't	F.	50th U. S. Cav.	Against Apache Indians, Arizona.	July 13, '72	Conspicuous bravery.
Niven, Robert	Capt.		8th N. Y. Inf.	Waynesboro	Mar. 2, '65	Capturing a flag.
Noble, William H.	1st Serg't	G.	12th V. R. C.		Apr. '65	Acting as escort to remains of Pres. Lincoln to Springfield, Ill.
Norton, Elliott M.	2nd Lieut.	H.	6th Mich. Cav.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of two flags.
Norton, John R.	Lieut.	M.	1st N. Y. Lin. Cav.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag.
Norton, Llewellyn P.	Serg't	L.	10th N. Y. Cav.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 2, '65	Gallantry in action.
Noyes, William Wallace.	Priv.	F.	2nd Vt. Inf.	Spottsylvania, Va.	May 12, '64	Gallantry in action.
Nutting, Lee	Capt.		61st N. Y. Inf.	Todd's Tavern	May 8, '64	Conspicuous gallantry in action.
O'Brien, Henry D.	Capt.	A.	1st Minn. Inf.			Bravery in action.
O'Brien, Peter.	Priv.	A.	1st N. Y. Lin. Cav.	Waynesboro, Va.	Mar. 2, '65	Capture of flag.
O'Connor, Timothy.	Priv.	E.	1st U. S. Cav.			
Oliver, Charles	Serg't	M.	100th Pa. Inf.	Petersburg, Va.	Mar. 25, '65	Capture of flag of 31st Georgia Infantry.
Opel, John N.	Priv.	G.	7th Ind. Inf.	Wilderness, Va.	May 5, '64	Capture of flag of 50th Virginia.
Orbanski, David	Priv.	B.	58th Ohio Inf.	Shiloh, Tenn., Vicksburg, Miss., etc.	1862 & 1863	Gallantry in action.
Orr, Robert Levan	Col.	H.	61st Pa. Inf.	Petersburg, Va.	Apr. 2, '65	Capturing battle flags.
Orth, Jacob G.	Serg't	D.	28th Pa. Inf.	Antietam, Md.	Sept. 17, '62	Capture of flag, supposed of 7th South Carolina.
Packard, Loron F.	Serg't	E.	5th N. Y. Cav.	Raccoon Ford, Va.	Nov. 27, '63	Distinguished gallantry in action.
Pardun, James M.	1st Serg't	K.	24th V. R. C.		Apr. '65	Acting as escort to remains of Pres. Lincoln to Springfield, Ill.
Parker, Thomas	Corp.	B.	2nd R. I. Inf.	Petersburg and Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 2, 6, '65	Gallantry in action.
Parks, James W.	Corp.	F.	11th Mo. Inf.	Nashville, Tenn.	Dec. 16, '64	Capture of flag.
Parks, Jeremiah	Priv.	A.	9th N. Y. Cav.	Cedar Creek, Va.	Oct. 19, '64	Capture of flag.
Parrott, Jacob	Priv.	K.	33rd Ohio Inf.	Georgia	1862	Spec. serv. under Gen. Mitchell.
Payne, Irvin C.	Corp.	M.	2nd N. Y. Cav.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of Virginia State colors.
Pearsall, Platt	Priv.	C.	30th Ohio Inf.	Vicksburg, Miss.	May 22, '63	Gallantry in action.
Peck, Cassius.	Serg't		U. S. S.	Petersburg		Gallantry in action.
Peck, Theodore S.	1st Lieut.	H.	9th Vermont.	Newport Barracks, N. C.	Feb. 2, '64	Gallantry in action.
Pentzer, Patrick H.	Capt.	C.	97th Ill. Inf.	Blakely, Ala.	Apr. 9, '65	Capture of flag.
Phillips, Josiah.	Priv.	E.	148th Pa. Inf.	Sutherland Station, Va.	Apr. 2, '65	Capture of flag.
Piersol, James K.	Serg't	F.	13th Ohio Cav.	Paine's X Roads, Va.	Apr. 5, '65	Capture of flag.
Pingree, Samuel E.	Capt.	F.	3rd Vt. Inf.	Lee's Mills, Va.	Apr. 16, '62	Gallantry in action.
Pinn, Robert	1st Serg't	I.	5th U. S. C. T.	Chaffin's Farm near Richmond, Va.	Sept. 29, '64	Gallantry in action.
Pittenger, William	Serg't	G.	2nd Ohio Inf.	Georgia	1862	Spec. serv. under Gen. Mitchell.
Pittman, George J.	Serg't	C.	1st N. Y. Lin. Cav.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag of the Sumter Artillery.
Plowman, George H.	Serg't-Maj.		3rd Md. Bat. Inf.	Petersburg, Va.	June 17, '64	Recapture of colors of the Prov. 2nd Pa. Artillery.
Plunkett, Thomas	Serg't	E.	21st Mass. Inf.	Fredericksburg, Va.	Dec. '62	Gallantry in action.
Porter, John R.	Priv.	G.	21st Ohio Inf.	Georgia	1862	Spec. serv. under Gen. Mitchell.
Porter, William	Serg't	H.	1st N. J. Cav.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Gallantry in action.
Postles, J. Parke.	Capt.	A.	1st Del. Inf.	Gettysburg, Pa.	July 3, '63	Gallantry in action.
Potter, Geo. W.	Priv.	G.	1st R. I. Light Art.	Petersburg, Va.	Apr. 2, '65	Bravery in action.
Potter, Norman F.	1st Serg't	E.	149th N. Y. Inf.	Lookout Mountain, Tenn.	Nov. 24, '63	Capture of flag (Bragg's army).
Powell, William H.	Maj.		2nd Loy'l Va. Cav.	Sinking Cr'k Valley.	Nov. 26, '62	Capturing a camp.
Quay, Matthew Stanley.	Col.		134th Pa. Inf.	Fredericksburg, Va.	Dec. 13, '62	Distinguished services.
Quinlan, James	Lieut.-Col.		88th N. Y. Inf.	Seven Pines		Bravery.
Ransbottom, Alfred	1st Serg't	K.	97th Ohio Inf.	Franklin, Tenn.	Nov. 30, '64	Capture of flag.
Ratcliff, Edward	1st Serg't	C.	38th U. S. C. T.	Chaffin's Farm near Richmond, Va.	Sept. 29, '64	Gallantry in action.
Read, Mort. A.	Lieut.	D.	8th N. Y. Cav.	Appomattox Station, Va.	Apr. 8, '65	Capture of flag of 1st Texas Infantry.
Rebmann, Geo. F.	Serg't	B.	119th Ill. Inf.	Blakely, Ala.	Apr. 9, '65	Capture of flag.
Reddick, William H.	Corp.	B.	33rd Ohio Inf.	Georgia	1862	Spec. serv. under Gen. Mitchell.
Reed, Geo. W.	Priv.	E.	11th Pa. Inf.	Weldon R. R., Va.	Aug. 21, '64	Capture of flag.
Reed, Thomas	Priv.	C.	27th N. J. Inf.	Pennsylvania and Maryland.	1863	Offering his services to the government after expiration of term of service.
Reld, Robert	Priv.	G.	48th Pa. Inf.	Petersburg, Va.	June 17, '64	Capture of flag of 44th Georgia.
Reigle, Daniel P.	Corp.	F.	87th Pa. Inf.	Cedar Creek, Va.	Oct. 19, '64	Capture of flag.
Renninger, Louis	Priv.	H.	37th Ohio Inf.	Vicksburg, Miss.	May 22, '63	Gallantry in action.
Reynolds, George	Priv.	M.	9th N. Y. Cav.	Winchester, Va.	Sept. 19, '64	Capture of Virginia State flag.
Rice, Edmund	Col.		19th Mass. Inf.	Gettysburg, Pa.	3rd day bat.	Conspicuous bravery.
Richardson, William R.	Priv.	A.	2nd Ohio Vet. Cav.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Gallant and meritorious conduct.
Richmond, James	Priv.	F.	8th Ohio Inf.	Gettysburg, Pa.	July 3, '63	Capture of flag.

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Ricksecker, John H.	Priv.	D.	104th Ohio Inf.	Franklin, Tenn.	Nov. 30, '64	Capture of flag of 16th Ala. Art.
Riddell, Rudolph	Lieut.	I.	61st N. Y. Inf.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag.
Riley, Thomas	Priv.	D.	1st La. Cav.	Blakely, Ala.	Apr. 4, '65	Capture of flag.
Robbins, Augustus J.	Lieut.	B.	2nd Vt. Inf.	Spottsylvania, Va.	May 12, '64	Distinguished bravery in action.
Roberts, Otis O.	Serg't	H.	6th Me. Inf.	Rappahannock Station, Va.	Nov. 7, '63	Capture of flag of 8th Louisiana. Spec. serv. under Gen. Mitchel.
Robertson, Samuel	Priv.	G.	33rd Ohio Inf.	Georgia	1862	
Robie, George F. (Frank Robey)	Serg't	D.	7th N. H. Inf.	Richmond, Va.	1864	Bravery.
Robinson, John	Priv.	I.	19th Mass. Inf.	Gettysburg, Pa.	July 3, '63	Capture of flag of 57th Virginia.
Robinson, John C.	Maj.-Gen.			Laurel Hill, Va.	May 8, '64	Distinguished gallantry in action.
Robinson, Joseph	Priv.	I.	3rd U. S. Cav.	Rosebud Mountains, Montana	June 17, '76	Distinguished bravery in action.
Robinson, Thomas	Priv.	H.	81st Pa. Inf.	Spottsylvania, Va.	May 12, '64	Capture of flag.
Roche, David	Priv.	K.	1st U. S. Inf.	Wolf Mt., Montana.	Jan. 8, '77	Gallantry in action.
Rodenbough, T. F.	Capt.		2nd U. S. Cav.	Trevillian Station.	June 11, '64	Gallant and meritorious conduct in action.
Rood, Oliver P.	Priv.	B.	20th Ind. Inf.	Gettysburg, Pa.	July 3, '63	Capture of flag of 21st North Carolina.
Roosevelt, George W.	1st Serg't	K.	26th Pa. Inf.	Bull Run, Georgia	Aug. '62	Recapturing regimental flag.
Ross, Marion A.	Serg't-Maj.		2nd Ohio Inf.		1862	Spec. serv. under Gen. Mitchel.
Rought, Stephen	Serg't	A.	141st Pa. Inf.	Wilderness, Va.	May 6, '64	Capture of flag of 13th North Carolina.
Rounds, Lewis A.	Priv.	D.	8th Ohio Inf.	Spottsylvania, Va.	May 12, '64	Capture of flag.
Rowand, Archibald H.	Priv.	K.	1st W. Va. Cav.		1861 to 1865	Gallant and meritorious services through the war.
Rowe, Henry W.	Priv.	I.	11th N. H. Inf.	Petersburg, Va.	June 17, '64	Capture of flag.
Russell, Charles L.	Corp.	H.	93rd N. Y. Inf.	Spottsylvania, Va.	May 12, '64	Capture of flag of 42nd Virginia.
Ryan, Peter J.	Priv.	D.	11th Ind. Inf.	Winchester, Va.	Sept. 19, '64	Capture of fourteen Confederates in severest part of battle.
Sacriste, Louis J.	Maj.		116th Pa. Inf.	Chancellorsville, Va.	May 3, '63	Distinguished services in action.
Sanford, Jacob	Priv.		55th Ill. Inf.	Auburn, Va.	Oct. 14, '63	Conspicuous gallantry.
Supp, Isaac			71st Pa. Inf.	Vicksburg, Miss.	May 22, '65	Gallantry in action.
Savacool, Edwin F.	Capt.	K.	1st N. Y. Lincoln Cavalry	Gettysburg, Pa.	July 3, '63	
Schellenburger, John S.	Corp.	B.	85th Pa. Inf.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag.
Schiebel, George	Priv.	D.	49th N. Y. Inf.	Deep Run, Va.	Aug. 16, '64	Capture of flag.
Schiller, John	Priv.	E.	158th N. Y. Inf.	Gettysburg, Pa.	July 1-3, '63	Bravery in action.
Schlachter, Phillip	Priv.	F.	73rd N. Y. Inf.	Chaffin's Farm, near Richmond, Va.	Sept. 29, '64	Gallantry in action.
Schmal, George W.	Bl'ksmith	M.	24th N. Y. Cav.	Spottsylvania, Va.	May 12, '64	Capture of flag of 15th La.
Schon, Julius	Serg't	G.	4th U. S. Cav.	Paine's X Roads, Va.	Apr. 5, '65	Capture of flag.
Schorn, Charles	Ch'f Bugl'r	M.	1st W. Va. Cav.	Campaign against the Sioux Indians	1876	Distinguished conduct.
Schroeter, Charles	Priv.		8th U. S. Cav.	Appomattox, Va.	Apr. 8, '65	Capture of flag of the Sumter Flying Artillery.
Schubert, Martin	Corp.	E.	26th N. Y. Inf.	Chiricahua Pass, Ariz.	Oct. 20, '69	Distinguished bravery in action.
Schwenk, Martin	Serg't	B.	6th U. S. Cav.	Fredericksburg, Va.	Dec. 13, '62	Bravery in action.
Seofield, David S.	Q.M. Serg't	K.	5th N. Y. Cav.	Millerstown, Pa.	July '63	Distinguished conduct in action.
Scott, John M.	Serg't	F.	21st Ohio Inf.	Cedar Creek, Va.	Oct. 19, '64	Capture of flag.
Scott, John Wallace	Capt.	D.	157th Pa. Inf.	Georgia	1862	Spec. serv. under Gen. Mitchel.
Scott, Julian A.	Drummer	E.	3rd Vt. Inf.	Five Forks, Va.	Apr. 1, '65	Capture of flag.
Seaman, Elisha B.	Priv.	A.	66th Ohio Inf.	Lee's Mills, Va.	Apr. 16, '62	Bravery in battle.
Sears, Cyrus	1st Lieut.		11th Bat'talion Ohio Light Art.	Chancellorsville, Va.	May 2, '63	Succoring the wounded.
Seaver, Thomas O.	Col.		3rd Vermont	Iuka, Miss.	Sept. 19, '62	Distinguished bravery in action.
Sedgwick, Irving M.	1st Serg't	H.	18th V. R. C.	Spottsylvania C. H., Va.	May 10, '64	Distinguished gallantry in action.
Sellers, Alfred J.	Col.		30th Pa. Inf.		Apr. '65	Acting as escort to remains of Pres. Lincoln to Springfield, Ill.
Seston, Charles H.	Serg't	I.	11th Ind. Inf.	Gettysburg, Pa.	July 1, '63	Distinguished gallantry in action.
Shahand, Amzi	Corp.	A.	1st W. Va. Cav.	Winchester, Va.	Sept. 19, '64	Gallant and meritorious services in carrying the regimental colors.
Shaler, Alexander	Gen'l		7th N. Y. N. G.			Capture of flag of 76th Georgia.
Shambaugh, Charles	Corp.	B.	11th Pa. Reserves	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Leading an assault.
Shaw, Thomas	Serg't	K.	9th U. S. Cav.	Marye's Heights, Fredericksburg, Va.	May 3, '63	Capture of flag.
Shea, Joseph H.	Priv.	K.	92nd N. Y. Inf.	Charles City X Rds., Va.	June 30, '62	Distinguished bravery in action.
				Carizo Canon, N. M.	Aug. 12, '81	
				Chaffin's Farm, near Richmond, Va.	Sept. 29, '64	Gallantry in bringing wounded from the field.

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Shepherd, William	Priv.	A.	3rd Ind. Cav.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag.
Sherman, Marsack	Priv.	C.	1st Minn. Inf.	Gettysburg, Pa.	July 3, '63	Capture of flag of 58th Virginia.
Shields, Bernard	Priv.	E.	2nd W. Va. Cav.	Appomattox, Va.	Apr. 8, '65	Capture of flag of the Washington Artillery.
Snelling, John	1st Serg't	H.	3rd Del. Inf.	Weldon R. R., Va.	Aug. 21, '64	Capture of flag.
Shipley, Robert F.	Serg't	A.	140th N. Y. Inf.	Five Forks, Va.	Apr. 1, '65	Capture of flag.
Shoemaker, Levi	Serg't	A.	1st W. Va. Cav.	Nineveh, Va.	Nov. 12, '64	Capture of flag of 22nd Virginia Cavalry.
Shopp, George J.	Priv.	E.	191st Pa. Inf.	Five Forks, Va.	Apr. 1, '65	Capture of flag.
Shubert, Frank	Serg't	L.	43rd N. Y. Inf.	Petersburg, Va.	Apr. 2, '65	Capture of two markers.
Sidman, George Dallas	Priv.	C.	16th Mich. Inf.	Gaines Mills, Va.	June 27, '62	Distinguished bravery.
Simmons, John	Priv.	D.	2nd N. Y. Hy. Art.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag.
Simmons, William T.	Lieut.	C.	11th Mo. Inf.	Nashville, Tenn.	Dec. 16, '64	Capture of flag of 34th Alabama.
Skellam, Ebenezer	Lieut.	D.	112th N. Y. Inf.	Chaffin's Farm, Va.	Sept. 29, '64	Gallantry in action.
Slavens, Samuel	Priv.	F.	33rd Ohio Inf.	Georgia	1862	Spec. serv. under Gen. Mitchell.
Sloan, Andrew J.	Priv.	H.	12th Iowa Inf.	Nashville, Tenn.	Dec. 16, '64	Capture of flag.
Smawley, Reuben				Vicksburg, Miss.	May 22, '63	Distinguished bravery in action.
Smith, Alonzo	Serg't	C.	7th Mich. Inf.	Hatcher's Run, Va.	Oct. 27, '64	Capture of flag of 26th North Carolina.
Smith, Frank T.	1st Serg't	C.	10th V. R. C.		Apr. '65	Acting as escort to remains of Pres. Lincoln to Springfield, Ill.
Smith, Henry I.	1st Lieut.		7th Iowa Inf.	Big Black River, N.C.	Mar. 15, '65	Saving comrade from drowning.
Smith, James	Priv.	I.	2nd Ohio Inf.	Georgia	1862	Special services under General Mitchell.
Smith, John P.	1st Serg't	I.	14th V. R. C.		Apr. '65	Acting as escort to remains of Pres. Lincoln to Springfield, Ill.
Smith, Joseph S.	Brig-Gen.			Hatcher's Run, Va.	Oct. 27, '64	Distinguished conduct in action.
Smith, Otis W.	Priv.	G.	95th Ohio Inf.	Nashville, Tenn.	Dec. 16, '64	Capture of flag of 6th Florida.
Smith, Richard	Priv.	B.	95th N. Y. Inf.	Weldon R. R., Va.	Aug. 21, '64	Gallantry in action.
Southard, David	Serg't	C.	1st N. J. Cav.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag.
Sova, Joseph E.	Saddler	H.	8th N. Y. Cav.	Virginia	Apr. '65	Capture of flag.
Sperry, William J.	Brevet Lieut.-Col.					
Spillane, Timothy	Priv.	C.	6th Vermont	Petersburg, Va.	Feb. 5, 7, '65	Gallantry in action.
Sterling, John T.	Priv.	D.	16th Pa. Cav.	Hatcher's Run, Va.	Sept. 19, '64	Gallantry in action.
Stevens, Hazard	Capt.	D.	11th Ind. Inf.	Winchester, Va.	Sept. 19, '64	Gallantry in action.
Stewart, George W.	1st Serg't	E.	116 Pa. Inf.	Fort Huger, Va.	Apr. 19, '63	Special gallantry in action.
Stewart, Joseph	Priv.	E.	1st N. J. Cav.	Jetersville, Va.	Apr. 5, '65	Capture of flag.
Stickels, Joseph	Serg't	G.	1st Md. Inf.	Five Forks, Va.	Apr. 1, '65	Capture of flag.
Stockman, George M.	Lieut.	A.	83rd Ohio Inf.	Blakely, Ala.	Apr. 9, '65	Capture of flag.
Stokes, George	Priv.	C.	122nd Ill. Inf.	Vicksburg, Miss.	May 22, '63	Gallantry in action.
Storr, Robert	Priv.	C.	15th N. Y. Eng'rs.	Nashville, Tenn.	Dec. 16, '64	Capture of flag.
Strasbaugh, Barnard A.	1st Serg't	A.	3rd Md. Bat'l Inf.	Petersburg, Va.	1864 & 1862 June 17, '64	Services during the rebellion. Recapture of the colors of the Prov. 2nd Pa. Artillery.
Streile, Christian	Priv.	I.	1st N. J. Cav.	Virginia	Apr. '65	Capture of flag.
Surles, William H.	Priv.	G.	2nd Ohio Inf.	Perryville, Ky.	Oct. 8, '62	Gallantry in action.
Swan, Charles A.	Priv.	K.	11th Iowa Cav.	Selma, Ala.	Apr. 2, '65	Capture of flag and bearer (11th Miss.).
Sweeny, James	Priv.	A.	1st Vermont Cav.	Cedar Creek, Va.	Oct. 10, '64	Capture of N. C. State colors.
Swinehart, Chester	1st Serg't	D.	7th V. R. C.		Apr. '65	Acting as escort to remains of Pres. Lincoln to Springfield, Ill.
Taggart, Charles A.	Priv.	B.	37th Mass. Inf.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag.
Tanner, Charles B.	Lieut.		11th Del. Inf.	Antietam	Sept. 17, '62	Gallantry in action.
Taylor, H. H.	Serg't	C.	45th Ill. Inf.	Vicksburg, Miss.	June 29, '63	Distinguished gallantry in action.
Taylor, Richard	Priv.	E.	18th Ind. Inf.	Cedar Creek, Va.	Oct. 19, '64	Capture of flag.
Terry, John D.	Serg't	F.	23rd Mass. Inf.	New Berne, N. C.	Mar. 14, '62	Gallantry in action.
Thackrah, Benjamin	Scout		115th N. Y. Inf.		Apr. 1, '64	
Thomas, Charles L.	Serg't	E.	11th Ohio Cav.	Powder River Exp.	1865	Distinguished gallantry in action.
Thomas, Stephen	Col.		8th Vermont	Cedar Creek, Va.		Gallantry in action.
Thompson, Freeman C.	Corp.	F.	116th Ohio Inf.			Gallant conduct in battle.
Thompson, James B.	Serg't	G.	1st Pa. Rifles	Gettysburg, Pa.	July 3, '63	Capture of flag of 15th Georgia.
Thompson, J. H.	Brig. Surg.		U. S. Vols.	New Berne, N. C.	Mar. 14, '62	Capture of flag of 15th Georgia.
Thompson, Thomas	Priv.	A.	66th Ohio Inf.	Chancellorsville, Va.	May 2, '63	Succoring the wounded.
Thompson, William P.	Serg't	C.	20th Ind. Inf.	Wilderness, Va.	May 6, '64	Capture of flag of 55th Virginia.
Tibbets, Andrew W.	Priv.	I.	3rd Iowa Cav.	Columbus, Ga.	Apr. 16, '65	Capture of flag and bearer, Austin's Battery.
Tilton, William	Serg't	C.	7th N. H. Inf.			Gallant conduct in the field.
Titus, Charles	Serg't	H.	1st N. J. Cav.	Sailor's Creek, Va.	Apr. 6, '65	Gallantry in action.
Tompkins, Aaron B.	Serg't	G.	1st N. J. Cav.	Virginia	Apr. 5, '65	Gallantry in action.
Tompkins, George W.	Corp.	F.	12th N. Y. Inf.	Near Watkins House, Petersburg, Va.	Mar. 25, '65	Capture of flag of 59th Alabama.
Toomer, William	Serg't	G.	127th Ill. Inf.	Vicksburg, Miss.	May 22, '63	Gallantry in action.
Torgier, Ernest	Serg't	G.	37th Ohio Inf.	Liza Chapel, Ga.		Distinguished gallantry in action.
Tow, Fred I.	Serg't	G.	7th U. S. Cav.	Wounded Knee Cr'k,	Dec. 29, '90	Distinguished conduct in action.

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Trogden, Howell G.....	Priv.	B.	8th Mo. Inf	Vicksburg, Miss..	May 22, '63	Distinguished conduct in action.
Truell, Edwin M.....	Priv.	E.	12th Wis. Inf	Near Atlanta, Ga..	July 21, '64	Gallantry in action.
Tucker, Allan.....	Serg't	F.	10th Conn. Inf			Gallant conduct in battle.
Tucker, Jacob R.....	Corp.	G.	4th Md. Inf	Petersburg, Va. . .	Apr. '65	Gallantry in the final and successful assault.
Tyrrell, George William	Corp.	H.	5th Ohio Inf.	Resaca, Ga	May 14, '64	Capture of flag.
Urell, Michael.....	Priv.	E.	82nd N. Y. Inf	Bristow Station, Va.	Oct. 14, '63	Gallantry in action.
Van Matre, Joseph.....	Priv.	G.	116th Ohio Inf.			Gallant conduct in battle.
Vanwinkle, Edward.....	Corp.	C.	148th N. Y. Inf	Chaffin's Farm, near Richmond, Va..	Sept. 29, '64	Gallantry in action.
Veal, Charles.....	Priv.	D.	4th U. S. C. T	Chaffin's Farm, near Richmond, Va..	Sept. 29, '64	Gallantry in action.
Veale, Moses.....	Lieut.			Wauhatchie, Tenn	Oct. 28, '63	Conspicuous bravery in action.
Veazey, Wheelock G.....	Col.		16th Vt. Inf.....	Gettysburg, Pa.....	July 3, '63	Distinguished gallantry.....
Vifquain, Victor.....	Lieut.-Col.		97th Ill. Inf.....	Blakely, Ala.....	Apr. 9, '65	Capture of flag.
Wainwright, John.....	Col.		97th Pa. Inf.....		Oct. 7, '64	Gallantry in action.
Walker, Allen.....	Priv.		Troop C. 3rd U. S. Cav.....	Texas	Dec. 30, '91	Distinguished service in action.
Walker, Dr. Mary E.....					1861 to 1865	Services rendered during the war.
Wall, Jerry.....	Priv.	B.	126th N. Y. Inf.	Gettysburg, Pa	July 3, '63	Capture of flag.
Wallace, Lew.....	Gen'l		11th Ind. Inf.....			
Waller, Francis A.....	Corp.	I.	6th Wis. Inf.	Gettysburg, Pa	July 1, '63	Capture of flag of 20th Miss.
Wally, Augustus.....	Priv.		Troop I., 9th U. S. Cav.....	Cuchillo, N. M.....	Aug. 16, '81	Gallantry in action.
Walsh, John.....	Corp.	D.	5th N. Y. Cav.....	Cedar Creek, Va.....	Oct. 19, '64	Capture of flag.
Warden, John.....	Lieut.	E.	55th Ill. Inf.....	Vicksburg, Miss.....	May 22, '65	Conspicuous gallantry.
Warfel, Harry C.....	Priv.	A.	1st Pa. Cav.....	Paine's X Roads, Va	Apr. 5, '65	Capture of Virginia State colors.
Warren, Francis E.....	Corp.	C.	49th Mass. Inf.....	Port Hudson, La.....	May 26, '63	Distinguished service in action.
Webb, Alexander S.....	Gen'l			Gettysburg, Pa.....	July '63	Distinguished gallantry in action.
Weeks, John.....	Priv.	H.	152nd N. Y. Inf	Spottsylvania, Va	May 12, '64	Capture of flag and color bearer.
Weiss, Martin.....	Priv.	C.	148th N. Y. Inf..			Distinguished bravery in action.
Welch, George.....	Priv.	A.	11th Me. Inf.....	Nashville, Tenn.....	Dec. 16, '64	Capture of flag.
Welch, Richard.....	Corp.	E.	37th Mass. Inf.	Petersburg, Va	Apr. 2, '65	Capture of flag.
Wells, Henry S.....	Priv.	C.	148th N. Y. Inf..	Chaffin's Farm, near Richmond, Va.....	Sept. 29, '64	Gallantry in action.
Wells, Thomas M.....	Ch'f Bug'l'r		6th N. Y. Cav.....	Cedar Creek, Va.....	Oct. 19, '64	Capture of colors of 44th Ga.
Wells, William.....	Col.		1st Vermont Cav	Gettysburg, Pa.....	July 3, '63	Distinguished gallantry.
Welsh, Edward.....	Priv.	D.	51th Ohio Inf.....	Vicksburg, Miss.....	May 22, '63	Gallantry in action.
Westerhold, William.....	Serg't	G.	52nd N. Y. Inf.....	Spottsylvania, Va.	May 12, '64	Capture of flag of 23rd Virginia.
Wheaton, Lloyd.....	Lieut.-Col.		8th Ill. Inf.....	Fort Blakely, Ala.....	Apr. 9, '65	Bravery in action.
Wheeler, Daniel D.....	Col.		4th Vt. Inf.....	Salem Heights, Va	May 3, '63	Distinguished bravery in action.
White, Adam.....	Corp.	G.	11th W. Va. Inf	Hatcher's Run, Va	Apr. 2, '65	Capture of flag.
Whitman, Frank M.....	Priv.	G.	35th Mass. Inf..	Antietam, Md., Spottsylvania, Va.	Sept., 1862, & May, 1864	Distinguished services in action.
Whitmore, John.....	Priv.	F.	119th Ill. Inf.....	Blakely, Ala.....	Apr. 9, '65	Capture of flag.
Whittier, Edward N.....	Priv.	C.	1st R. I. Inf.....	Fisher's Hill.....	Sept. 22, '64	Conspicuous bravery in action.
Wiley, James.....	Serg't	B.	59th N. Y. Inf.	Gettysburg, Pa	July 3, '63	Capture of flag of a Georgia regiment.
Wilhelm, George.....	Col.		186th Ohio Inf.	Champion Hill.	May 16, '63	Bravery in action.
Wilkins, Leander A.....	Serg't	H.	9th N. H. Inf.....	Petersburg, Va.	July 30, '64	Recapture of the colors of the 21st Massachusetts.
Williston, Edward B.....	Lieut.		Battery D. 2nd U. S. Art	Trevillian Station...	June 12, '64	Distinguished bravery in action.
Wilson, Charles E.....	Serg't	A.	1st N. J. Cav.	Sailor's Creek, Va...	Apr. 6, '65	Gallantry in action as color bearer.
Wilson, Francis.....	Corp.	B.	95th Pa. Inf.....	Petersburg, Va	Apr. 2, '65	Bravery in action.
Wilson, John.....	Serg't	L.	1st N. J. Cav.	Chamberlain's Creek Va.....	Mar. 31, '65	Gallantry in action.
Wilson, John A.....	Priv.	C.	21st Ohio Inf.	Georgia.....	1862	Special services under General Mitchel.
Wilson, Joseph K.....	Sergt.-Maj.		8th U. S. Inf.	Texas	1861	Bringing colors of the regiment out of Texas, after capture of the regiment.
Wilson, William.....	Priv.		Troop I. 4th U. S. Cav.....	Against Indians in Texas	1872	Distinguished gallantry in action.
Winegar, William W.....	Lieut.	B.	1st N. Y. Dragoon	Five Forks, Va	Apr. 1, '65	Capture of battle flag.
Wiseman, William H.....	1st Serg't	E.	24th V. R. C.....		Apr. '65	Acting as escort to remains of Pres. Lincoln to Springfield, Ill.
Wollam, John.....	Priv.	C.	33rd Ohio Inf.....	Georgia.	1862	Special services under General Mitchel.
Wood, Mark.....	Priv.	C.	21st Ohio Inf.....	Georgia.	1862	Spec. serv. under Gen. Mitchel.

NAME.	RANK.	CO.	ORGANIZATION.	ACTION AT	DATE.	AWARDED FOR
Woodall, William H.	Scout.		Gen. Sheridan's Headquarters	Virginia	Apr. '65	Capture of headquarter's flag of Brig.-Gen. Barringer, com- manding brigade of N. C. Cav.
Woodbury, Eri D	Serg't	E.	1st Vt. Cav.	Cedar Creek, Va.	Oct. 19, '64	Capture of flag.
Woods, Daniel A	Priv.	K.	1st Va. Cav.	Sailor's Crecek, Va	Apr. 6, '65	Capture of flag of 18th Florida Infantry.
Wray, William J.	Priv.	F.	23rd Pa. Inf.	Fort Stevens, D. C.	July 12, '64	Distinguished conduct in ac- tion.
Wright, Robert ..	Priv.	G.	14th U. S. Inf	Chapel House Farm, Va	Oct. 1, '64	Gallantry in action.
Young, Andrew J	Serg't	F.	1st Pa. Cav.	Paine's X Roads, Va.	Apr. 5, '65	Capture of flag.
Young, Calvary M	Serg't	L.	3rd Iowa Cav	Osage, Kansas.	Oct. 25, '64	Gallantry in capturing General Cabell.
Youngs, Benjamin F	Corp.	I.	1st Mich. S. S. ...	Petersburg, Va..	June 17, '64	Capture of flag of 35th North Carolina.
Yunker, John L	Priv.	A.	12th U. S. Inf	Cedar Mountain	Aug. 9, '62	Bravery.
Ziegner, Herman.	Priv.		Troop E. 7th U. S. Cav.	Wounded Knee Cr..	Dec. 29, '90	Distinguished bravery in ac- tion.

MEDAL OF HONOR LIST, UNITED STATES NAVY.

U. S. S. KEARSARGE.

Michael Ahearn. Paymaster's Steward. Engagement with Alabama, June 19, 1864.
John F. Bickford. Captain of Top. Ditto.
William Bond. Boatswain's Mate. Ditto.
John Dempsey. Seaman. Rescuing a drowning man, January 24, 1875.
James Haley. Captain of Forecastle. Engagement with Alabama, June 19, 1864.
Mark G. Ham. Carpenter's Mate. Ditto.
George H. Harrison. Seaman. Ditto.
John Hayes. Cockswain. Ditto.
James H. Lee. Seaman. Ditto.
Charles Moore. Seaman. Ditto.
Joachim Pease. Seaman (colored). Ditto.
Thomas Perry. Boatswain's Mate. Ditto.
William B. Poole. Quartermaster. Ditto.
Charles A. Reed. Cockswain. Ditto.
George E. Reed. Seaman. Ditto.
James Saunders. Quartermaster. Ditto.
William Smith. Quartermaster. Ditto.
Robert Strahan. Captain of Top. Ditto.
Robert Sweeney. Ordinary Seaman. Rescue of drowning man, October 26, 1881.

U. S. S. MISSISSIPPI.

Christopher Brennen. Seaman. Attack on Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and New Orleans, April 24 and 25, 1862.
Andrew Brinn. Seaman. Attack on Port Hudson batteries, March 14, 1863.
Peter Howard. Boatswain's Mate. Ditto.
P. R. Vaughn. Sergeant of Marines. Ditto.

U. S. S. GALENA.

Thomas Jordan. Quartermaster. Engagement in Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864.
Charles Kenyon. Fireman. Attack upon Drury's Bluff, May 15, 1862.
John Mackie. Corporal of Marines. Attack on Fort Darling, at Drury's Bluff, May 15, 1862.
Jeremiah Regan. Quartermaster. Attack upon Drury's Bluff, May 15, 1862.
Edward B. Young. Cockswain. Engagement in Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864.
Edward Martin. Quartermaster. Ditto.

U. S. S. RICHMOND.

Thomas Atkinson. Yeoman. Engagement at Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864.
John Brazell. Quartermaster. Ditto.
Robert Brown. Captain of Top. Ditto.
William M. Carr. Master-at-arms. Ditto.
James B. Chandler. Cockswain. Ditto.
Thomas Cripps. Quartermaster. Ditto.
Cornelius Cronin. Chief Quartermaster. Ditto.
Charles Deakin. Boatswain's Mate. Ditto.
William Densmore. Chief Boatswain's Mate. Ditto.
William Doolin. Coal-heaver. Ditto.
Adam Duncan. Boatswain's Mate. Ditto.
Hugh Hamilton. Cockswain. Ditto.
Thomas Hayes. Cockswain. Ditto.
John Hickman. Second-class Fireman. Engagement of the Port Hudson batteries, March 14, 1863.
John H. James. Captain of Top. Engagement at Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864.
William Jones. Captain of Top. Ditto.
James Martin. Sergeant of Marines. Ditto.
Matthew McClelland. First-class Fireman. Engagement of the Port Hudson batteries, March 14, 1863.
James McIntosh. Captain of Top. Engagement at Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864.
Andrew Miller. Sergeant of Marines. Ditto.
James H. Morgan. Captain of Top. Ditto.
George Parks. Captain of Forecastle. Ditto.
John Rush. First-class Fireman. Engagement at Port Hudson batteries, March 14, 1863.
Hendrick Sharp. Seaman. Engagement at Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864.

Lebbeus Simkins. Cockswain. Ditto.
James Smith. Captain of Forecastle. Ditto.
John Smith. Second Captain of Top. Ditto.
Olof Smith. Cockswain. Ditto.
Walter B. Smith. Ordinary Seaman. Ditto.
David Sprowle. Orderly Sergeant. Ditto.
Alexander H. Truett. Cockswain. Ditto.
Joseph E. Vantine. First-class Fireman. Engagement at Port Hudson batteries, March 14, 1863.
William Wells. Quartermaster. Engagement at Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864.
Thomas Mitchell. Landsman. Rescued drowning man, November 17, 1879.

U. S. S. CINCINNATI.

Frank Bois. Quartermaster. Attack on the Vicksburg batteries, May 27, 1863.
Thomas E. Corcoran. Landsman. Ditto.
Henry Dow. Boatswain's Mate. Ditto.
Thomas W. Hamilton. Quartermaster. Ditto.
Thomas Jenkins. Seaman. Ditto.
Martin McHugh. Seaman. Ditto.

U. S. S. SUSQUEHANNA.

Henry S. Webster. Landsman. Assault on Fort Fisher, January 15, 1865.
Charles H. Weeks. Captain of Foretop. Off Charleston, September 21, 1864.

U. S. S. BROOKLYN.

William Blageen. Ship's Cook. Engagement in Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864.
John Brown. Captain of Forecastle. Ditto.
William H. Brown. Landsman. Ditto.
James Buck. Quartermaster. Attack on Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and the taking of New Orleans, April 24 and 25, 1862.
John Cooper. Cockswain. Engagement in Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864.
Samuel W. Davis. Ordinary Seaman. Ditto.
J. Henry Denig. Sergeant of Marines. Ditto.
Richard Dennis. Boatswain's Mate. Ditto.
William Halstead. Cockswain. Ditto.
Michael Hudson. Sergeant of Marines. Ditto.
Joseph Irlam. Seaman. Ditto.
John Irving. Cockswain. Ditto.
Nicholas Irwin. Seaman. Ditto.
Barnett Kenna. Quartermaster. Ditto.
James Machon. Boy. Ditto.
Alexander Mack. Captain of Top. Ditto.
William Madden. Coal-heaver. Ditto.
James Mifflin. Landsman. Ditto.
William Nichols. Quartermaster. Ditto.
Miles M. Oviatt. Corporal of Marines. Ditto.
Edward Price. Cockswain. Ditto.
William Smith. Corporal of Marines. Ditto.
James E. Sterling. Coal-heaver. Ditto.
Samuel Todd. Quartermaster. Ditto.

U. S. S. ALASKA.

Edward Barrett. Second-class Fireman. Callao Bay, Peru, September 14, 1881.
John Laverty. Fireman. Ditto.
Hugh Purvis. Private Marine. Corea.

U. S. S. TACONY.

Henry Brutsche. Landsman. Engagement at Plymouth, October 31, 1864.
Robert Graham. Landsman. Ditto.
Michael C. Horgan. Landsman. Ditto.
Martin Howard. Landsman. Ditto.
James Tallentine. Quarter-gunner. Ditto.

U. S. S. WABASH.

Albert Burton. Seaman. Attack on Fort Fisher, January 15, 1865.
Edward Ringold. Cockswain. Engagement at Pocatatego, October 22, 1862.

L. C. Shepard. Ordinary Seaman. Attack on Fort Fisher, January 15, 1865.
A. J. Terhune. Corporal of Marines. Ditto.

U. S. S. FORT HINDMAN.

James K. L. Faneau. Ordinary Seaman. Engagement near Hartford, Feb. 26, 1864.
William P. Johnson. Landsman. Ditto.
Hugh McCoy. Ordinary Seaman. Ditto.

U. S. S. WYALUSING.

Charles Baldwin. Coal-heaver. Engagement with the Albatross on Roanoke River, May 29, 1864.
Alexander Crawford. Fireman. Ditto.
John Laverdy. Fireman. Ditto.
Benjamin Lloyd. Coal-heaver. Ditto.
John W. Lloyd. Cockswain. Ditto.

U. S. S. HARTFORD.

Wilson Brown. Landsman. Engagement in Mobile Bay, August 8, 1864.
John Costello. Ordinary Seaman. Rescue of drowning man, at Philadelphia, July 15, 1876.
Richard D. Dunphy. Coal-heaver. Engagement in Mobile Bay, August 8, 1864.
Thomas Fitzpatrick. Cockswain. Ditto.
Martin Freeman. Pilot. Ditto.
James R. Garrison. Coal-heaver. Ditto.
John Lawson. Landsman. Ditto.
John McFarland. Captain of Forecastle. Ditto.
Charles Melville. Ordinary Seaman. Ditto.
Thomas O'Connell. Coal-heaver. Ditto.
William Pelham. Landsman. Ditto.
Richard Ryan. Ordinary Seaman. Rescue of drowning man at Norfolk, Va., March 4, 1876.
William A. Stanley. Shellman. Engagement in Mobile Bay, August 8, 1864.
Bartholomew Diggins. Ordinary Seaman. Ditto.

U. S. S. PICKET BOAT NO. 1.

Lorenzo Demming. Landsman. Engagement with the Albatross, October 27, 1864.
Richard Hamilton. Coal-heaver. Ditto.
Bernard Harley. Ordinary Seaman. Ditto.
Edward J. Houghton. Ordinary Seaman. Ditto.
R. H. King. Landsman. Ditto.
William Smith. Ordinary Seaman. Ditto.
Henry Wilkes. Landsman. Ditto.

U. S. S. SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

Philip Bazaar. Ordinary Seaman. Attack on Fort Fisher, January 15, 1865.
John Griffiths. Captain of Forecastle. Ditto.
George Province. Ordinary Seaman. Ditto.
Auzella Savage. Ordinary Seaman. Ditto.
John Swanson. Seaman. Ditto.
Augustus Williams. Seaman. Ditto.
Edward Swaiton. Seaman. Ditto.

U. S. S. PONTOOSUC.

John Angling. Boy. Operations in Cape Fear River, from December 24, 1864, to January 22, 1865.
Asa Betham. Cockswain. Ditto.
Robert M. Blair. Boatswain's Mate. Ditto.
John P. Erickson. Captain of Forecastle. Ditto.
George W. McWilliams. Landsman. Ditto.
James V. Verney. Chief Quartermaster. Ditto.
Anthony Williams. Sailmaker's Mate. Ditto.

U. S. S. VARUNA.

Thomas Bourne. Seaman and Gun Captain. Attack on Forts Jackson and St. Philip, April 24, 1862.
John Greene. Captain of Forecastle. Ditto.
George Hollat. Third-class Boy. Ditto.
William Martin. Seaman. Ditto.
John McEwan. Quartermaster. Ditto.
William McKnight. Cockswain. Ditto.
Oscar E. Peck. Second-class Boy. Ditto.
Amos Bradley. Landsman. Ditto.

U. S. S. METACOMET.

James Avery. Seaman. Engagement in Mobile Bay, August 8, 1864.
Henry Baker. Quarter-gunner. Ditto.
John Donnelly. Ordinary Seaman. Ditto.
John Harris. Captain of Forecastle. Ditto.

Henry Johnson. Seaman. Ditto.
Patrick Murphy. Boatswain's Mate. Ditto.
Thomas Taylor. Cockswain. Ditto.
John Noble. Landsman. Ditto.

U. S. S. MINNESOTA.

Gurdon H. Barter. Landsman. Assault on Fort Fisher, January 15, 1865.
David L. Bass. Seaman. Ditto.
Thomas Connor. Ordinary Seaman. Ditto.
Thomas Harcourt. Ordinary Seaman. Ditto.
William Hill. Captain of Top. Rescued drowning man, June 22, 1884.
Robert Jourdan. Cockswain. At Nansemond River, April 14, 1863.
John Lucy. Second-class Boy. At Castle Garden, New York, July 9, 1876.
Charles Mills. Seaman. Assault on Fort Fisher, January 15, 1865.
John Rannahau. Corporal of Marines. Ditto.
John Shivers. Private Marine. Ditto.
Henry Thielberg. Seaman. At Nansemond River, April 14, 1863.
Henry Thompson. Private Marine. Assault on Fort Fisher, January 15, 1865.
Adam Weissel. Ship's Cook. Rescue of drowning man, Newport, R. I., August 26, 1881.
Franklin L. Wilcox. Ordinary Seaman. Assault on Fort Fisher, January 15, 1865.
Robert B. Wood. Cockswain. At Nansemond River, April 14, 1863.
Samuel Woods. Seaman. Ditto.

U. S. S. BENICIA.

John Andrews. Ordinary Seaman. Corea, June 9 and 10, 1871.
James Daugherty. Private Marine. Ditto.
H. P. Grace. Chief Quartermaster. Attack on Korean Forts, June 10 and 11, 1871.
Michael McNamara. Private Marine. Ditto.
Albert Weisbogel. Captain of the Mizzen-top. Rescue of drowning man, January 11, 1874.

U. S. S. NEW IRONSIDES.

James Barnum. Boatswain's Mate. Operations at Fort Fisher, 1864 and 1865.
John Dempster. Cockswain. Ditto.
Thomas English. Signal Quartermaster. Ditto.
Edmund Haffee. Quarter-gunner. Ditto.
Nicholas Lear. Quartermaster. Ditto.
Daniel S. Millikin. Quarter-gunner. Ditto.
Joseph White. Cockswain. Ditto.
Richard Willis. Cockswain. Ditto.

U. S. S. RHODE ISLAND.

Charles H. Foy. Signal Quartermaster. Operations at Fort Fisher.
Luke M. Griswold. Ordinary Seaman. During the foundering of the Monitor, December 30, 1862.
Lewis A. Horton. Seaman. Ditto.
John Jones. Landsman. Ditto.
Hugh Logan. Captain of the Afterguard. Ditto.
George Moore. Seaman. Ditto.
Charles H. Smith. Cockswain. Ditto.
William B. Stacy. Seaman. Rescue of drowning man.
Maurice Wagg. Cockswain. During the foundering of the Monitor, December 30, 1862.

U. S. S. LACKAWANNA.

John M. Burns. Seaman. Bravery.
Michael Cassidy. Landsman. Coolness and courage.
Louis G. Chaput. Landsman. Great bravery.
Patrick Daugherty. Landsman. Bravery.
John Edwards. Captain of Top. Coolness and great courage.
Isaac L. Fasser. Ordinary Seaman. Rescue of drowning man, June 13, 1884.
Samuel W. Kinnaird. Landsman. Coolness and courage.
Adam McCulloch. Seaman. Great bravery.
William Phinney. Boatswain's Mate. Coolness and courage.
John Smith. Captain of Forecastle. Courage.
George Taylor. Armorer. Great courage.
James Ward. Quarter-gunner. Great courage.
Daniel Whitfield. Quartermaster. Great coolness and courage.
Louis Williams. Captain of Top. Rescue of drowning man, March 16, 1883.

Louis Williams. Captain of Hold. Rescue of drowning man. June 13, 1884.

U. S. S. DE SOTO.

Richard Bates. Seaman. Rescue of drowning men, May 10, 1880.

John Brown. Captain of Afterguard. Ditto.

Thomas Burk. Seaman. Ditto.

U. S. S. SABINE.

Frank DuMoulin. Apprentice. Rescue of drowning man. September 5, 1867.

U. S. S. MONOCACY.

W. H. Belpitt. Captain of Afterguard. Rescue of drowning man, October 7, 1884.

U. S. S. POWHATAN.

William Anderson. Cockswain. Rescue of drowning man. June 28, 1875.

George W. Cutter. Landsman. Rescue of drowning man. May 27, 1872.

Joseph B. Noil. Seaman (colored). Rescue of drowning man, December 26, 1873.

U. S. S. WYANDANK.

Aaron Anderson. Landsman (colored). Expedition up Mattox Creek, March 17, 1865.

Patrick Mullen. Boatswain's Mate. Ditto.

U. S. S. CARONDELET.

Matthew Arthur. Signal Quartermaster. Forts Henry and Donelson, February 6 and 14, 1862.

John Dorman. Seaman. Bravery.

Michael Huskey. Fireman. Deer Creek Expedition, March, 1863.

John G. Morrison. Cockswain. Engagement in Yazoo River, July 15, 1862.

U. S. S. LANCASTER.

J. F. Auer. Ordinary Seaman. Rescue of drowning man. November 20, 1883.

Matthew Gillick. Boatswain's Mate. Ditto.

John Morris. Corporal. U. S. Marine Corps. Rescue of drowning man, December 25, 1881.

U. S. S. CANANDAIGUA.

Oliver O'Brien. Cockswain. Near Fort Moultrie, November 28, 1864.

U. S. S. HUNCHBACK.

Thomas C. Barton. Seaman. Attack upon Franklin, Va., October 3, 1862.

U. S. S. SANTEE.

George Bell. Captain of Afterguard. Galveston Bay, November 7, 1861.

U. S. S. OSSIPPEE.

James Benson. Seaman. Rescue of drowning man, June 20, 1872.

U. S. S. MOHICAN.

William Thompson. Signal Quartermaster. Action at Hilton Head, November 7, 1864.

John Williams. Boatswain's Mate. Ditto.

U. S. S. TICONDEROGA.

Edward R. Bowman. Quartermaster. Attack on Fort Fisher. William Campbell. Boatswain's Mate. Ditto.

Isaac N. Fry. Orderly Sergeant. Ditto.

Joseph B. Hayden. Quartermaster. Ditto.

Thomas Jones. Cockswain. Ditto.

George Prance. Captain of the Maintop. Ditto.

William Shipman. Cockswain. Ditto.

Robert Summers. Chief Quartermaster. Ditto.

William G. Taylor. Captain of Forecastle. Ditto.

U. S. S. COLORADO.

Charles Brown. Corporal of Marines. Korean Forts, June 11, 1871.

John Coleman. Private Marine. Ditto.

Frederick Franklin. Quartermaster. Great Bravery.

Cyrus Hayden. Carpenter. Ditto.

Alexander McKenzie. Boatswain's Mate. Korean Forts, June 11, 1871.

James McLeod. Captain of Foretop. Operations before New Orleans, April 24 and 25, 1862.

Michael Owens. Private Marine. Korean Forts, June 11, 1871.

Samuel F. Rogers. Quartermaster. Ditto.

William Troy. Ordinary Seaman. Ditto.

U. S. S. PLYMOUTH.

Michael Connolly. Ordinary Seaman. Rescue of drowning man, August 7, 1876.

William Corey. Landsman. Rescue of drowning man, July 3, 1876.

Charles Giddings. Seaman. Ditto.

George Holt. Quarter-gunner. Rescue of drowning man, July 3, 1871.

Thomas Kersey. Ordinary Seaman. Rescue of drowning man, July 26, 1876.

Emile Lejune. Seaman. Rescue of drowning man, June 6, 1876.

James Stewart. Corporal of Marine Guard. Rescue of drowning man, February 1, 1872.

Paul Tobin. Landsman. Rescue of drowning man, July 3, 1871.

Albert Weisbogel. Captain of the Mizzentop. Rescue of drowning man, April 27, 1876.

U. S. S. COMMODORE PERRY.

John Breen. Boatswain's Mate. Attack upon Franklin, Va., October 3, 1862.

John Williams. Seaman. Ditto.

Alfred Peterson. Seaman. Ditto.

Daniel Lakin. Seaman. Ditto.

U. S. S. HOWQUAH.

William C. Connor. Boatswain's Mate. Off Wilmington, N. C., November 25, 1864.

Alexander Robinson. Boatswain's Mate. Off Wilmington, N. C., September 25, 1864.

U. S. S. WACHUSETT.

Alexander Bradley. Landsman. Rescue of drowning man, August 7, 1872.

U. S. S. DACOTAH.

Thomas Harding. Captain of Forecastle. Near Beaufort, N. C., June 9, 1864.

U. S. S. LOUISVILLE.

Charles Bradley. Boatswain's Mate. Coolness and bravery.

James Byrnes. Boatswain's Mate. Ditto.

Timothy Sullivan. Cockswain. Ditto.

William Talbott. Captain of Forecastle. Capture of Arkansas Post, January 10 and 11, 1863.

U. S. S. SCIOTA.

Edward W. Hathaway. Seaman. Before Vicksburg, February 28, 1862.

U. S. S. ALBATROSS.

James Brown. Quartermaster. Action with Fort De Russy, May 4, 1863.

U. S. S. CONSTITUTION.

James Horton. Captain of Top. Courageous conduct, February 13, 1879.

Joseph Matthews. Captain of Top. Ditto.

James Thayer. Ship's Corporal. Rescue of drowning man at Norfolk, Va., November 16, 1879.

Henry Williams. Carpenter's Mate. Important service, February 13, 1879.

U. S. S. SARATOGA.

David M. Buchanan. Apprentice. Rescue of drowning man, July 15, 1879.

John Hayden. Apprentice. Ditto.

John Ortega. Seaman. Meritorious conduct.

William Sadler. Captain of Top. Rescue of drowning man, June 25, 1881.

U. S. S. HURON.

James Cary. Seaman. Rescue of drowning men.

Antonio Williams. Seaman. November 24, 1877.

U. S. S. NEREUS.

Thomas Kane. Captain of Hold. Assault on Fort Fisher, January 15, 1865.

U. S. S. FRANKLIN.

John Handran. Seaman. Rescue of drowning man, January 9, 1876.
Edward Maddin. Ordinary Seaman. Ditto.

U. S. S. IROQUOIS.

Hugh King. Ordinary Seaman. Rescue of drowning man, September 7, 1871.

U. S. S. MONTICELLO.

Robert T. Clifford. Master-at-arms. New Topsail Inlet, August 22, 1863.
John Sullivan. Seaman. Off Wilmington, N. C., June 23 to 25, 1864.
David Warren. Cockswain. Ditto.
William Wright. Yeoman. Ditto.

U. S. S. MONADNOCK.

William Dunn. Quartermaster. Attacks on Fort Fisher, December, 1864, and January, 1865.

U. S. S. COMMODORE HULL.

Patrick Colbert. Cockswain. Capture of Plymouth, October 31, 1864.

U. S. S. C. P. WILLIAMS.

John Jackson. Ordinary Seaman. Stone Inlet, August 16, 1863.

U. S. S. DALE.

Joseph H. Davis. Landsman. Rescue of drowning man, January 22, 1886.

U. S. S. MARMORA.

William J. Franks. Yazoo City, March 5, 1864.
James Stoddard. Ditto.

U. S. S. TRENTON.

John Davis. Ordinary Seaman. Rescue of drowning man, February, 1881.
Philip Moore. Seaman. Rescue of drowning man, September 21, 1880.
John Russell. Seaman. Ditto.
Alexander Turvelin. Seaman. Rescue of drowning man, February, 1881.

U. S. S. SUPPLY.

John Flannagan. Boatswain's Mate. Rescue of drowning man, October 26, 1878.

U. S. S. SIGNAL.

Charles Asten. Quarter-gunner. Engagement in Red River, May 5, 1864.
George Butts. Gunner's Mate. Ditto.
John Hyland. Seaman. Ditto.
Michael McCormick. Boatswain's Mate. Ditto.
Timothy O'Donoghue. Seaman. Ditto.
Perry Wilkes. Pilot. Ditto.

U. S. S. BENTON.

William P. Brownell. Cockswain. Operations around Vicksburg, May, 1863.
William Martin. Boatswain's Mate. Coolness and bravery.
Charles W. Morton. Boatswain's Mate. Ditto.
Robert Williams. Signal Quartermaster. Ditto.
William Moore. Boatswain's Mate. Attack on Haines' Bluff, December 27, 1862.

U. S. S. SHENANDOAH.

William Morse. Seaman. Rescue of drowning man, September 14, 1880.
Isaac Sapp. Seaman. Rescue of drowning man.
John Smith. Seaman. Rescue of drowning man, September 14, 1880.

U. S. S. QUINNEBAUG.

August Chandron. Seaman Apprentice. Rescue of drowning man, November 21, 1880.
Hugh Miller. Boatswain's Mate. Ditto.
P. J. Kyle. Landsman. Rescue of drowning man, March 13, 1879.

U. S. S. BARON DE KALB.

Peter Cotton. Cockswain. Distinguished bravery.
Pierre Leon. Captain of Forecastle. Distinguished himself in several actions.

John McDonald. Boatswain's Mate. Ditto.
Charles Robinson. Boatswain's Mate. Ditto.

U. S. S. YUCCA.

John Robinson. Captain of the Hold. Pensacola Bay, January 19, 1867.

U. S. S. GETTYSBURG.

Walter Elmore. Landsman. Rescue of drowning man, October 1, 1878.

U. S. S. KEOKUK.

Robert Anderson. Quartermaster. During the attack on Charleston.

U. S. S. AGAWAM.

Charles J. Bibber. Gunner's Mate. Operations at Fort Fisher, December 23, 1864.
Dennis Conlan. Seaman. Ditto.
William Garvin. Captain of Forecastle. Ditto.
Charles Hawkins. Seaman. Ditto.
William Hinnegan. Second-class Fireman. Ditto.
Robert Montgomery. Captain of Afterguard. Ditto.
John Neil. Quarter-gunner. Ditto.
Charles Rice. Coal-heaver. Ditto.
James Roberts. Seaman. Ditto.
James Sullivan. Ordinary Seaman. Ditto.

U. S. S. DON.

Patrick Mullen. Boatswain's Mate. Mattox Creek, March 17, 1865.

U. S. S. PINOLA.

J. B. Frisbee. Gunner's Mate. Operations near New Orleans, April 24 and 25, 1862.

U. S. S. SAGINAW.

William Halford. Cockswain. Sandwich Islands, October, 1870.

U. S. S. ONEIDA.

William Gardner. Seaman. Great courage.
John E. Jones. Quartermaster. Ditto.
Thomas Kendrick. Cockswain. Ditto.
David Naylor. Landsman. Ditto.
William Newland. Ordinary Seaman. Ditto.
John Preston. Landsman. Ditto.
James S. Roantree. Sergeant of Marines. Ditto.
James Sheridan. Quartermaster. Ditto.
Charles B. Woram. Seaman. Ditto.

U. S. S. LEHIGH.

Frank S. Gile. Landsman. Charleston Harbor, November 16, 1863.
Thomas Irving. Cockswain. Ditto.
George W. Leland. Gunner's Mate. Ditto.
William Williams. Landsman. Ditto.
Horatio N. Young. Seaman. Ditto.

U. S. S. CERES.

Alexander Hand. Quartermaster. Roanoke River, July 9, 1862.
John Kelley. Second-class Fireman. Ditto.

U. S. S. TALLAPOOSA.

David Harrington. First-class Fireman. August 21, 1884.
John W. Magee. Second-class Fireman. Ditto.
August Ohmsem. Master-at-arms. Ditto.
Thomas Robinson. Captain of Afterguard. Rescue of drowning man, July 15, 1866.

U. S. S. MONTAUK.

James Horton. Gunner's Mate. September 21, 1864. Bravery during fire on board ship.
John Rountry. First-class Fireman. Ditto.

U. S. S. PORTSMOUTH.

H. C. Courtney. Seaman. Rescue of drowning man, February 7, 1882.
T. Cramen. Boatswain's Mate. Ditto.
Francis Moore. Boatswain's Mate. Rescue of drowning man, January 23, 1882.

U. S. S. PETREL.

Bartlett Lafey. Yazoo City, March 5, 1864.
John H. Nibbe. Quartermaster. Yazoo River, April 22, 1865.

U. S. S. NARRAGANSETT.

Thomas Lakin. Seaman. Rescue of drowning men, November 24, 1874.

U. S. S. CHICKASAW.

Andrew Jones. Chief Boatswain's Mate. Engagement in Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864.
James Seanor. Master-at-arms. Ditto.

U. S. S. HENDRICK HUDSON.

John Mack. Seaman. St. Marks, Florida, March 5 and 6, 1865.
George Schutt. Cockswain. Ditto.

U. S. S. NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Henry J. Manning. Quartermaster. Rescue of drowning man, January 4, 1882.
John McCarton. Ship's Printer. Ditto.
Jeremiah Troy. Chief Boatswain's Mate. Rescue of drowning man, April 21, 1882.
James F. Sullivan. Boatswain's Mate. Ditto.

U. S. S. ESSEX.

John Millmore. Ordinary Seaman. Rescue of drowning man, October 31, 1877.
Henry Simpson. First-class Fireman. Ditto.

U. S. S. JAMESTOWN.

J. A. Norris. Landsman. Rescue of drowning man, December 20, 1883.
Robert Sweeney. Ordinary Seaman. Rescue of drowning man, December 20, 1863.

U. S. MONITOR NEOSHO.

John Ditzenback. Quartermaster. Engagement on Cumberland River, December 6, 1864.
John H. Ferrell. Pilot. Ditto.

U. S. S. JEAN SANDS.

James O'Conner. Landsman. Rescue of drowning girl, June 15, 1880.
William Sweeney. Landsman. Ditto.

U. S. S. CAYUGA.

William Parker. Captain of the Afterguard. Operations before New Orleans, April 24 and 25, 1862.
Edward Wright. Quartermaster. Ditto.
William Young. Boatswain's Mate. Ditto.

U. S. S. TENNESSEE.

George Low. Seaman. Rescue of drowning man, February 15, 1881.

U. S. S. PHILADELPHIA.

Henry A. Eilers. Gunner's Mate. Baltimore, September 17, 1892.

U. S. S. RANGER.

John Enright. Landsman. Rescue of drowning men, January 18, 1886.

U. S. S. JUNIATA.

John Osborne. Seaman. Rescue of drowning boy, August 21, 1876.

U. S. S. FORT HENRY.

Christopher Nugent. Orderly Sergeant of Marines. Crystal River, Florida, June 15, 1863.

U. S. S. POCAHONTAS.

Daniel Harrington. Landsman. Near Brunswick, Ga., March 11, 1862.

U. S. S. ADAMS.

William Johnson. Cooper. Rescue of drowning man, November 14, 1879.

U. S. S. MAGNOLIA.

John S. Lann. Landsman. St. Marks, Florida, March 5 and 6, 1865.
George Pyne. Seaman. Ditto.
Charles Read. Ordinary Seaman. Ditto.
Thomas Smith. Seaman. Ditto.

U. S. S. SWATARA.

Michael Deneef. Captain of Top. Rescue of drowning man. December 1, 1875.

U. S. S. VALLEY CITY.

John Davis. Quarter-gunner. Near Elizabeth City, N. C., February 10, 1862.

U. S. S. PENSACOLA.

Thomas Flood. Boy. Operations before New Orleans, April 24 and 25, 1862.
Thomas Lyons. Attacks on Forts Jackson and St. Philip, April 24, 1862.
Patrick Regan. Ordinary Seaman. Coquimbo, Chili, July 30, 1873.
Louis Richards. Quartermaster. Operations before New Orleans, April 24 and 25, 1862.

U. S. S. MARBLEHEAD.

Robert Blake. Contraband. Engagement on Stono River, December 25, 1863.
William Farley. Boatswain's Mate. Ditto.
James Miller. Quartermaster. Ditto.
Charles Moore. Landsman. Ditto.

U. S. S. OWASCO.

Edward Farrell. Quartermaster. Attacks upon Forts Jackson and St. Philip, April 24 and 25, 1862.

U. S. S. CANONICUS.

Daniel D. Stevens. Armorer. Attack on Fort Fisher, January 15, 1865.

U. S. S. COMMODORE.

Richard Seward. Paymaster's Steward. Personal valor near New Orleans, November, 1863.

U. S. S. WISSAHICKON.

Henry Shutes. Captain of Forecastle. Battles below New Orleans, April 24 and 25, 1862.

U. S. S. WHITEHEAD.

Edwin Smith. Ordinary Seaman. Attack upon Franklin, N. C., October 3, 1862.

U. S. S. ENTERPRISE.

Thomas Smith. Seaman. Rescue of drowning man, October 1, 1878.

U. S. TUG LEYDEN.

Michael Thornton. Seaman. Rescue of drowning man, August 25, 1881.

U. S. S. SENECA.

Othniel Tripp. Chief Boatswain's Mate. Attack on Fort Fisher, January 15, 1865.

U. S. S. FROLIC.

J. M. Trout. Second-class Fireman. Rescue of drowning man, April 20, 1877.

U. S. S. KANSAS.

Austin Denham. Seaman. Near Greytown, Nicaragua, April 12, 1872.
John Hill. Chief Quarter-gunner. Ditto.
John Johnson. Seaman. Ditto.
John O'Neal. Boatswain's Mate. Ditto.
Richard Pile. Ordinary Seaman. Ditto.
James Smith. Seaman. Ditto.

U. S. S. TIGRESS.

George Willis. Cockswain. Off the coast of Greenland, September 22, 1873.

U. S. S. ISAAC SMITH.

Richard Stout. Landsman. Stono River, January 30, 1863.

U. S. TUG FORTUNE.

Christopher Fowler. Quartermaster. Off Point Zapotitan, Mexico, May 11, 1874.
Johannes Rouning. Ordinary Seaman. Rescue of drowning man, May 7, 1882.
Christian Osepinus. Seaman. Ditto.

U. S. S. PAWNEE.

John Williams. Captain of Maintop. Attack upon Mathias Point, June 26, 1861.

U. S. MONITOR.

Peter Williams. Seaman. In the fight with the Merrimac,
March 13, 1862.

U. S. S. PITTSBURG.

John Woon. Boatswain's Mate. Engagement at Grand Gulf.
April 29, 1863.

NAME OF VESSEL NOT GIVEN.

John Cooper. Quartermaster on Admiral Thatcher's Staff.
Mobile, April 26, 1865.

William F. Lukes. Landsman. Corea, June 9 and 10,
1871.

James F. Merton. Landsman. Ditto.

Benjamin Sevearer. Sailor. Hatteras Expedition.

John Taylor. Seaman. Rescue of drowning man, September
9, 1865.

Henry Thompson. Seaman. Rescue of drowning man, June
27, 1878.

Alexander Parker. Boatswain's Mate. Rescue of drowning
man, July 25, 1876.

CONFEDERATE ROLL OF HONOR.

ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR GENERAL'S OFFICE,
RICHMOND, August 10, 1864. }

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 64.

I. The following Roll of Honor is published, in accordance with paragraph 1, General Orders No. 131 (1863). It will be read to every regiment in the service at the first dress-parade after its receipt.

II. Attention is called to the manner in which the selections, under the law, should be made. The noncommissioned officers and privates are authorized, at the first dress-parade after each victory the company shall have assisted to achieve, to distinguish, by a majority of their votes, one private or noncommissioned officer most conspicuous for gallantry and good conduct in the battle. Should more than one soldier be hereafter selected by a company, as equal in merit, the name to be announced upon the roll will be determined by lot. Commissioned officers, distinguished for gallantry on the field, are not to be selected by the vote of the company, battalion or regiment to which they belong, but a statement of their special good conduct should be made by their immediate commander, and forwarded, through the regular channel, to this office.

BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG.

Alabama.

Eighth Regiment of Infantry:

Private William H. Duke,* Co. A.
do J. R. Phillips, Co. C.
Corporal William H. Powell,* Co. D.
Private James Ganavan, Co. I.
No selections from other companies.

BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES.

Alabama.

Eighth Regiment of Infantry:

Sergeant F. K. Williams,* Co. A.
Private N. A. Hall, Co. B.
do J. B. Tallow, Co. C.
Corporal Eli Shortridge,* Co. D.
Private John H. Deaton, Co. E.
do George Lee, Co. F.
do Charles Hippler, Jr.,* Co. G.
do John Caney, Co. I.
do J. D. Garrison,* Co. K.

BATTLE OF GAINES' MILL.

Alabama.

Eighth Regiment of Infantry:

Corporal Samuel L. Cochran,* Co. A.
Private R. T. Bush, Co. B.
do John Shields, Co. C.
do W. E. Donoho,* Co. D.
Sergeant J. B. Milner, Co. F.
3d Sergeant C. F. Walker, Co. G.
Sergeant W. H. McGraugh,* Co. H.
Private Hugh McKeone, Co. I.
do John W. Griffin, Co. K.

BATTLE OF FRAZIER'S FARM.

Alabama.

Eighth Regiment of Infantry:

Sergeant Joseph Jackson,* Co. A.
Corporal N. M. Howard, Co. B.
Private Robert Gaddes, Co. C.
do J. P. Wheelan, Co. D.
4th Sergeant G. Schwartz, Co. G.

* Killed in action.

Private J. Smith, Co. G.
do John Lynch, Co. I.

SECOND BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

Alabama.

Eighth Regiment of Infantry:

Corporal R. Murphy, Co. A.
Private James Jennings, Co. I.

BATTLE OF SHARPSBURG.

Alabama.

Eighth Regiment of Infantry:

Corporal David Tucker, Co. A.
Sergeant G. T. L. Robinson, Co. B.
Private John Curry, Co. C.
Sergeant C. F. Brown, Co. D.
do Thomas Ryan,* Co. E.
Corporal J. R. Searcy, Co. F.
5th Sergeant Jas. Castello,* Co. G.
Private J. Herbert,* Co. H.
do James Ryan, Co. I.
do D. M. Harris,* Co. K.

BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

Alabama.

Eighth Regiment of Infantry:

Private Allen Bolling, Co. A.
do J. N. Howard, Co. B.
Sergeant Robert Gaddes, Co. C.
do P. H. Mayes, Co. D.
do J. A. Kelly, Co. F.
Private Patrick Leary, Co. I.
do James Reynolds,* Co. K

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Alabama.

Eighth Regiment of Infantry:

Sergeant Edmond Clark, Co. A.
Private Z. Haynes, Co. B.
Sergeant Robert Gaddes, Co. C.
do Lucius L. McCurdy, Co. D.
do James R. Strickland, Co. E.
do L. P. Ragsdale (cl.-br.), Co. F.

Private C. G. Bush, Co. G.
do J. Sprowl, Co. H.
do Michael Duff, Co. I.
do Michael Kane, Co. I.
Co. K. declined making a selection.

Georgia.

Cobb's Legion:
Sergeant James L. Born, Co. C.
do A. C. Adair, Co. D.
Corporal James D. Putman, Co. F.

Phillips' Legion:

Private Alfred Norris, Co. E.
do E. J. Smith, Co. E.
do T. B. Jolly,* Co. —.
do Michael Govern, Co. F.
do J. A. Blanton, Co. B.
do ——— Ootero, Co. D.

North Carolina.

Baker's N. C. Brigade:
Captain James L. Gaines, A. A.-G.
1st Lieutenant R. T. Fulgham, A. D. C.

BATTLE OF LOCUST HILL.

Virginia.

Fourth Regiment of Infantry:

Captain J. B. Evans,* Co. D.
2d Lieutenant George M. Hanson, Co. A.
do Isaac W. Haymaker, Co. B.
do H. H. McCrady,* Co. D.
do A. P. Bourne, Co. F.
Sergeant W. J. Wood, Co. A.
Private Jesse Hinkle,* Co. C.
do John Parish,* Co. D.
do Byron Long, Co. F.
do Thomas Allstock, Co. H.
do George W. Chapin,* Co. I.
Sergeant J. H. Lawrence (color-bearer).
Other companies declined to select
Sergeant Lawrence, color-bearer, was
selected upon recommendation of regimental commander.
Private Allstock was selected upon
recommendation of company com-

mander, for special gallantry, the company declining to select.

BATTLE OF BRANDY STATION.

North Carolina.

Baker's Brigade:

Major I. R. Neal, Q. M.
Captain James L. Gargies, A. A. G.
1st Lieutenant R. T. Fulgham, A. D. C.

BATTLE OF PAYNE'S FARM.

Virginia.

Fifth Regiment of Infantry:

Captain William T. Hall, Co. G.
1st Lieutenant J. M. Brown, Co. F.
Corporal Reuben L. Gillock (since dead), Co. A.
Private Kenney S. Henderson, Co. C.
Corporal Samuel Lucas,* Co. D.
Sergeant John S. Lightner, Co. E.
Private George W. Wiseman,* Co. F.
do Cornelius Donahoe, Co. G.
Corporal Jacob Brown, Co. H.
Private Daniel Wicle, Co. I.
do James W. Spruight, Co. K.
do Albert Ramsey, Co. L.
Sergeant Washington Grim (color-bearer).

BATTERY WAGNER, CHARLESTON HARBOR.

Captain C. S. Hill, Acting Chief of Ordnance.
do W. E. Chichester, Acting Chief of Artillery.
Major — Champony, Acting Chief of Engineers.
Sergeant J. T. Respass, Co. B, 61st N. C. Troops.
Private Henry Winemore, Co. F, 61st Troops.

BATTERY GREGG, CHARLESTON HARBOR.

Sergeant J. E. Edgerton, Co. A, 25th S. C. Infantry.
Private E. H. Martin, Co. K, Rutledge, Cavalry.
do W. D. DuBarry, Co. E, Charleston Battery.
do A. Grimball, Marion Artillery.
do F. K. Huger, Co. F, Aiken's Partisan Rangers.
The above-named noncommissioned officer and privates are on detached service with the signal corps.

BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

Alabama.

Sixteenth Regiment of Infantry:

Private George W. Tims,* Co. A.
do William H. Watts,* Co. B.
do William Hill, Co. C.
do Thomas Garner,* Co. D.
do Joshua Lewis, Co. E.
do John McMeekin,* Co. F.
do James P. Young,* Co. G.
do Hiram S. White (since dead), Co. H.
Corporal W. Calvin Roden,* Co. I.
Private David H. Stewart, Co. K.
Eighteenth Regiment of Infantry:
Lieutenant-Colonel Richard F. Inge,*
Captain Joseph H. Justice,* Co. A.
do Orville A. Stringer,* Co. B.
do J. Henry Hammond,* Co. D.
1st Lieutenant Allen J. Kidd,* Co. D.
do Sherman K. Fielder,* Co. H.
Private J. M. Carpenter, Co. A.

Corporal J. T. Williams, Co. B.
Sergeant R. J. Micars,* Co. C.
do J. A. Lambert, Co. D.
Private W. Howard,* Co. E.
do M. Smith, Co. F.
do J. M. Gevin,* Co. G.
Sergeant J. F. Williamson, Co. H.
Corporal P. W. Ohara, Co. I.
Private W. A. McCarty,* Co. K.

Twenty-fourth Regiment of Infantry:

Private Andrew Crivillari, Co. A.
do Peter Cusick, Co. B.
do G. C. Wells, Co. C.
Sergeant G. W. Moody (color-bearer) Co. D.
Private Thomas Hamilton, Co. F.
do William Ginnery, Co. H.
do William Meadow, Co. I.
Companies E, G and K declined selecting.

Twenty-eighth Regiment of Infantry:

Private G. W. Aubrey, Co. A.
do J. R. Gaither, Co. B.
1st Sergeant W. U. Logan, Co. C.
Private C. D. Goolsby, Co. D.
do R. F. Sumner, Co. E.
Corporal David Knox, Co. F.
1st Sergeant W. J. Wilson, Co. G.
Private Hosea Vines, Co. H.
do L. P. Wright, Co. I.
Sergeant James R. Smith, Co. K.
Private Jacob Smith, Co. L.

Thirty-third Regiment of Infantry:

Captain W. E. Dodson, Co. C.
do B. F. Hammett, Co. D.
Private W. R. Mock, Co. A.
do J. D. Perry, Co. C.
Sergeant C. L. Sessions,* Co. D.
Private P. H. S. Lewis,* Co. E.
3d Sergeant Richard R. Bush,* Co. G.
Corporal Alexander R. Bell, Co. H.
Private W. E. Hatten, Co. I.
do William Harris, Co. K.
The other companies made no selections.

Thirty-fourth Regiment of Infantry:

Sergeant J. L. Carlton, Co. A.
do A. C. Ferguson, Co. C.
Private W. M. Johnston, Co. E.
do G. W. Smith, Co. G.
do W. A. Houston, Co. H.
do S. H. Pitts, Co. I.
Sergeant W. H. Long, Co. K.
Companies B and F declined making selections.

Thirty-eighth Regiment of Infantry:

Private T. C. Ezell,* Co. A.
Corporal James M. Moore, Co. B.
do J. S. Platt, Co. C.
Private A. McAlpin,* Co. C.
Sergeant W. W. Buford,* Co. D.
Corporal Joel W. Bell, Co. E.
Private A. D. Sims,* Co. F.
Sergeant W. W. Holly,* Co. G.
Private Patrick Dayton,* Co. H.
Sergeant G. F. Williamson,* Co. I.
Private Thomas H. Wilson,* Co. K.
Sergeant John L. May, Co. K.

Forty-third Regiment of Infantry:

Private William R. Ethridge,* Co. A.
do John W. Maness,* Co. B.
Sergeant W. C. Johnson, Co. D.
do Newton Bruce, Co. E.
do — Macey, Co. F.
Private D. H. Scott, Co. G.
do Daniel F. Tubbs, Co. H.
do John Barnes, Co. I.
do William W. Scates, Co. K.

Company C declined making a selection.

Fifty-eighth Regiment of Infantry:

Sergeant Joel B. Freeman (color-bearer), Co. A.
Sergeant S. C. Johnston, Co. A.
Private J. N. Ward, Co. B.
Sergeant J. L. Huddleston, Co. C.
Private J. W. Burgess,* Co. D.
do Z. E. Lee, Co. E.
do J. V. McGinnis, Co. F.
do T. J. Mize, Co. G.
do T. J. Harrell, Co. H.
Sergeant W. C. McClellan, Co. I.
Corporal J. R. Rogers, Co. K.

Gibson's Battalion of Infantry:

1st Lieutenant L. S. Mathews, Co. B.
Corporal R. A. Jones, Co. A.
Private Silas B. Dutton, Co. B.
do George Ridley, Co. C.

First Battalion Alabama Legion:

Adjutant John Mussey.
Private John H. Conner,* Co. A.
do J. E. Wright, Co. B.
do James M. Gibson, Co. C.
do B. A. Davis,* Co. D.
Sergeant J. L. Cox,* Co. E.
Private A. J. Daw,* Co. F.
Company G declined making a selection.

Second Battalion Alabama Legion:

Captain W. D. Walden, Co. B.
Private John H. Randall, Co. A.
1st Sergeant Socrates Spigner, Co. B.
Private Benjamin F. Temples,* Co. C.
do William P. Jones, Co. D.
do George H. Norris,* Co. E.
Corporal Joseph V. Castlebury,* Co. F.

Third Battalion Alabama Legion:

Captain John McCreless, Co. E.
Private Micajah Kirkland,* Co. A.
do John Blankenship (since dead), Co. C.
do Henry R. Lewis, Co. C.
Companies B, D and F declined making selections.

Artillery Battalion Alabama Legion:

Private Jackson Lee,* Co. A.
Corporal James E. French, Co. B.
Private B. F. Martin,* Co. D.
do R. S. Turlington,* Co. E.

Eufaula Light Artillery:

Private John C. Carroll (since dead).
Semple's Battery:
Private Robert G. Chambliss.

Arkansas.

First Mounted Regiment:

Private James A. McKinzy, Co. A.
do John B. Williams, Co. B.
do T. J. Baskins, Co. C.
2d Sergeant James H. Hart, Co. D.
Private John L. Farrow,* Co. E.
2d Sergeant Silas Smoot,* Co. F.
Private J. M. Alphin, Co. G.
2d Sergeant George W. Bryant, Co. H.
Corporal Samuel Plummer, Co. I.
do Alexander P. Lyle,* Co. K.

First Regiment of Infantry:

Colonel John W. Colquitt.
Adjutant S. N. Greenwood.*
Captain Samuel Sharp, Co. G.
1st Lieutenant Louis Hillman, Co. H.
do James G. Wilson, Co. F.
do A. J. Pinner, Co. B.
do M. B. Harris, Co. C.

2d Lieutenant Augustus Ruffner, Co. D.
Sergeant L. J. Perry, Co. A.
Private Charles Trickett, Co. B.
do J. W. Bell, Co. C.
Sergeant N. B. Marshall, Co. D.
Private J. H. Callahan, Co. E.
Sergeant F. H. Barnett, Co. F.
Private Joseph Hubbard, Co. G.
do James Word, Co. H.
do James R. Griffin, Co. I
Sergeant M. L. Nobles, Co. K.

Second Mounted Regiment:

Private Edward Blaylock, Co. A.
Sergeant Alexander Harrelson, Co. B.
Private J. N. C. Bird,* Co. C.
do Enoch Tarver, Co. E.
do Thomas Candler,* Co. F.
do G. T. Anderson, Co. G.
do D. Boultinghouse, Co. I.
do William Howard,* Co. K.

Fourth Regiment of Infantry:

Private William R. Barnehill, Co. A.
do J. F. Cheatham,* Co. B.
do _____,* Co. C.
do Lewis McClendon,* Co. D.
do William F. Williams, Co. E.
1st Sergeant J. P. Lawrence, Co. F.
4th Sergeant Thomas J. Haynes, Co. G.
1st Corporal Wm. Howard, Co. H.
Private James Flinn, Co. I.
do T. J. O. Tibbitts, Co. K.

Eighth Regiment of Infantry:

Captain John R. Richardson, Co. F.
do W. F. Gibson, Co. I.
1st Lieutenant E. C. Holton, Co. D.
do H. H. Harris, Co. G.
Private T. J. Sanders,* Co. B.
do P. D. Robbins, Co. D.
do H. J. Townsend, Co. E.
do Charles Butcher, Co. F.
do W. E. Decker, Co. G.
do Robert J. Obar, Co. I.

1st Sergeant D. P. Porter, Co. K.
Companies A, C and H declined making selections.

Twenty-fifth Regiment of Infantry:

Corporal W. M. Young, Co. A.
do Sampson Grimmer, Co. B.
Private George Magby, Co. C.
Corporal J. M. Edwards, Co. D.
Private James C. Moore, Co. E.
Sergeant Thomas J. Keely, Co. F.
Private R. C. Ogden, Co. G.
do Morris Foley, Co. H.
Sergeant Harry Burger, Co. I.
do J. J. Poindexter, Co. K.

Thirty-first Regiment of Infantry:

Private Jonathan Pool, Co. A.
4th Sergeant J. G. Reed,* Co. B.
Private James M. Garven, Co. C.
do William H. Hine, Co. D.
do John N. Cannon, Co. F.
Sergeant James W. Carter, Co. G.
Private Frank M. Arnold, Co. H.
Sergeant Geo. W. Williams, Co. I.
Private J. E. Coker, Co. K.

Fourth Battalion of Infantry:

1st Sergeant John M. Douglas, Co. A.
Corporal George W. Bost, Co. B.
Private Willis Worley, Co. C.
do John P. Bullion,* Co. E.

Second and Fifteenth Regiments of Infantry (consolidated):

Lieutenant-Colonel R. F. Harvey.
Lieutenant R. E. Smith, Co. G.
Sergeant B. B. Hall* (color-bearer), 2d Arkansas.
Private G. W. Stewart, 2d Arkansas, Co. A.

1st Sergeant, John Gleeson, 2d Arkansas, Co. B.
Corporal Stephen Roberts, 2d Arkansas, Co. D.

Private H. R. Robinson, 2d Arkansas, Co. F.
Corporal J. W. Puckett, 2d Arkansas, Co. G.

Sergeant H. A. Atkinson, 2d Arkansas, Co. I.
do J. N. Baker (color-bearer), 15th Arkansas, Co. —.
Corporal J. E. Violet, 15th Arkansas, Co. B.

Fifth and Thirteenth Regiments of Infantry (consolidated):

Captain A. B. Washington, 5th Arkansas, Co. K.

do T. J. Fletcher, 13th Arkansas, Co. A.

1st Lieutenant W. T. Jones, 5th Arkansas, Co. G.

Private Howell Wells, 5th Arkansas, Co. A.

do William F. King, 5th Arkansas, Co. B.

Sergeant B. A. Franklin, 5th Arkansas, Co. C.

Private R. A. Arnold, 5th Arkansas, Co. D.

do James Looney,* 5th Arkansas, Co. E.

Sergeant C. H. Harris, 5th Arkansas, Co. F.

Private James K. Pyburn, 5th Arkansas, Co. G.

do A. B. Shaver, 5th Arkansas, Co. H.

do G. W. Ransom, 5th Arkansas, Co. K.

Company I declined making a selection.

Private Martin Shelly, 13th Arkansas, Co. A.

do Joseph W. Altman, 13th Arkansas, Co. B.

1st Sergeant John Heathcock, 13th Arkansas, Co. C.

Private Davis Carter, 13th Arkansas, Co. D.

do William Sandford, 13th Arkansas, Co. E.

Corporal John Hampton, 13th Arkansas, Co. F.

Private J. B. Hodges, 13th Arkansas, Co. G.

Sergeant Robert S. Kendall, 13th Arkansas, Co. K.

Companies H and I declined making selections.

Sixth and Seventh Regiments of Infantry (consolidated):

Captain J. W. Martin, Co. K.

Lieutenant T. W. Lockett, Co. K.

Corporal O. J. C. Formly, Co. A.

Private Elijah Goings, Co. B.

do G. W. Bolger, Co. C.

do P. M. Williamson, Co. D.

do J. T. Dixon, Co. F.

Sergeant J. M. Dunson, Co. G.

do J. M. Kelly, Co. H.

do Thomas B. Podgett, Co. I.

do W. W. Wood, Co. K.

Nineteenth and Twenty-fourth Regiments of Infantry (consolidated):

Private Jacob Newgent, Co. A.

do G. W. Green, Co. B.

do G. W. Jones, Co. C.

do J. B. Floyd, Co. D.

do J. T. Cooper, Co. E.

do William Holman, Co. F.

do Peter Simpson, Co. G.

Private Thacus Glass, Co. H.
do T. J. Thompson, Co. I.
Sergeant W. L. Wright, Co. K.

Florida.

First Regiment of Cavalry (dis-mounted):

Private J. Wesley Herring,* Co. A.
Sergeant Madison Higginbotham, Co. B.
Private William R. Phillips, Co. D.
do George W. Lewis, Co. E.
do George W. Tully, Co. F.
do E. J. Tyner, Co. G.
Sergeant W. M. Simmons, Co. H.
Private John Grimes, Co. I.
Corporal Harvey J. Goddard, Co. K.
Company C declined making a selection.

First and Third Regiments of Infantry (consolidated):

Sergeant Randolph Hernandez, 1st Florida, Co. A.

Private Henry Taylor, 1st Florida, Co. B.

do George Williams, Co. C.

do Samuel V. Neely, Co. C.

do John Wheeler, 1st Florida, Co. E.

Sergeant E. V. McCaskill, 1st Florida, Co. F.

Private Alfred Bray, 1st Florida, Co. G.

do John Dixon, 1st Florida, Co. H.

Sergeant E. E. Baggett, 1st Florida, Co. I.

Private Robert B. McKay, 1st Florida, Co. K.

do Robert Curry, 3d Florida, Co. A.

do Lott Allen, 3d Florida, Co. C.

do Jasper N. Caroway, 3d Florida, Co. D.

do Spicer B. Wilds, 3d Florida, Co. F.

Sergeant William Lamb, 3d Florida, Co. G.

Private George Walker, 3d Florida, Co. H.

do T. A. Huchingson, 3d Florida, Co. I.

do C. Bray, 3d Florida, Co. K.

Fourth Regiment of Infantry:

Colonel W. L. L. Bowen.

Captain J. D. Moit, Co. D.

Lieutenant A. S. Pope, Co. C.

do A. S. Owens, Co. A.

do G. C. Dikle, Co. C.

do W. M. T. Johnson, Co. E.

do W. J. Banks, Co. I.

Private W. A. Haas, Co. A.

Sergeant Thomas L. Wingatt, Co. B.

do J. W. Hammerly, Co. C.

Private J. B. Arnold, Co. D.

do H. Kelly Mills, Co. E.

do W. O. Banning, Co. F.

do J. N. Conyers, Co. G.

do Johnson Poppin, Co. H.

Corporal G. L. Bryant, Co. I.

Sergeant J. H. Brannon, Co. K.

Sixth Regiment of Infantry:

Private David Cannon, Co. A.

do Nixon Elliott, Co. B.

do John McDonald, Co. C.

do William Royals, Co. E.

Sergeant Leaborne Weatherly, Co. G.

Corporal S. E. J. Hall, Co. I.

Private J. Martin, Co. K.

Companies D, F and H declined making selections.

Seventh Regiment of Infantry:

Private William Addison, Co. A.

do John H. Hendry, Co. B.

do Benjamin Turner, Co. D.

do William Lisk, Co. F.

* Killed in action.

Private Josephus Moss, Co. K.
Companies C, E, G, H and I made no selections.

Georgia.

Fifth Regiment of Infantry:

Private J. Kirly Brown,* Co. A.
do Thomas B. Wier, Co. B.
Corporal John Fox, Co. C.
Private James W. Hall,* Co. D.
Corporal John B. Johnston,* Co. E.
Private William M. Blackwell, Co. F.
do T. H. DeVane, Co. G.
1st Sergeant John P. Chapman, Co. I.
Private James Torrence,* Co. K.
Company H made no selection.

Forty-seventh Regiment of Infantry:

Sergeant John Frain (color-bearer), Co. A.
do S. S. Wacaser, Co. B.
Private William Hart, Co. C.
do William Hardin, Co. F.
do P. G. Dickinson, Co. G.
do Alexander Pope,* Co. H.
Corporal J. S. Lee, Co. K.
Other companies declined making selections.

Kentucky.

Second Regiment of Infantry:

Private Benjamin F. Parker, Co. A.
Corporal Mornix W. Virden, Co. B.
Private John Connelly, Co. C.
Corporal Frank D. Buckner, Co. D.
Sergeant William Fazer, Co. E.
do Henry Fritz, Co. F.
Private Louis W. Parado, Co. G.
do Oscar Huckle, Co. I.
do Frank Taylor, Co. K.

Fourth Regiment of Infantry:

Lieutenant B. T. Smith,* Co. A.
do John L. Bell,* Co. K.
Sergeant R. H. Lindsey (color-bearer), Co. D.
Corporal Ephraim Smith, Co. A.
Private John M. Creeny, Co. B.
do John R. Brinkley, Co. C.
do Thomas H. Covington,* Co. D.
do William J. Watkins, Co. E.
do Fredling Skeegs, Co. F.
do Alexander Smith, Co. G.
do William N. Ballard, Co. H.
do John H. Blanchard, Co. I.
do Mathias Garrett, Co. K.

Fifth Regiment of Infantry:

Lieutenant-Colonel George W. Conner.
Adjutant Thomas B. Cook.
Captain T. J. Henry, Co. C.
do Thomas Desha, Co. I.
Private Frank H. Haysinet, Co. A.
do Samuel South, Co. B.
do Richard Yarbrow, Co. E.
Sergeant F. W. Campbell, Co. F.
Private Winlock Shelton, Co. K.
Companies C, D and I declined making selections.

Sixth Regiment of Infantry:

2d Lieutenant James P. Cole, Co. G.
Private H. Lober, Co. A.
do John Hinton, Co. B.
do Marcellus Mathews, Co. D.
do Henry Hames, Co. H.

Sergeant F. P. Randall, Co. I.
Companies C, E and G declined making selections.

Ninth Regiment of Infantry:

Corporal John L. Dunn (since dead), Co. A.
Private Norborn G. Gray, Co. B.
do Andrew J. Kirtley, Co. C.

Corporal John W. Carroll, Co. D.
do Nathan Board (since dead), Co. G.

Other selections declined.

Louisiana.

Thirteenth Regiment of Infantry:

Private Thomas Conforth, Co. A.
do Robert Hamilton, Co. B.
do John Murther, Co. C.
Corporal William Mehl, Co. D.
Private A. Ham, Co. E.
do P. Wagener, Co. F.
do William Penn, Co. G.
Sergeant Charles Sweeny, Co. H.
Private Robert Walker, Co. I.
do John Dugan, Co. K.

Sixteenth Regiment of Infantry:

Corporal S. N. Collinsworth, Co. A.
do G. W. Holton, Co. B.
Sergeant R. M. Nash, Co. C.
Corporal W. W. Chapman, Co. D.
Sergeant Otho Adler (since dead), Co. E.
Private Oliver Ellis Evans (since dead), Co. F.
Sergeant Josiah Perry, Co. G.
Private J. J. Wooters, Co. H.
Sergeant A. J. Kooner, Co. I.
Private William Jackson, Co. K.

Twenty-fifth Regiment of Infantry:

Private J. W. Hudnall, Co. A.
Corporal G. W. Newcomer, Co. B.
Private L. H. Merero, Co. C.
do Allen Brister (since dead), Co. D.
do James Grisham, Co. E.
do B. F. Lanlus (since dead), Co. F.
do O. E. Green, Co. G.
do Jacob Hornburger (since dead), Co. H.
do David Sills, Co. I.
Sergeant O. H. P. Kaller, Co. K.

Nineteenth Regiment of Infantry:

A. S. Major T. B. Davidson.
Private John C. Walker, Co. A.
do E. L. Gardner, Co. B.
Sergeant M. H. Loveless, Co. C.
Corporal A. K. Wilson, Co. D.
Private John Carter, Co. E.
do William Kearthley, Co. F.
Sutler W. A. Rhodes, Co. G.
Corporal John Mabry, Co. H.
Private Joe Williams, Co. I.
Sergeant O. Watson, Co. K.

Twentieth Regiment of Infantry:

Private James Young, Co. A.
Corporal Ph. Schilling, Co. C.
Private Aug. Lockwell, Co. D.
do Pat Mooney, Co. E.
do William Kennedy, Co. F.
Sergeant M. Manning, Co. G.
Private Th. Price, Co. H.
Corporal John McDonald, Co. I.
Private John Walker, Co. K.

Austin's Battalion of Sharpshooters:

Private John Boyne, Co. A.
do John Hagan, Co. B.

Fourth Battalion of Infantry:

Private D. W. Frisly, Co. A.
do William Shively (since dead), Co. B.
do Peter Orr, Co. C.
do M. Beardon, Co. D.
do Girard Ballance (since dead), Co. E.
do R. L. Walker, Co. F.

Mississippi.

Fifth Regiment of Infantry:

Private William Weaver, Co. A.
do L. G. Collins, Co. B.

Private John Kittrell, Co. C.
do L. T. Turner, Co. D.
Sergeant E. J. Holmes, Co. E.
Private S. J. Singleton, Co. F.
do William Stringfellow, Co. G.
do F. Shands,* Co. H.
do James McDonald, Co. I.
do John Hadley, Co. K.

Ninth Regiment of Infantry:

Private T. J. Warford, Co. A.
do W. Ward, Co. B.
Sergeant A. W. Harris, Co. C.
Private Thomas Dillon, Co. D.
do Thomas Armstrong, Co. E.
do D. Potts, Co. F.
do S. T. Lumley, Co. G.
do C. M. Carter (since dead), Co. H.
Sergeant D. R. Biles, Co. I.
Private Wilson Hay, Co. K.

Tenth Regiment of Infantry:

Private A. W. B. Prather,* Co. K.

Thirty-second Regiment of Infantry:

Private Smith Scroggins (since dead), Co. A.
do J. B. Milton,* Co. B.
do Samuel H. Stephenson, Co. C.
do J. W. Looney,* Co. D.
do Munroe M. Miller,* Co. E.
do J. M. Cooper, Co. F.
Sergeant C. H. Reed, Co. G.
2d Sergeant John Calvin Dean, Co. H.
Private C. C. Campbell,* Co. I.
Sergeant T. W. Crabb, Co. K.

Forty-fifth Regiment of Infantry:

Private John J. Mahaffly, Co. A.
4th Sergeant F. McGaughy, Co. B.
Private Joel Swindle, Co. C.
do E. H. Templeton, Co. D.
do Newton M. Brown,* Co. E.
do Samuel McNeely, Co. F.
do George W. Young, Co. G.
do Odom Cox,* Co. K.

Hawkins' Battalion of Sharpshooters:

2d Lieutenant R. V. Coleman,* Co. A.
Private Robert Jackson Custer, Co. A.
Corporal J. R. Willis, Co. B.

Swetts' Battery:

Lieutenant H. Shannon.
Corporal Warren Huffman.

Turner's Battery:

Private F. H. Hendrix.*

North Carolina.

Thirty-ninth Regiment of Infantry:

Sergeant W. B. Hughes, Co. A.
do W. H. Henson, Co. B.
Private Gaither Davidson,* Co. C.
do William Mugas,* Co. C.
do J. B. A. Staten, Co. D.
do Jason M. Hicks, Co. E.
Sergeant John W. Wiggins, Co. F.
1st Sergeant W. H. Hoagset, Co. G.
Private J. M. Beasley, Co. I.
do John S. Davis, Co. K.

Forty-eighth Regiment of Infantry:

Sergeant William A. Vance, Co. A.
Private William F. Bradshaw, Co. B.
Sergeant John Hughes, Co. C.
Private Braxton Cox, Co. D.
do William A. Penley,* Co. E.
do C. Gentry, Co. G.
do K. Garrett, Co. F.
do P. Bumgarner, Co. H.
Sergeant John Ayres,* Co. I.
Sergeant P. Duncan, Co. K.
Private M. Harrel, Co. L.

Sixtieth Regiment of Infantry:

Corporal W. P. Rice,* Co. A.

* Killed in action.

† Company C was unable to decide between these two privates.

Private O. A. Brown, Co. B.
Sergeant D. L. Smith (since dead), Co. C.
Private Madison Tow, Co. F.
do W. W. Cowart, Co. G.
Corporal William Jordan,* Co. H.
Sergeant J. L. Cathey, Co. I.
Private J. M. Pewland,* Co. K.
Companies D and E declined selecting.

South Carolina.

Tenth Regiment of Infantry:

Private P. P. Todd, Co. B.
do Cornelius Cannon, Co. C.
Sergeant S. Byrd, Co. D.
Private A. J. Council, Co. E.
Corporal E. B. Glisson,* Co. F.
do Samuel Kirby, Co. H.
do C. B. Foxworth, Co. I.
Sergeant R. R. Owens, Co. K.
Private J. A. Boatwright, Co. L.
do E. T. Rogers, Co. M.
Companies A and G declined selecting.

Nineteenth Regiment of Infantry:

Private W. M. Dean,* Co. C.
do J. D. S. Livingston, Co. D.
Corporal C. C. DuBose, Co. E.
Private Andrew Kneese, Co. F.
do A. Abner, Co. H.
do J. T. Crawford, Co. I.
Sergeant J. R. Sneed, Co. K.
Companies A and B declined selecting.

Culpeper's Battery:

Corporal J. N. Davis.

Tennessee.

Second Regiment of Infantry:

Colonel W. D. Robinson.
Lieutenant-Colonel W. J. Hall.
Captain James T. C. McKnight,* Co. A.
do William B. Bowers,* Co. D.
1st Lieutenant A. B. Schell, Co. I.
Sergeant John W. Stone (color-bearer).
Private James O. Oslin, Co. A.
Sergeant Joseph D. Sheppard, Co. B.
Private Andrew J. Allen, Co. C.
Corporal William R. Lamb, Co. D.
Private W. W. Whitsell, Co. E.
Sergeant W. J. Todd, Co. F.
1st Sergeant Thomas E. Stone, Co. H.
Private James B. Malone, Co. I.
do John H. W. Terry, Co. K.

Fourth Regiment of Infantry:

2d Lieutenant W. H. Webber,* Co. A.

Fifth Regiment of Infantry:

Private R. A. Burton, Co. A.
do E. G. Seaton, Co. B.
do W. J. Thornton, Co. C.
do R. A. Coley, Co. E.
Sergeant James G. Moffatt, Co. F.
5th Sergeant Patrick Kennedy, Co. H.
Private G. M. Comer, Co. I.

Seventeenth Regiment of Infantry:

Captain F. B. Terry, Co. A.
do U. C. Harrison, Co. B.
do J. R. Handly, Co. E.
do J. D. Cooper, Co. F.
1st Lieutenant J. B. Floyd, Co. A.
2d Lieutenant G. W. Waggener, Co. E.
1st Lieutenant R. McCullough, Co. F.
1st Lieutenant Matt Scruggs,* Co. G.
2d Lieutenant Z. W. Ewing, Co. H.
Private T. D. Parker, Co. A.
do S. G. Blackman, Co. B.
do H. D. McCrory, Co. B.
do J. S. Wiseman, Co. E.
do J. A. Wilson, Co. F.

Private J. W. Haggard, Co. G.
do John Rea, Co. H.
Sergeant J. D. Lynch, Co. I.
do A. Bryant, Co. K.
Company D declined making a selection.

Twenty-third Regiment of Infantry:

Major J. G. Lowe.
Captain G. A. Cortner, Co. D.
do J. P. Lytle, Co. F.
do William A. Ott, Co. H.
Lieutenant W. A. Vernon, Co. B.
do J. M. Witherspoon, Co. H.
Private C. D. High, Co. A.
do G. W. Warren, Co. C.
Sergeant J. J. Shelton, Co. D.
Private E. J. Jordan, Co. E.
do J. L. Goodrum, Co. F.
Companies B, G and H declined making selections.

Twenty-fourth Regiment of Infantry:

Sergeant J. R. Johnson, Co. A.
Private J. H. Bazell, Co. B.
do Joseph Hughes, Co. C.
do W. A. White, Co. D.
Sergeant F. M. Hunter, Co. E.
Private J. W. Stewart, Co. F.
do W. M. Bennett, Co. G.
do Hugh L. Law, Co. H.
do J. P. Morrison, Co. I.
do D. J. Barton, Co. K.

Twenty-fifth Regiment of Infantry:

Adjutant A. R. Greigg.
Captain Mark Lowry, Co. A.
do G. H. Hasle, Co. C.
do G. W. Kinaird, Co. F.
1st Lieutenant H. C. Fleming, Co. K.
Private Mitchell Copeland,* Co. D.
do Z. H. Sulleys,* Co. E.
Corporal John M. Raymond, Co. F.
Private James R. Sparlock, Co. G.
do John L. Dennis, Co. H.
do Thomas Phillips,* Co. I.
do G. W. Henry, Co. K.
Other companies declined selecting.

Thirty-third Regiment of Infantry:

Private J. B. Eastridge, Co. A.
do J. A. Priest, Co. B.
do John Evans, Co. C.
do Napoleon B. Wilson,* Co. D.
Sergeant F. E. Hatchett, Co. E.
do S. W. Calhoun, Co. F.
Private J. C. Huggins, Co. H.
1st Sergeant Thomas J. Burtons, Co. I.
Private Simpson Autry, Co. K.

Thirty-fifth Regiment of Infantry:

Colonel B. J. Hill.
Major G. S. Drakins.
1st Lieutenant Warner Lewis, Co. H.
2d Lieutenant Y. B. Hamrick, Co. B.
do W. W. Masey, Co. E.
Sergeant Joseph Hables (color-bearer)
1st Sergeant James D. Hardcastle, Co. A.
Corporal W. J. Carter, Co. A.
do A. J. Mormack, Co. A.
Sergeant F. T. Vanderson, Co. B.
Corporal S. R. Wood, Co. C.
Private G. W. Martin, Co. C.
do Jesse Moonyham, Co. C.
Sergeant A. J. Taylor, Co. D.
1st Sergeant J. W. Warren, Co. E.
Private M. Richey, Co. E.
do James Seal, Co. E.
do Barney Tomney, Co. F.
do Anderson Hicks, Co. F.
do John Kennedy, Co. F.
do B. B. Snipes, Co. G.
Sergeant Reuben Garner, Co. G.

Private T. W. Wilson, Co. G.
do T. M. Golston, Co. H.
do M. E. Deakins, Co. H.
do West Walker, Co. H.
do J. M. Davis, Co. L.
do Thomas Lemmons, Co. L.
do J. M. Head, Co. L.

Forty-fourth Regiment of Infantry:

Adjutant R. G. Cross.
Captain J. E. Spencer, Co. B.
do James L. Hogan, Co. F.
do Samuel Jackson, Co. I.
do J. R. Oliver, Co. K.
1st Lieutenant Jesse C. Franklin, Co. A.
do John Y. Gill, Co. E.
2d Lieutenant F. M. Kelsoe, Co. B.
do J. W. Dickoe, Co. B.
do John P. Beasley, Co. E.
do W. H. Gibbs, Co. F.
do J. T. Dozier, Co. G.
do C. W. Wilson, Co. I.
Private George W. Shelton, Co. B.
do W. A. Meadow, Co. C.
Sergeant T. A. Johnston* (color-bearer), Co. E.

3d Sergeant J. S. Thomason, Co. G.
Private Benjamin F. Hill, Co. I.
Other companies declined making selections.

Forty-eighth Regiment of Infantry:

Colonel George H. Nixon.
Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas R. Hughs.
Captain Louis Miller, Co. G.
do James C. Cooper, Co. E.
1st Lieutenant G. W. Tracy, Co. K.
do James Jackson, Co. F.
2d Lieutenant G. W. Pryor, Co. G.
Private B. F. Martin, Co. E.
do William McLean, Co. E.
Sergeant B. F. Whittaker, Co. F.
do C. F. Acklin, Co. F.
Private J. L. Harding, Co. F.
do M. D. Harwell, Co. G.
do H. B. West, Co. H.
do A. A. Pennington, Co. H.
Sergeant W. L. Ives, Co. I.
Private J. R. Shoat, Co. I.
do J. G. Fuller, Co. K.
do A. J. Williams, Co. K.

Third and Fifth Confederate Infantry:

Major R. J. Persons.
Captain James H. Beard,* Co. E.
do George Moore,* Co. H.
Sergeant John Callahan, Co. A.
do M. McNamara, Co. B.
do Walter Laracy, Co. D.
do F. F. Brantley, Co. E.
do Edward Doyle, Co. F.
do George Cook, Co. G.
Corporal R. H. Coleman, Co. H.
Private Frederick Tuft, Co. B.
do Jack Wright, Co. E.
Sergeant E. L. Moore, Co. F.

Sixty-third Regiment of Infantry:

Lieutenant-Colonel A. Fulkerson
Private W. S. Audis, Co. A.
do E. S. Welsh, Co. D.
do John Bowry, Co. F.
do B. F. Badget, Co. G.
do J. T. Lane, Co. I.
Sergeant A. M. Douglass, Co. K.
Companies B, C and E declined selecting.

Calvert's Battery:

Private James McCourtney.
do George McMillen.

Douglass' Battery:

Private Eli E. Douglass.

* Killed in action.

Texas.

Sixth, Tenth and Fifteenth Regiments of Infantry (consolidated):

Private Henry H. Cox, 6th Regiment, Co. H.

do James D. Smith, 10th Regiment, Co. H.

do Robert Crosby, 15th Regiment, Co. H.

Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Regiments of Infantry (consolidated):

Private David L. Hall, 18th Regiment, Co. F.

Sergeant W. R. Burleson, 18th Regiment, Co. G.

do Julian J. Lacour, 25th Regiment, Co. H.

Other companies declined selecting.

Virginia.

Fifty-fourth Regiment of Infantry:

Private Giles H. Roop, * Co. A.

do Luke Cox (since dead,) Co. B.

do Richard B. Headen (since dead,) Co. C.

do Claiborn Heylton, Co. D.

do Henry Griffin, * Co. E.

Corporal G. W. Chumbly, Co. F.

Private David Weddle, * Co. G.

do Frederick Wood, Co. H.

do Philip M. Walters, * Co. I.

Corporal Archibald Wood, Co. K.

Sixty-third Regiment of Infantry:

Sergeant David L. Tate, Co. A.

Corporal Harvey E. Hill, Co. B.

Sergeant E. H. Taylor, Co. D.

do E. Nuckolls, Co. E.

Private Cary Sprigs, Co. F.

Sergeant Ephraim Hampton, Co. G.

Private Michael Neff, Co. H.

do John H. Cullop, Co. K.

Brigadier-General A. Gracie's Staff:

Captain H. E. Jones, A. A. G.

Lieutenant E. B. Cherry, A. D. C.

Brigadier-General L. E. Polk's Staff:

Captain Hugh S. Otey, * A. A. G.

do W. A. King, A. A. G.

Third Mississippi Regiment of Infantry (for gallant and meritorious conduct whilst on picket duty at Kennesaw Mountain, July 2, 1864):

Private J. W. Patterson, Co. C.

Twenty-second Mississippi Infantry (for meritorious conduct whilst on picket duty, July 9, 1864):

Private William Dennis, Co. B.

do William Hattwell, Co. C.

do D. M. Dye, Co. E.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT**BATTLE OF PLEASANT HILL****Missouri.**

Eighth Regiment of Infantry:

Captain William Dings, Co. C.

1st Lieutenant James T. Otey, Co. A.

do Josiah Rodgers, Co. K.

Sr. 2d Lieutenant W. B. Thomas, Co. B.

do William H. Frazier, Co. K.

Jr. 2d Lieutenant J. W. Rogers, Co. H.

Ninth Regiment of Infantry:

1st Sergeant Thompson Fry, Co. E.

Private James Wood, Co. I.

Tenth Regiment of Infantry:

Private A. J. Hutchinson, Co. E.

Private Ozias Denton, Co. F.

Sergeant James F. Hollisworth, Co. G.

do James C. Dyer, Co. K:

Eleventh Regiment of Infantry:

Private Harris Woods, Co. A.

do Peter Black, Co. B.

do James Pruitt, Co. C.

do J. M. Brown, * Co. D.

do Hardy Logan, * Co. F.

do William Hale, * Co. F.

do S. C. Smith, * Co. G.

do Richard Vallandingham, Co. H.

Sergeant Henry W. Davidson, * Co. I.

Private John Say, Co. K.

Company E on detached service.

Company F could not decide between

Privates Logan and Hale. Both distinguished themselves for courage, and

were killed in the action.

Twelfth Regiment of Infantry:

Private J. W. Kilgore, Co. A.

do William Lackey, Co. B.

Corporal C. M. Farris, Co. C.

Sergeant James Woodsides, Co. D.

Private L. B. Charleston, Co. E.

do Jesse Bownds, Co. F.

do David Murrell, Co. G.

Sergeant William Kemp, Co. H.

do S. W. Cells, Co. I.

Private John Gacey, Co. K.

Sixteenth Regiment of Infantry:

Private Thomas B. Raney, * Co. C.

2d Sergeant A. M. Price, * Co. D.

Private D. P. Null, Co. F.

do Lewis Pounds, Co. H.

do Hugh A. Sharp, * Co. I.

do James V. Nevett, Co. K.

Other companies declined making

selections.

Ninth Battalion of Sharpshooters:

Private E. D. Rutter, Co. A.

do Henry Manes, Co. B.

do W. Clay Green, Co. C.

Sergeant Joseph White, * Co. D.

BATTLE OF JENKINS' FERRY.**Missouri.**

Eighth Regiment of Infantry:

Captain E. A. Pinnall, Co. D.

do A. M. Curry, Co. G.

1st Lieutenant J. L. Johnson, Co. C.

Sr. 2d Lieutenant James Hulse, Co. E.

Jr. 2d Lieutenant M. O. Roberts, Co. F.

do T. B. Logan, Co. I.

Ninth Regiment of Infantry:

Private George E. Kirby, Co. G.

Tenth Regiment of Infantry:

Private A. J. Hutchison, Co. E.

do Ozias Denton, Co. F.

do J. R. Adams, Co. G.

do Stephen Crismon, Co. K.

Eleventh Regiment of Infantry:

Private W. H. Dodson, * Co. A.

do Peter Black, * Co. B.

do D. O. Daugherty, Co. C.

do William Park, Co. D.

Sergeant Green B. Smith, * Co. F.

Private B. F. Mock, Co. G.

do Thomas Conner, * Co. H.

do Jacob Barnard, * Co. I.

Sergeant S. B. McBride, Co. K.

Company E. on detached service.

Twelfth Regiment of Infantry:

Private J. W. Kilgore, Co. A.

Sergeant James Hawkins, Co. B.

Private H. K. Taylor, Co. C.

Sergeant George Hirsch, Co. D.

Private John Norris, Co. E.

Sergeant James Gineycomb, Co. F.

Private M. Gipson, Co. G.

Sergeant William Kemp, Co. H.

do A. J. Hinkle, Co. I.

Private N. C. Foster, Co. K.

Sixteenth Regiment of Infantry:

Private Loyd T. Stephenson, * Co. C.

do D. P. Nul, * Co. F.

do William Tyru, Co. I.

do W. J. Jackson, Co. K.

Other companies declined selecting.

Ninth Battalion of Sharpshooters:

Private W. B. McElere, Co. A.

Sergeant H. B. Stiles, Co. B.

Private W. Clay Green, Co. C.

do John King, Co. D.

Lesneur's Battery:

Corporal Jefferson Gillespie.

BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO.**Alabama.**

Twenty-second Regiment of Infantry:

Sergeant W. D. Sumner, Co. A.

Private William Sellers, Co. B.

Corporal J. L. Husbands, Co. C.

Sergeant B. T. Nelson, Co. D.

do P. A. Minton, Co. E.

Corporal N. B. Walker, Co. F.

Private J. R. Black, Co. G.

Corporal W. R. Larry, Co. H.

Private J. J. McVey, Co. I.

do J. N. Eilands, Co. K.

Twenty-fourth Regiment of Infantry:

Captain W. D. Smith, Co. A.

do W. P. Fowler, Co. F.

do John B. Hazard, Co. I.

do W. J. O'Brien, Co. B.

Lieutenant J. A. Hall, Co. K.

do A. B. Nelson, Co. D.

do R. T. B. Farham, Co. H.

do A. Young, Co. A.

Sergeant-Major William Mink.

1st Sergeant J. M. J. Tally, Co. K.

Sergeant John Ives, Co. A.

Private Martin Duggan, Co. B.

do Melbourn Deloach, Co. C.

Sergeant Samuel S. Wylie, Co. D.

Private Joseph Hall, Co. E.

do Samuel M. Roberts, * Co. F.

do A. W. Scott, Co. G.

do James R. Green, Co. H.

do N. Lankford, * Co. I.

do A. Posey, Co. K.

Twenty-fifth Regiment of Infantry:

Sergeant Isaac N. Rhoades, Co. A.

Private Warren A. Jackson, Co. B.

do Samuel Ellison, Co. C.

do James A. Mote, Co. D.

Sergeant J. F. Coker, * Co. F.

do Patrick H. Smith, Co. G.

Private Marion F. Hazlewood, Co. H.

do Charles W. Ropers, * Co. I.

do J. B. Peacock, * Co. K.

Twenty-sixth Regiment of Infantry:

Private B. A. Thomason, Co. A.

Sergeant J. E. Gilbert, Co. B.

Private L. P. Roberts, Co. C.

do Reedy Ward, Co. D.

Sergeant F. E. Mitchell, Co. E.

Private J. T. McClain, Co. G.

do J. H. Cotrel, Co. H.

do John A. Uxelson, Co. I.

Companies F and K made no selection.

Twenty-eighth Regiment of Infantry:

Private Topley Murphey, Co. B.

Sergeant Elias Wood, Co. G.

do W. B. Curry, Co. K.

* Killed in action.

† Afterward killed at Jenkins' Ferry.

Sergeant William E. Short, Co. L.
The other companies made no selection.

Thirty-second Regiment of Infantry:

Private James Clements,* Co. A.
Corporal Vincent H. Joiner, Co. B.
Private Edmund Davis, Co. C.
Corporal John C. Oliver,* Co. D.
Private Reuben Dumas, Co. E.
do Nathaniel Wheelers,* Co. F.
Corporal James H. Dore, Co. G.
Private Alfred C. Hatto, Co. H.
Sergeant George W. Vansandt, Co. I.
Corporal Elijah P. Gable,* Co. K.

Thirty-fourth Regiment of Infantry:

Corporal S. J. Numney, Co. A.
Private J. R. Browning, Co. C.
do C. P. Greer, Co. D.
do James Shehorn, Co. E.
do S. W. Reynolds, Co. F.
do J. G. Whaley, Co. G.
do T. N. Cloud, Co. H.
do B. R. Covington, Co. I.
do J. G. Metts, Co. K.

Thirty-ninth Regiment of Infantry:

Adjutant James M. Macon.
2d Lieutenant Ed. Q. Thornton, Co. K.
do Ed. O. Petty, Co. B.
Sergeant C. K. Hall, Co. H.
do W. J. White, Co. H.
do E. Priest, Co. K.
Private W. C. Menifee, Co. A.
Sergeant A. J. Talbot, Co. A.
Private Samuel M. Martin, Co. B.
do John Dansbey, Co. C.
do Evander Burkett, Co. D.
do Frank Jones, Co. E.
do William M. Meadows, Co. F.
Sergeants John H. Poyner and T. F. Espy, Co. G.
Company G was unable to decide between these two sergeants.
Sergeant Abner Flowers, Co. I.
do James S. Wilson, Co. K.
Company H made no selection.

Seventeenth Battalion of Sharpshooters:

Private John A. Rutherford,* Co. A.
do Walter S. White, Co. B.

Waters' Battery:

Private John Hutcherson

Ketchum's Battery:

Captain James Garrity.
1st Lieutenant Phillip Bond.
do Maynard A. Hassell.

Arkansas.

First Regiment of Infantry:

Lieutenant-Colonel D. McGregor.*
Adjutant S. M. Greenwood.
Captain O. F. Parrish, Co. D.
Lieutenant J. E. Letson, Co. D.
Captain W. H. Scales, Co. C.
Corporal G. M. McKenzie,* Co. A.
Private J. S. T. Hemphill, Co. B.
do G. W. Sallee,* Co. C.
do G. Bagy, Co. D.
do W. W. Chaney, Co. E.
do H. J. Bullion, Co. F.
do A. P. Green,* Co. G.
do J. Beeson, Co. H.
do J. H. Curd,* Co. I.
do O. C. Chroat,* Co. K.

Second Regiment of Infantry:

Corporal James W. Pyles, Co. A.
Private Tilman Peavy,* Co. B.
do J. H. Eagle,* Co. C.
do E. A. Ballew, Co. D.

Private W. A. Thompson,* Co. E.
do Wm. Till,* Co. A.
Sergeant J. E. Shepard, Co. G.
Private M. M. McGee, Co. H.
Sergeant H. M. Gravis, Co. I.
do F. E. Gett, Co. K.

Fourth Regiment of Infantry:

Sergeant S. A. Smith, Co. A.
Private James M. Pate,* Co. C.
do Daniel Hudson, Co. D.
do Thomas Caldwell, Co. E.
Sergeant J. F. Garrett,* Co. F.
Private J. M. Vinson,* Co. G.
Sergeant S. T. Ward,* Co. H.
Private Simpson Jackson, Co. I.
do T. P. Williams, Co. K.

First Regiment of Mounted Rifles:

Private Patrick Collawan, Co. A.
do W. T. Blakemore, Co. B.
do James Pearsons, Co. C.
Corporal C. D. Jenkins, Co. D.
Private T. J. Underwood, Co. E.
do W. W. Coe, Co. F.
1st Sergeant W. S. Colburn, Co. G.
Corporal Thomas Thompson, Co. H.
do J. L. Casteen, Co. I.
Private G. B. House,* Co. K.

Twenty-fifth Regiment of Infantry:

Private J. Alphin, Co. A.
Corporal J. R. Ferguson, Co. B.
Private W. G. Evans, Co. C.
do M. N. Jones, Co. D.
do S. H. McBride, Co. E.
do John A. Wright, Co. F.
do J. S. Gardner, Co. G.
do J. W. McNabb, Co. H.
Corporal A. M. Ragsdel, Co. I.
do H. D. Holdaway, Co. K.

Fourth Battalion of Infantry:

Private James Vines,* Co. A.
Corporal L. Higgle,* Co. B.
Private George Aylor, Co. C.
do C. G. Warren, Co. E.

Humphries' Artillery Company:

Private John Campbell.

Georgia.

Fifth Regiment of Infantry:

Private Newton Rice,* Co. A.
Corporal M. J. McNamara,* Co. C.
Private Thomas J. Brantley,* Co. E.
Sergeant Samuel P. Kiddoo,* Co. F.
Corporal B. D. Bedell, Co. H.
Private George A. Horseley,* Co. K.
Companies D and G declined to select.

Third Battalion of Infantry:

Private A. S. Kinney,* Co. B.
do W. D. Clark,* Co. C.
do Mathew Hall, Co. D.
do John Capps, Co. E.
do Michael Kinney, Co. F.
do Thomas Nolan, Co. G.
do G. W. Sanders, Co. H.

Ninth Battalion of Infantry:

Private Obie McCreery, Co. A.
do W. J. Wood, Co. B.
do N. W. Rice, Co. C.
Corporal William M. Gaines, Co. D.
Private C. M. R. Palmer, Co. E.

Kentucky.

Second Regiment of Infantry:

Color-Corporal W. H. Robinson, Co. A.
Private R. H. Graves, Co. B.
do Thomas Clark, Co. C.
Sergeant C. A. Haskell, Co. D.
do F. M. Chambers, Co. E.
do W. O. Coppidge, Co. F.

Sergeant D. E. Turney, Co. G.
Corporal E. H. Wright, Co. H.
Sergeant John H. Crane, Co. I.
do James A. Pearce, Co. K.

Fourth Regiment of Infantry:

Corporal G. W. Rogers, Co. A.
Sergeant E. L. Johnson, Co. B.
Private John McGuire, Co. C.
Color-Corporal R. H. Lindsey, Co. D.
Sergeant J. S. Whittington, Co. E.
Private Joseph Nickols, Co. F.
do H. D. Wallace, Co. G.
Sergeant A. M. Hathaway, Co. K.
Companies H and I declined selecting.

Sixth Regiment of Infantry:

1st Sergeant J. B. Lewis, Co. C.
Corporal E. S. Jones, Co. D.
Private Thomas Payne, Co. E.
do James T. Prather, Co. G.
2d Sergeant William Harned, Co. H.
Private J. O. Cushenbury, Co. I.
Companies A and B declined selecting.

Ninth Regiment of Infantry:

Captain Joseph Desha, Co. I.
do James T. Morehead, Co. G.
Private J. G. Wakefield, Co. A.
do Jacob Blackshear, Co. B.
do J. L. Collins, Co. C.
do Nathan Board, Co. G.
Sergeant William K. Kenman, Co. H.
do Drakeford Gray, Co. I.
Private H. B. Roberts, Co. K.
Company D declined to select.

Louisiana.

Thirteenth Regiment of Infantry:

Color-Sergeant Roger Tanure.
Sergeant Major John Farrel.
Private Daniel Dunn, Co. A.
do George K. Higgins, Co. B.
do Lewis Brown, Co. C.
Corporal F. Druvot, Co. D.
Private E. M. Harris, Co. E.
do Michael McCalliff, Co. F.
do James Kinsley, Co. G.
do M. Brenigan, Co. H.
Sergeant Patrick Johnston, Co. I.
Private Francis Mackin, Co. K.

Twentieth Regiment of Infantry:

Private Frank Monahan, Co. A.
Corporal Charles Snieder, Co. B.
do John Bellejeau, Co. C.
Private Walter Haynes, Co. D.
1st Sergeant P. Mooney, Co. E.
Private G. Heisser, Co. F.
do Michael Sullivan, Co. G.
do Michael Carey, Co. H.
do John Gorman, Co. I.
1st Sergeant G. G. Smith, Co. K.

Austin's Battalion of Sharpshooters:

Private J. W. Stovall,* Co. A.
do Andrew Develbiss, Co. B.

Fifth Company Washington Artillery:

Private John W. Anthony.

Mississippi.

Fifth Regiment of Infantry:

Sergeant William Dobbs, Co. A.
Private Jesse Glass, Co. B.
Corporal J. J. Smith, Co. C.
Private G. T. Jayroe, Co. D.
Sergeant J. H. Richardson, Co. E.
do W. A. Snow, Co. F.
Private S. F. Fondren, Co. G.
Sergeant D. S. McCollum, Co. H.
Private W. R. Flannigan, Co. I.
do H. H. McMichael, Co. K.

* Killed in action.

Seventh Regiment of Infantry:

Private J. H. Huggins, Co. A.
do H. H. Price, Co. B.
do Richard Chaddick, Co. C.
do J. H. Creed, Co. D.

Sergeant George Stewart, Co. E.

Private B. Drummond, Co. F.
do M. B. Stringer, Co. G.
do A. Z. Coker, Co. H.
do P. W. Rogers, Co. I.
Sergeant A. E. Ford, Co. K.

Eighth Regiment of Infantry:

Private W. T. Robinson, Co. A.
do J. H. Bond, Co. B.
do W. J. Pitman, Co. C.
Corporal G. B. Risher, Co. D.
Private S. T. Massey, Co. E.
do D. F. Hilburn, Co. F.
Corporal A. W. Atwood, Co. G.
Private J. C. Lucy, Co. H.
do Joel Foster, Co. I.
do W. W. Watson, Co. K.

Ninth Regiment of Infantry:

Private T. E. Bowden,* Co. A.
do Thomas Gill, Co. B.
Color Sergeant L. E. McCrosky, Co. C.
Sergeant George F. Duffy, Co. D.
Private John McAfee,* Co. E.
Corporal E. W. Dowty, Co. F.
Private W. T. Hollis, Co. G.
do B. C. Lipscomb,* Co. H.
Sergeant D. R. Biles, Co. I.
Private W. H. Wheeler, Co. K.

Forty-first Regiment of Infantry:

Sergeant John A. Moore, Co. A.
Private A. W. Bell, Co. D.
do A. F. Anderson, Co. E.
do A. Sanders, Co. F.
do Samuel N. Richey, Co. G.
do G. D. Nelson, Co. H.
do F. Ledbetter, Co. I.
do F. Constantine, Co. K.

Corporal W. M. Baker, Co. L.

Companies B and C declined making selections.

Ninth Battalion of Sharpshooters:

4th Sergeant M. Murphy, Co. A.
1st Sergeant Joseph O'Brien, Co. A.
Sergeant Murphy was selected by Major Richards, commanding battalion.
Companies B and C declined making selections.

Stanford's Light Battery:

Private Richard H. Elliott.

North Carolina.

Twenty-ninth Regiment of Infantry:

Corporal Abner B. Freeman, Co. A.
Private Thomas Elkin, Co. B.
Color-bearer James R. Lanning, Co. C.
1st Sergeant Ervin F. Roberts, Co. D.
Corporal Willburn S. Smith, Co. E.
Private Devania Millsaps,* Co. F.
do Abraham Hedrick, Co. G.
do James A. Gillespie, Co. H.
do Thomas Willis, Co. I.
do Robert King, Co. K.

Thirty-ninth Regiment of Infantry:

Colonel David Coleman.
Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh H. Davidson.
Adjutant Isaac S. Hyams.
1st Lieutenant Abram Booker, Co. A.
do Wm. T. Anderson, Co. B.
Sergeant John C. Rogers, Co. A.
Private William T. West, Co. B.
do James W. Cobb, Co. C.
do James B. A. Staten, Co. D.
do Moses Fulbright, Co. E.

Sergeant John W. Wiggins, Co. F.

do John E. More, Co. I.
Companies G and H made no selection.
Company K not in action.

South Carolina.

Tenth Regiment of Infantry:

1st Lieutenant C. C. White, Co. A.

Private A. J. McCants, Co. A.
do J. S. Beaty, Co. B.
do W. D. Hewitt, Co. C.
do G. S. Flowers, Co. D.
Sergeant C. W. Cockfield,* Co. E.
Private G. W. Curry, Co. F.
do J. Cannon, Co. G.
do N. Gray, Co. H.
do W. H. Poston, Co. I.
do J. W. H. Bunch,* Co. K.
do J. A. Boatwright, Co. L.
Sergeant S. B. Rhuark, Co. M.

Nineteenth Regiment of Infantry:

Colonel Aug. J. Lythgoe.
Major John A. Crowder.
Private Benjamin W. Boothe, Co. A.
do Samuel S. Horne, Co. B.
Sergeant W. H. Burkhalter, Co. C.
do W. A. Black, Co. D.
do S. D. McCoy, Co. E.
do Samuel Bloodsworth, Co. F.
do Seth A. Jones, Co. G.
Private James McClain, Co. H.
do James Jones, Co. I.
Sergeant Martin Yancey, Co. K.

Tennessee.

Second Regiment of Infantry:

Color-Sergeant John C. Ferris.

Fourth Regiment of Infantry:

Sergeant J. B. Wendall, Co. B.
Corporal M. R. Brown, Co. C.
Private R. L. Matthews, Co. E.
do G. M. Whitson, Co. G.
Sergeant J. F. Seay, Co. H.
Private R. W. Mullins, Co. I.

Fifth Regiment of Infantry:

Sergeant J. P. Harcastle, Co. A.
2d Lieutenant Zora B. Hamrick, Co. B.
Color-Sergeant W. Davis, Co. C.
1st Lieutenant W. T. Grissom, Co. C.
Captain R. B. Roberts, Co. D.
2d Lieutenant W. W. Masey, Co. E.
1st Lieutenant John B. Blair, Co. G.
Sergeant J. Swan, Co. G.
2d Lieutenant S. R. Richards, Co. H.
do William H. Ballard, Co. L.
Corporal W. F. Diggs, Co. A.
2d Sergeant J. A. Aguilar, Co. B.
Sergeant L. D. Holland, Co. C.
Private W. T. Ballard, Co. D.
Corporal W. A. Thompson, Co. E.
Private J. J. Hagler, Co. F.
do D. C. Baucum, Co. G.
do W. C. Malin,* Co. H.
do G. W. Costen,* Co. I.
Corporal J. B. Johnson, Co. K.

Eighth Regiment of Infantry:

Private D. T. Purkins,* Co. A.
do R. E. Colston,* Co. B.
Sergeant J. M. Jones, Co. C.
do W. J. Armstrong,* Co. D.
do Willie Simmons,* Co. E.
1st Sergeant E. B. Little,* Co. F.
Private R. H. Gaines,* Co. G.
do T. G. Hall, Co. H.
Sergeant J. T. Luna, Co. I.
Sergeant-Major W. H. Holmon,* Co. K.

Seventeenth Regiment of Infantry:

Colonel A. S. Marks.

Lieutenant-Colonel Watt W. Floyd.

Adjutant James B. Fitzpatrick.
Captain Frank B. Terry, Co. A.
1st Lieutenant George W. Corn, Co. D.
do H. Milton Kinsey, Co. B.
2d Lieutenant M. W. Black, Co. E.
Corporal John N. Lowery,* Co. A.
Sergeant P. L. Shaffner, Co. B.
do W. T. Jones, Co. C.
do Robert Rollins, Co. D.
Private J. D. Martin, Co. E.
do John L. Conley, Co. F.
do J. H. Guber, Company G.
do M. T. Liggett,* Co. H.
do T. C. Mitchell, Co. K.
Company I declined making a selection.

Nineteenth Regiment of Infantry:

1st Sergeant Joseph Thompson, Co. I.
do Amos C. Smith, Co. B.
Sergeant George N. Richardson, Co. K.
The other companies declined making selections.

Twenty-third Regiment of Infantry:

Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Keeble.
Captain W. H. Hunter, Co. G.
do N. R. Allen, Co. E.
Private W. G. Haynie, Co. A.
do W. J. Pennington, Co. B.
1st Sergeant J. N. Holt, Co. D.
Private H. C. Haynes,* Co. E.
do S. M. Foster, Co. C.
do Jasper M. Harris,* Co. F.
1st Sergeant William K. Kelly, Co. G.
Corporal G. W. Jernyan, Co. H.

Twenty-fourth Regiment of Infantry:

Private R. H. Jones, Co. A.
do Willis A. Jones, Co. B.
do J. M. D. Sullivan, Co. C.
Sergeant W. H. H. Loftin, Co. D.
Private William Jordon, Co. E.
Color-bearer Cuthbert Ferrill, Co. F.
Sergeant G. W. Anderson, Co. G.
Private Allen W. Williams, Co. H.
do R. A. Dean, Co. I.
do Andrew J. Powers, Co. K.

Twenty-fifth Regiment of Infantry:

This regiment declined making any selections.

Twenty-sixth Regiment of Infantry:

Private James Deatherage,* Co. A.
do John H. Edmunds, Co. B.
do William T. Williams,* Co. C.
do Wesley Collins, Co. D.
do William Rice, Co. E.
do William Wright, Co. F.
do A. M. Brunson, Co. H.
do Washington Fuller, Co. I.
do John Alfred, Co. K.

Twenty-eighth Regiment of Infantry:

Captain Franklin Fowler, Co. I.
1st Lieutenant James M. Lowe, Co. B.
Private Elijah W. Greer, Co. A.
do Thomas W. Patton, Co. B.
do Lafate Chilton, Co. C.
do James A. Rash, Co. G.
Color-bearer Houston B. Graves, Co. F.
Corporal John F. Moore, Co. G.
Private Pinkney Craighead, Co. H.
Sergeant Claiborne D. Griffith, Co. I.
1st Sergeant J. R. Pirtle, Co. K.

Thirty-third Regiment of Infantry:

Corporal J. W. Mosier, Co. A.
Private T. E. Mercer, Co. B.
Sergeant J. C. Stublefield, Co. C.
Private W. J. McDaniel, Co. D.
do E. M. Arnold, Co. E.
Sergeant George Parhorn,* Co. F.
Private W. R. Gauntlett, Co. G.
do J. L. Mizell,* Co. H.

* Killed in action.

Sergeant J. E. Hays,* Co. I.
Private J. D. Hill, Co. K.

Thirty-seventh Regiment of Infantry:
Major J. T. McKeytolds.

Forty-fourth Regiment of Infantry:

Colonel John S. Fulton.
Lieutenant-Colonel John L. McEuen.
Major H. C. Ewin.
Captain Samuel Jackson, Co. I.
Private James D. Stone, Co. B.
do J. G. Hefflin,* Co. C.
Corporal John W. Gill,* Co. F.
do J. D. Crenshaw, Co. H.
do Isaac Berry, Co. I.
Private J. M. Sellers, Co. K.

Forty-fifth Regiment of Infantry:

Private A. W. Loftin, Co. A.
do J. H. Henderson, Co. B.
do J. E. Watkins,* Co. C.
Corporal P. C. F. Miller, Co. D.
Private James Flowers,* Co. E.
1st Sergeant L. P. Cawthorn,* Co. F.
Private A. T. Lanvin,* Co. G.
Corporal B. A. Baird, Co. H.
Sergeant Hugh Hope, Co. I.
Private John W. Williams, Co. K.

Darden's Battery:

This company declined to select.

Steven Artillery:

Private James L. Gibbs.*

Mississippi.

Jefferson Artillery:

Captain P. Darden.
Major R. B. Snowden, Assistant Adjutant-General.

Texas.

Captain Douglas' Battery:

Corporal W. L. Waits.

Ninth Regiment of Infantry:

Lieutenant-Colonel M. A. Dillard.
Private F. M. Sellman, Co. A.
do John Bradshaw, Co. C.
do T. J. Cox, Co. D.
Sergeant J. C. Hamilton, Co. E.
Private J. M. Byrd, Co. F.
do D. F. Moore, Co. G.
do M. H. Dixon, Co. H.
Sergeant G. W. Bodford, Co. K.
Companies B and I declined making selections.

Tenth Regiment of Cavalry (dis-mounted):

Private Alexander Cook, Co. A.
do F. M. Rodgers, Co. B.
Sergeant J. T. McGee, Co. C.
do A. Sims, Co. D.
Private James Terry, Co. E.
do W. W. Conley, Co. F.
do Stokely Hutchins, Co. G.
do J. O. Manning, Co. H.
do Joel Reynolds, Co. I.
do S. L. Birdwell, Co. K.

Fourteenth Regiment of Cavalry:

Private W. R. Strapp, Co. A.
do Jordon Welcher, Co. B.
do Thomas A. Lattemer, Co. C.
do William D. Melton,* Co. D.
Corporal John Wyche, Co. E.
Private Wm. Spencer, Co. F.
do George W. Woodall, Co. G.
do William Hull, Co. H.
do Richard Stiles, Co. I.
do J. V. Keil, Co. K.

Thirty-second Regiment of Cavalry
(formerly 15th):

Corporal James Rogers,* Co. G.
Private James W. Clark,* Co. G.
1st Sergeant S. L. Easley, Co. I.
Private E. Watson, Co. I.
Other companies declined making selections.

Ninth Confederate Regiment:

Col. J. A. Smith, commanding.
Captain Joseph H. Brow.
1st Sergeant William Powers, Co. A.
do William Price, Co. B.
Private Hugh McHugh, Co. C.
1st Sergeant Walter Laracy, Co. D.
Private John Hogan, Co. E.
do Curran Kenny, Co. F.
do Luther Hessey, Co. G.
Sergeant A. P. Burns, Co. H.

BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

Alabama.

Third Regiment of Infantry:

Sergeant Walter Ransom, Co. C.
do George Ellison, Co. E.
Corporal H. H. Hardy, Co. G.
Private C. D. Rouse, Co. H.
Corporal W. H. Powers, Co. K.
Companies A, B, D, F and L declined voting.

Fifth Regiment of Infantry:

Captain William Thomas Renfro, Co. B.
Private W. P. Stokes, Co. A.
do John Summers, Co. B.
do F. M. Burnett, Co. C.
Sergeant John H. Cowan, Co. D.
Private Louis H. Thornton, Co. E.
Corporal John O. Donohoe, Co. F.
Private N. S. Franklin, Co. G.
do R. L. Franklin, Co. H.
do H. J. Robertson, Co. I.
Corporal H. F. Martin, Co. K.

Sixth Regiment of Infantry:

Private Mathew Benton, Co. A.
Sergeant J. C. Gamble, Co. A.
Private W. H. Digby, Co. C.
do H. H. Moore, Co. D.
Sergeant E. O. Baker, Co. E.
Corporal G. P. Jones, Co. F.
Private H. L. Jones, Co. G.
Sergeant D. Madigan, Co. H.
Private James W. Evans, Co. I.
do H. I. Price, Co. K.
Sergeant H. W. Hale, Co. L.
Private D. W. Moorer, Co. M.

Twelfth Regiment of Infantry:

Captain Henry M. Cox,* Co. B.
Private Louis Tundoro, Co. A.
do R. W. May, Co. B.
Sergeant William Lawless, Co. C.
Private J. E. Bale, Co. D.
do C. H. Hunter, Co. E.
do P. W. Chappell, Co. F.
do R. B. Mitchell, Co. G.
do W. S. Brown, Co. H.
do H. N. Wootan, Co. I.
do Thomas Eady, Co. K.

Twenty-sixth Regiment of Infantry:

1st Lieutenant E. S. Stuckey, Co. B.
Private L. Walters, Co. A.
do Joseph H. Bounds, Co. B.
Sergeant J. H. Lockwell, Co. C.
Private J. C. Pennington, Co. D.
do Joseph Munsel, Co. E.
do James H. Dowdle, Co. F.
Corporal Jesse Parsons, Co. G.
Private D. H. Spraddle, Co. H.

Sergeant D. Butler, Co. I.
Private B. F. Smith, Co. K.

Georgia.

Fourth Regiment of Infantry:

Private W. Sparks,* Co. A.
Sergeant Hill M. Traylor,* Co. B.
Color-Corporal John T. Moore,* Co. C.
The other companies declined making selections.

Fourteenth Regiment of Infantry:

Lieutenant-Colonel J. M. Fielder.*
Captain T. T. Moulner.*
do R. P. Harman.*
1st Lieutenant H. A. Solomon.*
Private Daniel Kennington,* Co. B.
Corporal William Tomlinson,* Co. C.
do Joseph G. Dupree, Co. D.
2d Sergeant Thomas D. Smith, Co. H.
Private James F. D. Thaxton,* Co. I.
do James M. Brock, Co. K.
The other companies declined making selections.

Twelfth Regiment of Infantry:

1st Lieutenant Thomas W. Harris, Co. C.
2d Lieutenant J. A. Walker, Co. B.
do W. F. Lowe, Co. F.
Private J. L. Batts, Co. A.
do Abel James, Co. B.
do S. M. Beavers, Co. C.
do W. W. Forrister, Co. D.
do R. J. Orr, Co. E.
1st Sergeant N. M. Howard, Co. F.
Private James N. Bullard, Co. G.
do Archibald McDonald, Co. H.
1st Sergeant B. L. Stevens, Co. I.
Private W. H. Burgamy, Co. K.

Thirty-fifth Regiment of Infantry:

Corporal Jackson Baggett, Co. A.
Private A. S. W. Bass, Co. B.
2d Sergeant J. A. Cochran, Co. C.
Private Rolley Willingham, Co. D.
do D. P. White, Co. E.
do R. D. B. Holt, Co. F.
do W. E. Moore, Co. G.
do Absalom Martin, Co. H.
do Lewis Milligan, Co. I.
do D. M. Pearce, Co. K.

Forty-fourth Regiment of Infantry:

Private James Fambrough,* Co. C.
do James A. McNatt,* Co. F.
The other companies declined making selections.

Forty-fifth Regiment of Infantry:

Captain William H. Shaw.*
Private John D. Fate,* Co. A.
do John H. King, Co. C.
do James M. Lawrence, Co. E.
do James P. Green, Co. F.
do John S. Bonner, Co. G.
do H. W. Dent, Co. H.
do W. W. Wilson, Co. I.
do M. H. Fitzpatrick, Co. K.
Company B declined making a selection.

Forty-ninth Regiment of Infantry:

Sergeant H. A. Hall, Co. A.
Private Lewis White, Co. B.
Sergeant M. Watkins, Co. C.
do W. T. Moore,* Co. D.
Corporal James Hollingsworth,* Co. E.
do L. D. Taylor, Co. F.
do J. N. Jordan, Co. G.
Private Joseph Bell, Co. H.
do F. B. Pool, Co. I.
do James Taylor,* Co. K.
Twenty-first Regiment of Infantry declined making selections.

* Killed in action.

North Carolina.

Second Regiment:

Sergeant John E. Banner, Co. A.
 Private W. H. Flowers, Co. B.
 Sergeant T. E. Ellis, Co. C.
 Corporal S. Felton, Co. D.
 Sergeant J. T. Booth, Co. E.
 Corporal J. E. May, Co. F.
 Private Thomas Willford, Co. G.
 do Simeon Graddy, Co. H.
 do Aaron B. Pitt, Co. I.
 Corporal Charles Catler, Co. K.

Fourth Regiment of Infantry:

Sergeant W. S. Snufford,* Co. A.
 Private Jacob W. Wilhelm, Co. B.
 Sergeant Jos. W. Leggett,* Co. E.
 Private G. W. Shavis,* Co. H.
 do William H. Barrow,* Co. I.
 do W. R. Joscy,* Co. K.

The other companies declined making selections.

Fifth Regiment of Infantry:

Private William Henry Medlin, Co. A.
 do Richard H. Briggs, Co. B.
 do Newitt D. Bridges, Co. C.
 do J. M. Guilford, Co. D.
 Corporal Monroe Cruise, Co. E.
 do Patrick H. Robbins, Co. G.
 Private Thomas Felton, Co. H.
 Color-Corporal Francis Bradshaw, Co. K.

Seventh Regiment of Infantry:

2d Lieutenant A. M. Walker, Co. K.
 Corporal Wm. H. Milstead, Co. A.
 Sergeant Wm. G. Sawyers, Co. B.
 Corporal Philip Strickland, Co. C.
 Sergeant Thomas Brinkle, Co. D.
 Private E. H. Eure, Co. E.
 do Edward Williams, Co. F.
 Corporal J. W. Smith, Co. G.
 Sergeant R. M. Caldwell, Co. H.
 Private T. L. Purdie, Co. I.
 Sergeant J. S. McCurdy, Co. K.

Twelfth Regiment of Infantry:

Private D. B. Hoover, Co. A.
 Corporal Samuel Alston Ward, Co. C.
 Private T. A. Stone, Co. D.
 Sergeant L. M. Wills,* Co. E.
 Private Jerry Draper, Co. F.
 do J. E. Hux, Co. G.
 A. L. Barnes, Co. H.
 John W. Arrington, Co. I.
 John R. Johnson,* Co. K.

Fourteenth Regiment of Infantry:

Private Henry B. Sanders, Co. C.
 Sergeant J. F. Goforth, Co. D.
 do Urias Pool,* Co. E.
 do J. M. Whitmore,* Co. F.
 do J. R. Smith,* Co. G.
 Corporal C. M. Smith, Co. I.
 Sergeant L. N. Keith, Co. K.

Companies A, B and H declined making selections.

Sixteenth Regiment of Infantry:

1st Lieutenant C. L. Robinson,* Co. H.
 do A. M. Roberts,* Co. M.
 Private F. Riley, Co. B.
 Corporal W. H. Wiggins, Co. C.
 Private K. C. Blanton, Co. D.
 do Lawrence Cook, Co. E.
 Corporal A. M. Madows, Co. F.
 Private J. W. Willford,* Co. G.
 do B. P. Jacobs, Co. H.
 1st Sergeant T. L. Williams,* Co. I.
 Corporal J. J. Blackwell,* Co. K.
 Color-Sergeant John A. Carpenter, Co. M.

Twentieth Regiment of Infantry:

Corporal C. A. Patterson, Co. A.

Private D. R. A. Ellis, Co. B.
 Corporal Richard Faulk, Co. C.
 Private Josiah Hudson, Co. H.
 do Newberne Tew, Co. I.
 do Thomas N. Morris, Co. K.

Twenty-third Regiment of Infantry:

Private J. D. Birmingham,* Co. A.
 do A. Hedick, Co. B.
 Sergeant Brantley Harris,* Co. C.
 Private N. C. Morrison,* Co. D.
 do Samuel Clarke, Co. E.
 do W. A. Towell,* Co. F.
 do T. M. Thamason, Co. G.
 do J. C. Ford,* Co. H.
 do Robert Hesler, Co. I.
 do J. F. Killian,* Co. K.

Thirtieth Regiment of Infantry:

Private John R. Holland,* Co. A.
 do Wm. J. McDowell, Co. C.
 Sergeant J. W. J. House, Co. F.
 Private William McCauley, Co. H.
 do E. M. Bales, Co. K.
 Companies B, D, E, G and I made no decisions.

Thirty-fourth Regiment of Infantry:

Private Mathias Brown, Co. A.
 do Wallace Winn, Co. B.
 Sergeant George W. Koone, Co. C.
 Private Oadiah Elter, Co. D.
 1st Sergeant David M. Taylor, Co. E.
 Sergeant Thomas S. Shufford,* Co. F.
 1st Sergeant Charles B. Todd, Co. G.
 Private Samuel Dellinger, Co. H.
 Sergeant Elisha Robbins, Co. I.
 Private Joseph Hogan, Co. K.

Thirty-seventh Regiment of Infantry:

Private W. J. Goss, Co. A.
 Sergeant J. E. Fairchild, Co. B.
 do B. F. Brown, Co. C.
 Private John L. Austin, Co. D.
 do J. E. Coffee, Co. E.
 do William Kelly, Co. F.
 do J. A. Rolinett, Co. G.
 Sergeant G. W. McKee, Co. H.
 Sergeant John Tally, Co. I.
 Private M. D. L. Parsons, Co. K.

Thirty-eighth Regiment of Infantry:

Adjutant D. M. McIntire.
 Lieutenant A. J. Brown.
 Private Jesse Nethercut, Co. A.
 do Thomas Dinkins, Co. B.
 do Benjamin Sutton, Co. C.
 1st Sergeant David A. Thomson, Co. D.
 Private W. J. Hutchinson,* Co. E.
 do W. M. S. Huffman, Co. F.
 Corporal W. T. Matheson, Co. G.
 do D. P. Woodburn, Co. H.
 Private T. J. Ramsey, Co. I.
 do W. H. McPhaul, Co. K.

South Carolina.

First Regiment of Infantry:

Private W. H. Cooper, Co. A.
 do J. P. Hunter,* Co. B.
 do A. P. Abbott,* Co. C.
 do Jesse R. Hayes,* Co. E.
 do Benjamin Barnhill,* Co. F.
 do G. W. Smith,* Co. G.
 do Albert P. Younans, Co. H.
 do R. W. Perry, Co. I.
 do James McNabb,* Co. K.
 do A. J. Simpson, Co. L.

Thirteenth Regiment of Infantry:

Sergeant J. M. McCollum,* Co. D.
 Private James Johnson,* Co. E.
 John M. Pikard, Co. G.
 T. C. Corley, Co. K.

Fourteenth Regiment of Infantry:

Sergeant J. M. Carter,* Co. A.
 Private Caleb Hare,* Co. B.
 do Oliviant P. Walker,* Co. D.
 do C. Hughes, Co. E.
 Sergeant Z. L. Nabors,* Co. F.
 Private James White,* Co. G.
 Sergeant R. J. Wade, Co. H.
 do John E. Brownlee, Co. I.
 Private M. C. Little,* Co. K.

Orr's Rifles:

Sergeant L. A. Wardlaw, Co. B.
 Private Samuel P. Moore, Co. F.
 do J. Marian Mattison, Co. G.

Virginia.

Fourth Regiment of Infantry:

Captain M. Harmon,* Co. G.
 Lieutenant M. G. W. Peterman,* Co. E.
 Captain John H. Fulton, Co. A.
 Lieutenant James F. Cecil, Co. C.
 do P. Hogan, Co. H.
 do W. B. Carder, Co. D.
 Adjutant William Wade.
 Sergeant Harold J. Matthews, Co. A.
 do Charles W. Garlick, Co. B.
 Private William A. Chumbley, Co. C.
 do Edward Harrison, Co. D.
 Sergeant Charles L. Gordon, Co. E.
 Corporal George V. Byrd, Co. F.
 do Peter H. Marrow, Co. G.
 Private Ribben D. Henderson,* Co. H.
 do Nathan A. Lackey,* Co. I.
 do George W. Pace, Co. L.

Twenty-seventh Regiment of Infantry:

Sergeant J. H. Holley, Co. E.
 Private J. O. Cook, Co. F.
 do W. H. Parker,* Co. D.
 do E. H. Norgrove,* Co. H.
 do Hugh King, Co. B.
 Corporal John Baker, Co. G.
 do Isaac Beeson, Co. G.

Fortieth Regiment of Infantry:

Private George W. Dudley,* Co. A.
 do Robert H. Wilson, Co. B.
 do Peter M. Hall, Co. C.
 do Henry Bartlett, Co. D.
 do Hiram Purcell, Co. E.
 1st Sergeant Thomas Cockrell,* Co. F.
 Private Joseph McCave, Co. G.
 Corporal John T. Ford,* Co. H.
 do George Cornwell, Co. I.
 1st Sergeant John B. Garland,* Co. K.

Fifty-fifth Regiment of Infantry:

Corporal C. R. Sheppard,* Co. A.
 Sergeant William Smith, Co. C.
 Corporal Ro. Hall, Co. E.
 Sergeant Thomas B. Fogg,* Co. F.
 Private Thomas Dodson, Co. K.
 do John Haydon,* Co. L.
 do George T. Newton,* Co. M.

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Ninth Georgia Regiment of Infantry:

Lieutenant-Colonel John C. Mounger.
 Private R. B. Millican,* Co. B.
 do Thomas J. Michael, Co. C.
 do James W. Mann,* Co. D.
 Corporal Joseph A. Hough, Co. E.
 Private Jesse McCullar,* Co. F.
 do John Mills, Co. G.
 do Chesley Aldeman, Co. H.
 Corporal Luther J. Copeland,* Co. I.
 Private Henry F. Daniel, Co. K.

* Killed in action.

Private Henry F. Daniel was afterward killed at Funkstown, Maryland, July 10, 1863.

BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES.

Mississippi.

Second Regiment of Mississippi Infantry:

Private John Cotton,* Co. B.
Sergeant R. A. Roberts (afterward killed at Gettysburg), Co. C.
Private J. H. Walker, Co. D.
Sergeant J. M. McCully (afterward killed at Sharpsburg), Co. E.
Private J. B. Smith,* Co. F.
do W. E. Manahan, Co. G.
do Franklin McKinney,* Co. H.
do Joseph Sims,* Co. I.
do Thomas D. Hampton, Co. K.
do J. A. McAllister, Co. L.

BATTLE OF GAINES' FARM.

Mississippi.

Second Regiment of Mississippi Infantry:

Private W. C. Key, Co. A.
do A. J. Pegram,* Co. B.
do Wm. Ball,* Co. C.
do J. P. Lewis,* Co. D.
do Jos. Compton,* Co. E.
do R. L. Northrop,* Co. F.
Sergeant Rich. Drake, Co. G.
Private A. C. Mars,* Co. H.
do J. M. Scott, Co. I.
do Thos. D. Hampton,* Co. K.
do W. H. Bryan (afterward killed at Sharpsburg), Co. L.

BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL.

Mississippi.

Second Regiment of Mississippi Infantry:

Private W. C. Key, Co. A.
do J. H. Parker,* Co. B.
Sergeant J. A. Atkins (afterward killed at Suffolk, April 25, 1863), Co. C.
Private J. L. Ralph (afterward killed at Sharpsburg), Co. F.
Corporal J. F. S. Cooper, Co. G.
Private A. K. Roberts, Co. H.
do Hilary Andrews (killed Aug. 29, 1862), Co. I.
do J. M. Moore, Co. K.
Corporal J. M. Ward,* Co. L.

SECOND BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

Mississippi.

Second Regiment of Mississippi Infantry:

Private Jno. C. Christman, Co. A.
do W. H. Davis,* Co. B.
Corporal C. L. Vinson,* Co. C.
Sergeant C. C. Davis (color-bearer), Co. D.
Private Thomas Woodard (killed at Suffolk, May 21, 1863), Co. E.
Private J. L. Harbin,* Co. F.
Sergeant J. F. Wray, Co. G.
Private J. Westmoreland, Co. H.
do D. P. Tabor,* Co. I.
do J. N. Aldridge, Co. K.
do Jas. Middleton,* Co. L.

BATTLE OF BOONSBORO.

Mississippi.

Second Regiment of Mississippi Infantry:

Private R. L. Boon, Co. A.

* Killed in action.

Sergeant T. B. McKay (afterward killed at Gettysburg), Co. B.

Sergeant Robt. Harris (afterward killed at Sharpsburg), Co. C.

Private W. B. Houston, Co. D.
do G. W. Monk (afterward killed at Bristol Station), Co. E.

Private T. G. N. Thompson (afterward killed at Sharpsburg), Co. F.

Private J. S. Vanzant,* Co. G.
do B. Weatherington, Co. H.

do E. Browning (afterward killed at Sharpsburg), Co. I.

Private Jas. L. Akers, Co. K.
do Jacob McCarty,* Co. L.

BATTLE OF SHARPSBURG.

Mississippi.

Second Regiment of Mississippi Infantry:

Private W. Looney,* Co. A.
do H. H. Johns,* Co. B.
do A. C. Howard,* Co. C.
do J. B. Elliott, Co. D.
Sergeant J. P. Black,* Co. F.
do F. H. Daggett, Co. G.
do P. F. Harris,* Co. H.
Corporal M. L. Galding,* Co. I.
Private J. W. Gibson,* Co. K.
do Jas. Griffin,* Co. L.

BATTLE OF UPPERVILLE.

Mississippi.

Jeff Davis Legion Cavalry:

Captain W. G. Henderson, Co. B.
do A. K. Ramsey, Co. D.
do David Waidham, Co. F.
1st Lieutenant P. B. Fisher,* Co. B.
Corporal R. Eustis, Co. A.
Private G. Seal,* Co. B.
do C. M. Taylor, Co. C.
do Wm. Frew,* Co. F.
do J. H. Lake, Co. F.
do Wm. Lake, Co. F.

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Mississippi.

Second Regiment of Mississippi Infantry:

Private Micajah Farris, July 1, 1863, Co. A.
Sergeant M. J. Bennett, July 1, 1863, Co. B.
Corporal J. P. Tien, July 3, 1863, Co. B.
Private H. H. Story, July 1, 1863 (killed July 3, 1863), Co. C.
do W. D. Bazemore,* July 3, 1863, Co. C.
do J. Fulton, July 1, 1863, Co. D.
do W. T. Moore, July 3, 1863, Co. D.
do C. L. Humphreys, July 1, 3, 1863, (killed July 3, 1863), Co. E.
Private W. L. Luna, July 1, 1863, Co. F.
do L. M. Blythe, July 3, 1863, Co. F.
do Patrick McAnally, July 1, 1863, Co. G.
do J. J. Donelson, July 3, 1863, Co. G.
Corporal J. A. Raines, July 1, 1863, Co. H.
Private H. McPherson, July 3, 1863, Co. H.
do W. D. Cobb,* July 1, 1863, Co. I.
do M. Yeager,* July 3, 1863, Co. I.
do W. J. Condrey,* July 1, 1863, Co. K.
do James L. Akers,* July 3, 1863, Co. K.
do D. M. White,* July 1, 1863, Co. L.
do O. F. Carpenter,* July 3, 1863, Co. L.

Jeff Davis Legion Cavalry:

Major W. G. Conner.*

BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

Mississippi.

Second Regiment of Mississippi Infantry:

Corporal T. S. Carter,* May 5, 1864, Co. A.
do S. L. Neely, May 6, 1864, Co. A.
Private L. C. Guiton, May 5, 1864, Co. B.
do R. J. Bennett, May 6, 1864, Co. B.
do J. C. Flinn, May 5, 1864, Co. C.
do G. M. Champion, May 6, 1864, Co. C.
Sergeant Z. D. Prescott, May 5, 1864, Co. D.
Private W. A. Thomas, May 6, 1864, Co. D.
do J. S. Bryant, May 5, 1864, Co. E.
do S. D. Kile, May 6, 1864, Co. E.
do D. B. Culberths,* May 5, 1864, Co. F.
do Jno. J. Brown, May 6, 1864, Co. F.
do W. A. Edwards, May 5, 1864, Co. G.
do W. C. Handley, May 6, 1864, Co. G.
do P. Clarke, May 5, 1864, Co. H.
do G. B. Cobb, May 6, 1864, Co. H.
do J. L. Freeman, May 5, 1864, Co. I.
do T. W. Billingsley, May 6, 1864, Co. I.
do Isaac McKeown,* May 5, 1864, Co. K.
do John Lewallen, May 6, 1864, Co. K.
do R. C. Jeter,* May 5, 1864, Co. L.

Eleventh Regiment of Mississippi Infantry:

Corporal Richard C. Bridges, May 5, 1864, Co. A.
Private Edward G. Jones, May 6, 1864, Co. A.
do J. M. Williamson, May 5, 1864, Co. D.
Corporal G. B. Triplett, May 5, 1864, Co. E.
do Jno. S. Morgan, May 6, 1864, Co. E.
Private W. C. Nance, May 5, 1864, Co. F.
do Jno. C. Barnes, May 6, 1864, Co. F.
do W. H. Johnson, May 5, 1864, Co. G.
do P. H. Neagle, May 6, 1864, Co. G.
do J. W. Young, May 5, 1864, Co. H.
Sergeant W. D. Reid, May 6, 1864, Co. H.
Private Jno. E. Gilleyton, May 5, 1864, Co. I.
Corporal C. K. Miller, May 6, 1864, Co. I.
Private Samuel Stanford,* May 5, 1864, Co. K.
do John W. Jennings, May 6, 1864, Co. K.

Forty-second Regiment of Mississippi Infantry:

Private J. M. Loden, Co. A.
do W. H. Cabler, Co. B.
Sergeant R. H. Cobb, Co. C.
do Thos. Martin, Co. D.
do F. E. Smith, Co. E.
Corporal W. T. Blaylock, Co. F.
Private A. Stroup, Co. G.
do A. W. Langham, Co. H.
Corporal Jas. A. Conner, Co. I.
Private S. M. Cole, Co. K.

North Carolina.

Fifty-fifth Regiment of North Carolina Infantry:

Corporal Haywood Scott,* Co. A.
Private M. Benge, Co. B.
Sergeant J. D. Boggs, Co. C.
Private M. H. Randall, Co. D.
do William B. Fleming, Co. E.
Sergeant W. A. Williams, Co. F.

Sergeant W. F. Grantham, Co. G.
Private A. W. McGhee, Co. H.
do Berry Pearce, Co. I.
Corporal John F. Stovall, Co. K.

BATTLE OF TALLEY'S MILL.

Mississippi.

Corporal S. L. Neely, Co. A.
Private W. H. Byrn, Co. B.
do A. T. Sargent, Co. C.
do W. I. Fresham, Co. D.
do M. Levitt, Co. E.
do W. T. Ayres, Co. F.
do J. T. Dillard, Co. G.
do T. J. Harwell, Co. H.
do D. R. Simms,* Co. I.
do John Lewallen, Co. K.

Eleventh Regiment of Mississippi Infantry:

Private A. J. Dew, Co. A.
do J. H. Cook, Co. D.
Corporal Dennis O'Sullivan, Co. E.
do A. W. Menees, Co. F.
Private George M. Duley, Co. G.
Corporal W. R. Holland, Co. H.
Private H. Clay Moore, Co. I.
do Vaiden H. Hughes, Co. K.

BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE.

Mississippi.

Second Regiment of Mississippi Infantry:

Corporal S. L. Neely, Co. A.
Private R. A. Helms, Co. B.
do W. H. H. Ralph, Co. F.
Corporal E. L. Earle, Co. G.
Private A. M. Rae, Co. H.
do John Lewallen,* Co. K.

Eleventh Regiment of Mississippi Infantry:

Private J. H. Dailey, Co. A.
do J. D. Norwood, Co. E.
do Bailus H. Dumas, Co. F.
do A. G. Burney, Co. G.
Sergeant R. T. Hobson, Co. H.
Private J. Beckett Gladerey, Co. I.
do G. B. Marcey,* Co. K.

BATTLE OF BETHESDA CHURCH.

Mississippi.

Second Regiment of Mississippi Infantry:

Corporal S. L. Neely, Co. A.
Private H. M. Cochran, Co. B.
do D. E. Hughes,* Co. C.
do J. W. Wilson, Co. D.
do M. L. Clarke, June 2, 1864, Co. F.
do W. T. Ayres, June 3, 1864, Co. F.
Corporal R. J. McDole, June 2, 1864, Co. G.

Private J. T. Dillard, June 3, 1864, Co. G.
do J. W. Carr, Co. H.
do W. F. Milam, Co. I.
do D. G. Chisne, Co. K.
Sergeant D. P. Tigart, Co. L.

Eleventh Regiment of Mississippi Infantry:

Private J. H. Dailey, Co. A.
do J. C. Halbert, Co. E.
Corporal A. W. Menees,* Co. F.
Private W. N. Shaw, June 2, 1864, Co. G.
do John C. Robinson, June 3, 1864, Co. G.
do T. B. Reid, Co. H.
do George W. Wall, Co. I.
Sergeant A. L. Kimbrough, Co. K.

Corporal Frank L. Hope (color-bearer) acted gallantly in engagements of May 6th and 10th and June 2d and 3d, 1864.

Twenty-sixth Regiment of Mississippi Infantry:

Corporal A. J. Garnett, Co. A.
Private W. A. Stevens, Co. K.

First Confederate Battalion:

Private A. J. Sizemore,* Co. A.

BATTLES NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., JULY 30, 1864.

Alabama.

Eighth Regiment of Alabama Infantry:

Sergeant Jno. H. Deaton, Co. E.

Ninth Regiment of Alabama Infantry:

Private John M. Cutcher, Co. K.

Eleventh Regiment of Alabama Infantry:

Private James Henton, Co. G.

Georgia.

Third Regiment of Georgia Infantry:

Corporal F. J. Herndon, Co. F.

Virginia.

Sixth Regiment of Virginia Infantry:

Private W. B. Nellons, Co. H.

Sixteenth Regiment of Virginia Infantry:

Lieutenant-Colonel R. O. Whitehead.

Captain L. R. Kilby, Co. B.

Lieutenant Jos. B. Goodwyn, Co. F.

Corporal Sol. V. Beuter, Co. D.

Private David Barnes, Co. G.

do A. J. Saddler, Co. F.

do W. F. Lane, Co. G.

Forty-first Regiment of Virginia Infantry:

Private Lemuel Tucker, Co. B.

do Jno. W. Miles, Co. D.

Sixty-first Regiment of Virginia Infantry:

Lieutenant St. Julien Wilson, Co. C.

do J. J. Bilisoly, Co. D.

Sergeant Peter Nowell, Co. G.

Corporal W. H. Harrison, Co. A.

do John E. Foreman, Co. E.

AUGUST 21, 1864.

South Carolina.

Twenty-seventh Regiment of South Carolina Infantry:

Private J. B. Stoney (Orderly to Brigadier-General Hagood), Co. —.

WELDON RAILROAD

Mississippi.

Second Regiment of Mississippi Infantry:

Corporal S. L. Neely (since dead), Co. A.

Private Z. E. Varner, Aug. 18, 1864, Co. B.

Corporal Matthew Knox, Aug. 19, 1864, Co. B.

Private Geo. H. Turner,* Aug. 18, 1864, Co. C.

do Jas. L. Anderson,* Aug. 19, 1864, Co. C.

do S. T. Fife, Aug. 19, 1864, Co. E.

Corporal W. C. Handley, Aug. 18, 1864, Co. G.

Private P. McAnnally, Aug. 19, 1864, Co. G.

do T. W. Billingsly,* Aug. 18, 1864, Co. I.

do R. A. Sims, Aug. 19, 1864, Co. I.

do J. T. Stanley, Aug. 18, 1864, Co. K.

do B. F. Trammel, Aug. 19, 1864, Co. K.

do J. T. Robinson,* Aug. 18, 1864, Co. L.

Companies D and F declined making selections.

Twenty-sixth Regiment of Mississippi Infantry:

Private E. Cothran (since dead), Co. A.

Corporal W. H. Ross, Co. B.

Private Peter Hardin, Co. C.

Corporal A. R. Waits (since dead), Co. D.

Private J. G. Ruthen, Co. E.

do G. D. Willis, Co. F.

Corporal S. M. Whitaker, Co. G.

Private David Matthews, Co. H.

do G. M. Rowan, Co. I.

do Joab Hale,* Co. K.

Forty-second Regiment of Mississippi Infantry:

Private Lee Taylor,* Aug. 18, 1864, Co. A.

do John Ezell, Aug. 19, 1864, Co. A.

do B. M. Ross, Aug. 18, 1864, Co. B.

do W. B. Scott, Aug. 19, 1864, Co. B.

Sergeant E. Leroy Gray, Aug. 18, 1864, Co. C.

Private Sam Bailey, Aug. 19, 1864, Co. C.

Sergeant J. M. Boyd, Aug. 18, 1864, Co. C.

Private B. M. Blackwell, Aug. 19, 1864, Co. D.

Sergeant F. E. Smith, Aug. 18, 1864, Co. E.

do Calvin McElroy, Aug. 19, 1864, Co. E.

Private John House, Aug. 18, 1864, Co. F.

do Obadiah Collums, Aug. 19, 1864, Co. F.

do M. B. Hamilton, Aug. 18, 1864, Co. G.

do J. M. Bachelor, Aug. 19, 1864, Co. G.

Corporal William H. Taylor, Aug. 18, 1864, Co. H.

Private Lucie M. Due, Aug. 19, 1864, Co. H.

do Lee Campbell, Aug. 18, 1864, Co. I.

do R. W. Harlan, Aug. 19, 1864, Co. I.

do Jeremiah Phillips, Aug. 18, 1864, Co. K.

Sergeant J. D. Lowery, Aug. 19, 1864, Co. K.

North Carolina.

Fifty-fifth Regiment of North Carolina Infantry:

Private H. H. Love, Aug. 19, 1864, Co. A.

Sergeant J. A. Herbert, Aug. 19, 1864, Co. A.

Private J. D. Wilson, Aug. 18, 1864, Co. C.

do G. H. Champion, Aug. 18, 1864, Co. D.

do Willie Gurgamus,* Aug. 19, 1864, Co. E.

do P. R. White, Aug. 19, 1864, Co. F.

do John W. Powell,* Aug. 19, 1864, Co. G.

do A. Bolick, Aug. 19, 1864, Co. H.

do Green W. May, Aug. 18, 1864, Co. I.

do L. C. Daniel, Aug. 19, 1864, Co. K.

First Battalion of Confederate Infantry:

Sergeant A. Hembree, Co. A.

do A. D. Stoude, Co. B.

Private S. Dunnigan, Co. C.

* Killed in action.

Sergeant J. Maddon, Co. F.
Private John McNamara, Co. I.

**BATTLE OF REAMS' STATION, WEL-
DON RAILROAD, AUG. 25, 1864.**

North Carolina.

Forty-seventh Regiment of North
Carolina Infantry:
Lieutenant J. W. Jones, Acting Adju-
tant.
do Thomas Taylor, Co. K.
Private Joseph J. Bisset, Co. A.
do Kerney Perry, Co. B.
Sergeant James H. Jones, Co. C.
Private Burton Winstead, Co. D.
do John P. Bailey, Co. E.
do J. W. May, Co. G.
do S. Johnson, Co. H.
do Chas. Cooper, Co. I.
do Wm. S. Kernsle, Co. K.
Company F declined making a selec-
tion.

FORT HARRISON, SEPT. 30, 1864.

Alabama.

Fifteenth Regiment of Alabama In-
fantry:
Corporal M. L. Harper,* Co. B.
Private W. H. Cooper, Co. C.
do R. S. Jones, Co. D.
Corporal B. F. Martin, Co. E.
Private A. Jackson, Co. F.
do D. C. Cannon, Co. G.
do J. T. Rushing, Co. I.
do C. J. Falk, Co. K.
Corporal T. R. Collins, Co. L.
Companies A and H made no selec-
tions.

DARBYTOWN ROAD, OCT. 7, 1864.

Alabama.

Fifteenth Regiment of Alabama In-
fantry:
Private A. E. Averett, Co. A.
Sergeant W. H. Johnson, Co. D.
do J. R. Edwards, Co. E.
Private H. V. Glenn, Co. F.
do H. F. Sutchter, Co. G.
Sergeant B. G. Barnett, Co. I.
Corporal W. F. Hill, Co. K.
Private J. F. Bean, Co. L.

* Killed in action.

The other companies declined making
selections.

OCTOBER 13, 1864.

Alabama.

Fifteenth Regiment of Alabama In-
fantry:
Private W. H. Quattleburn, Co. D.
do A. A. Powell, Co. E.
do John Jackson, Co. F.
do E. Grier, Co. K.
do Lee Lloyd, Co. L.
Other companies declined selecting.

MISCELLANEOUS ENGAGEMENTS.

First Battalion of Confederate Infan-
try:
Corporal B. J. Huger, Co. B, Corinth,
Port Hudson, Grand Gulf, Baker's
Creek, Wilderness.
Private J. Kelly, Co. C, Fort Pillow,
Corinth, Grand Gulf, Port Hudson.
Sergeant A. W. Leslie, Co. E, Fort Pil-
low, Corinth, Port Hudson, Baker's
Creek, Jackson, Wilderness, Spottsyl-
vania Court House. Killed in latter
engagement.
Private Patrick Finegan, Co. F, Corinth,
Port Hudson, Grand Gulf, Baker's
Creek, Wilderness, Spottsylvania
Court House, Bethesda Church.
Private Mitchell Smith, Co. I, Fort Pil-
low, Corinth, Port Hudson, Grand
Gulf, Baker's Creek, Jackson, Wilder-
ness, Spottsylvania Court House, Lib-
erty Mills, Cold Harbor.
Twenty-sixth Battalion of Virginia
Infantry:
Lieutenant H. B. Craig (adjutant), New
Market, Cold Harbor.
Sergeant Geo. A. Woodrum (color-
bearer), New Market, Cold Harbor.
Both killed in the latter engagement.
Jeff Davis Legion Cavalry:
Captain David Waldham, Co. F, Freder-
ick City, Md.
2d Lieutenant W. W. Gordon, Co. F,
Frederick City, Md.
do J. M. L. Turner, Co. F,
Stevensburg.
do Joshua Thorn, Co. A,
Stevensburg.
Private Thos. Metcalf,* Co. A, Funks-
town, Md.
do E. J. Taylor, Co. E, Flutwood.

Private W. G. Prendegast, Co. E, Rap-
pahannock River.
Sergeant L. H. Clemens, Co. F, Rappa-
hannock River.
Private John Robinson, Co. C, Frying
Pan.
do William Lake, Co. F, Brandy
Plains.
do Alex. McAskill, Co. C, Brandy
Plains.
do G. N. Sawssy, Co. F, Frederick
City, Md.
do L. H. Clemens, Co. F, Accotink
River.
do F. Bird, Co. F, Accotink River.
do C. H. Mann, Co. F, Cold Harbor.
Sergeant W. G. Prendegast, Co. F, Fau-
quier County.
Private C. H. Mann, Co. F, Mine River.

FALLING WATERS.

Mississippi.

Second Regiment of Mississippi In-
fantry.
Corporal P. G. Braddock, Co. B.
Private W. H. Miller, Co. F.
Corporal G. M. Easterwood, Co. G.
Private J. M. Nunnilee, Co. H.

BRISTOE STATION.

Mississippi.

Second Regiment of Mississippi In-
fantry:
Private P. C. Eddings, Co. B.
Corporal J. A. Walding, Co. D.
do A. M. Butler, Co. F.
Private F. M. Smith, Co. G.

HANOVER JUNCTION.

Mississippi.

Eleventh Regiment of Mississippi In-
fantry:
Private J. C. Halbert, Co. E.
do A. L. McJenkins, Co. H.
do Jas. L. Gillespie, Co. I.
do G. W. Williams, Co. K.

DREWRY'S BLUFF, MAY 16, 1864.

Louisiana.

1st Lieutenant John M. Galbraith (since
dead), First Co. Washington Ar-
tillery.
By order S. COOPER.
Adjutant and Inspector-General.

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